

BLOCK ISLAND

by
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FADE IN

EXT. LE DOME RESTAURANT. ON SUNSET - EARLY EVENING

Valet parking attendant opens a car door. Two stylish movie star types get out and walk toward front door of the famous Sunset Strip establishment.

INT. LE DOME RESTAURANT. ON SUNSET - EARLY EVENING

Modern bar of black marble and chrome. Well dressed, slick-good looking man, PETER PIPER, in mid-thirties sits alone, drinks a beer. Bartender walks over to him.

PETER

Louie, how 'bout a double shot for the road?

BARTENDER

You drivin' Peter?

PETER

I gotta limo - going to LAX.

BARTENDER

Where you off to?

Bartender pours a double shot of tequila in a large shot glass and puts it in front of Peter.

PETER

Rhode Island.
(Licks his hand and pours salt on the wet spot)

BARTENDER

Some TV show thing?

Peter drinks the whole shot and shakes his head, then sucks a lime

PETER

Whoa... yeah, some TV show (hand gesture) thing.

Takes credit card out of wallet and hands it to the bartender. Across the bar two attractive movie star wanna-be's. Peter winks at the women and points at them.

WOMAN #1

Who is that?

WOMAN #2

That is Peter J. Piper, the TV producer... you know all those shows...

WOMAN #1

That's him? He's drunk as a skunk!

WOMAN #2

Yeah, word around town is that ever since he bombed with that TV sitcom about lawyer nuns...

WOMAN #1

That was his show? That sucked the big one...

WOMAN #2

That is not an expression... or as I understand it... (Wink) that one would use in the same sentence with Mr. Piper's pickle, if you catch my drift!

Both women try to conceal their laughter.

WOMAN #1

Well, he better get some help.

Peter stumbles toward door

WOMAN #1

He needs to find some creative juices and lay off the sauce.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Office door with the sign:

HUMAN RESOURCES

CENTRAL MIDWEST FOOD CORPORATION

Hand timidly knocks on door. Door opens.

Woman - GRACE LOCKHART - in her 50s opens the door, gray hair and dressed matronly with granny glasses attached to glass holders around her neck. Talks with real smiley delivery-goody two shoes attitude.

GRACE

Mr. Beckley, thank you so much for coming down to Human Resources for our meeting today.

WILL BECKLEY, Young man, mid-twenties, but looks younger than his age walks in and sits down nervously.

WILL

Yes,

Shakes his hand.

WILL

Mr. Slipchek...

Puts hand over his mouth.

WILL

...this isn't?

(gasp)

C.U. SLIPCHEK, a bald man in his late fifties in a white shirt, tie slightly loosened and sleeves rolled up holds his hand up.

SLIPCHEK

No, no, no Mr. Beckley, YOU AREN'T GETTING FIRED.

WILL

(Exhales completely)

Well, that's good.

GRACE

(In a motherly tone) Mr. Slipchek has noticed a slight decrease in your output here at Central.

SLIPCHEK

You know how important the text on each of our boxes is to the consumer, Mr. Beckley?

WILL

(Shaking head) Yes, sir. I'm sorry. I'm having these, ah, momentary lapses. I think it's like, uh, writer's block?

SLIPCHEK

GREAT! (punching his open palm with his fist) Now, we're getting somewhere.

GRACE

Yes, it takes a brave person to admit that they just may have some weaknesses. (Thumb up sign)

SLIPCHEK

Mr. Beckley, YOU, are going to be sent back to school; to be more exact, creativity school. It's a three day course that guarantees to help you conquer your creative lapses and beat this writer's block forever. (Almost thrown away) Central Midwest will pay for everything.

Grace smiles and hands Will a travel packet/folder with airplane tickets visible

GRACE

You'll be leaving for Rhode Island Wednesday morning.

WILL

Rhode Island? But that means (looking down at the tickets) I'll have to fly, (terrified look on his face) on an airplane! (eyes open wide in fear).

INT. LARGE NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

Man straightens name plate that reads: MORT GOLDMAN. Bald man in his 60's talks with a thick New York accent, on the phone.

