

EXT. LOS ANGELES COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

PATTON OSWALT, the stand-up comedian, runs through the side door of a moderately famous comedy club into a shabby alley.

He bokks up for all he's worth. Really, it's hard to imagine that much beer exists in the world to be bokked up.

PATTON (V.O.)

Yup. That's me. Patton Oswald. Or it might be, anyway. I dunno. You'll know if it is.

FLETCHER (40), a mildly pudgy fellow in an old corduroy jacket, tackles HECKY (33) through the door onto the ground.

PATTON (V.O.)

That's Fletcher tackling that other guy. I don't know anything about him yet. It's just one of those great magical coincidences that I picked this night to get re-acquainted with Irish car bombs.

Hecky is long and sinewy. He looks like a junkie that people are attracted to even though they know he's a junkie.

He shoves Fletcher off him and props himself up on all fours. Fletcher hops to his feet. They're both sloshed.

PATTON (V.O.)

You wouldn't know it, but these giant idiots are actually friends. You'll never guess why they're fighting.

Patton holds on to a dumpster & straightens up. Too soon. He leans down and pukes some more. Fletcher raises his fists.

FLETCHER

Say it again. I dare you.

PATTON (V.O.)

Go on. Guess.

Hecky pushes himself to his feet. He sways a little.

HECKY

Fuck right off.

FLETCHER

Say Fatty Arbuckle was guilty one more time and see what happens.

PATTON (V.O.)

Told you.

Patton sort of perks up when Fletcher says "Fatty Arbuckle."  
He sways with a real "maybe I'm not done puking" sway.

HECKY

He hell of did it. Hell. Of.

CRACK. Fletcher punches him. Hecky takes it like a boxer and punches back. Fletcher moves to dodge but leans into it.

HECKY

That guy ruined all the parties.

Fletcher swings and misses.

FLETCHER

It was yellow journalism. They shot  
at his wife. His wife!

Hecky lands one in his gut. Fletcher grabs him by the lapels  
and swings him at the side door.

PATTON (V.O.)

It ended up being a weird night for  
me to get plastered.

They CRASH through the door back into the club.

CUT TO BLACK:

PATTON (V.O.)

(Announcer voice)

There are eight million stories in  
the naked city. This is one of them.

EXT. PASADENA HOUSE - NIGHT

PATTON (V.O.)

Sorry. I always wanted to do that.

Red and Blue lights spin on a parked patrol car in front of  
a well kept, middle class home.

PATTON (V.O.)

Anyway, this story doesn't take place  
in New York. It takes place in L.A.  
And it's not a crime story. There's  
crime in it, but not much.

INT. PASADENA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fletcher sits on an expensive couch with his head in his hands. Two OFFICERS talk to LOLA (30), his wife.

His very annoyed wife. She's in good shape but looks tired. Fletcher raises his head to speak. She shakes her head.

PATTON (V.O.)

It's kind of a love story, I guess. About the weird ways people are attracted to each other sometimes, and the weird things they do because of it. It's about loneliness too.

The walls are covered with old movie posters, favoring the late forties to the early fifties.

One of the Officers leans down to talk to Fletcher. It's clear they know each other. Lola throws her hands up.

PATTON (V.O.)

And how different kinds of loneliness look to different people. This schmucks wife is pretty awesome and it never stopped him from feeling lonely in a way that made sense to him. Which is probably why he's about to get divorced. It's also a story about stories and how we tell them.

Lola shakes her head with disappointment and walks out of the room. The Officers playfully chastise Fletcher.

PATTON (V.O.)

I pop up a couple of times. I ruin an orgy. I give some advice. I need to buy a new tire. I end up in a shootout, which is a massively diaper filling experience. But that's all later on. For now I'll introduce the key players. Sound good?

The Officer's leave with a pat on Fletcher's back. He looks at the room around him. His eyes land on the mantle.

A picture of a 35 year old Fletcher and a 30 Lola sits dead center. It's of her getting a promotion in the POLICE DEPT.

She's a detective.

PATTON (V.O.)

This poor schmuck. What a sap.

EXT. GLENDALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Fletcher leans against an old car that might have seemed cool in the ad. It's parked outside a quaint apartment.

Boxes of stuff, clothes, and the movie posters stuff the backseat. Fletcher looks pretty green.

Hecky trots over from the courtyard. He swings a bag of oranges in a circle. He seems fine.

He tosses Fletcher an orange.

INT. FLETCHER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Fletcher steers the car through the quiet streets.

HECKY

Thanks for the ride.

He checks himself out in the rear view mirror. He's got quite a shiner forming.

