FUNNY PEOPLE

Written by

Judd Apatow
ON VIDEO - A 20-year-old GEORGE SIMMONS makes phony phone calls. He couldn’t look happier in his crappy apartment.

A dour-looking, 42-year-old George Simmons wakes up in a Malibu mansion. He is all alone. He gets up, walks to the veranda overlooking the ocean.

George swims laps. A Housekeeper, BONITA, walks over to the pool and serves him a shake. Several gardeners blow leaves and mow the lawn.

George sits at the counter eating cereal and reading a script. He closes it and adds it to a large stack of scripts next to a post-it which reads, “No.”

George rides the escalator to the lobby. Two MALE COLLEGE STUDENTS walk over.

COLLEGE STUDENT
George Simmons. Man, can I get a pic?

One of the college students put his arm around George while the other takes the picture.

GEORGE
You got it ready? Hey baby, alright. Get a little titty in there.

As the picture is taken, George puts his hand on the guy’s breast.
INT. MEDICAL TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

George poses next to a YOUNG GIRL. Her mother gets ready to take a picture.

YOUNG GIRL
You’re really funny.

GEORGE
Thank you. You’re funnier.

George walks away and continues through the lobby. He shakes hands with people that recognize him.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

George sits in the doctor’s office. DOCTOR STEVENS enters and sits down. He takes a deep breath.

DOCTOR STEVENS
Hey, handsome.

GEORGE
Doctor. The Lunestas are working, baby. Those are smooth. No hangover. Fall asleep. Bam. What was the deal with those restorils? Why’d you give me those, you trying to fuck with me or something?

DOCTOR STEVENS
George, we got the results back from the follow up on your blood count and it’s not what we’d hoped for. As I mentioned, your CBC was abnormal, your white blood cells were four times the size that they should be. Very low hemoglobin. Seven grams per deciliter.

GEORGE
I don’t understand what you’re saying right now. Can you speak how people speak?

DOCTOR STEVENS
You have a very serious disease. It’s called AML, it’s a form of leukemia.

(CONTINUED)
George’s face turns white. He knows what this means.

DOCTOR STEVENS (CONT’D)
I can’t predict how this will play out, but I feel you have a rough road ahead.

ANGLE ON GEORGE’S POV

We see photos of the doctor’s family, his graduation certificates, files of other cases, odd doctor’s office art, a picture of him skiing with his family. He keeps talking, but now we hear nothing.

EXT. MEDICAL TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

George walks through the lobby in a daze. A YOUNG GUY, his GIRLFRIEND and BROTHER see him and follow him.

YOUNG GUY
It’s George. George Simmons! Hey man, how you doing?

GIRL
Oh my God. Can you take a picture with me?

He takes photos with them in a daze, forces a smile.

INT. CAR - DAY

George drives home, lost in thought. We hear the voice of his doctor in his head. Everything seems strange in his new frame of reference.

DOCTOR STEVENS (V.O.)
I’m going to refer you to a specialist who will oversee your case. I’m sorry to say we’re passed the point where traditional structures like chemotherapy and radiation will be effective. I think it’s best for us to pursue an experimental course.

George pulls into his driveway and walks into his house.
INT. OTTO'S FRESH MARKET - DAY

IRA, a 25-year-old, works at the deli counter along with CHUCK, an African-American man in his late 30s. Chuck hands a woman her food.

IRA
Yo Chuck, I'm going up at The Comedy and Magic Club. You should come watch me.

The MANAGER walks by.

MANAGER
Don't let him suck you in, he's not funny.

CHUCK
Nah, he's right man, no way. That shit was painful. It was hard watching you suffer up there. I had fucking nightmares after that.

IRA
That was a long time ago, that was months ago. I've gotten a lot funnier since then.

CHUCK
You bored my wife to sleep. I couldn't get no pussy that night, man.

IRA
Don't blame me for your... pussy issues.

CHUCK
Are they gonna pay you?

IRA
No. That's just how it starts. You don't get paid in the beginning. You gotta, you know, work your way up through the ranks.

CHUCK
My nigga, how the fuck you in show business when you got no business to show?

(CONTINUED)
IRA
I’m supposed to be writing jokes.
I’m supposed to be doing comedy.
I’m not supposed to be making
macaroni salad. I hate it man, it’s
depressing. Otto’s sucks.

CHUCK
You don’t know about no mother
fucking hard time, man. I’m an ex-
convict. Otto’s is the only place
that would hire me. You’re too good
for Otto’s now?

IRA
I’m not too good for it, I just
don’t-- it’s not for me, I’m sorry.

Chuck points into his mouth.

CHUCK
You see that bridge? Twelve hundred
bucks. On the house, man! Otto’s,
man. Otto’s my lotto.

IRA
Come on. Look, I can’t work here
anymore.

CHUCK
What, you gonna be on TV or some
shit?

IRA
I am going to be on TV.

CHUCK
You gonna be the chunky guy on
Survivor?

IRA
No, I’m going to be like Seinfeld.

CHUCK
Get the fuck out of here. You ain’t
going to be like Seinfeld.
Seinfeld’s my mother fucking man.
And Kramer? Kramer gets a pass from
me, because Kramer is my nigga.

IRA
Well, that’s very forgiving of you.
CHUCK
Look, as a friend, I’m gonna tell you something. You’re not funny. I mean, you look funny, but you’re not funny. That shit is sad. But yo, I ain’t got no dough. If I had some dough I would go.

IRA
I’ll pay your cover charge.

CHUCK
But I gotta take my wife out, also. So you gotta pay for my bitch, too.

IRA
Okay I’ll do it. If you come and laugh. Laugh loud.

Chuck fake laughs.

IRA (CONT’D)
That’s Good. Perfect.

CHUCK
Alright, I’ll see you Saturday.

IRA
Okay, good. Thank you.

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - DAY
A flat screen showing a movie.

ON-SCREEN - JUSTIN LONG bends down to talk to someone.

JUSTIN LONG
Craig, listen to me. I’m doing the best I can.

Reveal: Justin is talking to a baby with George Simmons’ head. This is George’s film, RE-DO.

BABY GEORGE
I wiped your ass our entire childhood. Now it’s your turn, buddy.

JUSTIN LONG
You’re the one who asked the wizard to make you young again.

(CONTINUED)
BABY GEORGE
I didn’t mean this young!

We pan down from the TV to another TV.

ON-SCREEN – one of George’s early stand-up specials. He’s so young and naive, he seems like a completely different person.

George sits on his couch watching videos of himself, reviewing his life, trying to make sense of what it all meant. We see clips of him on Conan and hosting MTV Spring Break.

ON-SCREEN – home video of George at college. George is hanging out with his friends. They are acting goofy, having the time of their lives. George looks very young, skinny, and carefree. Life has never been better.

ANGLE ON George watching silently. He has no idea what to make of this journey of his.

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE – LATER

George sits in his office, surrounded by photos and magazine clippings of himself at different ages. It builds to a sequence of him going through stacks of old photos.

He comes to candid photos of a young woman. This is LAURA, in her mid-twenties. George flips through photos, lost in the memory of her.

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE – LATER

George watches old clips of Laura on a television drama.

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE – LATER

George sits on his couch with a phone to his ear.

    WOMAN (O.S.)
    Hello?

    GEORGE
    Hey, Laura. It’s George. How’s the Northern side of California doing?

    LAURA
    What do you want, George?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GEORGE
I was just wondering if you had a few minutes? I wanted to talk to you about something.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MARIN STREETS - SAME

We see Laura, a very pretty woman in her mid-30s, the same woman from the photos and video. She walks down a suburban street alone, on her cell phone.

LAURA
Actually I don’t. I was just walking out the door. Is it okay if I get your number and call you back later?

GEORGE
I know I’m not supposed to call you, I just wanted to let you know that... I really am so sorry for everything. I’m sorry I screwed it up.

LAURA
It’s too bad you didn’t realize that back then. But anyway, I gotta go. Do you want me to call you back?

GEORGE
You don’t have to call me back, I know you’re not going to. I just wanted to let you know I was sorry one more time.

LAURA
Okay, well alright. Good luck, George.

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - DAY

Ira sits with one of his roommates, Leo, who is also an aspiring comedian. They sit across from each other kicking around joke ideas they have, trying to write new ones. We see a pitch session play out.

(CONTINUED)
Ira’s joke pitches are all over the place. He clearly hasn’t figured out what his stage persona is yet.

IRA
I was thinking about doing something about how I’m not good looking and I’m not bad looking. I’m kinda right in the middle. But you know, if I had a good personality, I could get any chick in the world. But I don’t.

LEO
Yeah, that doesn’t work. I auditioned for Budd Friedman at the Improv. He okayed me. Made me a regular.

IRA
Budd won’t even look me in the eye, man. Good for you. Congratulations.

LEO
You shouldn’t have lost all that weight. There’s nothing funny about a physically fit man.

IRA
I know. It’s lame, right?

LEO
No one wants to watch Lance Armstrong do comedy.

MARK pops his head in the room.

MARK
Hey Ira...

Ira hands Mark a check.

IRA
Hey Mark, can you do me a favor and never leave a paycheck from your shit sitcom on my pillow ever again?

MARK
Oh, that is so rude of me to accidentally leave my paycheck for $25,000 on your pillow. I’m sorry.
LEO
It’s a dick move.

MARK
It’s just they keep coming, you know, week after week. It’s getting a little bit hard to keep track of all of them.

LEO
You know what? Becoming marginally famous has really turned you into an asshole.

MARK
Now listen, I’d love to stay here and chat with you, but we have company. You know that girl comedian who lives across the street? The one with the dark hair and the bangs?

IRA
Daisy.

MARK
Daisy, right. Well, I bumped into her outside and I invited her in and she’s sitting in our living room right now.

IRA
She’s out there right now?

MARK
She’s hot. She’s mousy.

LEO
She’s mousy like a mouse you want to stick your dick in.

MARK
Yeah, you gotta get out there and talk to her.

IRA
Why would you do that?

MARK
What do you mean, “Why would I do that?” I’m trying to hook you up.

(Continued)
IRA
I’m laying groundwork, man. I’ve got a three-month plan. You can’t just throw me into this.

MARK
I’ll give you ten days on your three-month plan...

IRA
No, I need eighty more days than that.

MARK
I do this because I care about you. I do this to motivate you. But I will fuck that girl in ten days. I promise.

IRA
Aw, dude, I’m not cute like you. I don’t look like Jackson Browne, I look like Jon Favreau.

MARK
Don’t do this to me. Don’t make me fuck her.

IRA
Well, then just don’t fuck her.

MARK
Don’t you put me in this corner where I have to fuck my way out.

LEO
He’ll do it too. He’ll do it. I’ve seen him do this before.

MARK
I’m gonna go out there and warm her up. I’ll see you out there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark is talking to DAISY, an alternative-feeling, dark-haired girl in her early twenties. Mark’s television show, “Yo Teach!” plays on a laptop computer. He plays a young teacher in an inner-city classroom.
MARK
I know it’s silly, but it’s fun.
You know, people like it.

DAISY
Yeah.

MARK
I can’t believe you haven’t seen this before.

DAISY
Yeah, I can’t believe it’s gotten by me. Is it on a Kids’ Channel? WB Teen Channel or something?

MARK
No, it’s on NBC.

DAISY
Really?

Ira grabs some orange juice from the fridge and walks in.

MARK
Ira. Daisy.

DAISY
Hi.

MARK
Daisy. Ira.

IRA
How’s it going?

He puts his hand out to shake, but she pulls hers back.

DAISY
Actually, I have a cold, so I shouldn’t.

Ira mimes shaking her hand.

IRA
Air shake.

Daisy plays along. She’s not as enthusiastic about it.
IRA (CONT’D)
I’ve actually seen you do comedy at the Improv a couple times. You’re really, really funny.

DAISY
Well, thanks.

MARK
You know, Ira just lost twenty pounds.

DAISY
Well, congratulations.

IRA
Yes, I did. All from my cock. Um, so...

Daisy laughs.

MARK
So, this episode right here is actually a two-parter.

DAISY
Great. So does that mean we’re going to watch both parts right now?

Ira pours some orange juice into a plastic cup without looking, and the cup falls over and spills all over the table.

IRA
Oh God.

MARK
You need some help with that, Ira?

IRA
No, no, it’s okay. I got it.

Ira leans down and sucks some of the spilled orange juice into his mouth.

IRA (CONT’D)
Mmmmm.

No one laughs.

(CONTINUED)
IRA (CONT’D)
I’m joking. I’m gonna get a rag.

MARK
See ya in nine days, Ira!

INT. COMEDY AND MAGIC CLUB - NIGHT

RANDY is on stage, performing his act, doing well.

RANDY
I went to a place recently I’m convinced is the most fucked up, crazy place I’ve ever been to. It’s a little place called Cold Stone Creamery.

ANGLE ON Ira and Leo watching, both amused and jealous.

LEO
I can’t believe this is what people like.

Back on Randy.

RANDY
The sizes are: Like It, Love It, and Gotta Have It! What kind of crackhead terminology is that? What size you want, man?

Randy begins to shake his hand like a crackhead.

RANDY (CONT’D)
“I don’t know, man, I just got to have it! Put some ice cream in a cup with some sprinkles. Put your dick in a Butterfinger and fuck it for me please. Put in the cup, I need it, I need it. I’m tweaking! I’m tweaking!”

Randy tweaks on stage as the audience applauds.

IN. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Ira sits at a table of snack food, waiting for a chance to go on. Randy comes in, jumping up and down.

(CONTINUED)
RANDY
That’s how it’s done, son! That’s how it’s done, son! Killed it, man. Crowd was crazy. Is it always that wild on a Wednesday?

IRA
They seem pretty good out there.

RANDY
I’m really stepping up my game. These bitches gotta start paying me for this. They can’t get no more free Randy. I just fucked that crowd in the ass. Just awesome. Just fucking Bam!

Randy mimes fucking the crowd.

RANDY (CONT’D)
Crowd, me, Bam! Crowd, me, my stand up is my dick.

IRA
I’m gonna do the same thing.

Randy sits at the table.

RANDY
Oh shit, let’s get some M&M’s and chips going. Yellow!

The EMCEE walks in.

EMCEE
Ira, hey. Kevin Rooney didn’t show up, so you can do ten minutes after Leo.

IRA
Really? Okay. Thanks, yeah.

EMCEE
(mimicking him)
Uh, uh, thanks.

ANGLE ON Leo on stage, doing his act.

LEO
The other night I heard my balls and my dick talking. And my balls were like, “Are you okay? (MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

LEO (CONT'D)
Is he hurting you?” And my dick is like, “You don’t know him like I do. He’s a great guy, he loves me.”

BACKSTAGE

Ira studies his notes. A MANAGER walks over to him.

MANAGER
George Simmons just showed up, and he wants to go on. So you’re bumped.

IRA
Okay, how long does he do?

MANAGER
How the fuck should I know? He hasn’t been here in five years. But you gotta be ready.

Leo finishes his set to huge applause then comes off stage.

LEO
You see that? I fucking killed up there.

IRA
That was good.

LEO
All my new shit worked.

IRA
I was supposed to go on after you. George Simmons just showed up, now I’m gonna go on after him.

LEO
George Simmons is going up right now? I just opened for George Simmons?

IRA
Yeah.

LEO
That’s fucking awesome, man.

ANGLE ON THE STAGE

George takes the stage. The place goes crazy.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
Yeahhhhhhh!

More clapping. The crowd is excited.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Alrrriiggght! I’m scared. I’m scared for all of you. You need me. You need me. I’m not gonna be here forever. Who’s going to amuse you? It’s so simple, just look at each other and say...

(funny George voice)
“Babadido, ababideda. Aahhhh!”

(then)
And everyone’s laughing. Anyways, I have no religion. My parents did not believe in God. That was great, they passed that along. I didn’t even have a fucking choice. They were like, “Nah, don’t do it.” “So when Grandpa dies he goes to heaven?” “No, he’ll be in the ground.” “Thanks dad, should I sleep now? Cause there’s no way I’ll have a nightmare tonight.” “Ah, fuck you. I don’t believe in nightmares either. Fags have nightmares. If there’s a God, why would there be a Holocaust? Go to bed, son. Pleasant dreams.”

ON IRA and RANDY watching from the back of the club, unnerved.

RANDY
Simmons getting a little dark.

IRA
What is he doing?

ON STAGE, George continues his act. He is self-destructing. The audience is silent.

GEORGE
When you hear the waitress’s footsteps, that’s when you know you’re not doing well. Oh boy, it’s quiet. You hear that? I think I can hear the freeway.

HARD CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)
Ira on-stage, following George.

IRA
Hello, I’m Ira Wright. I’m not good looking, and um, I’m not bad looking, I’m kinda right in the middle. So like if I had a good personality that might make it so girls really like me. But I don’t.

We reveal Chuck and his date watching, looking miserable. Chuck gives Ira a thumbs-down, shakes his head.

IRA (CONT’D)
So, okay. George Simmons. Wow. Now what do we do? He seems unhappy with his money. Give it to me, I could really... spend that.

We reveal George watching Ira from the back of the club, amused by his struggle.

IRA (CONT’D)
He’s depressed with his life? I don’t know what I’m gonna do. I live on my friends pullout couch. So anyway--

We hear a glass break back stage.