MORT

Look, we have the deal with Parchment Books and the advance was seven figures, so I did my part on the deal, but

(beat)

Bullshit... Stephen, the way it works is simple. You write a treatment, I get a deal, they send the advance and then you write the fucking book.

(pause, then less aggressive)

Sure, sure, I respect you. You sold more books in the last ten years than Hemingway and Fitzgerald combined, but you gotta write. You gotta, write, a book.

INT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY

Man holds the phone to his ear. Full gray beard in his middle 50's drinking a scotch. Sits in an old chair in a rustic cabin. CNN with the volume real low is on TV in B.G.

STEPHEN
Mort, we have a problem.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO

MORT
What is the problem this time?

STEPHEN
Well, it isn't something that I
would like to admit.

MORT
This is not going to be that shit
about needing more money again?

STEPHEN
No, Mort...
(raising his voice)
IT'S FUCKING WRITER'S BLOCK!!!! Do
you know what that is?

MORT
(softer)
Okay, okay tateleh, take a deep
breath. You aren't drinking again
are you?

STEPHEN
(looking down at glass)
No Mort, I haven't had a drink in
months.

MORT
Sarah Parkman over at Parchment
told me about these guys over in...
Rhode Island that have this course
to cure writer's block, guaranteed.

STEPHEN
(Shouts)
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

MORT
Stephen... Stephen.

STEPHEN
Mort, I'm a FAMOUS writer. I can't
go to some summer camp for fucking
creative losers. That would be
embarrassing. Everybody would
recognize me.

MORT

Well, you could shave your beard.

STEPHEN

Oh great. Yeah, (mockingly) "shave your beard Stephen" so no one knows who you are. I should be writing Mort. I am Stephen W. Queen!

MORT

Yes, you should be Stephen. And if you don't get three or four chapters off to Parchment within 30 days, they're going to....

STEPHEN

Going to do WHAT?

MORT

Make us pay back 100 grand.

STEPHEN

WHAT THE FUCK...

MORT

Darling, that's what I had to agree to in order to get the million dollar advance. And if we don't deliver by October 1st, they will say we're in breach and they'll ask for all the money back! Are you listening now, Mr. "New York Times" best seller's list?

STEPHEN

(humbled))

Can we buy some time if Sarah knows I'm doing that stupid seminar thing?

MORT

Well, it was her idea. And besides, maybe a few days away from the little shack will do you some good. I will send a limo on Wednesday at noon. You need to be there by Thursday morning. The limo will bring you back on Sunday. Make sure you're ready to go...

STEPHEN

Do I really have to shave?

MORT

Yes, I have you registered under
the name: Spencer MacDonald.

STEPHEN

(Sarcastically))

Oh, that's rich! Well, at least I
will get to see Providence, the one
in Rhode Island.

MORT

It's not in Providence.

STEPHEN

What else is in Rhode Island?

MORT

BLOCK ISLAND!

MUSIC UP

MONTAGE:

Peter Piper going to airport, getting out of limo going through security at LAX. An Indian security guard opens his bag, holds up large box of condoms and three pack of personal lubricant. Piper covers his face. Then in first class and he puts headphones on and falls asleep.

In a suit, a frightened Willard Beckley (WILL) getting on airline taking air sickness medicine, carrying a large bottle of Pepcid AC, holding the air sickness bag, adjusting airline pillow and thumbing through a large scrapbook.

The limo picking up the freshly shaved Stephen a.k.a. Spencer MacDonald with his old suitcase. Scenes driving through Boston, Mass. Turnpike and then dropping him off at the ferry dock on the mainland side of Rhode Island. Then to small airport in Westerly, Rhode Island. Will walking to door of terminal. He sees a small commuter airplane, his eyes open wide and he swallows deeply.

MacDonald and Piper in different locations on the same Block Island ferry. Back to Will throwing up on the edge of the tarmac and then getting on the single engine shuttle from Westerly, R.I. Then back to MacDonald and Piper getting off the Ferry in Block Island.