HECKY

God damn you hit hard.

FLETCHER

Sorry about that.

HECKY

Fatty fucking Arbuckle. Man, you know I know he's innocent. I know way more about that shit than you do.

FLETCHER

Then why the hell did you start in on him being guilty?

HECKY

Because you get so riled up. Why do you do that? It's insane.

FLETCHER

Because it's totally messed up. Think about it. His whole career shot because people believed a bunch of nonsense. They wanted to believe it.

HECKY

Dude's been dead a long time.

FLETCHER

He practically invented modern slapstick and you can't say his name without someone making a coke bottle joke. What people did should matter more than what people read about them in the paper.

Hecky spills a few oranges into his lap. He takes out a syringe and a bottle of vodka.

He proceeds to inject the oranges with vodka.

FLETCHER

What the hell are you doing?

HECKY

If I get caught drinking on the job one more time there's no way I don't get fired.

FLETCHER

You should probably get fired.

Hecky indicates the mess in the backseat.

HECKY

So. Are you getting divorced or what?

FLETCHER

Lola maybe mentioned something about that being likely, yeah.

HECKY

Huh. About time, I guess.

Fletcher slams on the brakes. Oranges roll. He grips the steering wheel as hard as he can but doesn't say anything.

FLETCHER

Shit.

He steps on the gas.

EXT. UPPER CLASS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Fletcher's car sits parked in front of a well to do Los Angeles high school. Hecky leans in the drivers window.

HECKY

Look, I'm sorry I let you get so drunk last night and Arbuckled you.

A few students wave and make eyes at him. He ignores it.

HECKY

And I'm sorry if I'm being a dick about you and Lola. I just feel like you checked out a long time ago. On a lot of things.

FLETCHER

Don't sweat it. I'm too hung over to get mad at you. And you're probably right. Lola's...probably right.

HECKY

What are you going to do?

Fletcher exhales a long breath.

INT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - THEATER - DAY

FLETCHER (V.O.)

What I always do.

An orange peel falls from Fletcher's hand and lands on top of a huge pile of orange peels. He munches vodka-oranges.

He sits in the back of the mostly empty theater. A KIRK DOUGLAS movie plays on the screen.

Fletcher has his eyes on a MAN WITH A NECKBRACE in the fourth row. A pair of crutches sits next to him.

Fletcher mouths along with the dialogue.

EXT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - DAY

The Man With the Neckbrace walks with crutches down the street. Fletcher follows, vodka-orange in hand.

EXT. MELROSE AVENUE - EAST LA - DAY

The Man With the Neckbrace drives a nice, modern car through lousy LA traffic. Fletcher follows a few car lengths behind.

They both drive pasta squat, windowless, brick building. A lazy looking sign reads "Dino's Bikni Bar."

INT. DINO'S BIKINI BAR - DAY

A clock on the wall reads "10am." Three old Bukowski style barflies dig in to whiskey and beers.

VIOLET (25) an extremely attractive Eastern European Woman, leans on the end of the bar. She wears a skimpy bikini.

She's pretty in a silent movie star kind of way.

PATTON (V.O.)

This is Violet. Her real name is Miriam but no one's called her that in the five years she's been in the states.

Violet watches an old, non-flat screen TV. She flips past black & white movies, games shows. There's nothing on.

PATTON (V.O.)

I only meet her briefly.

An OLD DRUNK knocks his glass on the bar. Without really taking her eyes off the TV Violet goes over and refills it.

PATTON (V.O.)

She has the kind of loneliness that's only weird to her. All anyone else has to do to understand it is look at her. Or her current outfit.

A YOUNGER MAN in a suit and tie comes in. Violet sees him through the mirror behind the bar before he sees her.

She ducks out of sight. The old barflies don't notice. The man takes out his wallet and flips it open.

There's an immigration agents badge inside. Violet slips out a door before he catches sight of her.

INT. DINO'S BIKINI BAR - OFFICE - DAY

Boone, a stout, hirsute man, stands in front of a messy desk with his pants around his ankles.

He pulls a battered fake cast on to his LEFT LEG.

PATTON (V.O.)

Sheesh. I forgot he popped up so soon. I'll get to this sweaty mess later on, when it matters.

(MORE)

PATTON (V.O.)

For now all you need to know is that he works at the bikini bar. He doesn't even own it. He just works there.

Violet slips in and catches Boone mid pull. He locks eyes with her without a trace of embarrassment.

BOONE

What?

She speaks with a fading Russian accent.

VIOLET

There's a man out there.

BOONE

He too drunk or what?