IRA (CONT’D)
Oh wait did you hear that? George Simmons just shot himself in the face backstage. It’s sad knowing Merman’s crying inside.

People start getting up to go.

IRA (CONT’D)
Uh oh, is he organizing a mass suicide. Is that where you’re going? Are you joining him? Save some Kool-aid for me. Don’t worry, the next guy coming out has a dove hidden up his asshole. And then Robin Williams is going to slit his wrists out here. So that’s nice, also. I am Ira Wright everybody, thank you very much. Have a good night.
Ira walks to his car. In the spot next to him is an enormous SUV parked in a spot meant for compact cars. It is so close to Ira's car that it isn’t possible to open the door. He hears some BANGING from inside the car.

Ira KNOCKS on the window. We see that George is sitting in his car in a world of pain. He’s clearly been crying. The knock startles him. He turns to Ira.

IRA
Oh, give me a break.
(recognizing George)
Oh. Hey.

George rolls down the window.

GEORGE
This fucking guy. What’s up?

IRA
I’m sorry, I’m parked right on the side of you and I can’t get in.

GEORGE
What, you came here to make some jokes to my face now?

IRA
You’re hard to follow, I didn’t know what to say. I’m sorry about that.

GEORGE
Don’t be. I would have done the same. You had to comment on it. (then)
You had some funny shit. You’re a good writer.

IRA
Thank you.

GEORGE
Is that your friend, the fatter version of you?

IRA
He’s my roommate. Yeah, he’s really funny.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
You got good stuff. You’re going to be alright.

IRA
That’s so nice of you to say, man. I appreciate it.

George backs up his car. Ira, eager to continue the conversation, walks along with the car as he does.

IRA (CONT’D)
Hey, you know I’ve been a really big fan of yours. All of us, we kind of grew up on your shit, so that’s so nice of you to say. Thank you. Nice to meet you, man.

George pulls out, turns the car around, and as he passes by Ira, he steers his car as if he’s going to run him down, and starts screaming...

GEORGE
You’re gonna die!!! I’m gonna kill you!

This is the greatest thing that’s ever happened to Ira.

IRA
Oh man, that was awesome.

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT – LEO’S ROOM – NEXT DAY

FULL SCREEN COMPUTER: We see a comedy short made by Leo in which he intercuts kittens with him acting like a kitten. Ira watches.

LEO
Cats. Can you dig it? Just a bunch of cats and me doing stuff. And back to the cats doing stuff.

IRA
You’ve gotten seven hundred thousand hits in four days from this?

LEO
Yep. If you put “cute kitten” in the title of your YouTube video, you’re going to get a million hits.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
And I link that to my website and you can see my stand up on my website. It’s genius.

IRA
Why don’t you just call it like, “Megan Fox blows someone,” then more people would Google that.

Mark walks over to Ira.

MARK
I’ve got two girls coming over here in a little bit, can you fold up your bed please? I don’t want the place to look like a mess when they get here.

IRA
Okay. I’m sorry. I was watching this thing.

The phone rings. Ira grabs it.

IRA (CONT’D)
Hello?

GEORGE (V.O.)
It’s George Simmons.

Ira laughs, thinks his friend is joking with him.

IRA
Hey, fuck you, Craig. What’s happening, man?

GEORGE (V.O.)
It’s not your dumbass friend, Craig, it’s George Simmons.

IRA (nervous)
Oh, sorry. Hey. How’s it going?

INTERCUT WITH GEORGE:

EXT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - SAME

George sits on the back porch of his house, overlooking the ocean.
Hey, good job last night. You guys were pretty funny. You and triple XL version of you.

Thank you. I appreciate that.

You guys were alright. Good job. I’m doing this corporate gig for MySpace, and I’m going to need some jokes and shit. I was thinking maybe you guys would want to write me some.

Ira looks into the living room at Leo, who is showing Mark his cats video, then steps back into the kitchen so they can’t hear his conversation.

You know, he’s kind of a flaky guy, but I’ve got nothing going on. I’d love to do that. Sure, totally, I’m in. What kind of jokes do you need?

Just shit about them or computers or whatever. They like when you sprinkle a little of them in there, they get excited.

That’s no problem. That makes sense.

So you want to be held accountable, come watch me do them tomorrow? I’ll take you to the gig.

Okay, cool, yeah. How should I get them to you?

I can give you my fax number and my email. What’s your email?

My email? It’s, um... irasexira@yahoo.com.
GEORGE
(long silence)
Wow, I’m starting to reconsider asking you.

IRA
Don’t do that. It’s from high school. It was funny.

GEORGE
You should change it.

IRA
It’s like thirteen years old. Okay, I will.

GEORGE
I mean change it now.

IRA
Okay, I’ll change it ASAP.

GEORGE
Okay, don’t say “ASAP” either. And don’t say “I’m chillin’” or “It’s all good” or any of that stuff.

IRA
Okay. I don’t chill anyway, so I won’t. And it’s not all good, so.

GEORGE
Okay, Ira.

IRA
Okay.

GEORGE
Alright. Iirrrrraaa!

IRA
(laughing)
Geeeeoo-

George hangs up on him.

Ira walks into the living room, over to Mark and Leo.

IRA (CONT’D)
That was George Simmons on the phone. He saw me do stand up.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
He thinks I’m funny. He wants me to write jokes for him.

LEO
What? Why?

IRA
Why? He thinks I’m funny.

LEO
This doesn’t make any sense at all.

IRA
I’ve got to get started.

Ira rushes off to write jokes.

LEO
What is happening?

MARK
(calling after Ira)
You forgot about the bed!

INT. CAFE - DAY

Ira is writing jokes. The camera follows the words being written on a legal pad.

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - DAY

Ira sits at a computer writing more jokes. Leo works with him.

IRA
How does the softball team at MySpace work? Does everyone get picked last?

LEO
At some point you should have George say, “Fuck Facebook.”

IRA
Fuck Facebook in the face.

LEO
That’s funny. Tell George I wrote that, okay?

(CONTINUED)

(cont’d)

CONTINUED: (3)

IRA (cont’d)
He thinks I’m funny. He wants me to write jokes for him.

LEO
What? Why?

IRA
Why? He thinks I’m funny.

LEO
This doesn’t make any sense at all.

IRA
I’ve got to get started.

Ira rushes off to write jokes.

LEO
What is happening?

MARK
(calling after Ira)
You forgot about the bed!
IRA
Totally.

LEO
Tell him, “Leo wrote that.”

IRA
Yeah, no, totally.

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Ira sits in front of his computer eating a banana. He writes an email to George, attaches all the jokes he wrote. He pauses a moment, unsure, then hits send.

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - DAY
A car beeps out front. Mark and Leo are at on the deck looking down at the street. Ira walks over to them.

MARK
Hey, Ira, I think this is him.

IRA
He’s got a limo.

LEO
Can we go out and meet him?

IRA
No, you can’t say hi to him. Just let me get in with him a little more before I introduce people to him.

MARK
Don’t kiss his ass too hard, alright? Stars hate it when you kiss their ass too hard. I hate it when people kiss my ass too hard.

LEO
(messing with Mark)
You do? You hate it when people kiss your ass too hard?

MARK
I hate it.
INT./EXT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Ira walks up to the limo. The door opens, Ira gets in.

IRA
Hey. I feel like I’m going to prom.

GEORGE
Well we’re not.
(to limo driver)
Okay, let’s hit it!

The limo drives through Los Angeles. George looks over the jokes Ira wrote for him.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
This is good. I like this one about the guy from MySpace and the guy from Craigslist getting into a fight. That’s funny.
(George looks at Ira)
You’re excited.

IRA
I am excited.

GEORGE
That’s good. It’s good to be excited. I used to be excited.

IRA
It’s awesome. It’s exciting.

INT./EXT. TARMAC - LATER

The limo pulls onto a runway, up to a private jet. Ira is wowed. The CREW waits outside the plane, including a pretty flight attendant.

GEORGE
You brought the nice legs with you. Good job.

The CAPTAIN shakes hands with Ira.

DAVE
Welcome aboard.

IRA
Thank you.
DAVE
The name’s Dave.

IRA
Hi, Dave.

DAVE
We might hit a few bumps up there. Nothing too crazy, we’ll get you there.

IRA
Okay, cool.

DAVE
Hope you enjoy Chinese food.

IRA
I love it!

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

DAN from MySpace walks George and Ira into the room. It’s a giant room that holds a thousand people at banquet tables.

DAN
Guys, you were late, so we had to put on James Taylor first.

ON STAGE - James Taylor finishes up “Carolina In My Mind” at a huge corporate event.

IRA
How’d you guys get him?

DAN
Everybody’s got their price. Last year we had Roger Waters doing “Dark Side of the Moon.”

Dan leads Ira and George through the ballroom, as Ira pitches last-minute jokes to George.

IRA
Okay, I thought it could be funny if you just go, “Fuck Facebook in the face.”

GEORGE
Right. Hey, you do five minutes before I go up there.

(CONTINUED)
IRA
What? No. I can’t follow “Fire & Rain.”

GEORGE
I can’t follow it either, that’s why you’re going up there.

INT. BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER
George and Ira watch James Taylor finish up his set from the balcony. The crowd goes crazy for him.

JAMES
Thank you, MySpace. Fuck Facebook!

The crowd stands and cheers. Ira is stunned. George laughs.

IRA
That’s my Facebook joke. He did the Facebook joke. I can’t follow this, I can’t go on right now.

GEORGE
Get up there. Be a man.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT
Ira’s on stage doing his act. It’s not going well.

IRA
This is a pretty big room. A lot of people here. Let’s have another round of applause for James Taylor, everybody.

ANGLE ON George talking to Tom from MySpace.

TOM
You actually use MySpace?

GEORGE
I fuck girls, Tom. I don’t have time for that.

(CONTINUED)
IRA
I wonder, if Tom and Craig from Craigslist ever got into a fight with each other, who would win that fight? That’s what I want to know. Tom or Craig? Who’s tougher?

Ira looks backstage toward George, uneasy, but plows ahead.

IRA (CONT’D)
Tom has more friends, so that’s probably good. Craig has weirder friends, though. Craig has friends that are willing to do a lot more for cash.

CUT TO the wings of the stage. Ira’s walking off stage. George is annoyed.

GEORGE
What the fuck was all that about? You did three of the jokes you wrote for me.

IRA
I’m sorry. I panicked. That’s all they wanted. They just wanted MySpace jokes.

GEORGE
That’s why I hired you, to write me MySpace jokes.

Ira takes out the long list of jokes he’s written.

IRA
I didn’t tell that one. That one will work, I guarantee it.

GEORGE
It better work. They’re paying me three hundred grand.

ANGLE ON TOM on stage.

TOM
Ladies and gentlemen, George Simmons!

IRA
Really?
George walks out on stage and takes the microphone. Huge applause.

GEORGE
Alright Tom, thank you. Good evening nerds! Yes, what about Ira, everybody? How’d you feel about Ira Wright? That guy, he is such a fucking nerd, I can’t believe he doesn’t work with you people.

The crowd laughs.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Tom started MySpace just to get friends, I know it. They say the more friends you have on MySpace the less friends you have in real life. “I have a hundred-thousand friends on MySpace, isn’t that nice? Isn’t that great I have so many friends on the computer?” “What are you doing tonight?” “I’ll be on the computer.”

James Taylor and Ira watch George’s set. The crowd loves it.

IRA
Do you get tired singing the same songs over and over?

JAMES
Do you ever get tired of talking about your dick?

Back on George.

GEORGE
It’s always shocking when a girl blows you, you’re like really? I got some advice for the ladies out there. When you are performing that act on a fellow, don’t ever say, “You know, you’re the first guy I ever got the whole thing in my mouth. Normally, I get like halfway down and I just start fucking choking. But with you, I got a ball in my mouth. That’s never happened. Look, I have them in my mouth right now and I’m speaking perfectly clear. Normally I have a stutter.”

(CONTINUED)
The crowd all laughs.

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Everyone is beginning to leave. Ira walks up to George.

GEORGE
That wasn’t a pee, that was a shit.
That took too long. Here’s a thousand bucks.

Ira’s eyes widen.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Good job.

IRA
Thank you so much. I’ve never made this much money doing anything.
Thank you.

GEORGE
Good. I’m thinking about doing a lot more stand-up. And my assistant got pregnant. I didn’t even know she, I thought she was a fucking lesbian the whole time.

IRA
They can get pregnant, too.

GEORGE
That’s nice. That’s very nice. So you want to assist me? You know? I mean, you can write jokes for me too.

IRA
Whatever you need, man.

GEORGE
Get me sodas and clean my shit up?

IRA
Yeah.

GEORGE
How much money do you make now?

(CONTINUED)
IRA
Oh, it depends on how many hours.
Usually--

GEORGE
I’ll give you $1500 a week.

IRA
That’s amazing, man. Thank you so much.

REVEAL two beautiful, young PR women MANDY and DAWN standing behind them.

GEORGE
You want to fuck these two girls?

Ira tries to pretend this idea doesn’t completely intimidate him.

IRA
Yeah, sure. I’d love to bang them.

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE – INDOOR POOL – NIGHT

The girls are in the pool in their underwear. Ira keeps the water at neck level to avoid having his body shown. George walks over to the pool in his bathing suit.

GEORGE
Oh Mandy. You still swimming? Get the fuck out of there.

George pulls Mandy out of the pool, kisses her.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Oh my god, feel that stomach. I like that thing.

George pretends to punch Mandy in the stomach.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Bam. Shabam.

MANDY
This house is crazy.

GEORGE
Oh yeah, you’ve got to see the whole thing. Come here. It came furnished.
MANDY
Really?

Mandy jumps onto George and he carries her away.

GEORGE
(To Dawn)
That’s my man Ira, he wrote a lot of good jokes for me there, honey. Make sure he shows you his cock. It’s very, very thick.

IRA
See you George!

Ira and Dawn are left alone in the pool.

IRA (CONT’D)
Hey, you want to have a contest to see who can hold their breath the longest?

Ira goes under the water for a moment, then pops up and spits water at Dawn by mistake.

IRA (CONT’D (CONT’D)
You didn’t go under.

DAWN
Nothing’s going to happen between us.

INT. GEORGE’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

George is having sex with Mandy.

MANDY
I can’t believe I’m having sex with George Simmons!

GEORGE
He can’t believe it either.

MANDY
My dad loves your movies.

GEORGE
I love it when you talk about your dad.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ira and Dawn are watching George’s hot-dog eating film, THE CHAMPION. Neither looks very happy or comfortable.

George enters sucking a Popsicle.

    GEORGE
    Oh you’re still here?
    (re: the TV)
    I know that asshole.

    GEORGE (CONT’D)
    You two were just fucking, huh?
    How’d that go?

    DAWN
    No, I have a boyfriend. We already talked about it.

    IRA
    John.

    GEORGE
    Your friend took off. She thought you left.

    DAWN
    Really?

    GEORGE
    That’s what happens in a big house. It’s called a Big House Problem. Your friend actually left her purse down the hall, you want to go get it with me?

    DAWN
    Okay.

Dawn gets up and looks back at Ira, excited.

    GEORGE
    (to Ira)
    Don’t you leave on me, Ira.
INT. GEORGE’S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DAWN

George continues fucking Dawn while doing the Merman call.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ira is now playing a game on his phone. George sticks his head in while sucking on a second Popsicle.

GEORGE
Sorry about the chick, man. You weren’t getting it done, so something had to happen.

IRA
(confused)
Oh no, I wasn’t even trying. She told me she had a boyfriend.

GEORGE
She told me she had a boyfriend, too... when she was sucking my cock.

George pretends to gag on his Popsicle.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
What the fuck are you doing with that big dick of yours? You’ve got to use it. You’ve got to share thickie with the world.

Ira pats his crotch, embarrassed.

IRA
It’s normal.

GEORGE
Do you want to go upstairs, talk to me while I try to fall asleep?

IRA
Okay, yeah. If that’s what you want me to do.
INT. BEDROOM - LATER

George is in bed under the covers, comfortably lying on his pillow. Ira moves a chair right next to the bed and sits.

GEORGE
Sit down. That was a fun night.
That was good.

IRA
That was crazy. So, you slept with both those girls, man? How do you do that?

GEORGE
Girls like famous guys. It’s a story for them, I guess. I don’t know. I take advantage of it, though. Believe me, they always leave disappointed.

IRA
That’s amazing.

GEORGE
So let me hear about this name, Ira Wright. That’s not your real name, right?

IRA
How can you tell?

GEORGE
You’re hiding some Judaism.

IRA
My real last name is Weiner. It’s spelled the same as Weiner and I just got tired of correcting people.

GEORGE
So that’s what led you to the path of comedy? Being humiliated every day, the first day of school? Is Ira Weener here? And you were in the back, “Whiner. My name’s Whiner.” You little fruit. What were your parents like? What are the older Weeners or Whiners like?

(CONTINUED)
IRA
Um, my parents are divorced. They hate each other. My mother thinks my father’s the devil. I don’t know what that makes me, technically, but--

GEORGE
So you’ll never be as funny as me.

IRA
Why not?

GEORGE
You’re generation has the divorces, which is cute funny, but my generation has the “Oh my God, my father’s about to hit me with the bat.” You gotta break out the funny a lot quicker than your little faggy childhood.