At the small commuter Block Island airport, Will walks in a dizzy trot toward the building. He looks up and we hear heavenly discovery MUSIC as he looks at a very attractive strawberry blonde getting into a BMW. She sees him. The MUSIC to crescendo while she smiles at him. He raises his right hand and makes a peace sign.

EXT. HOTEL - SUNNY DAY

A couple of taxis parked outside.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Stephen, Peter and Will are last in line at front desk. An attractive woman dressed in gray business suit with a large CPWS identification badge approaches the end of the line.

HOLLY

Mr. MacDonald? Mr. Beckley? Mr. Piper?

Peter and Will gesture, while Stephen looks behind him, not quite sure who she's talking to.

PETER

Yes, and who might you be?

Peter looks interested and adjusts his collar.

HOLLY

Hello my name is Holly Hatfield. I'm with Creative Enterprises and I would like to welcome you to Block Island and the Creative Plus Workshop Seminar.

PETER

Hi there, Holly. Can you help me check in?

HOLLY

Well, I have to tell you, we have a slight change of plan for you three gentlemen.

Quick shot of all three guys looking at each other.

HOLLY

There was a slight mix up with the hotel. And well, they over booked. BUT, I have some very good news for you! We have a large home here on Block Island which is fully furnished and the hotel will provide catering and maid service and...

MAC

What the hell is going on? I don't want to stay in some cabin with two strangers.

(MORE)

MAC (cont'd)

You need to find another hotel room for me. What the fuck is your problem?

HOLLY

Sir, there really isn't call for you to use that kind of language with me...

PETER

(Trying to help out)

Well Holly, let me ask you this? What kind of house is it? I mean, is it just a little cabin... or is it a really cool place?

HOLLY

Thank you, Mr. Piper, I'm glad you asked. The old Smith House has three large bedrooms, a kitchen, living room, two bathrooms on the first floor, and an attic bedroom with a terrific view of the ocean.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

EXT. HOTEL VAN- MOMENTS LATER

Folk MUSIC PLAYS, beautiful scenes of the island, the blue ocean, Newport style homes. Van pulls up in front of this large white home. Three guys get out of van and walk toward house. Pull shot back further and further HELICOPTER SHOT until the whole Block Island can be seen.

INT. LARGE WHITE HOUSE. VARIOUS ROOMS INSIDE - DAY

Mac inspects the house including the kitchen where he sees a full soap dispenser (close up) near the sink in kitchen. [Quick flash back clip of beautiful blonde woman scrubbing her hands vigorously at another sink.] Mac shuts his eyes hard then shakes his head to dispel the thought.

PETER

This looks great to me. What about you guys?

WILL

Yeah, I'm okay with this. I mean, this is like a real house.

MAC
 (rolling his eyes))
 This is a real house kid.

WILL
 It's Will, sir.

PETER
 Okay, which rooms?

MAC
 I'm the oldest guy, so I get the
 master bedroom! That's that.

PETER
 Hey that's cool. Will, which room
 do you want?

WILL
 The attic, if that is okay with you
 guys?

Will picks up a tourist magazine from the coffee table in the
 living room, sits down on the sofa and starts reading it.

PETER
 That's fine with me. I think I will
 take this room near the back door.
 Because I'm...
 (singing old blues song))
 "Your back door man!"

Peter walks over to a cabinet in the living room.

MAC
 Okay,
 (looks at watch))
 Happy Hour begins in 30 minutes. Is
 there a mini-bar in here?

Peter is looking in a nook in the Living Room.

PETER
 Well, there's an old bottle of
 port, sherry and some fruity
 cordials.

WILL
 It says here that the island is
 named after the Dutch navigator
 Adrian Block. He came here in 1614.

MAC

That's great. We'll need to get a cab and get to the liquor store. I should have brought a bottle of scotch with me.

PETER

What are those keys over there?

Peter points to key hook on the wall by the door.

MAC

What keys?

PETER

Over there on that JEEP key-chain.