Her lips twitch into a grin. Her eyes dart around nervously.

BOONE

Oh. That kind of man. Immigration?

She nods and squeezes her eyes shut. Tight.

BOONE

Help me get this on and I'll take care of it. It's easier from behind.

He turns around, plants his hands on the desk, and extends his left leg. It looks crazy goofy.

Violet kneels down and picks up the cast. Without looking at what she's doing she struggles it on to his leg.

Her eyes focus on the wall. A large poster takes up most of the real estate. It's a tacky photograph of a forest.

The poster slowly fades to reality.

EXT. NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

A bird flies through a tranquil sky. Wind ripples a sea of green leaves through the trees.

A small wooden cabin sits nuzzled at the crest of a hill. It has a spectacular view of the forest.

PATTON (V.O.)

Oh man, this fucking kid. You're gonna love this kid.

INT. CABIN - DAY

SHELLY (21), a gorgeous young man with long, long blonde hair and a swimmer's body, paces the spartan one-room cabin.

He wears a full PARK RANGER outfit. The only personal item in the room is a framed black and white poster on the wall.

It's of a 60 year old BLACK MAN and a YOUNG KID posing like they would on any mis-matched 80's sitcom poster.

Arms folded, skeptical look on the Man's face. The kid is... well, extremely ugly. Awkward, chubby. Kind of a mess.

PATTON (V.O.)

This is Shelly. Yeah, yeah. He gets a lot of "isn't that a girls name?" It doesn't really bother him.

The text on the poster reads "Divine Intervention" in a bubble font. There's a halo around the kids head.

PATTON (V.O.)

That's him on the poster. No. Really.

Shelly jots something down in a notebook from time to time. He talks to himself.

PATTON (V.O.)

He did the opposite of what most child stars do. He went from ugly to... well, hot. Look at this guy.

He swings his amazing hair out of his face. Cartoon bluebirds might as well show up to tie it in a ponytail.

PATTON (V.O.)

Because he got so hot, no one ever recognizes him. Ever.

He tries out a stage laugh. It sounds like a stage laugh.

PATTON (V.O.)

He wants to be a stand-up. That's what I do! In case you didn't know.

He chuckles a genuine chuckle and writes something down.

PATTON (V.O.)

Let's see if he's any good. Together.

SHELLY

So when I was little I looked like a Campbell's soup kid. That's cool, I thought. Until you get older and realize no one wants to blow that dude.

PATTON (V.O.)

Meh.

INT. CABIN - DAY - LATER

Shelly stretches out on the couch. He has a box of tissues on the floor and a stack of softcore porno mags on his lap.

He unzips his fly.

PATTON (V.O.)

He chose his - magazines? They're not even raw. They're like T&A magazines. Is that a Victoria's Secret catalog? Fuck me. He masturbates like a caveman.

He flips through the magazines. None of them strike his fancy. One of them is a Victoria's Secret catalog.

He stares at a picture of a fully clothed MODEL.

PATTON (V.O.)

Anyway, as I was saying. He chose his own loneliness.

He chucks the catalog on the floor without whacking off.

EXT. FOREST ROADS - DAY

A RANGER JEEP bounces and jostles down a deeply shaded road. Shelly sings his head off to an old TOM WAITS song.

PATTON (V.O.)

He had some pretty good reasons, but we'll get to those later too. Right now he's about to get tangled up in something really bizarre.

INT. RANGER STATION - DAY

DOLORES, a middle aged Ranger, sits with her feet up on a desk. The station is as impersonal as the cabin.

Shelly nods at Dolores when he passes her. She waves her magazine at him, but barely.

PATTON (V.O.)  
Don't worry. All this stuff comes together eventually.

He sits at a computer and opens a web browser. He searches through Craigslist for hook-ups while checking his email.

PATTON (V.O.)  
And I show up soon, which is cool.

He opens an ad simply titled "Orgy." That's all it says in the description too. "Orgy" with an email link underneath.

He copies the link and switches over to his hotmail. There are hundreds of junk emails. One valid one catches his eye.

The subject reads "Aunt Rosa Died." CLICK. He opens it.

INT. RATHBONE INSURANCE - JEB'S OFFICE - DAY

Fletcher SLAPS a folder on VERN'S desk. Vern is a middle aged insurance agent. And it shows.

Fletcher plops in a chair and chews an orange.

FLETCHER  
Got him at his girlfriends house.

VERN  
You always get them at their girlfriends house.

He opens the folder to a picture of the Man in the Neckbrace walking up a steep staircase. No crutches. No neckbrace.