IRA
Are you serious?

GEORGE
I spent my whole childhood trying to make my father laugh. Still haven’t succeeded, but we’ll get there...

As George drifts off to sleep, Ira tries to get up.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Don’t bail on me yet. Keep it coming. When was the first time you fingered a girl?

IRA
I was at summer camp, Jewish summer camp, on the sports field. Her name was Sharon Mizrahi. I didn’t know what to do. I got really scared. She reached down and grabbed my penis really hard, like she was just trying to murder it.
IRA
It took me three hours, but I think
I found your kitchen. Am I in the
bathroom still? Is that it?

GEORGE
No, no. You’re good. You’re safe.

George places a carrying case of medicines on the counter.

IRA
What do you got there?

GEORGE
This is medicine, Ira. I’m sick.

George preps his medicine by mixing it into water.

IRA
One of the girls have chlamydia? I
thought she smelled funny. Is that
what it is?

GEORGE
I’ve got a weird blood disease.
AML. It’s a form of Leukemia. This
is experimental medicine from
Canada. There’s an eight percent
chance of it working. So fuck me.

IRA
Well that’s not true, because if it
was, I would have read about it or
heard about that.

GEORGE
You didn’t hear about it because I
didn’t fucking run out and tell
Entertainment Tonight.

IRA
Why would you tell me?

GEORGE
Because I don’t really know you,
Ira. I think you’re not going to
get too weird about this. I don’t
want to start getting treated like
the guy who’s going to die.

George opens a can of Red Bull.
GEORGE (CONT’D)
Anyways, this shit’s got a lot of caffeine in it. They say that’s good for you when you take the medicine.

IRA
Why are you telling me this, George?

GEORGE
Because I want you to possibly do me a favor.

IRA
Okay, yeah. What?

GEORGE
Kill me.

IRA
What?

GEORGE
Nobody knows we know each other. You’re a stranger. You can get away with this. I’ve got a gun in the other room. It’s untraceable. I’ll give you fifty thousand dollars. Don’t make me suffer. Please. Kill me, Ira. I’m begging you.

IRA
Can you at least give me a night to think about it?

GEORGE
Hah! Think about it? You would do it!

IRA
Oh, I hate you man. Oh, no!

GEORGE
Ira, I misread you. You’re sick. You’re a murder.

IRA
Oh, screw you, man.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
What would you have done for a hundred thousand dollars? Chop my head off? You still want to do it! That wasn’t even good acting over there. Daniel Day Lewis would have crushed that speech.

IRA
No, I bought that, man. Wow.

GEORGE
Ira, you don’t have to kill me. But I am going to die.

IRA
Look George...

Ira approaches George.

George
Don’t get close, Ira. Don’t do this.

IRA
My friends they trick me all the time. One of my roommates told me he was Joe Pesci’s son. I believed him for three years. I still get shit for it. So just please, level with me. Are you serious?

GEORGE
I am serious, Ira. Don’t tell anybody about this though, alright? I want it to be our secret. You’re going to make me some eggs. Okay, murderer? Just try not to kill any of the staff while I’m gone, okay? They have families.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON - DAY

The three friends – Mark, Ira, Leo – hike up Runyon Canyon. Leo and Ira are in T-shirt and shorts and running shoes, and Mark is in expensive, top-of-the-line running gear. They look at pretty girls as they walk.

IRA
I mean, he’s getting this special medicine from Canada.
MARK
Oh my God, that’s the saddest thing
I’ve ever heard.

IRA
Yeah. I think I’m the only person
he’s told. That’s what he said.
He’s like taking a shine to me, you
know?

LEO
Not enough to let you in on that
two on one.

MARK
Come on, that’s not appropriate.

IRA
I don’t want that anyway.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON – LATER
They are all seated, looking at Los Angeles in the distance.
Mark takes a hit off a one-hitter but does not share it.

IRA
It’s really scary. I don’t think
I’ve known anyone who’s sick, you
know, like in a major way before.

LEO
George Simmons. He’s been around my
whole life. It’s like Snap, Crackle
and Pop dying.

IRA
I know.

MARK
Can we not talk about this right
now? I’m not really good with the
whole death thing. Is that alright?

IRA
I need to talk about it. I work for
this guy now. It’s all I’m thinking
about.

(CONTINUED)
I’m going to tell you this story that makes me feel alright with death. When I was younger, my grandfather died, and we were all gathered around him. There was this one candle next to his bed, and right after he died, the candle started flickering, and then it just went out. And we looked around, and there were no windows. Nothing in that room. And it sounds crazy, but we all thought it was him going to heaven, you know?

You don’t pass through fire to get to heaven. I think he went to hell.

What did you just say?

I think your grandfather probably went to hell.

Don’t do that.

Are you kidding me right now?

I’m not. I’m sorry to break it to you.

You’re gonna make fun of me right now, just after I opened up to you guys like that?

It’s not my fault your grandfather’s in hell. It’s not a big deal. Some grandpas go to hell.

Don’t be a jerk to me just because I make more money than you guys.

How much do you make again?
Leo and Ira laugh.

MARK
You guys are just projecting all your hatred onto me.

LEO
Okay. And don’t be super bummed out because your grandfather’s playing backgammon with Hitler right now.

EXT. GEORGE’S GARAGE - DAY

George and Ira are talking. The garage is filled with extra TVs and sporting equipment etc...

GEORGE
I’ve got to get rid of this stuff. I don’t know what I’m going to do with it. The more money you make, the more free shit they give you. It makes no sense. I don’t see any jet skiing in my near future.

IRA
All this shit was free?

GEORGE
You want a TV, Ira? I’ve got like three flat screens laying around in there somewhere.

IRA
I can just take this up to Goodwill if you want.

GEORGE
You know, don’t even worry about this stuff. I’ve got some cars in storage you can sell for me and just give that money to charity.

IRA
I can do that, yeah.

GEORGE
I’m going to write a list out for you. I’ll give you a bunch of things I want you to do. What size sneaker are you?
IRA
Eleven and a half.

GEORGE
Oh, you got that thick cock, don’t you? I want to see that thing. Come on. Pull the cock out.

IRA
I’m not going to show it to you.

GEORGE
What the fuck’s the matter with you? I’m not going to do anything with it. I just want to know what I’m dealing with.

IRA
If you give me an iPod.

GEORGE
You asshole. All right, you can have anything in here, but you’ve got to take the *Merman* poster.

IRA
No. I wanted that. I loved *Merman*.

GEORGE
I knew you loved *Merman*, you and five year olds love *Merman*.

IRA
Smart movie.

INT. SET OF "YO TEACH!" - DAY

Ira, Leo and Daisy are watching a taping of "Yo Teach!". Mark, as Teach, talks to his class when the Principal walks in.

PRINCIPAL
Radford, what is this?

MARK
Bo’s English test.

PRINCIPAL
Well there’s a mistake.

(CONTINUED)
MARK
Well, yeah, there are lots of mistakes. That’s why there’s an “F” on it.

PRINCIPAL
You know, if Bo doesn’t pass, he can’t play in the big game Friday. Either you make this right, or you’ll be spending the Summer teaching Driver’s Ed. Honk! Honk!

The Principal cackles, exits the classroom.

LEO
I can’t be a part of this. I’m gonna go.

Leo walks off, shaking his head in disgust.

IRA
This is just so painful.

DAISY
Yes. I want to kill myself.

IRA
So, where are you from originally? You just moved here, right?

DAISY
Yes. Delaware.

IRA
Delaware. Our first state in the union.

DAISY
Yes, it is.

IRA
That’s great. No sales tax in Delaware, right?

DAISY
Yeah, there’s not. That’s weird, you know so much about Delaware. What are you, fucking Joe Biden?

IRA
He’s from Delaware. See, knew that.

(CONTINUED)
ON THE MONITOR

MARK
Bo, you’re a smart kid. I’ve seen you rap.

Bo gets some skin from a classmate.

BACK ON IRA AND DAISY

IRA
Do you like music?

DAISY
Did you just ask me if I like music?

IRA
Yeah, I’m aware that that’s a weird question.

DAISY
That’s like asking me if I like food.

IRA
That was my next question.

Yes.

IRA
Good. Uh, Wilco. Do you like Wilco? Wilco’s playing at the Greek Theatre. I was just wondering if you maybe wanted to go with me?

DAISY
Yeah, I’ll go. I’d be into that. I like Wilco.

IRA
Okay, great. Yeah. So I guess we Wil-co to the show together.

DAISY
Not anymore.

IRA
Are you serious?

(CONTINUED)
DAISY
No, I’ll go. Just don’t say that ever again.

IRA
Okay.

BACK ON THE MONITOR.

BO
Yo Teach!

MARK
Yeah?

BO
Thanks.

MARK
Word.

INT. GEORGE’S OFFICE – NIGHT

George walks in strumming his guitar and singing. Ira’s working at his computer.

GEORGE
(singing)
Don’t call me Weener, My name is Whiner, my name is Whiner. Don’t call me Weener. Whatever.

George sits and puts the guitar down.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
You got any jokes for me, dumb dumb?

IRA
Got some good ones I think, actually. I have a thing about how you’re rich and so you bought a private jet but you’re afraid of flying, so you just drive in it.

GEORGE
Oh that’s funny.

IRA
You just go to drive-thrus and car washes--
GEORGE
Yeah, yeah. I’ll come up with the ending. But that was good.

IRA
I thought it would be funny about how you’re getting older and you found the first gray hair on your balls and it really worries you, but then you realized that it was good because it made your balls look distinguished and smart. Like if you gave your balls a little tweed jacket with elbow pads and a little pipe, your balls could be like a character Kevin Kline would play in a movie.

GEORGE
Yeah, that’s funny. I could do that. What else you got?

IRA
Actually, this just kind of happened. I, uh, I’m making you an iTunes playlist.

GEORGE
For what?

IRA
Sometimes when I’m upset, music makes me feel a little better. So I thought maybe...

GEORGE
Oh, it’s a cheer me up thing?

IRA
I was just going to put it on your iPod. I don’t have to play it right now.

GEORGE
For what? For when I go out jogging? Let me hear it. I don’t jog anymore. Let me hear my playlist, Ira.

Ira hits play. Bob Marley’s “Three Little Birds” comes on.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE (CONT’D)
Bob Marley. He thinks everything’s going to be alright. Bob Marley had cancer. Everything wasn’t alright for Bob Marley. He dead now. What else did you put on there for me?

IRA
I really don’t want to do this, George. Can we just forget I did this? Ignore it, I’ll erase it, okay?

GEORGE
No, let’s just hear what’s going to cheer me up. This is good. Come on, what else do you got?

IRA
Okay, here’s the next one.

Ira plays “(I’ve had) The Time of My Life” from Dirty Dancing. Ira lip-syncs along with the song.

GEORGE
I don’t know what to say to that one. That’s just fifth grade. Showing me your cock was embarrassing, but this is okay?

IRA
That’s a good song.

GEORGE
What else? Give me more. This is unbelievable.

IRA
Are you sure you want to hear another one?

GEORGE
Yeah, this is fun to be cheered up.

Ira plays the next song. Warren Zevon’s “Keep Me in Your Heart” comes on. George listens to a couple of lines. He tries not to let it get to him.

IRA
I’m sorry.
GEORGE
Just write me some jokes you stupid, fucking idiot.

IRA
Okay, I’m sorry.

COMEDY PERFORMANCE MONTAGE

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT
George performs stand up.

GEORGE
So I’m not married. I don’t think I’m ever going to get married. I can’t find a reason to do it, you know. I’ve got friends like, “You’ve got to get married. My wife, she’s the best cook. The best. You’ve gotta...” And I’m like “My cook’s the best cook.” “But my wife, she’s my best friend.” “My cook’s actually a pretty good guy.”

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - NIGHT
George and Ira are writing jokes for George’s act.

IRA
This could be pretty funny. Your dad didn’t like you, so he named you and your dog George.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT
George performs Ira’s joke, doing his “Dad” voice.

GEORGE
“Hey, George, come in here! Not you, the dog.”

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Ira does George’s Dad voice, pitching on the joke.

(CONTINUED)
“George, look at this awesome book I just got!” And then you come in and he says, “Not you, the dog.”

GEORGE
That’s funny.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT
George continues on stage...

GEORGE
“Hey, George, I made a nice steak for you!” “Hey, thanks dad.” “Not you, the dog. Hey George, I just put some peanut butter on my balls, come lick it up! You. Fuckhead.”

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT
Ira does stand up.

IRA
Airplanes are the last public place where you can fart as loud as you want and no one cares. It’s loud, there’s engine noise, they just don’t know it’s you. You can literally be talking to someone you just met and be sitting this far away from them and look them dead in the eyes as they talk about their grandson, and just fart as loud as you humanly can. Just blllllaahhh. “Yeah, where’s your grandson from,” blllllaahhh. “My asshole’s been open this whole time.”

INT. COMEDY CLUB - LATER
George and Ira stand in the wings.

IRA
Can you help me with some of my jokes when I drop you off later?

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
Help you with some of your bits?

IRA
Yeah.

GEORGE
No. I'm not going to help you, man.
No one helped me when I started.
Fuck it, I'm not paying to help you, I'm paying you to help me.

INT. IMPROV COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT
George performs.

GEORGE
There is always the one girl out there, though. The one that got away. Guys have that, and serial killers have that. The one that got away. "I had her. The trunk was lined with garbage bags, and then she got away."

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT
Daisy performs.

DAISY
I'm sick of rap songs telling me what to do. "Bend over, slap your ass, girl. Drop it like it's hot." I'm going to write a song back and be like, "Boy, brush your teeth. Yeah, boy, bump that jacket off your back, I'm fucking cold as shit."

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT
Ira performs. He's getting better.

IRA
I masturbate so much with hand cream, I forget people use it for shit other than masturbating.

(MORE)
When I’m in public and see someone pull out hand cream, I’m like, “This guy’s about to jerk off!”

INT. COMEDY CLUB – LATER

George and Ira stand in the wings.

GEORGE
Can I ask you something? Is your act just designed to make sure that no girl will ever sleep with you again? All you fucking talk about is jacking off and farting. You think a girl’s going to come up to you after the show, “Oh, could you just jack off on me and then fart in my face?” It’s fucking insane. Do you want to get laid ever?

INT. IMPROV CLUB – NIGHT

George sits at the piano and sings an improvised song about his life in comedy and his relationship with the audience.

MONTAGE:

INT. GEORGE’S BATHROOM – LATER

George shaves. Stares at himself in the mirror. He looks terrible.

INT. GEORGE’S BATHROOM – LATER

George sits in the shower, feeling sick.

INT. HOSPITAL – LATER

Blood is drawn from George’s arm.

INT. GEORGE’S BATHROOM – LATER

George lies on the floor, hugging the toilet. Ira sits next to him, taking care of him.
CONTINUED:

George gets up on his knees and throws up. Ira tries to comfort him and pats his back.

EXT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - NIGHT

George swims laps. He gasps for breath, his eyes bloodshot.

END MONTAGE

INT. GEORGE’S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Ira enters. George is in bed, shirtless. He holds the remote for his satellite receiver.

IRA
(light)
Oh my God, it’s George Simmons. What are you doing here? What’s happening?

GEORGE
I couldn’t sleep. I want to get to the Cavaliers game. I can’t get this thing ever to work. I was up all night, man. I had a terrible sleep. I was sweating my ass off. I’m fucking hot one second, and cold one second, and I ache. The AC don’t work for shit. It’s always going up to the roof. What time is it?

IRA
(cautious)
It says three o’clock.

George pulls on his robe, upset.

GEORGE
Three o’clock. Damn it! I can’t fucking waste time. All right, let me start my God damn day. I don’t got time for this shit. Let me have that stupid clicker. Come on. They keep telling me I’ve got to dial an extension, and I don’t even have the fucking number to dial for the fucking extension!

(CONTINUED)
IRA
Do you want me to try calling them?

GEORGE
You should have fucking called
them! Where the fuck where you last
night? You’ll call them.

IRA
I’m sorry, man. Just tell me what
you need and I’ll get it done.

GEORGE
You pay for all of this stuff and
none of it ever works! Nothing! I
don’t even think I’m sick. These
guys are trying to fucking kill me!
I want to go to the doctor. I’ve
got to see this guy. What the fuck
is happening? This medicine does
not work. It makes it worse.

IRA
Okay, I’ll call him right now. I’ll
tell him we’re coming.

GEORGE
Now. We gotta go now.

IRA
I’ll call him right now, okay.

GEORGE
Yeah. I’ll meet you downstairs.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

George and Ira wait in a very small examining room. Ira plays
a game on his iPhone that makes a lot of noise.

GEORGE
Please put away your video game.
Don’t do that. Don’t be rude.

IRA
Sorry.

GEORGE
Fucking playing Centipede. What the
fuck are you playing?
IRA
It’s a driving game.

DR. LARS enters. A tall, humorless Swedish man with a thick accent.

DR. LARS
Hello, Mr. Simmons.

GEORGE
Hi, Doctor, good to see you. I brought my friend. Well, my lover, my life partner, my everything. How are you? What’s going on? How we doing?

DR. LARS
Well, your immune system is in the middle of a very serious battle. The medicine is trying to combat the disease, but in the process it destroys healthy tissue and disrupts healthy functioning of your organs and multiple lymphatic systems. So you are getting attacked on two levels and we hope the disease is vanquished before it and the medicine does damage which can not be contained.

George takes a long beat. Ira is pale, never having sat in on this type of moment before.

GEORGE
Your accent is very thick. Have you ever noticed that your accent makes things sound worse than they actually are? You could give good news and I’d still be like, “What happened? Am I still dying?”

DR. LARS
I’m just trying to help you.

GEORGE
I know you sound like a regular Joe where you come from, but here, I keep thinking you’re going to be torturing James Bond later.
DR. LARS
I’m sure your sense of humor will serve you well in this situation.

GEORGE
There he goes again. All so terrifying because it came out of your mouth.

DR. LARS
You are a very funny man.

GEORGE
Are you mad that you died at the end of Die Hard?

DR. LARS
I don’t understand the reference.

IRA
He kind of looks like those two guys in the second Matrix movie.

DR. LARS
I assure you, I was not in the Matrix.

GEORGE
Why did you eat Bjorn Borg? What did he do to you?

DR. LARS
If you have no other questions, I do have other patients.

GEORGE
You have other patients that you have to frighten by the end of the day? How many patients do you frighten a day?

DR. LARS
I am slowly getting a little bit annoyed by this humourous activities from you guys. I think we have discussed this, and I’m very, very sympathetic to your recovery, and I hope we will succeed with what we are doing.
IRA
I’ve been trying to build this cabinet I bought from you guys for like six months.

DR. LARS
Ikea, that’s very funny.

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Ira walks into the apartment and heads to the kitchen. He grabs a cereal bowl as Mark walks out of his room in a robe.

IRA
Yo Teach! How was the taping?

MARK
Great, great. Yeah, I’m happy with it. I think the ending really murdered.

IRA
Was it a “very special episode?”

Daisy walks out of the bathroom, surprised to see Ira.

MARK
You remember Daisy, right?

IRA
Yeah, of course.

DAISY
Hey.

MARK
I’m sorry. I didn’t know you’d be coming home tonight. I thought maybe you’d be spending the night at George’s.

IRA
It’s been more than ten days, huh?

MARK
(quietly)
Yeah. I gave you an extra eleven.

DAISY
What are you guys talking about?

(CONTINUED)
IRA
Nothing. It doesn’t matter. It’s cool. I don’t give a shit. I’m totally fine.

An awkward moment. Leo walks in the door.

LEO
Hey, I just saw the new Harry Potter movie. Harry’s getting old. He’s like older than my dad. They should call him Harold Potter. And Hermione’s got some big old tatties.

Ira walks away, upset.

LEO (CONT’D)
Whoa. Did you two just bone? I’m getting a little vibe here. This is exciting. I’m getting a quarter chub.

Daisy leaves the room.

LEO (CONT’D)
Why is Ira so upset? It’s been like way after ten days.

MARK
He can’t call dibs on every girl he meets.

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ira and Daisy mid-argument on the patio.

IRA
We were supposed to go out on a date together.

DAISY
We are going out on a date. I thought so.

IRA
We’re not any more. No. Because once you fuck my roommate that kind of ends it with me.
DAISY
What are you talking about? Don’t treat me like that.

IRA
Just so you know how I’m seeing you – you’re a starfucker. You’re a girl who met a star and then fucked him and he’s not even that famous. What if a real good-looking celebrity was my roommate? What if I lived with James MacAvoy or Jude Law or something?

DAISY
I don’t know. I probably would fuck both of those people.

IRA
Don’t say that.

DAISY
I’m sorry. Lower the bar a little bit.

IRA
I can’t believe that.

DAISY
If a hot girl walked over here, naked, and was like “Do my body,” you would. You would have sex with her.

IRA
No. I’d feel really uncomfortable, and then I might ask her to a Wilco show.

DAISY
Okay, then you’re the first guy in the world that I ever met that’s like that.

IRA
I thought you were the kind of girl that would wait two months and then have sex with a guy. I didn’t think you would just--

(CONTINUED)
DAISY
I’m an independent woman. I’m allowed to...fuck people.

IRA
Well, if I had known that, I would have scheduled our date a lot sooner.

DAISY
Give me a break. I don’t even know you. This is the longest conversation we’ve ever had.

Daisy walks away.

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - LATER

Ira lies on the pullout couch, playing a game on his phone. Mark sits on the bed beside him.

MARK
Don’t be mad at me. I said I’d give you ten days. I gave you three weeks.

IRA
I thought you were joking, man.

MARK
We wanna fuck every girl we meet. It’s how it works. If I didn’t sleep with every girl you wished you could sleep with, I wouldn’t sleep with anybody. It’s a communication breakdown. We can fix this.

IRA
I don’t care. The fact that you would sleep with her, I can never do anything like that with her.

MARK
So you’re really not going to chase this girl just because I was with her?

IRA
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
MARK
Huh. It’s kind of insulting on some level.

IRA
Do you want to go to Wilco with me?

MARK
I wish I could, but I’m going with Tobey McGuire. I might play his little brother in this movie.

Mark lies down next to Ira.

MARK (CONT’D)
I hope I get it.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

George and Ira are eating.

IRA
Well, I got a few good offers, but honestly I don’t know how much each car is worth, and they keep on wanting to buy all of them.

GEORGE
Stop making it a big deal. Don’t get a stomach-ache over it. Just sell them. Give it to a charity. Move on. I just want to be happy about giving something away, you know?

IRA
Okay. So, there’s something I’ve really been wanting to tell you, George.

GEORGE
Uh oh.

IRA
Yeah. I feel as though you need to tell someone other than me about your condition.

GEORGE
I don’t want to do that.
IRA
George, people care about you. You have to let them be there for you.

GEORGE
I tell somebody and then it’s gonna change and you can’t get it back.

IRA
Everything’s already changed, George. And the truth is, soon you’re going to start getting very sick and you are going to want someone other than me there. I mean have you even told your parents yet?

GEORGE
My parents are in their mid-70’s. They would drop dead if they heard about this.

IRA
Friends? You must want to tell your friends.

GEORGE
I don’t really have any friends. I have people I shoot the shit with and fuck around with. But there’s nobody I’m really close with. I got showbiz friends. Andy Dick isn’t a friend, he’s just a guy you know. You’re my closest friend and I don’t even like you.

IRA
(welling up)
You have to tell someone other than me, man. I can’t be the only one who knows. I’ve never dealt with anything like this. All my grandparents are alive.

GEORGE
Listen, this is not your job to cry. Your job is to not cry.

IRA
I’m just trying to talk to you, man-to-man, George.
GEORGE
As a man, you are crying right now.

IRA
I’m not crying.

GEORGE
People are going to think we just broke up or something, Ira. Stop doing what you’re doing.

IRA
(tears streaming down his face)
Okay, I’ll stop.

GEORGE

Ira wipes the tears from his face. He ends up with snot all over his hands.

IRA
(crying)
I’m sorry.

GEORGE
Come on, wipe it off. Jesus Christ.

IRA
(tears coming down)
I’ve got to stop.

GEORGE
This is the worst. Why didn’t I just get hit by a fucking foul ball? You ruined The Palm, you fucking ass. This could have been the best meal ever.

TELLING FRIENDS SEQUENCE

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY
George sits with Andy Dick.
ANDY DICK
Should I get you ice chips or something?

GEORGE
No, I’m good.

ANDY DICK
You never had any kids, huh?

GEORGE
No, we didn’t get to that.

ANDY DICK
I have three. Three kids to carry on the Dick legacy.

GEORGE
(laughing)
How the hell did you have any kids with all the penises you’ve blown?

ANDY DICK
I sucked my own dick and then spit it into their vagina.

He sits with CHARLES FLEISCHER. Charles gives his talk in a series of voices.

CHARLES FLEISCHER
I mean most people just go through life asleep anyway. Some of those people don’t even wake up until they get, you know, the doctor death call.

(Dr. Death voice)
This is Dr. Death, you’re going to die. Don’t be afraid, George, it’s just death calling. Cheer up, motherfucker.

(black guy from the 70s voice)
Fuck negativity. Fuck it in the ass with a Chinese monkey.

George sits with his SISTER.

SISTER
I wish I wasn’t so fucking angry with you right now.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
I’m sorry. Sorry I wasn’t a good brother.

SISTER
You were a terrible brother. You just left us and you didn’t care. You didn’t give a shit about us.

GEORGE
You moved to Kansas. Am I supposed to visit you in Kansas?

SISTER
Yes.

GEORGE
I thought that’s why you moved there, so you didn’t get visitors.

SISTER
You’re so fucking selfish.

GEORGE
I know.

SISTER
You’ve only seen my son like three times.

GEORGE
I send him DVDs all the time.

SISTER
He doesn’t want your DVDs. He wants you to be a part of his life. He wants to be a part of yours.

GEORGE
Wow, this has been great. I want to call Dad now and just have more family time.

SISTER
What did we ever do to you? I’m not Dad.

GEORGE
You are right. You’re very, very nice. I’m sorry I don’t know your son.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
I’m sorry I don’t know you anymore.
I’m glad you don’t know me.

SISTER
I wish I did.

GEORGE
You’d be let down, believe me.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY
Ira preps some food while George looks at his security monitor. A car pulls in the driveway.

GEORGE
Oh, man.

EXT./INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - DAY
Laura, the woman George called earlier, is getting out of her car. She takes a moment to get her composure.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME
George and Ira look at the security feed.

IRA
Who’s that?

Laura rings the doorbell.

GEORGE
That’s the girl I was going to marry. But then she smartened up.

EXT. GEORGE’S TERRACE - DAY
George is talking to Laura, who is showing George a photo of her two daughters.

LAURA
She’s ten, and she’s six.

GEORGE
So cute. She looks like you, the little one. What’s the matter, your guy doesn’t have any DNA in there?
LAURA
They fight a lot, but they’re cute.

GEORGE
Yeah. Thank you so much for coming here.

LAURA
I wanted to come. I wanted to see you.

GEORGE
You didn’t have to come here. I know it’s stressful for you. But I’m just so sorry. So sorry about everything I did.

LAURA
You don’t have to be sorry. That was twelve years ago. Everything worked out for the best. It’s good. Look at your life. This is great.

GEORGE
Yes, it’s the best life. I hate it. I hate it all.

LAURA
You don’t hate it.

GEORGE
I’m addicted to it, I guess. I keep doing it.

Ira watches them from the hall, not used to seeing George like this.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME
Ira’s on the phone.

IRA
Hello, Wayne, this is Ira. I’m calling to say I don’t think today is a good day for you to come by and see George. Maybe tomorrow. I’ll give you a call when I know what the schedule looks like.
EXT. GEORGE’S TERRACE – SAME

GEORGE
You have a family now. I’m so happy. You did the right thing, you moved on. You got a good life. And I just got nothing, Laura. I hate that. I hate that it could have been me with you.

LAURA
(tearing up)
Don’t do that. Please.

GEORGE
I could have had those kids with you.

LAURA
Why did you cheat on me? I was so hot.

GEORGE
You were so hot. I don’t know.

LAURA
I was hot.

GEORGE
I don’t even know what the fuck I was doing. I was just a stupid idiot.

LAURA
What’s wrong with you?

GEORGE
I don’t remember anybody else. I only remember you. I don’t even know who they were. Who fucking ruined us? They’re not in my brain ever. It’s like it didn’t happen. The only thing that happened was us and you ran away because you had to.

LAURA
I had to go. At the time I just couldn’t do it anymore.

(CONTINUED)
Laura starts crying. She did not expect to get this emotional.

LAURA (CONT’D)
But you know what I realized? I love my husband. It’s just not the same.

GEORGE
I know. I know. I had the same thing. Don’t feel bad. I love you. I’ve always loved you.

LAURA
And the crazy thing is he cheats on me, too. He’s like an Australian you.

GEORGE
I hate this guy. Is he crazy?

LAURA
He just isn’t you. You were the one. You are, were, are, the love of my life.

He wraps his arms around her. A long beat.

GEORGE
The hug was a mistake, wasn’t it?

LAURA
You’re not sick, are you? You’re just doing that to get me down here, huh?

George holds her hands.

GEORGE
There are those hands again.

LAURA
My big hands.

GEORGE
Always made my penis look small. Thank you, hands, for that complex. The two of them together was a guaranteed dwarfing.
INT. JAM ROOM – DAY

George sings a song with a bunch of musician friends.

GEORGE
Ah, that was worth it.

MUSICIAN
We’re into overtime now.

GEORGE
Geez, that came quick. I wish you guys were really my friends and that I don’t have to pay you to jam with me. Alright, so let’s keep going.

GEORGE SINGS “REAL LOVE” OVER THE FOLLOWING MONTAGE

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

George throws away a huge pile of scripts.

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE – NIGHT

George and Ira are watching videotapes of George doing stand-up when he was much younger. He’s really funny.

EXT. GEORGE’S HOUSE – DAY

George walks through the garden. He stops to talk to his Gardener, DIEGO.

GEORGE
Diego. The roses look terrific.

DIEGO
Thank you. They sure look beautiful.

GEORGE
Only a guy with a big cock like you can make roses this beautiful.

Diego laughs.
INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

George and Ira sit with Paul Reiser and few other legendary stand-up comedians.

GEORGE
Are you doing stand up at all?

PAUL
This is actually the first time I left the house in two years. But sometimes in my house in front of my kids, I’ll do five/six minutes. Not good stuff, it’s a lot of where you from, you know?

Everyone laughs.

PAUL (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, I know you’re in a terrible situation. But even with that you look so much better than him.

Paul points to Monty Hoffman. Everyone toasts to George, who looks touched.

EXT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - DAY

George sits with his parents by the pool.

DAD
We watched your last movie on video. A man who’s funny doesn’t have to work blue. You don’t have to do trash to be funny. I’ll tell you who’s a great comedian.

GEORGE
Please say me. Who?

DAD
Jackie Gleason.

GEORGE
Of course. You like him because you look like Art Carney.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DAD
Gleason was terrific. And you ain’t so bad.

George’s Dad pats George on the leg.

GEORGE
All right. Thank you, pop.

George looks over his shoulder. His sister and her family are enjoying themselves in the pool.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT
George sits on a stool performing. He’s having fun. The audience claps.

INT. GEORGE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT
George is sleeping in his bed. Ira’s in his chair, having just talked him to sleep. Ira moves to stand up but George, in his sleep, taps him on the leg and keeps him in the chair.

EXT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - SUNSET
George and Ira sit on a swing set in George’s backyard.

GEORGE
I think I played it all wrong, Ira.
I played it all wrong.

END MONTAGE

EXT./INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - DAY
It’s Thanksgiving. George walks up to the apartment with a bottle of wine. Leo and Mark spot him through the window and walk to the door, fighting for the privilege of opening the door for him.

LEO
Okay, he’s here. We saw each other.
Let me answer it.

MARK
Stop, Leo.

(CONTINUED)
Contiued:

**LEO**
Let me answer it. Move bitch.

**LEO (CONT’D)**
Hey George. Simmons. Hey.

**GEORGE**
Happy Thanksgiving.

George shakes Leo’s hand.

**LEO**
Leo’s the name that I got.

**MARK**
How are you?

**GEORGE**
Yo Teach!

**MARK**
That’s right.

George notices a poster of Re-Do hangs in the hallway.

**LEO**
Yeah, that movie’s the best because you’re a man and then you’re a baby. And then you learn to be a baby...I mean, it takes becoming a baby to learn how to become a man.

**MARK**
Can we get you a drink and some food?

**GEORGE**
No, let me just walk around and go through your shit.

Mark and Leo laugh. George walks off into the living room, where some people are hanging out for Thanksgiving. Bo from “Yo Teach!” walks up to him, shakes his hand.

**BO**
I’m Bo. I’m an actor.

**GEORGE**
Oh good, good.

George walks on.
INT. IRA’S APARTMENT – LATER

George and Daisy are talking.

GEORGE
I’ve seen your act a lot.

DAISY
Really? Where?

GEORGE
Schmira, he has that YouTube thing.

DAISY
Oh, the YouTube.

ANGLE on Ira, Mark and Leo in the kitchen.

IRA
George and Daisy are here? How the hell did that happen? I didn’t think George would come. And who invited Daisy?

MARK
I invited her.

IRA
Are you still sleeping with Daisy?

MARK
No, I’m not sleeping with Daisy. I have a new girlfriend now. I’m dating that girl who plays Mrs. Pruitt. Her name’s Carla something.

Ira walks up to George and Daisy by the pullout couch.

GEORGE
Schmira. This is the best. Where’s your bedroom?

IRA
Well, get ready for a hike. Cause you’re standing in it.

DAISY
Did you go to that Wilco show?

GEORGE
Yeah, did you?

(CONTINUED)
IRA
No, actually I didn’t. I scalped the tickets. I made a hundred bucks profit.

DAISY
(messing with him)
Oh. So you owe me fifty.

IRA
Okay, I guess I do. I’ll right you a check, okay?

DAISY
Money order.

IRA
Money order, that’ll work. Paypal? You on Paypal?

DAISY
Yeah. Paypal it up.

GEORGE
Look at that, back and forth, like a cute couple. You’re like Mark Anthony and J.Lo.

DAISY
You know, we actually had a date but then I had sex with that guy, so Schmira broke it off.