He appears to be moving at a jaunty pace. Vern gives the picture the middle finger.

VERN  
No more workman's comp for you,  
Mister Wasserman. You pecker.

Fletcher bites into his orange. Vern sniffs the air.

VERN  
What reeks of booze?

FLETCHER

It's the oranges. They've got vodka in them. Kind of snuck up on me, to be honest.

VERN

You're drunk?

FLETCHER

I woke up drunk. Now I'm what you might call crazed.

VERN

Then you're in the perfect frame of mind to check this out.

He moves to a wooden filing cabinet, unlocks it, and takes out a thick folder. He drops it on Fletcher's lap.

FLETCHER

No way. Again?

VERN

I shit you not.

FLETCHER

The white whale.

VERN

The white whale.

He flips open the folder. A picture of a younger Boone sits on top of stacks of paperwork. His arm is in a sling.

EXT. BARSTOW - GAS STATION - DAY

The picture of Boone comes to life. He puts gas in his car with one hand.

PATTON (V.O.)

For insurance companies, white whales are people who file fraudulent workman's compensation claims but never get caught. In this case the white whale is the sweaty little mess we met earlier.

A younger Vern sits in a parked car. He has a camera trained on Boone. Boone keeps his arm immobile the whole time.

PATTON (V.O.)  
 He works at the bikini bar, but he  
 gets himself on staff at warehouses  
 and shit like that. Numbskull jobs.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Boone sits by a smokey swimming pool in a rigid, full torso  
 back brace. A few chums swim. A WOMAN brings him a martini.

PATTON (V.O.)  
 Then he pretends to hurt himself to  
 collect a small amount of money.

He sips it through a straw. DELIA, an insurance investigator  
 with a severe look, watches from a balcony.

INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY

Boone pours sweat. His jaw his wired shut and there's a cast  
 on his wrist.

PATTON (V.O.)  
 It's a bureaucratic racket so stupid  
 it's barely worth pulling, but it  
 pays off if you're careful enough.

A much younger Fletcher pours water on the heated stones and  
 sits across from Boone. He stares. Boone keeps it cool.

PATTON (V.O.)  
 Boone is super careful. You wouldn't  
 believe what he's gone through to get  
 as good at it as he is.

INT. DINO'S BIKINI BAR - OFFICE - NIGHT

Boone checks that the door is locked and sits at the desk.  
 He takes out a makeup mirror and case.

PATTON (V.O.)  
 No kidding. He taught himself a whole  
 bunch of skills to walk away with a  
 weeks worth of minimum wage pay scot  
 free. It's pretty much the only thing  
 he's proud of.

He proceeds to apply a really impressive set of scrapes and  
 a black eye to his face.

He flashes the makeup mirror a goofy grin.

PATTON (V.O.)  
And he's got four kids.

EXT. THE ORGY HOUSE - DAY

A lovely but poorly kept house sits quietly nestled in the Hollywood Hills. The lawn has seen better days.

A FOR SALE sign pokes out of it at a crappy angle. The (much nicer) house next door has a FOR RENT sign in the window.

A GUEST HOUSE is visible through a lane of tree's that runs along the side of the house.

PATTON (V.O.)  
It would be tragic, but his kids are pretty OK. One of them is a big time Hollywood producer. She spends the holidays with her husbands family.

Boone steers a ratty two door into the driveway. Rosemary sits shotgun. Her bikini is visible under her outfit.

Fletcher parks a few houses away. Boone's file is on the passenger seat. He holds a camera.

THROUGH THE VIEW FINDER

- he watches Boone struggle out of the car. The cast on his leg goes all the way up his thigh. He uses one crutch.

He escorts Violet to the front door and KNOCKS.

INT. THE ORGY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Smoke from many, many bong hits rolls through the air. The house is in mild disarray.

But only because there's not enough stuff in it to create a massive clutter. The KNOCK sounds.

IRV (45) and NORMA (30) sit on the couch in an otherwise empty living room. Blankets are piled all over the floor.

Irv looks like a college professor that would offer to smoke you up after class. But you'd turn him down.

Norma is great looking. Bright smile, full figure. You'd probably smoke with Irv if you knew she would be there.

Irv passes her a joint and moves to the -

INT/EXT. THE ORGY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

- to answer the door.

IRV

Oh shit. Boone, man. How do?

He glances at Norma and slips out the door. He closes it.

IRV

Are we cool? Is everything cool?

BOONE

What? Oh, that shit. Yeah, that's not why I'm here.

IRV

Cool, cool. Oh, hey. I'm Irv.