Daisy points to Mark in the kitchen.

GEORGE
Are you kidding me? Don’t worry, Ira, you know you’re a better lover than Pete Rose over there. Look at him, he’s got the length and the width. Imagine the dong on him. I saw the tip of it one time. Even that was too big for me.

IRA
It’s very normal.

GEORGE
Do you like big penises?

(CONTINUED)
You know, I have a really skinny vagina, so...

If it’s skinny, you should try feeding it carbs.

George laughs really hard at Ira’s joke.

All right, well, I’m going to leave you two alone. I’m falling in love with the both of you. Let the awkwardness begin.

George leaves them to it. As he walks away, a guy praises him.

I love your work.

Thank you for shopping at Ralph’s.

Back on Ira and Daisy.

I’m sorry. I owe you an apology. It’s really weird what I did. I basically yelled at you for cheating on me before we even had a real conversation, so I’m aware of that. I know that’s weird, and I’m sorry.

It’s not as weird as getting drunk and having sex with a guy from Yo Teach.

It’s okay, when I first moved here, I blew Mr. Belvedere. Everyone does that.

ANGLE on Leo and Mark prepping the Thanksgiving meal in the kitchen.

He’s walking. George is walking...
George walks up to them.

GEORGE
Hello, ladies. So Leo, what’s the excuse for not writing me jokes?

LEO
What?

GEORGE
You could have made money. I told both you guys to write jokes for me, and you decided not to. What, did you have to go to Lenscrafters that day? I’m just joking, I like your glasses.

Leo’s completely caught off guard. He walks away flabbergasted.

EXT. IRA’S APARTMENT – MOMENTS LATER

Leo is in the middle of reaming Ira.

LEO
He wanted both of us to write jokes for him? And you didn’t tell me?

IRA
I apologize. It’s not worth losing your shit over, man.

LEO
What? Don’t you think I like money? You don’t think I like private jets? You don’t think I want a cool job writing for George Simmons?

IRA
I just think you’re doing well. You’re getting gigs at The Improv all the time. You’re going to have people writing for you, you don’t need to be writing for other people.

Leo looks down at the ground.

LEO
(imitating Ira)
I know, I’m just, I’m sorry.

(MORE)
I just want something for myself.
And I just, you know...
(breaking, angry)
F**k you, Ira! Just because you go
into faggy apology mode doesn’t
mean I’m going to forgive you right
away!

IRA
F**k you, man. Look, I did the
exact same thing you’ve been doing
this whole time. You’re being
competitive. You do it all the
time. I’m doing it now, okay?

LEO
I didn’t make it competitive.

IRA
Yes, you did. Have you ever had to
work for money? No.

LEO
You didn’t work in a coal mine,
Ira. You worked in a deli. Stop
crying about it.

IRA
I was only supposed to be on that
pullout couch for six months, and
we were supposed to trade, and we
never did!

LEO
You know why? Because I pay rent,
Ira.

IRA
You don’t pay rent. Your parents
pay rent. Why don’t they move in?
It’s your fault.

Mark walks outside.

MARK
Hey, hey. Pilgrims, Indians, can
you please stop fighting? It’s
Thanksgiving, we have guests
inside. Please stop.

IRA
I’m not fighting anymore. I’m done
fighting.
MARK
Thank you.

LEO
You call Daisy a star fucker? Why
don’t you go cup George Simmons’s
balls while you talk him to sleep
every night, Ira?

George walks outside just in time to hear this.

GEORGE
Leo.

LEO
I’m sorry.

GEORGE
I would let you do that, too. My
balls are for everybody. Okay, it’s
starting to feel like Thanksgiving
around here. Let’s eat some food.

George goes in. Leo follows. Ira looks at Mark, annoyed.

IRA
I can’t believe you screwed Daisy.

MARK
What?

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is sitting around the table ready to eat the
Thanksgiving meal.

MARK
So anybody want to say grace or
anything?

GEORGE
Leo’s a good writer, apparently.
Come on, get up there.

LEO
I’m okay.

Everyone raises a glass.
GEORGE
Let me go. I’ll do it for us. Okay, so first let’s give thanks for our families not being here. It’s always easier without the family. It’s funny, I see you guys and you are so much younger than me, and I had no idea I was the old guy until I looked at you guys. It was like when I was growing up, I had a big nose and had no idea until I went to the Gap and saw a three-way mirror and then I thought, wow, I didn’t know I had that thing. It’s good to be young. It kind of sucks being old, so just enjoy this time. Time slips away. I promise you, I had a dinner like this twenty years ago with guys that just lost touch with each other. I never talk to them anymore. Some of them are dead. Things slip away. If you love somebody, don’t let them slip away. I swear to you, this will be your most memorable Thanksgiving, the one you’ll want the rest of your life. The one that you say, man, it was never as good as that night. So let this night be great. Rock and roll.

Everyone toasts, starts eating.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

George walks into an examination room with Dr. Lars.

GEORGE
Every time I’m near you, I feel like Danny DeVito.

DR. LARS
Everybody feels like Danny DeVito when they walk by me.

GEORGE
You’re a giant.

DR. LARS
Listen, I don’t want to get your hopes up.

(MORE)
We put you on this experimental medication without much optimism, about eight percent of all the people we put on this medication get positive results. You actually belong to these eight percent. I looked through your blood work, and I couldn’t find any traces of the disease. I don’t want to speak too soon, but we may have beaten this thing.

GEORGE
(confused)
Are you fucking with me because I fucked with you?

DR. LARS
So that’s the good news, Mr. Bond.

GEORGE
(still trying to grasp)
So this is good news.

DR. LARS
Like my accent now?

GEORGE
Now I like your accent.

DR. LARS
I was excited all morning to tell you this news.

GEORGE
So what happens now? What do I do now?

DR. LARS
Maybe you can make another funny movie that I could laugh about.

GEORGE
I wasn’t expecting this to really work. I was getting used to being sick. I was actually thinking that I was pretty good at that.

DR. LARS
Get back to your life.
EXT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

George walks through the lobby, looking happier.

INT./EXT. GEORGE’S CAR - LATER

George drives while leaving a voice mail.

    GEORGE
    Ira, I have a secret to tell you.
    It’ll make you happy.

INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - LATER

George’s housekeeper is cleaning up, as he enters.

    GEORGE
    Hey, Bonita. I was sick, you know
    that? And I just went to the
    doctors and he said I’m not sick
    anymore.

    BONITA
    Oh, congratulations.
    (pauses)
    I found the pants you were looking
    for. They are in the closet.

    GEORGE
    Thank you.

Ira runs into the room, ecstatic.

    IRA
    George, is it true?

    GEORGE
    It’s true.

    IRA
    Yes.

Ira goes to hug George, hesitates.

    GEORGE
    All right. Go ahead.

George lets Ira wrap him in a bear hug.
GEORGE (CONT’D)
All right, baby. Now what the fuck do we do?

INT. BAR – NIGHT
There is a celebratory bash going on. George’s surrounded by a group of comedians.

NORM MACDONALD
Hey, congratulations, George. That’s awesome, man. You got cured of AIDS.

GEORGE
I didn’t have AIDS.

NORM MACDONALD
Hey, let me get you a cocktail. Not an AIDS cocktail, a regular one.

GEORGE
I don’t want it.

NORM MACDONALD
Hey. Can I get one of those ribbons?

DAVE ATTELL
You’re alive! Unbelievable, this guy. You got the women, you got the fame, and you can’t fucking die. Did you suck the devil’s dick? What is it, man? I want to know the secret.

INT. BAR – MOMENTS LATER
George is talking with Sarah Silverman.

GEORGE
I actually told a bunch of people we did have sex. So, if you could go along with that.

SARAH
You did?

GEORGE
Yes.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARA
Everybody wants to fuck me, but it’s better that I don’t. Because the mystery is definitely more flattering. The reality looks like a sandwich, like there’s meat coming out.

Sarah makes her mouth look like a vagina.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

DR. LARS
Yippy ki-yay, mother fucker!

Dr. Lars crushes George in a big hug.

GEORGE
I didn’t know you had energy like that.

INT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

George is talking to his manager, TERRY DOWD.

TERRY
The best cure is to get back to work and do what you do. There are stacks of offers on my desk for you. You can’t swing a dead cat without hitting an offer for you. You ready for this? Paul Rudd wants to do a bromance with you.

GEORGE
I might not even look for a little while. I was thinking of maybe just taking time off, try to get myself in a relationship with like another human being, a normal one. Just see if I can handle that.

TERRY
Funny you should say that. Because I invited this woman here today that I think you’ll really like, I think you’ll really hit it off with her. She’s something new for you. A real person. She’s not a waitress. She’s not an actress.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
Yeah, alright, thanks.

INT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

George is talking with RACHEL WARWICK, a pretty woman around his age.

RACHEL
You know, the internet dating thing actually kind of works.

GEORGE
That’s good.

RACHEL
I’ve actually been on a couple of J-dates.

GEORGE
No way. What’s that?

RACHEL
What’s a J-date?

GEORGE
Is that an internet thing I should know about? I’m not good at that. I don’t do that shit.

RACHEL
It’s a website where Jewish people can find each other.

GEORGE
Really? A whole list of Jewish people? I didn’t think Jewish people liked to be on lists...

She looks at him, doesn’t get the joke.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
...Because of the challa-caust.

RACHEL
Wow.

GEORGE
How’s this going by the way?
RACHEL
It’s been great to meet you.

INT. BAR - LATER

George talks to MARSHALL MATHERS (EMINEM) at a table in the corner of the bar.

MARSHALL
You know what? I think you fucked up.

GEORGE
How’s that?

MARSHALL
I don’t think you shoulda took that medicine.

GEORGE
Why not?

MARSHALL
Personally, I think you should have just let yourself die. Honestly, man, what are you going do now? Make another bullshit movie? Fuck another chick who doesn’t like you? That was your way out right there. Now you’re stuck. Just like me. Can’t go to a Chuck E. Cheese. I can’t go to Target. I can’t go Best Buy. I can’t go to fucking Walmart, KMart, you name it, I can’t go there.

GEORGE
Yeah, that’s true.

MARSHALL
Everyone in this room is either staring at us or wanting to take a fucking picture.

ANGLE ON: Ira with RAY ROMANO taking a photo of Marshall on a cell phone.

RAY
Email that to me.

BACK ON: George and Marshall.

(CONTINUED)
MARSHALL
Who the fuck is that guy right there? That fucking guy right there!

GEORGE
Ray Romano’s bothering you?

MARSHALL
Who? Ray who?

GEORGE
Ray Romano, the guy from “Everybody Loves Raymond.”

MARSHALL
I don’t give a fuck what show he’s on. I’ll fuck this mother fucker up, man.

Ray sees Marshall getting worked up. He is scared.

MARSHALL (CONT’D)
Hey, Ray.

RAY
Hello, Marshall.

MARSHALL
Fucking problem here, buddy? Would you like to fuck me? Is that what this is?

RAY
(sotto, to Ira)
I don’t get it, man. What’s going on?

MARSHALL
Would you like me to fucking bend over for you right now?

IRA
Say no.

RAY
No, man.

Marshall turns back to George.
MARSHALL
I’ve always got to be on my toes, man.

GEORGE
I see that.

Angle on Ira and Ray.

RAY
See, this is why I don’t go out of the house.

IRA
I thought everybody loved you.

Back on George and Marshall.

MARSHALL
So now that you’ve got this second chance, what do you want?

GEORGE
I kind of don’t want anything.

MARSHALL
So then what are we celebrating?

George takes this in.

EXT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

George dials a number on his phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAURA’S RANCH - NIGHT

Laura picks up the phone.

LAURA
(answering phone)
Clarke?

GEORGE
(pirate voice)
Yes, it’s Clarke, matey. I’m calling to check on you, matey. I’m back from the sea. Oh it’s fun to play with my didgeridoo.
LAURA
You sound a little bit like a pirate.

GEORGE
Do I sound Australian? Is this what Clarke sounds like?

LAURA
(laughing)
That’s a terrible Australian accent.

GEORGE
What are you doing, Laura? Am I bothering you? Is he there? Am I supposed to hang up? What’s going on?

LAURA
No. Clarke’s away for business in China.

GEORGE
Ah, sent him out for eggrolls again. You guys alright? What’s going on?

LAURA
Mable has her recital tomorrow. She’s singing “Memory” from “Cats”.

GEORGE
Oh yeah? I wish I could be there to see that.

LAURA
You can come.

GEORGE
I can come? All right, I’m coming. Your daughter will be all right with that? That I’m sitting right next to you, holding you tight?

LAURA
Stop. How are you feeling?

GEORGE
I’m doing good. It is what it is.
LAURA
So what happened with your tests?

GEORGE
Laura, let’s not talk about all that.

LAURA
What did the doctor say?

George hesitates, considers telling her.

GEORGE
The Swedish Nazi? He never has good news. It is what it is. I don’t want to talk about it. Come on, let’s just talk about you. What are you doing, Laura?

LAURA
You want me to talk you to sleep?

GEORGE
Oh my God, you remember.

LAURA
You want me to do that for you?

GEORGE
You will talk to me while I try to go to sleep? I’ll put you on speaker phone. That will be the best night of my life. Let’s not go to sleep yet, though.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - MORNING

George walks out onto the patio, on the phone with Ira.

GEORGE
(funny voice)
Ira, you’re my best friend.

IRA
(laughing)
I like you too.

(CONTINUED)
INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Ira walks through the store, on the phone with George.

IRA
You sound like you’re in a good mood.

GEORGE
(pirate voice)
I’m in a great mood because we’re setting sail today. We’re going to do a gig together. Ira and Georgie, finally on the road.

IRA
Oh we’re setting sail, are we? Where are we going?

GEORGE
We’re going to the Port of San Francisco. We set sail on the morrow.

IRA
How much time am I supposed to do?

GEORGE
Oh, they booked you to do a minute for every inch of cock you have. You’ll be doing two and a half to four minutes, depending on your mood, little Ira.

EXT. THE ORPHEUM THEATER - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

George and Ira are sitting in the dressing room, nibbling from the fruit tray. There’s a knock at the door. A SECURITY PERSON escorts Laura into the dressing room.
SECURITY PERSON
George, you have a visitor.

LAURA
How are you?

GEORGE
Good. I’m so excited you came. Wow, you look amazing.

LAURA
Thank you. I overdressed.

GEORGE
No way, you look incredible. Where is he? Where is the Clarke?

LAURA
(amused)
The Clarke? He’s out of town. I was going to bring my friend Betsy with me, but her son started throwing up, so...

GEORGE
Your husband’s out of town, baby’s vomiting, rock and roll, I like it.

LAURA
Anyway, I don’t want to keep you.

GEORGE
No, don’t run away. Come on, Ira, say hello.

LAURA
Hey, Ira.

Ira sits on the couch, looks up from his setlist.

IRA
Hey, how’s it going?

LAURA
(to George)
I’ll let you go. I just wanted to say hi. No cursing. Don’t curse so much.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE
Okay, nothing dirty. Oh no, you just cut my setlist in half, but that’s fine.

LAURA
All right, good luck.

GEORGE
Thanks for coming.

Laura exits. George walks over to Ira.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
You got to tell her I’m better at intermission, all right?

IRA
You haven’t told her you’re better?

GEORGE
No, I’m not good at stuff like that. She’ll be cool with it, you’re giving her good news. She’ll be happy. We’re gonna go over her house tomorrow, too. I just want to say hi and see how she’s doing, where she lives, that kind of thing.

IRA
Why did you guys break up in the first place?

GEORGE
I cheated on her.

IRA
Why would you cheat on her?

GEORGE
It’s easy not to cheat when no one wants to fuck you, you judgmental prick.

INT. THEATER - LATER

Ira is performing on stage, doing his set. He’s doing really well. The crowd is very enthusiastic about being there and gives him the benefit of the doubt on most of his jokes.

(CONTINUED)
As he continues his set, he gets more confident and, for the first time in the film, we think he has the potential to be a strong comic.

IRA
I have a theory that Tom Cruise, David Beckham and Will Smith have mushed the heads of their penises together. I don’t think it happened in a gay way, I think it was rich dude boredom. Just like, “What have we not done, guys? We’ve done everything! I’ll tell you one thing we haven’t done.” And I bet when it happened, it was an epic occurrence. It was huge. I think of it all the time. I think first, David and Tom touched dick heads, and it was easy just zoommp, because there was a magnetic field to it. And then Will Smith started approaching with his dick and then winds started blowing in his face, paper started flying everywhere, and he just couldn’t do it. And they were like, “Come on Will, get it in there!” “I can’t do it!” Beckham yells, “Don’t cross the stream, it’s like Ghostbusters.” And then he does it, and “Flash” by Queen starts playing. “Flash! Ay-Ah!” And light shoots into the sky. That’s how stars are born, I think. Anyway, I’m Ira Wright, have a good night. Thank you all very much.

Laura is sitting in her seat by herself. Ira makes his way across the aisle and sits down next to her. George watches the conversation from the wings.

LAURA
That was so good.

IRA
You seem surprised.

LAURA
Well, you were so nervous before.

(CONTINUED)
IRA
I was, actually.

LAURA
And the ball cleavage thing, that was hilarious.

IRA
Classic stuff. Thank you. I’m glad you’re having fun.

(Ira switches gears)
George says he’s known you for a while. How did you guys first hook up?

LAURA
I was the hat check girl at The Improv. And I was an actress.

IRA
Really? That’s great. Were you in anything I might have seen?

LAURA
I did those like Melrose Place and 90210 shows. I always played the bitch. I wasn’t that good, actually.

IRA
No, you must be a great actress because you’re not at all bitchy.

LAURA
Thanks, Ira.

IRA
Okay, look, I’m not supposed to be telling you what I’m about to tell you. Because George, he doesn’t want to jinx it. It’s not 100%, but the last time he went to the doctor, they couldn’t find any trace of the disease in his blood work anymore. It seems like he might be better.

LAURA
What are you talking about?

IRA
We think he might be okay.

(CONTINUED)
As Laura tries to process this news, the lights go down.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ladies and Gentlemen. George Simmons!

The place EXPLODES as George takes the stage. Laura, still shocked to hear George is better, stands finally, not totally sure what to feel. George begins his act,

GEORGE
It’s great to be here. It’s great to be alive!

(George lets the applause die down)
Any other forty year olds out there tonight? It’s funny, in your twenties you’re like, “Fuck you, man. Fuck that shit. Fuck my parents. I don’t need none of that shit.” In your thirties you’re like, “Fuck the president. Fuck that guy, that fucking asshole.” In your forties you’re like, “I’m hungry. What do we have the fridge?”

The crowd loves it.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - AFTER THE SHOW
Laura is talking to George.

LAURA
Why didn’t you tell me? I was just here.

GEORGE
Laura, if I told you, you might not have talked to me anymore.

LAURA
What are you talking about? That’s ridiculous.

GEORGE
I knew you forgave me because I was sick, and there was no other way you would forgive me.

(CONTINUED)
LAURA
But it’s different now. We’ve been talking. So what do you...

GEORGE
The doctor said I’m good. I’m better for now. I don’t know what the hell’s going to happen, but for now the guy said I’m good.

She hugs him hard. George is thrown by her emotion.

LAURA
I’m so happy.

GEORGE
You’re happy? Thank you.

EXT. LAURA’S RANCH – DAY

George and Ira drive up to the house.

It’s a large, one-story house that is part of a small ranch. They walk to the front door, ring the doorbell. George’s energy is nervous and a little manic. Ira notices.

IRA
Are you okay?

GEORGE
Yeah, I’m good.

IRA
I hope they’ve got some food.

Laura opens the door.

LAURA
Hi!

INT. LAURA’S RANCH – CONTINUOUS

George and Ira enter. Laura hugs George.

LAURA
I’m so glad you guys came.

Laura gives Ira a hug he wasn’t expecting. She leads them through the living room.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
This is a beautiful house.

LAURA
Thank you.

GEORGE
How long have you guys been here?

LAURA
About five years now...

Laura’s five-year-old daughter INGRID runs into the room.

LAURA (CONT’D)
This is my friend, George. This is Ira. And this is Ingrid.

Ira is shocked to see that Laura has a child. This complicates a situation he already thought was getting too complicated.

IRA
Wow, George didn’t mention you had a daughter.

GEORGE
Have you seen any of my movies?

INGRID
I saw the movie where you had a baby body.

GEORGE
Oh, so you saw Re-Do. Can you do the face?

George and Ingrid exchange Re-Do faces.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Hey, that’s a good impression.

MABLE, Laura’s eleven-year-old daughter, storms into the room.

MABLE
Hey, don’t leave me in the play room.

LAURA
This is my daughter, Mable. She just got braces.
GEORGE
Let me see them. Oh, you mind if I eat a little bit of that sandwich right there?

George pretends to pull a piece of food out of Mable’s braces and eat it. He “offers” a piece to Ira.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Ira?

IRA
I’m full.

George eats Ira’s piece, too.

INGRID
Do you guys want to play the peanut butter game?

LAURA
It’s fun, you want to play?

GEORGE
Let’s do it.

LAURA
Ira?

IRA
Yeah, I like peanut butter.

LAURA
Let’s play the peanut butter game.

GEORGE
(chanting)
All right. Peanut butter game!
Peanut butter game!

Ira forces a smile, follows them into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Laura lays on the ground as Mable spreads peanut butter on her ear.

LAURA
Just put a little bit.
GEORGE
This is what you guys do in your free time?

Their dog, CURLY, runs in the room and begins licking all of the peanut butter off of Laura’s ear, which makes her laugh. It’s infectious, and everyone starts to laugh.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Oh, so you’re supposed to do it on the ears.

LAURA
George’s turn.

GEORGE
No, let Ira go.

LAURA
No, no, George. Come on.

The girls start chanting for George.

GEORGE
I just washed my hair...

Laura spreads the peanut butter on George’s ear and nose. George lays on the ground and an even bigger dog runs into the room and starts licking George’s ear and face. George starts laughing harder than we’ve ever heard him laugh before.

EXT. LAURA’S HOUSE - LATER

George, Laura, Ira and the kids walk through the backyard.

MONTAGE

George, now wearing a Native American headdress, spins Ingrid by her arms.

The girls, also wearing Native American garb, poke George with spears as he lays on the ground.

George hula-hoops with Laura and the girls.

Ira watches George, not sure what to make of this.
INT. LAURA’S HOUSE - LATER

Ira’s on the couch, watching the girls play a board game.

George and Laura walk in together.

GEORGE
Hey Ira, Laura asked if we’d like to eat dinner here tonight.

IRA
What? It’s an eight hour drive back. We won’t get home until like five in the morning that way.

GEORGE
We’ll figure something out.

George stares at Ira, then --

LAURA
So we’re going to the grocery store to get some food so I can cook.

IRA
(accepting it)
A home cooked meal, perfect.

LAURA
So you’re okay to watch the girls?

IRA
Yeah, definitely. I’m good with kids. I was a Jewish summer camp counselor for five years. Mahane Miriam. But I’m good with non-Jewish kids too.

LAURA
So we’ll be right back. It’s around the corner.

EXT. LAURA’S RANCH - DAY

George and Laura walk out the front door. She pulls him past the cars and around back toward the guest house.

GEORGE
Where are we going? Should I have brought my jogging shoes?
The door opens. They enter and Laura grabs him and they start making out. This is clearly Laura’s husband’s office/sports room. They fall onto the bed.

GEORGE
Are you sure you want to do this?

LAURA
Wherever my husband is, he’s probably doing the same thing.

Laura pushes George’s head down, out of frame.

GEORGE
Echo! Echo!

She laughs.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - LATER

George and Laura lay in bed together, post-coital.

LAURA
You know, when I broke up with you, I tried to find somebody who was the exact opposite of you. But Clarke is exactly like you. It’s like I’m programmed to find the same person. Like there’s some lesson I’m supposed to learn from it all. How many times did you cheat on me?

GEORGE
I don’t want to paint a picture. I was young and stupid. But I changed, I swear to God.

LAURA
How exactly have you changed?

GEORGE
I got a peek at something most people only get to see once.
LAURA
You know, I went to a psychic who told me that you and I would get back together when we were seventy. She also said not to eat any chicken.

GEORGE
Well, we couldn’t wait. You loved me before anybody loved me.

LAURA
I know.

She kisses him.

GEORGE
This is the only place I ever wanted to be.

INT. LAURA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Ira, Mable and Ingrid sit at the kitchen table, coloring on construction paper.

MABLE
When is George gonna die?

INGRID
George is gonna die?

IRA
No, why would you guys say that?

MABLE
I heard my mom talking to her friend on the phone, and she was crying.

INGRID
I don’t want George to die.

MABLE
What do you care? You just met him.

INGRID
Shut up.

MABLE
You shut up.

(CONTINUED)
IRA
Guys, guys. George is not going to die. He was sick, but he went to the doctor and they give him different types of medicine until they found one that worked. And now he’s going to be just fine. He’s going to live a really, really long time.

The kids buy it.

INGRID
I think my mommy loves him.

IRA
Well, we all love him. He’s made a lot of great movies.

MABLE
I think she loves him, like loves, loves him.

Ingrid sings a silly song.

INGRID
Love, love, love. They’re going to have a baby. They’re going to have a baby. Baby. Marriage. Love. They’re going to have a little Merman baby.

Ira looks disturbed.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - LATER

George and Ira watch a younger Laura in a commercial.

LAURA
You saved my acting reel? I was wondering where this was. Why didn’t you give this to me?

GEORGE
Because I was watching it.

LAURA
Look at my hair. I look like a leprechaun. Is my voice still that high?

(continues)
GEORGE
No. But they need you back in Munchkinville. They miss the mayor.

LAURA
Shut up. That was the best time of my life.

GEORGE
I got something else for you. You might remember these. Please tell me ya do.

George pulls out a pair of jeans, hands them over.

LAURA
You have my favorite butt jeans? I’m so excited. Do you think they still fit me?

GEORGE
Get in those. These used to kill me.

Laura gets up from the couch and slides on the jeans.

LAURA
They fit.

GEORGE
They look good.

LAURA
Really!?

GEORGE
Yeah, that’s the same ass. Your fucking ass is perfect. Minus that camel coming out the back.

George sings a song, as Laura dances around in her old jeans.

LAURA
They’re like mom jeans.

GEORGE
Yeah, if mom needed to get banged again.

Laura jumps onto George. He playfully wrestles with her. She starts to pull away, but George pulls her back close.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE (CONT’D)
Don’t leave me. Don’t leave me.

INT. LAURA’S RANCH – DAY

Laura and George walk into the house. They are not holding any bags. They walk past Ira, who is cleaning up the markers and crayons.

IRA
Hey, guys. What took you so long?

GEORGE
We were checking out the town. Beautiful.

IRA
Where are the groceries?

LAURA
We decided that eating in might be more fun.

Laura walks off. Ira studies George.

IRA
Oh no, you didn’t. How could you do that, man? No.

GEORGE
I didn’t do anything, Ira.

IRA
I know you did it. All that’s missing is your popsicle. Come on.

GEORGE
Are you cranky right now? Do you need food in your belly? Come on, we’re going to order pizza.

INT. FAMILY ROOM – EVENING

Everyone sits on the couch, watching MERMAN on television.

They see car lights in the driveway.

LAURA
Pizza’s here. I’ll be right back.

(CONTINUED)
Laura walks off. Ingrid jumps on George playfully.

    INGRID
    I’m the pizza monster!

Laura heads towards the front door. A handsome man of forty appears.

    LAURA
    Clarke!

    CLARKE
    Hi sweetie.

    LAURA
    Hi. What are you doing here?

    CLARKE
    Just thought I’d surprise you. The man I was meant to have the meeting with had a heart attack. I was waiting in reception for him, it was unbelievable--

    LAURA
    Wow.

    CLARKE
    The next minute this Chinese George Clooney guy comes running past with the - what’s it called? The defibrillator - and started zapping him.

    LAURA
    Right.

    CLARKE
    It was like an episode of ER but with Chinamen. I’ve missed you.

George appears behind Laura, sees Clarke. Clarke points at him, smiling.

    CLARKE (CONT’D)
    I know you.

    GEORGE
    Yes... How you doing?

(CONTINUED)
LAURA
This is George Simmons. He had a big comedy concert last night. And so I asked him to pop by and come visit.

GEORGE
I hope that’s good.

There is an awkward moment, Clarke was unprepared for this. He politely smiles and gives George a compassionate look, the type of look you give a man you think is dying.

CLARKE
I love the stand up comedy. How’d it go?

GEORGE
They didn’t boo me off the stage, so that was a plus.

CLARKE
They’re a bunch of bloody cheese eaters up here.

GEORGE
They were very nice, yeah. You have a very nice family, man. And a great home.

CLARKE
Thank you.

LAURA
Well, it’s good to have you home. The kids are dying to see you if...

Then Ira walks over, unaware of Clarke’s presence.

IRA
Ira’s hungry for some--

CLARKE
Good day. Clarke.

Ira sees what is happening.

IRA
Good day. I’m Ira. Your husband’s here.

Ira stands behind George.
LAURA
Ira is George’s opening act. He’s really funny.

CLARKE
He looks funny. How’d you go last night?

IRA
You know, they didn’t boo me off, or anything.

GEORGE
I just said that one.

LAURA
They just popped by. I gave them a tour of the house. We were going to have dinner, but it’s probably better that we do a family dinner since you’ll only be in town a few days.

CLARKE
No, stay. That’s a great idea. The more the merrier.

GEORGE
Okay, let’s do that then.

IRA
(very nervous)
Thank you.

LAURA
Great.

CLARKE
I’m going to go say hello to the kids.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
That’s hilarious.

Clarke walks off, giddy to have a movie star in his house. Ira shoots George a concerned look, then wanders off, uncomfortable, leaving George and Laura.

LAURA
You can’t tell him that you’re better, okay? He’ll know something happened between us.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
I won’t.

LAURA
I’ve been married for twelve years now, and I have kids and I can’t just throw it away this second, okay?

GEORGE
We’ll be fine. I’m a good actor.
You’re a great actress.

LAURA
He hated you until he found out that you were sick and if he knows that you were here and that you’re feeling better, he’s going to know, so don’t say anything.

GEORGE
Of course, sure. I’ll do that.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is seated for dinner, including the kids. They are eating pizza. As Clarke drones on about business, George and Laura share a look.

CLARKE
People never thought China would do this much business with the U.S., but I never saw it as a big deal. You look at it like this: they’ve got a billion people, we make all kinds of cool shit, they find out about the cool shit on the Internet and stuff, and they’re going to want the cool shit.

GEORGE
Cool shit’s universal.

CLARKE
China’s been good, but I’m trying to get into North Korea now. That’s the next frontier. Those people would blow you for a Wii Fit.

Ira shifts uncomfortably, nervous that they are at the table with Clarke.

(CONTINUED)
IRA
This is really good pizza. You know, they say New York has the best pizza, and I always thought pizza in LA was only okay. But who'd have thought Marin County is where they're hiding the good... pizza pies. Pisan.

No one at the table laughs.

LAURA
Clarke speaks fluent Chinese.

IRA
Really? You speak Cantonese or Mandarin?

CLARKE
Well played, Ira. Mandarin.

GEORGE
Well gayed, Ira.

CLARKE
It's a bloody hard language though, George.

Clarke chuckles, then yells something at the girls in Chinese. They yell something back in Chinese, and it goes back and forth.

IRA
That was like a scene from Deer Hunter.

George pretends to shoot Ira in the head.

GEORGE
Mao!

CLARKE
Girls, you can go watch TV. Go on. Whatever you want to watch.

The girls leave the room.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
So, George. How's the fight going, mate?
LAURA
Clarke. This is not something that he wants to talk about right now. He has to think about it every day of his life, and he’s taking a break from it right now.
(over-acting)
It’s such a shame that somebody who has brought so much joy to so many people has to go through this. Shit.

George looks amused that Laura went for the big lie.

GEORGE
Laura, we don’t need to speak in code. I’m sick, I think about it all the time.

CLARKE
Mate, I don’t how you do it. I would be crying in my panties if I was you. I worship guys like you. That attitude. Have you considered Eastern medicine?

GEORGE
Well I don’t know if this is considered Eastern medicine, but I’ve been eating a lot of rhino cock.

Clarke is stunned for a second, then bursts into laughter.

IRA
For the last time, stop calling me rhino.

CLARKE
George Simmons, in my house!

LAURA
Clarke took an herb once. He had heart palpitations and diarrhea.

CLARKE
It’s true. I shit myself, mate. And I had a boner at the same time.

GEORGE
I want to take an herb that makes me as good looking as you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
If I were you, I’d be at home all day fucking myself.

CLARKE
That’s what I do!

George and Clarke laugh together.

GEORGE
All right! We’re cooking!

A128 INT. LAURA’S RANCH - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Laura is putting dishes in the sink. Clarke is opening a bottle of wine.

CLARKE
He’s really funny. I don’t know why his movies aren’t funny, though. That’s weird, isn’t it? He should put some of that on the silver screen.

LAURA
Just one drink, okay? Because this isn’t someone I want to spend a lot of time with.

B128 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

Ira and George are still seated at the table. George is livid, Ira is quiet.

GEORGE
This is the Australian me? I’m so much better than this fucking idiot.

IRA
He seems like the nicest guy ever. He’s trying to cure you with herbs, for God’s sake.

GEORGE
I can’t leave her alone here. I have to save her.

IRA
Save her from her beautiful house and lovely husband and delightful kids?

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
He’s a cheating psycho!

IRA
You said nothing was going on between you two. The dog can tell that you banged her. I’m getting nauseous and sweaty.

GEORGE
Get away from me. Go play with the kids.

INT. LAURA’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Ira sits with Mable and Ingrid as they play a game while watching TV.

ON THE TV -- a scene from Mark’s show “Yo Teach!” set in the teacher’s lounge.

CARLA
Tim, are you asking me out on a date?

MARK
Would you like it to be a date?

We see that Leo is also on the show, cast as Mark’s obnoxious roommate.

LEO
Hey bro, so your doctor called and he said it is contagious -- but only when inflamed, so you’re cool. Also, I was trying to do the laundry, but I think I need to get some industrial strength detergent. What’s up with all the skid marks, Dale Earnhardt, Jr?

CARLA
I think I have a class.

Ira looks at Mable and Ingrid.