He nods his head at Violet. She looks down.

BOONE

She's why I'm here. Got a second?

INT. THE ORGY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Violet looks out the window. Her eyes drift to Fletcher's car. He lowers the camera just in time.

BOONE

Of course she's illegal. That's why she needs a place to lay low for a bit. It's dicey. Immigration's got these two bums watching her house.

PATTON (V.O.)

Major bums. You'll see.

Violet squints to focus on the car.

IRV

I mean, sure we have the space.

NORMA

We're trying to sell, so she'll have to be cool with people coming in and out. And she'll have to work the parties.

(MORE)

NORMA

She doesn't have to play, but I don't want to get shit about it either.

Violet cocks an eyebrow at the way Norma says "parties."

BOONE

She won't make a peep. Right Vi?

VIOLET

No peeps.

She keeps her eyes on Fletcher's car. He notices.

BOONE

You guys having a "party" any time soon? My wife's out of town for a couple of weeks.

IRV

We've got an ad up. I'll let you know. Couple-few days, maybe?

NORMA

Don't say "couple-few."

Violet watches Fletcher get out of the car. He crosses to the house next door, where he disappears from view.

VIOLET

What kind of parties?

EXT. THE ORGY HOUSE - DAY

Boone grabs a suitcase out of the trunk and hands it to Violet. She helps him into the car.

An OLD WOMAN walks Fletcher around the side of the house, the for rent sign under her arm.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Fletcher stands in the middle of a politely furnished room. It's on the second floor, above a converted garage.

He drops a hefty bag filled with clothes and bites into an orange. A bug flies in front of his face.

He swats it away and moves to the window. It has a terrific view of the Orgy House. He nods to himself.

There's a sway in his step. He's had a lot of vodka-oranges. A couple more bugs drift past his face.

His eyes lock on a leather couch against the wall. He moves directly to it and face-plants. Bugs puff off the cushions.

He's asleep in seconds.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Fletcher lies in the exact same position. LOUD MUSIC blares through the windows. He struggles his eyes open.

The room is completely dark except for a CLOUD OF FIREFLIES that circulate in lazy circles throughout the entire room.

He rubs his eyes and blinks. It takes him a second to figure out what the hell is causing the lights.

PATTON (V.O.)

Fletcher swore to Shelly this really happened. I'm not so sure I believe it, but I thought it sounded nice, so here you go.

He moves to the window at a groggy snails pace.

EXT. THE ORGY HOUSE -BACKYARD - NIGHT

Violet stands in the middle of a huge, grassy yard. Plants grow wild hither and thither. She smokes a cigarette.

Through the brightly lit kitchen window she can see Norma and Irv dance around while they do the dishes.

The music pours out of the house into the cool night air. The SHUNK of venetian blinds lifting sounds above her.

She looks at the guest house window. Fletcher stands there. The fireflies wink on and off behind him.

She waves. He waves back.

EXT. TACKY BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DAY

Shelly sits in a parked car across from a gated driveway. He watches the house until a festively colored Tesla drives up.

The gates open and the Tesla coasts down the street. Shelly turns the key in the ignition and follows it.

EXT. THE AMERICANA MALL - GLENDALE - DAY

Shelly sits at a table near a pretzel kiosk. The bright morning sun pings off phone screens and bits of shiny metal.

DELIA (18) a scattered blonde, comes out of a high-end lifestyle shop. You can tell she wants a cigarette.

PATTON (V.O.)

Oh hey. I shop here sometimes. Once I had to take a dump so bad I bought a ticket for a movie I didn't even watch. I wasn't going to make it to the Barnes & Noble bathroom. No way, no how. It's all the way up on the third floor and kind of hard to find.

Delia stops dead in her tracks when she sees Shelly. He offers her a half wave.

PATTON (V.O.)

Sorry. That was a total tangent. I'll try to stay on target.

EXT. THE AMERICANA MALL - FANCY DELI - DAY

Shelly and Delia sit at a small table outside a restaurant next to a set of trolley tracks.

Delia gulps her way through a bottle of white wine. Shelly drinks tea and pushes a scone around the plate.

DELIA

A fucking forest ranger?

SHELLY

Yeah.

DELIA

Like. In a forest?

SHELLY

Yeah, that's usually where we do it.

DELIA

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. You're not acting at all?

He grins and shakes his head. The trolley CLANG CLANGS by. The DRIVER waves at Delia. She looks away.

SHELLY

Friend of yours?

DELIA

I was in my cups one day with Cousin Angie and we flirted a little. I told him I lived here. In the "west tower." Whatever the hell that could possibly mean.