IRA
Do you guys like this show?

GIRLS
No.

(CONTINUED)
INGRID
It's the worst show ever.

IRA
Good.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

George and Laura are out on the Patio. Clarke comes out with more wine.

CLARKE
Here you go, we finished with the French shit. We're into Espanol.

GEORGE
(goading)
So...China, man. Wow. You guys never see each other, huh? That must be rough. And rough on the kids.

CLARKE
It's not ideal, but the kids like to eat, so...

Clarke is pleased with his joke.

GEORGE
Have you ever see this girl act before? She was quite the actress.

CLARKE
Well she's very good at pretending she still loves me. So she's pretty good.

Laura takes a sip of wine, smiling at this.

LAURA
Yeah, I am.

CLARKE
Can't say I watched much of that "Melrose Place" stuff. Although I did see the "Party of Five" episode you're in. It really wasn't for me.

Laura's getting annoyed.

(CONTINUED)
LAURA
Well, it was down to me and Cameron Diaz for the lead part in *The Mask*.

CLARKE
Cameron Diaz. That’s my girl. She’s a bloody top actress, isn’t she? What was the film she was in with the bloody spoof in her hair? *Something About Mary*. I love that movie. She’s so funny. I just about shit my panties in that one.

GEORGE
But there’s not too many girls that are this beautiful and sexy and funny. She had the whole deal.

CLARKE
Yes, but Cameron Diaz. Fuuuuccck! I mean come on. (to Laura)
See if you had of done that movie, you could have had the bloody spoof in your hair.

GEORGE
Look out.

CLARKE
What are you giving me the evil eyes for?

LAURA
You’re such a dick sometimes.

CLARKE
Why? I’m just saying, you had your crack. You had your go of it.

LAURA
I feel like I didn’t reach my potential.

CLARKE
Oh, please.

LAURA
Oh, please what?

(CONTINUED)
CLARKE
I didn’t reach my potential either.
I could have been playing footie.

LAURA
You weren’t that good at playing footie.

CLARKE
I was.

LAURA
You weren’t.

CLARKE
(to George)
You should thank me, George. I took a bullet here for you.

GEORGE
Alright. On that note, I’m gonna head back to Los Angeles.

CLARKE
No, come on, stay.

GEORGE
It’s fine. I’ll split. We’ve been here too long. Schmira!

CLARKE
There’s another bottle.

GEORGE
You guys have been the best.
Schmira!

Ira walks outside, carrying a beer.

IRA
Thank you so much for having us, guys--

Ira stumbles and drops his beer. It shatters on the ground.

IRA (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, guys.

CLARKE
Someone’s had too much to drink.

(CONTINUED)
IRA
No, I just kicked your pot by accident, that’s all.

GEORGE
Hold it together there, Schmira.

CLARKE
You’re staying here. You’re not driving. No way. We have a guest house. Two spare beds. Done.

LAURA
Ira can drive. You’re fine to drive, right, Ira?

IRA
I am. I just kicked your begonias.

CLARKE
No way. I’m not having America’s favorite funny man dead on the side of the road because Schmira here had too much to drink.

LAURA
George, you can drive, right?

CLARKE

GEORGE
One condition. Do you Aussie pussies got any beer around here?

George hi-fives Clarke.

CLARKE
Yes, it’s on!

INT. GUEST HOUSE – MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
George and Ira are sitting on a couch while Clarke, now in an Aussie team jersey, brings in beer for the game. Clarke is explaining the game on TV.

(CONTINUED)
It doesn’t matter whether you’re a small fucker or a big fucker, you can play this game. Because the small fuckers barrel in and they can get the ball up in the foul line and then watch, the little fuckers, there they go. The big fuckers smack them. Little fucker. Little fucker. Off to a big fucker, and there he goes down to another big fucker. I hate that big fucker.

Where are the black guys?

There’s a couple out there. I hate this team. Magpies. The Maggies. And no helmets. No fucking helmets because they’re real men.

Laura walks in, wearing her nightclothes. She catches eyes with George. Clarke walks over to Laura, gives her a peck on the cheek.

Just explaining the game to them. They’re loving it.

Laura walks out the door, and turns to catch George looking at her. They share a look. George watches her go.

Everyone is gathered in the driveway the following morning.

Yup, we gotta get going.

Are you sure you can’t stay?

We can’t stay.

Yes, it’s my grandmother’s 85th birthday. We’ve got family coming in from all over.

(CONTINUED)
She just had a stroke. In her leg. So, we’ve got to get back.

LAURA
That’s too bad you guys can’t stay.

GEORGE
It is too bad.

CLARKE
(very serious)
I wish I could say I was gonna see you again, George. But I can’t really say that, can I?

GEORGE
Yeah, I guess you can’t.

Clarke’s eyes start to mist up.

LAURA
You don’t need to do that, honey.

CLARKE
No, I do have to do this. I do. You know what, mate? If there’s one thing I’ve learned from my Buddhist friends, the Chinese, is to keep an open heart and to speak the truth. So what I’m going to say to you, George, is thank you. Thank you for playing such a big role in my wife’s life. It’s been great getting to know you, and I wish you a peaceful journey from here on in and over to the other side. Come here, mate.

Clarke hugs George, kisses him on the cheek.

GEORGE
Okay, we’re going to do this? Thank you. Thank you for everything.

Clarke steps back, wiping tears from his eyes.

INGRID
Don’t worry, Daddy, he’s not sick anymore. Ira told us.

IRA
I didn’t say that.

(CONTINUED)
INGRID
Yeah you did. When we were coloring.

IRA
That’s not true, girls. I did not say that. I don’t know what they’re talking about.

MABLE
Liar.

INGRID
Liar liar, pants on fire.

IRA
They were freaking out, they were worried about George. I just said it so they wouldn’t be scared. It was just--

CLARKE
Girls, go inside.

MABLE
Can we watch Borat?

CLARKE
Yeah, you can.

INGRID
I don’t want to watch Borat!

Mable and Ingrid walk inside as Clarke pulls Laura away.

CLARKE
What is going on around here?
(to Laura)
Is that true?

LAURA
I never said he was feeling better. He just took some medicine, and it’s looking good for him because they can’t detect it in his blood, but that doesn’t mean he’s better. These things are very tricky, and he didn’t want to tell anybody because he didn’t want to jinx it.

Clarke turns to George.

(CONTINUED)
CLARKE
Is that true? You didn’t want to jinx it?

GEORGE
Yeah, no, I’m very superstitious.

CLARKE
(to Laura)
You’re a terrible liar.

LAURA
(Bad Australian accent)
"Noy! Nothing’s going on around here. It’s completely innocent. I left my ring on the side table."

Ira and George share a confused look.

IRA
What accent is that?

GEORGE
Jamaican?

CLARKE
(to Laura)
Don’t mock me. I don’t appreciate it.

LAURA
"Lots of people go to massage parlors. That doesn’t mean I was getting a rub n’ tug! Those hairs on me jacket must have fallen off the waiter’s...pussy."

CLARKE
What the hell’s gotten into you?

LAURA
"I was at a footie game."

CLARKE
Are you taking the piss out of me?

LAURA
"I would never lie to you, mate. Oy!“

(continues)
CLARKE
I’m not playing this game with you.
This is stupid. What a stupid game.

Laura drops the accent.

LAURA
Clarke, let’s tell each other the truth. Just come clean with me.

CLARKE
There’s nothing to tell.

LAURA
There’s nothing to tell?

CLARKE
There’s nothing to tell.

LAURA
You will never tell me the truth.
That is a pussy move.

CLARKE
You know what? I’m not doing this.
I’m not being put on a cross for something I didn’t even do. Enjoy each other.

LAURA
Go fuck your whores!

Clarke gets in his car and drives away. Ira and George are stunned.

IRA
Go fuck your whores? Fuck.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

George is talking to Laura, who is crying really hard.

LAURA
So it’s good that he left and this is a huge relief for me.

GEORGE
I’m sorry.

(CONTINUED)
LAURA
I don’t need to be in a marriage that is like that. So I’m fine.

GEORGE
I’m not worried about that. I just want you to be okay.

LAURA
I would be scared if I were you right now.

GEORGE
Are you kidding me? This is what needed to happen.

LAURA
Are you going to run away?

GEORGE
Where am I running to? Only if you come with me.

LAURA
I really need you around. Can you stay until Monday?

GEORGE
Absolutely.

Laura hugs George.

INT. GUEST HOUSE

Ira and George are talking. Ira paces around the room.

IRA
Can we just go and come back later? I mean, if this is meant to be, it’ll be. We don’t have to be here right this second. Can we just go?

GEORGE
Oh man, every instinct in my body is telling me to leave here, too.

IRA
Good.

(CONTINUED)
GEORGE
But that’s what’s led me to this shitty life. I gotta stay here. I’ve gotta do the right thing. I love her.

IRA
Her husband is going to come back and murder us, man. Did you see his arms? They look like legs!

GEORGE
Shut up. Don’t be an idiot.

IRA
Imagine that you are a gigantic Australian man and someone came into your home and fucked your wife. You would murder him. And then you would make a hat out of his skin. Because that’s what Australians do. Let’s go.

GEORGE
Ira, this is deep shit. People get divorced. They make mistakes, they change their lives. It’s not that big of a deal. She’s married to an asshole.

IRA
She seems like a crazy actress.

GEORGE
I don’t know what to tell you. Am I not allowed to be happy? I’ve been living alone and alone and alone, that’s my life. This is the only girl I’ve ever loved and I’m not supposed to do anything about this? When am I supposed to be happy? Why does everyone else get to be happy?

IRA
George, I’m just going to tell you this as a friend. From where I’m sitting, it seems like your happiness might be coming at the cost of destroying this family.
GEORGE
Okay, let me respond to that as your friend and let you know you’re not my friend. You fucking work for me. I didn’t ask for your advice. You’re overstepping your boundaries, man. Now go get me a fucking Diet Coke and remind yourself that that’s what you do for me. Now get the fuck out of here.

Ira starts walking away.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
Don’t fucking leave! Sit down here, I don’t want to be alone.

INT. LAURA’S RANCH - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Ira’s on the phone outside.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. IRA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark’s on the phone, sitting in an easy chair.

IRA
(on phone)
Hey, Mark. It’s Ira. How’s it going?

MARK (V.O.)
Not too good. I didn’t get the part in that Toby Maguire movie.

IRA
That doesn’t matter. I have a problem. I need help, okay?

MARK
Where have you been?

IRA
I’m in Marin County, Northern California.
MARK
Listen, I have to tell you something. Are you sitting down?

IRA
Yeah.

MARK
The other night I went out to drinks with the producers of my show, and Leo met up with us and they were enamored by him and they thought he was really funny and they offered him a part on “Yo Teach!” and he took it.

IRA
I saw the episode. I know that happened.

MARK
You watched it?!

IRA
I watched it.

MARK
Did you love it?

IRA
(getting frustrated)
Yeah.

MARK
He was great, right?

IRA
It was fine! I have no problem with Leo, okay? Tell Leo if he’s got a problem, stop being a baby and just get over it.

REVEAL Leo listening in on the call from his room.

LEO
Why don’t you tell Leo yourself, because Leo’s been surveilling this whole conversation.

IRA
You dick.
MARK
Leo, get off the phone.

LEO
Fuck you.

IRA
Screw you.

LEO
Hey man, what have you’ve been up to, sucking George Simmons’ balls? That’s cool. I’ve been on “Yo Teach!” livin’ it up.

IRA
I’m sorry, Leo. “Yo Teach!” sucks.

LEO
Go lose some more weight, Ira, you look fucking weird skinny.

MARK
Leo, calm down.

LEO
You know what, Ira? I’m going to put my eyeglasses on your asshole so it looks like you’re blowing me when I’m fucking you in the ass, you jerk.

IRA
That doesn’t even make sense. You’re going to put glasses on my ass? What?

MARK
Ira, we will find something for you to do on the show, okay? Teach can have more than one friend.

IRA
Can we talk about this later? I have a serious problem. I just need some advice okay? Please, just listen to me for two minutes and tell me what I should do right now. Will you do that?
Leo hangs up.

Ira hangs up and puts his head in his hands.

EXT. LAURA’S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Ira climbs a tree, with Ingrid and Mable cheering him on.

Ira
I can’t.

Girls
Yes you can.

Laura (O.S.)
Be careful, don’t let him fall on you!

George and Laura stand off to the side, watching them.

Laura (Cont’d)
I spoke to Clarke. He’s going to be at the airport tonight heading back to China, and I’m going to tell him that when he comes back, he should find another place to live.

George tries to act nonchalant.

George
Good, good. You’re going to tell him?
LAURA
I just don’t want him coming back here.

GEORGE
You don’t need him. That’ll just get you sick. Good, you’ve got to tell him. So when are you doing that? Tonight?

Ira jumps off the tree.

LAURA
I talked to a girlfriend of mine and she has somebody who can show us some houses down in Los Angeles, and we’ll get that whole thing going. And then I was thinking about taking the kids out of school now, but we should probably let them finish up because it’s December, and I don’t want to mess everything up.

GEORGE
Yeah, finish the whole year here. That makes sense.

LAURA
So if we just go down at the beginning of this summer--

GEORGE
Supposed to do a little two week tour this summer. I’m supposed to do it, but I don’t need to do it.

LAURA
Look at you. There’s no pressure on you. I need to work, and I want to get my acting career going again.

GEORGE
Good.

EXT. LAURA’S HOUSE – DAY

George and Ira watch Laura, Mable and Ingrid ride mini ATVs.
GEORGE
So she’s going to go to the airport tonight to tell Clarke that she wants him to find a new place... what do you think?

IRA
I don’t want to tell you what I think, because I don’t want to get yelled at, George.

GEORGE
Oh God. I’m just nervous about the kids and like who’s going to get them. And does he get one, Laura gets one? Or am I going to have both of them? Because I love the little one, we kind of click, but the older one is like...you can sense the period’s coming soon.

IRA
I think she would probably get the kids. I don’t think you can have two girls in China.

The girls drive by again.
Ingrid crashes into Ira, and her ATV tips over.

GEORGE
Whoa, are you okay, little girl?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
George, Ira, Laura, and Mable sit in the living room in front of the TV. Mable looks uncomfortable.

LAURA
Okay, I’m going to show you Mable singing “Memory” from Cats. Come on.

MABLE
I hate that you show it to everyone.

LAURA
I’ll just show them the one part.

Mable hurries away, embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)
LAURA (CONT’D)
I’ll just show you the ending.

Laura hits play on the DVD player. We see Mable in full costume, singing “Memory” from Cats. It is truly remarkable, a ten-year-old singing with the emotion of an adult woman.

We pan across the faces of everyone. Laura is smiling. She is truly moved by the performance of the song and its actual meaning. Ira is dumbfounded at how good it is. Ira and Laura look over at George, who is checking his phone for text messages.

The song ends. Everybody applauds, including George.

IRA
That was unbelievable.

LAURA
Wasn’t that good?

GEORGE
(laughing)
That was insane. Just seeing a little person sing an old person song, that was hysterical. I got a friend who takes a lot of acid. If he saw that he would shit himself.

LAURA
It’s not supposed to be funny.

GEORGE
I know. I think that’s why it’s funnier.

IRA
It was so amazing. I think I started crying.

LAURA
Me too. I cry every time I see that.

George checks his phone again, distracted.

GEORGE
She was funny up there. Okay, wow, these guys are not going to take no for an answer. They want me to do another baby movie.

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
They keep bumping up the gross on the DVDs. There’s no way I’m doing it.

EXT. LAURA’S RANCH – DUSK
George walks Laura to her car. They kiss.
ANGLE ON Ira watching from the window, concerned.

144

145

EXT. LAURA’S RANCH – BACKYARD TEE-PEE – NIGHT
George plays with the kids. Ira walks up.

IRA
George, I’m going to go to the store and grab some cigarettes, okay? I’ll be back soon.

GEORGE
What do you need cigarettes for?

IRA
Because I’m addicted to them.

GEORGE
Why, because you look like the Fonz when you smoke?

IRA
I’ve always smoked. I just didn’t do it in front of you because you were sick, and now that you’re better...

GEORGE
Hurry up though, I’m running out of gas with the kids here.

IRA
Okay, I’ll hurry up.

LAURA DRIVING IN CAR
She sings “Memory” to herself, breathing deeply, the impact of the decision she’s making weighs on her.

INT. LAURA’S HOUSE – NIGHT
George is playing a board game with Mable.
MABLE
Are my parents getting a divorce?

GEORGE
Why do you ask that?

MABLE
I can tell. They’re always fighting.

GEORGE
How does that make you feel?

MABLE
Well, he’s already away a lot, so it doesn’t really matter that much. But... that wouldn’t be fun.

GEORGE
Maybe it would be better if they were separated.

MABLE
Uh-uh. That’s not good.

GEORGE
Right.

EXT. MARIN STREETS - NIGHT
Ira drives to the airport.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT
Laura walks into the airport lounge, sees Clarke. Clarke looks up. He’s clearly been crying.

LAURA
Clarke.

CLARKE
Laura? What are you doing here?

Laura is at a loss.

LAURA
I don’t know.
INT. AIRPORT - SAME

Ira runs up an escalator, looking for Laura.