Shelly bursts out laughing. She joins in after a second.

DELIA

Angela's back in town, by the way. You would not recognize her. I don't know if she had work done or just ate right or what the hell. She's kind of a major fox.

SHELLY

It's good to see you, Delia.

DELIA

Mom and dad are going to be so pissed off at you. They're freaking out enough as it is. Aunt Rosa's lawyer is supposed to be reading the will later today. They're pretty terrified she left everything to you.

SHELLY

Did they run out of money from the show already?

DELIA

Your money, you mean.

SHELLY

I never cared about that. Van and Evie worked harder for it than I ever did. I was just having fun.

DELIA

That's total horse shit and you know it. And you don't have to call them "Van and Evie." It can't bum them out if they're not around to hear it. And yes. They're kind of broke. The clubs are hurting pretty bad. They refinanced the house a couple of times. It's a huge shit show.

SHELLY

How was Rosa? At the end.

DELIA

Really, really bad. We tried to track you down. She wanted you there.

They share a moment of silence. He looks into his empty tea cup. She polishes off her wine.

DELIA

Well, never mind. At least you came home for the funeral.

SHELLY

Oh. I'm not going to the funeral.

He looks away to avoid the look he knows is coming. A crowd of people cross behind the trolley.

ELIJAH WOOD, the actor, weaves through the middle of it.

PATTON (V.O.)

Is that Elijah Wood?

INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Fletcher stands at the window facing the Orgy House. A camera sits on a tripod, tucked behind a curtain.

The apartment is somewhat more lived in. The clothes aren't in trash bags anymore. They're piled on the furniture.

Walter Mathau and Kirk Douglas movie posters line the wall. Charley Varrick. The Bad & The Beautiful. Shit like that.

Hecky lounges on the couch.

FLETCHER

The girlfriend's the key. The girlfriend is always the key.

HECKY

How do you know it's his girlfriend?

FLETCHER

Why else would he stash her somewhere? Dude, you should see the shit they get up to over there. Weirdo parties. Shit ton of drugs.

HECKY  
What kind of drugs?

FLETCHER  
I don't know. Party drugs.

Hecky picks up a jar. It's filled with dead fireflies.

HECKY  
What's with the bugs?

FLETCHER  
They died.

Hecky looks around. There's not much to the place. Fletcher follows someone in the house with the camera.

HECKY  
What happens when you harpoon the white whale? Are you going to stay here or look for a grown ups apartment or what?

FLETCHER  
I'm waiting to see what happens when Lola cools off.

HECKY  
I don't know, man. She seems pretty determined. Have you guys really not boned in four months?

Fletcher turns away from the window.

FLETCHER  
You've seen her?

HECKY  
Sure, we're still pals. It's weird that you haven't.

FLETCHER  
She doesn't want to see me. She made that pretty damn clear.

HECKY  
She's your wife, man. Aren't you supposed to punch a mountain in the face to get her back or something?

Fletcher moves back to the window.

FLETCHER  
I dunno. Maybe.

He turns the camera on the back yard.

HECKY  
Maybe? That's some lily livered shit.  
It's the kind of lily livered shit  
that got you here in the first place.  
Do you even love her?

FLETCHER  
When has love had anything to do with  
a healthy marriage?

HECKY  
I don't know. All I know is that  
you're supposed to know for sure. If  
you don't want to get divorced, show  
your wife that you don't want to get  
divorced. Prove it to her. All those  
screwball comedy double features we  
go see at the Bev, and you don't have  
one, single idea for a big ass  
gesture of some kind?

Fletcher doesn't respond. He's too intent on what he sees  
out the window.

HECKY  
Fletcher.

FLETCHER  
Lola doesn't like old movies.

He's completely distracted. Hecky joins him at the window.

EXT. THE ORGY HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Violet peeks in the kitchen window. Irv and Norma have  
guests. They get up to some kind of naked shenanigan.

She moves away from the window to a patch of fresh soil on  
the grass. She wears a nice Sunday Dress.

HECKY (V.O.)  
Oh, I get it now. That's the  
girlfriend?

Violet kneels, careful to keep the hem of her dress off the  
grass. She plants flowers.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
Yeah, that's her. Get what?

HECKY (V.O.)  
She's pretty in a silent movie star  
kind of way, don't you think?

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
Yeah, I guess she is. So?

HECKY (V.O.)  
That's what you said about Lola when  
you first met.

Violet checks her watch. When she sees the time she puts her gardening tools in a basket and hops up.

INT. ORTHODOX CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Violet sings her little heart out in a church choir of creased, ancient Eastern European faces.

The rest of the choir and all of the parishioners have to be in their sixties. She doesn't care. She loves it.

PATTON (V.O.)  
Don't worry, she's not that religious  
or anything. She just likes singing  
and hearing people speak her  
language. Man. She's even prettier  
when you look at her with all those  
grumpy old faces. So grumpy.

The song choir cuts out abruptly. Everyone sits.

EXT. ORTHODOX CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Violet stands on the steps, surrounded by the parishioners. An institutional looking car sits across the street.

PATTON (V.O.)  
Annnnd....cue the bozos.

The YOUNGER MAN from Dino's, OLLIE, and his partner, LESTER, get out of the car. They wear cheap suit.

Violet sees them. She puts on a huge pair of Edith Head sunglasses and a giant bonnet and slips back inside.

INT. ORTHODOX CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

Violet peeks through the latticed window of the confessional. Ollie and Lester approach the priest.

They show him a picture. He gets annoyed with them and shakes his head without looking at it.

They insist. Ollie gets aggro. The priest folds his arms and doesn't say a word. Violet leans away from the window.

INT. THE ORGY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Violet sits on the couch with her hands folded in her lap. Boone struggles to get his fake cast on.

Irv and Norma sit in the next room at the dining room table, eating pancakes in bathrobes.

ANGELA, a curvy naked woman, lies on an air mattress tucked in a corner behind the table. She doesn't even have a sheet.

BOONE

You can't go out at all or the whole things blown.

VIOLET

OK.

BOONE

Not to the grocery store. Not to the movies. Not to church. Nowhere.

VIOLET

For how long?

BOONE

I don't know. Evie tried to bribe them, but they told her to piss off. Van is looking into getting you a fake passport, but those cost a fortune. They're doing their best to handle it, but it will take time.

NORMA

Why don't you get married? Then you don't have to do anything illegal.

Violet looks over at Norma with a "Marriage is a possibility, isn't it?" Boone hops on one foot.

BOONE

Will you help me out with this for  
gods sake? I gotta get to work.

He trips on the cast and tumbles to the ground.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Shelly stands off a ways from a funeral. It's massive crowd.  
Delia stands next to VAN (50) and EVIE (55).

They're Greek and look nothing like Shelly or Delia.

PATTON (V.O.)

OK, so check this out. Shelly and  
Delia are both adopted from different  
people. They're not actually related.  
But they were raised as twins.

Delia sneaks her phone in front of her. She types a  
lightening fast text and hides it again.

PATTON (V.O.)

When they turned thirteen, their  
parents - Van and Evie - told them.  
That they were adopted and that they  
weren't actually twins. Or even  
really brother and sister.

Shelly's phone VIBRATES. He slips it out of his pocket.  
There are a lot of unread texts.

PATTON (V.O.)

Later on, after his show ended and  
his parents drifted out of his life  
on fluffy little clouds of cocaine,  
Shelly found out that his Aunt Rosa  
was actually his mom. He never told  
anyone about it.

The most recent message is from Delia. It reads "AUNT ROSA  
LEFT IT ALL TO YOU!!!!!! WHERE R U?!?!?!?"

PATTON (V.O.)

So right now he's actually at his  
moms funeral. If you think about it,  
it makes sense that he took a job  
where he gets to hang out in the  
woods by himself all the time, right?

He pockets the phone, pulls his collar up, and walks off.

INT. THE ROUND UP ROOM - DAY

Shelly sits at the bar in a really depressing topless joint. The stage is about the size of a toilet seat.

A single window looks out on the ocean. None of the daytime drunks bother with it. Shelly stares at his notebook.

Boone limps in from the back with a box of booze balanced on his hip. He does a double take when he sees Shelly.

BOONE

Shit, kid. You're the last dude I expected to see sitting at the bar. Your folks know you're back in town?

SHELLY

Maybe. Delia knows.

BOONE

Sorry to hear about Rosa. Wait. Isn't the funeral today?

SHELLY

Yeah, it ended about an hour ago. I figured it was a good time to swing by, since Van and Evie will be busy the rest of the day.

BOONE

You looking to get loaded? There are tons of other places to drink that aren't owned by your parents.

SHELLY

Actually, I have a favor to ask. If that's cool.

BOONE

Shoot.

SHELLY

Can I get up and do five?

BOONE

Five what?

Shelly looks over at the stage. A lone TOPLESS DANCER bounces around. There's no music playing.

EXT. THE ORGY HOUSE - DAY

Fletcher stuffs garbage bags in the appropriate receptacles. When he turns around, Irv stands on the lawn behind him.