INT. LAURA’S RANCH - NIGHT

George calls Ira, gets voice mail.

GEORGE
Where are you? You gotta come back here. I’m getting lonely here. And I need some help. Seriously. Hurry up.

INT. AIRPORT - CHINA AIRWAYS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Laura is talking to Clarke.

LAURA
I don’t trust you. Am I imagining things?

Clarke finally breaks.

CLARKE
(in tears)
You’re not imaging anything, honey. All I did was two times. I don’t want to ruin everything just because of two fucking times. She couldn’t even speak English.

INTERCUT with Ira running through the airport looking for Laura.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
Look at our life. You’re driving the kids to school and you’re picking them up. You’re like a single mother. You’re not a single mom. You’re my wife, you’re my baby. I shouldn’t be in China trying to sell Oreos to people who don’t want to fucking talk to me. I’m going to get a normal job. I’m going to be just around the corner. It’s just going to be you, me, and the kids. All I want is a fresh start.

(CONTINUED)
LAURA
(crying now, too)
I...oh...oh. Yeah.

(then)
The George Simmons thing was just a flirtation. It was nothing. He really was sick. He just got better.

CLARKE
I’m so fucking glad. I really like him. I do. I don’t want to hate him. I fucking love you.

We REVEAL Ira walking into the lounge.

Laura and Clarke hug and kiss.

Seeing this, Ira now starts to try to sneak away. Clarke sees him.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
Ira.

IRA
Heeey!

CLARKE
What are you doing here?

IRA
I’m going back to Los Angeles.

CLARKE
You’re in the Great China Air First Class Lounge, mate. What are you doing?

IRA
Oh shit. This is a confusing airport. I thought this was Panda Express. Well, good to see you guys though.

CLARKE
What’s going on? What the hell is going on?

IRA
Uh, ask her.

(CONTINUED)
LAURA
(fast, but heartfelt)
I was so mad at you for the way you’ve been treating me that I was on my way here to tell you tonight to find another place to live when you got back, but then--

IRA
I came here to stop her.

CLARKE
(to Ira)
Shut the fuck up.

LAURA
I slept with George once, but it’s over. It’s done. And it was no big deal. We didn’t even have sex, he just went down on me.

IRA
Oh, that’s worse.

LAURA
He manipulated me with his disease.

CLARKE
(to Ira)
Where is he? George. Where is he?

IRA
He’s at your house.

CLARKE
He’s at our house? With our kids?

LAURA
Please don’t get that look in your face. It was a mistake.

CLARKE
I’m going to kill him.

LAURA
No.

Clarke runs off, leaving Laura and Ira.

IRA
I’m sorry.
LAURA
You’re sorry?

LAURA (CONT’D)
Who are you? What are you doing here?

IRA
I was trying to help you.

LAURA
Get the fuck out of my life!

Laura runs out of the lounge.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER
Ira runs frantically, trying to click his car alarm remote so it will make the noise so he can locate his car. It keeps beeping, but he still can’t find the car.

INT./EXT. CLARKE’S CAR
Clarke drives home, pissed off.

INT. LAURA’S HOUSE - KIDS PLAYROOM - NIGHT
George with the kids. Oblivious to what is happening. They’re watching RE-DO.

RE-DO ON TV
I wanted to tell you I miss you. I miss your kisses. I miss your short skirts. And I miss your smell.

EXT. LAURA’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Clarke parks the car and walks towards the house.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT
Clarke opens the door.

(CONTINUED)
CLARKE
Hey, girls, you look so cute.
(pointing at George)
You. Outside.

MABLE
Is he in trouble?

CLARKE
Yes.

EXT. LAURA’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Laura and Ira both head to the front door.

IRA
What’s going to happen?

ANGLE ON George walking away from Clarke.

GEORGE
What do you think I did?

EXT. LAURA’S HOUSE - NIGHT
George and Clarke spill outside. Clarke puts up his fists, ready to fight. George trips on a flower bed.

CLARKE
Your friend sold you out, mate!

Clarke throws George to the ground.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
What did you think you were going to do? Come and just fuck up my family?

CLARKE (CONT’D)
Is that what you thought?

GEORGE
I didn’t do anything.

CLARKE
This is the sort of shit I kill for.

IRA
Don’t kill him! Don’t kill him!

(CONTINUED)
Clarke punches George in the face. George runs across the yard, trying to escape from Clarke.

IRA (CONT’D)
Run, George!

LAURA
Don’t hurt him, you maniac!

Clarke chases George all around the yard.

IRA
Cut the shit, guys!

LAURA
Stop it!

IRA
Run, George! You’re cornering yourself. Go that way!

George keeps trying to evade Clarke, but Clarke’s faster than him.

GEORGE
Get away from me, you fucking crazy asshole.

Clarke leaps at George, tackles him to the ground. Clarke gets on top of George. They struggle as Clarke tries to hold down George’s arms.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
She’s not happy with you!

CLARKE
Nobody’s who’s married is happy, you idiot.

IRA
Get in a ball, George! Get in a ball!

CLARKE
Fight like a man. Get on your feet, would you?

GEORGE
I don’t know how to fight, I’m a comedian, you asshole.

(Continued)
Clarke tries to pull George up, while George flails his arms to shield his face.

IRA
Should I jump in?

GEORGE
No, don’t jump in. Just get away from me, you traitor. Get more cigarettes, you liar.

IRA
I accomplished nothing. They made up before I got there.

CLARKE
Where’s your helmet now, Yankee?

Ira grabs Clarke from behind and LIFTS him off of George. Clarke falls backwards on top of Ira. They struggle with each other on the ground.

IRA
I got him. I got him.

CLARKE
You don’t want this, Schmira. You don’t want a piece of me, Schmira.

George is back on his feet, ready to fight.

GEORGE
I am going to enjoy this.

George runs in and punches Ira directly in the head. Clarke lets go of Ira.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
You son of a bitch. I knew you didn’t want me to be happy.

George and Ira push each other.

IRA
What are you doing? Look at this. You fucking suck. You’re crazy. Get away from me.

GEORGE
(taunting him)
It’s Ira Weener! Ira Weener!
IRA
You should have died.

GEORGE
I’m not going nowhere. I’m never
going to die.

LAURA
Boys! Stop it!

CLARKE
I know what they’re trying to do,
they are trying to distract me, so
I won’t hit him.

GEORGE
(to Ira)
Lackey! Lackey!

Clarke comes up from behind and punches George in the face.
They both fall to the ground.

IRA
Oh shit, Clarke. Are you okay,
George?

CLARKE
Where’s your stuntman now, hey?

LAURA
Stop it!

George starts to get up.

GEORGE
(almost in tears)
Will you stop hitting me? I’m
better now, but it can come back.
Laura, tell him. Tell him what you
told me. Tell him that you love me
more than you love him. Tell him.

Laura doesn’t answer.

CLARKE
When she told you that did she
think you were dying?

GEORGE
Tell him. Is it me or him?

(CONTINUED)
Laura looks at Clarke.

LAURA
Him.

GEORGE
What? Come on. Are you serious?

LAURA
He’s my husband. We have a family. I love him. And you didn’t even cry when Mable sang “Cats.” What’s the matter with you?

GEORGE
I didn’t want to lie. I don’t know. I’ve seen it on Broadway. It wasn’t as good as it.

The girls walk out onto the patio.

MABLE
What are you guys doing on the lawn?

INGRID
I’m hungry.

CLARKE
Nothing. We’re just mucking around. Come on. Go back inside.

Clarke goes inside with the girls, leaving Laura to talk to George.

LAURA
Sorry, George. I’ll always love you. But what am I going to do?

GEORGE
I love you. I’m sorry I came up here. I shouldn’t have come.

LAURA
No, I’m glad you did.

GEORGE
Maybe when we’re 70?

LAURA
I hope you find a way to be happy.

(CONTINUED)
Clarke walks out the front door.

IRA
He’s coming back, he’s coming back.
Let’s go.

LAURA
Clarke.

CLARKE
You know what? I just worked out why all this shit has happened. In the East, they call this Karma. And I have brought all this shit upon us with my misbehavior. That’s why all this shit has happened. This had to happen. But some good shit’s going to come from this. We have to learn from this. All of us. This is a good lesson here. Underneath anger is hurt. But underneath hurt is love. You feel it?

Clarke shakes George’s hand.

GEORGE
Thank you.

CLARKE
(re: bruises)
I’m sorry about this.

GEORGE
Don’t worry about it.

Clarke and Laura walk back inside. George watches them go.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

George drives back to LA. Ira sits in the passenger seat.

IRA
Do you want me to drive?

GEORGE
No, you don’t have to drive me.
I’ll drive myself. In fact, you’re never going to have to drive me again because you’re fired, Ira.

Ira is disgusted.

(CONTINUED)
IRA
You’re the only person that I’ve ever heard of that learned nothing from a near death experience. You went backwards. You’re worse.

GEORGE
You know what I am? A good friend. I would never run to the airport to rat somebody out. I don’t have that in my DNA. That’s not a friend. A friend tells you. A friend comes up to you and says, “Hey, you’re in a heap a shit. You better not do it.” He doesn’t run and tell the fucking girl. Wow.

IRA
Good. Fire me. I don’t want to be around you anymore because you are fucking contagious.

GEORGE
You think I can’t get another assistant? I can’t get someone else to write jokes for me? You think I’m going to lie in my bed going, “Oh I miss my Schmira?” You’re a fucking no-thought. That’s the beauty. Once you’re gone, it never comes back in my brain.

IRA
You think getting Laura would have made you happy? Do you think if you had a family right now, you would be happy? You’ll never be happy because you’re always going to be stuck with yourself. Unless somehow you can get away from you, you’re always going to be miserable.

GEORGE
You are not funny.

IRA
Well, if that means I’m less like you, then good, I don’t want to be funny.
GEORGE
Mission accomplished, Ira. Bad career choice. Comedy usually is for funny people.

They drive home in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

165  EXT. GUYS’ APARTMENT - NIGHT
Ira is asleep. George pulls up in front of Ira’s apartment and purposely slams on the brakes, which sends Ira’s head slamming against the back of the seat.

Ira gets out, furious. George speeds away.

167  INT. GEORGE’S HOUSE - MORNING
George lies down in his bed. It’s bright in his room.

George hits a button. The shades automatically close. The room goes dark.

George turns on the TV to go to sleep. It’s the Today show: “How to Clean Up Clutter.”

168  INT. GUYS’ APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Leo is eating cereal at the dining room table. Ira is asleep on the pullout behind him. Mark walks over.

MARK
Good morning.

LEO
I think I’m going to forgive him today.

MARK
Really? That’s great news.

LEO
He’s just going to be jealous that I’m on “Yo Teach!” you know? I just figure it would be a cool thing to do.

(CONTINUED)
MARK
Maybe we can find something for him.

LEO
You know, if it comes up organically, definitely. But we shouldn’t force it.

IRA
(eyes still closed)
I don’t want to be on “Yo Teach!”

LEO
It’s okay, I forgave you, you know?

IRA
Thank you.

MARK
So, how did everything go up there this weekend?

IRA
I think I did the right thing, but George fired me and punched me in the face.

LEO
Do you want to talk about it?

IRA
No.

LEO
Kind of wish you would, it sounds like the greatest story ever.

IRA
Wake me up at two o’clock, I’ll tell you about it.

MARK
I’m glad you’re back.

LEO
I’m glad you’re home.

IRA
I can’t believe I have to start all over again.
INT. MEDICAL TOWER - DAY

George walks out of the hospital. A group of paparazzi run up to him, shove cameras in his face.

    PAPARAZZI
    Hey man, how ya doing? I heard you were sick. Are you feeling better now? Over here.

    PAPARAZZI #2
    George, second lease on life. What are you going to do now?

    PAPARAZZI #2 (CONT'D)
    Come on, I hear rumors about another baby movie, what do you got, huh?

    GEORGE
    Yeah, we’re going to shoot that. That should be good. It’s going to start in a little bit. Let me get by you, though.

EXT. RUNYAN CANYON - NIGHT

Ira and Daisy sit on the hood of the car and listen to a live Wilco CD.

    IRA
    It’s nice up here, huh?

    DAISY
    Yeah. How’d you find it?

    IRA
    Me and my friends, we hike up here. I always thought, that would be a great place to take a woman if you knew one.

    DAISY
    Well now you know one.

There’s an awkward moment, and then they kiss.
INT. THE IMPROV - HALLWAY

Ira stands in the hallway, scribbling notes. MARK COHEN, the emcee, walks by.

MARK COHEN
I’m gonna give him the light, alright?

IRA
Thanks, Mark.

George walks down the hallway with Randy, the obnoxious comic from earlier. He’s clearly taken Ira’s place.

GEORGE
Hey, Ira, how ya doing?

IRA
Good. How are you doing?

RANDY
What’s up, big money?

GEORGE
Do you guys know each other?

RANDY
Yes. I’ve seen this young Jewish comedian.

IRA
Randy. What’s happening?

RANDY
I saw this cat down at Otto’s yesterday. He made me a little panini. Grilled chicken pesto. That shit was nice.

IRA
Yeah, I’m working at Otto’s again.

GEORGE
So are you going up?

IRA
Yeah, I’m about to go up now. See you guys.

Ira walks away.

(CONTINUED)
Later.

INT. THE IMPROV - MOMENTS LATER

On-stage, Ira does his act. He is much more comfortable than we have ever seen him on stage before. He is no longer searching for his comic identity. He has found a way to be himself, and tells jokes which are more personal than we have seen before.

IRA
My friends are very sexually aggressive, which is hard for me. We'll watch television, and they'll just see a hot girl come on. And they'll just be, “Man, I want the fuck the shit out of that girl, man.”

ANGLE ON GEORGE

He watches from the back of the room.

IRA (CONT’D)
And I can’t even say that. Like I can’t even pretend that I would do that. I see a hot girl on TV and I’m like, “Man, I would friend the shit out of her.”

Mark, Leo and Daisy are in the audience, laughing.

IRA (CONT’D)
Friend her all night. I’ll be her girlfriend. I would drive her to the airport.

ANGLE ON GEORGE

He’s watching, but not showing any emotion.

IRA (CONT’D)
I would hold her purse while she shopped. All over her tits.

INT. OTTO’S FRESH MARKET - DAY

Ira is back behind the counter, working at the deli with Chuck. He doesn’t look too unhappy to be there.

(CONTINUED)
FEMALE CUSTOMER
I need a pound of turkey and a half-pound of macaroni salad, please.

The woman moves to the other side of the counter. We reveal George standing behind her.

IRA
Yeah, that’ll just be one second.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
Okay, thanks.

GEORGE
(grandma voice)
The last time I came here, the roast beef you gave me had the strings still around it, and I was unaware of this and fed it to my husband and he choked.

Ira doesn’t laugh.

IRA
How’s it going, George?

GEORGE
You get a break or anything where you can talk?

IRA
Sure. Chuck, I’ll be one second.

Chuck takes a picture of George with his camera phone.

INT. OTTO’S FRESH MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

There is a small seating area in the supermarket. George and Ira sit across from each other.

GEORGE
So you had to get your job back here, huh?

IRA
Yeah, I figured I could use a little job stability.

GEORGE
I’m sorry.
IRA
I get health insurance. It’s pretty good.

GEORGE
So I thought a lot about what you said in the car to me. A few of those things might have been accurate. You tried to help me, and I’m sorry I put you in the middle of all that stuff. I’m better in my body. My brain has a ways to go, though.

Ira softens a little.

IRA
How are you doing? Are you doing okay?

GEORGE
I don’t know, Ira. I don’t know.

George trails off.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
I caught your whole set the other night, Ira. Nice. You’re getting a rhythm. You’re starting to be the Ira I like in real life on-stage.

IRA
Thanks. Yeah, I’ve been getting up a lot lately.

GEORGE
You were funny, and it was a fart-free set. I wrote some stuff down that night. Some jokes. Do you want to hear them?

IRA
You what?

GEORGE
I couldn’t stop thinking of jokes for you last night. It was bizarre. I’m not saying they’re good jokes, but I tried.

George pulls out a wad of handwritten notes from his pocket. Ira watches this, surprised.

(CONTINUED)
IRA
You actually wrote them down.

GEORGE
Yeah, my fucking memory’s horrible. The thing you did about the Wii Fit thing? What was that?

IRA
Oh, my video game told me I’m fat. The ultimate betrayal.

GEORGE
Right. Right. You could maybe say, “That’s like my pot telling me I’m lazy.”

IRA
Oh, that’s really funny.

GEORGE
The Wii is similar to my grandmother. She used to tell me I’m getting chubby and then bring me chicken parmigiana. “Why are you so fat?”

IRA
That’s really funny. It’s true, the video game made me fat. It is like my grandmother. “Why are you so fat? Here’s four gallons of chocolate milk.” She would always do that.

GEORGE
That’s good.

IRA
I got one I’ve been afraid to tell now about Viagra. It’s like, my grandfather takes Viagra and he thought he was titty-fucking my grandmother, but then he realized that he was just titty-fucking his own balls.

Ira and George laugh at this.

GEORGE
That’s funny. You’ve got to do that one.
As the camera pulls back, George continues to pitch Ira jokes for his act, the first selfless act we’ve seen him commit in the entire film. As their friendship rekindles, we...

FADE TO BLACK

Credits roll.