He clearly wasn't there before. He holds a hose that's not turned on. Fletcher stares at him.

IRV  
Hey, man.

FLETCHER  
Oh. Hey.

IRV  
Irving.

FLETCHER  
Fletcher.

IRV  
You renting that back house?

FLETCHER  
Yeah.

IRV  
Cool.

FLETCHER  
Well.

IRV  
We're having a cool party tonight.  
Feel free to swing by with a six pack  
if you want to check it out.

FLETCHER  
Yeah, OK. Maybe.

He offers a little salute and heads back to the guest house. The second he's out of sight Irv drops the hose.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Fletcher walks in, flipping through a stack of mail. One thick envelope gets his attention.

It's from a divorce lawyer. He stares at it a second and tosses it aside. He moves to a CORK BOARD on the wall.

It's filled with pictures of Boone at various locations. He's been tailing him for a while.

A whole section is devoted to him coming in & out of the orgy house. Fletcher ignores it.

He pulls a picture of Violet off a pushpin and stares at it. It's of her gardening in the back yard.

He looks at the Orgy House and slips off his wedding ring.

INT. THE ORGY HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Irv & Norma's bedroom is different than the rest of the house. Is well kept and well furnished.

All the windows have heavy black out curtains. One long table takes up a single wall. Norma sits there -

- cutting a kilo of heroin into baggie sized portions. The only door is steel and has quite a few deadbolts on it.

PATTON (V.O.)

Oh shit. Did I forget to mention? These two are drug dealers. The laziest drug dealers on the planet, in fact. They get a brick of heroin from Boone every few months and sell it off at their parties. Or Norma brings some to her Zumba class. She only has one customer, though.

Irv stands at the window. He peeks around the curtain in a real clandestine fashion.

NORMA

You invite him?

IRV

I'm telling you, he's not a cop.

NORMA

He's shifty.

Irv lets the curtain close and flops on the bed. He grabs a laptop and checks his email.

IRV

You're paranoid. So we sell some party favors every now and then. It's not like we're The Wire. No one cares.

NORMA

Well maybe he's immigration. Do you know how pissed Evie would be if she gets deported on our watch?

IRV

He would have just arrested her. They already know she's illegal.

Norma works in silence. Irv clicks through emails. He opens one with an attachment.

It's a picture of Shelly with no shirt on. Dammmmmn he's ripped. Irv saves the picture.

IRV

Got a good one for you.

NORMA

Show me later.

He looks over at her. She works in silence some more.

IRV

Hey. You ever think we should try some of this heroin?

SERIES OF SHOTS - ORGY NIGHT - SUBURBAN LA - VARIOUS - NIGHT

- A BUSINESS MAN in a casual Friday outfit says goodbye to his wife and toddler and heads for his car.

PATTON (V.O.)

(Fancy voice)

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;

- A pair of YOUNG YOGA WOMEN leave a fitness studio and hop on a scooter.

PATTON (V.O.)

They have their exits and their entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts. His acts being seven ages.

- A HIPSTER BEARDO closes up a fancy honey shop. Seriously. This honey costs so much it should do your taxes for you.

PATTON (V.O.)

At first, the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

- ANGELA, the naked broad from the air mattress, polishes off a stack of pancakes at a diner. She checks her watch.

PATTON (V.O.)

Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

- Shelly checks himself out in a motel mirror.

PATTON (V.O.)

And then the lover, sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow.

- Fletcher opens his fridge. There are various single beers. He crams six mismatched ones into a six pack sleeve.

PATTON (V.O.)

Then a solder...wait.

- Violet adjusts her neon bikini in the Orgy House bathroom.

PATTON (V.O.)

There's something about slipping into a lean and slippered pantaloone that sounded kind of funny. I thought that came sooner.

INT. THE ORGY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Violet walks from the kitchen, down the hall, into the living room, then back through the dining room.

She carries a tray with drinks and tiny pill cups. No one is orgying yet. They mostly make small talk.

PATTON (V.O.)

What, because I'm a comedian I can't do Shakespeare?

Beardo has his arm on the wall, looking right down Angela's blouse. Violet offers him a drink. He waves her away.

PATTON (V.O.)

That dude was hilarious.

Shelly sits alone on the couch. Norma approaches and drapes herself on his lap. Irv watches on. He's psyched.

She feeds Shelly a pill. He gobbles it down.

PATTON (V.O.)

Fine, have it your way. You savages.  
It's orgy night. There. I said it.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Irv looks at Norma. Norma indicates that Violet should answer it.