MAC

Nice going, let's see what's in that old garage out back.

WILL

The Manisses Indians called the place "The Island of the little God." Wow, 16 miles of beaches and 20 miles of trails. And thousands of birds stop here on the way south every autumn making Block Island a bird watcher's paradise.

Peter and Mac nod at each other while Will continues to read and they quietly move toward the back door.

WILL

This is strange, they have no squirrels on this island. I wonder why they don't have any squirrels?

Will looks up and realizes that the two other guys have left the house. He shakes his head and throws the magazine down on the coffee table in frustration, then he goes upstairs to the attic room. And as he enters sees a phone on a table

EXT. OLD GARAGE - DAY

Opening the manual garage door Peter and Mac see an old army Jeep. They jump in and take off down the hill toward town.

Boogie MUSIC UP

INT. SMITH HOUSE UPPER BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Will in his room unpacking his stuff including a large scrapbook. He opens it.

Tight shot of him turning the pages of a scrapbook full of street signs: Yield, Stop, Right Turn only, Deer Crossing, Cattle Crossing, etc. He smiles at the pictures.

EXT. OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jeeps pulls up and parks in front. Mac and Peter get out and walk into shop.

INT. OLD CABIN LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

In a middle class furnished room, an over-weight older woman hugs two five year old twins boys. She puts them in front of the TV and puts on Sesame Street. PRINCESS, a very tan and cute 20 something woman with long jet-black hair looks anxious and frustrated.

PRINCESS

I don't know when this ends mother.
I just know that since Larry left,
nothing is going to be normal
again. That son-of-a-bitch!

MOTHER

Not in front of the twins.

Princess moves to the screen door and looks back.

PRINCESS

I'm sorry mother, but this sucks. I
gotta work... and without someone
to help me.

Wipes a tear away.

PRINCESS

Thanks... for being here.

Princess goes out the door and it slams behind her. The mother shakes her head and turns to the twins.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. BEDROOM - DUSK

Will on phone.

WILL

Well, it's only for a couple of
days, Mom.

(listening)

Yes, it's a special training course
the company asked me to take. Yes,
I had to fly on a plane.

(MORE)

WILL (cont'd)

There wasn't time to drive.

(shaking his head)

Yes, I have clean underwear. Okay, tell Dad I said hello. Yes, I love you, too.

Hangs up the phone. Walks downstairs to living room then goes into kitchen and washes his hands like he's going to perform surgery.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DUSK

Jeep pulling up the hill to the house. MAC is driving and pulls the vehicle right up to the back of the house. Both men jump out of the Jeep and enter the house carrying their bottles.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Will is frightened by their arrival. Turns off the TV quickly and jumps up quickly and moves toward the back door.

MAC

Kid, what do you want? Scotch or Tequila?

WILL

I don't drink hard liquor. Hey where did you guys go?

PETER

Oh, we went into town to get some al-co-hol. You know, drinking is one of my "core competencies!"

WILL

Next time, please let me know what you guys are doing. I would have gone with you.

PETER

Oh man, I'm sorry. I just started the car and next thing I knew... next time we'll "keep you in the loop!"

WILL

Hey, shouldn't we order something from the hotel? I'm getting hungry.

MAC

Good idea, let me see that?

Mac grabs the menu, scans it, hands it to Peter. Mac gets ice from refrigerator and pours a large glass of scotch on the rocks. Peter hands the menu to Will then finds some orange juice in the fridge, smells it before he pours it into a glass of ice, then spikes the O.J. with tequila.

All three guys move into the living room and sit down on sofas and chairs. Will gives the menu back to Mac who picks up the phone.

MAC

What are you guys having?

PETER

That sushi platter thing.

MAC

Californian. Wilbur?

WILL

It's Will sir, and I would love a cheeseburger.

PETER

(singing))

Cheeseburger in Paradise!

MAC

(dialing number and
sipping scotch)

Hello, this is Mac...uh, Mr.
MacDonald and we're over in the
Smith House.

(pauses)

Yes, that's right. And we would
like to order some room service.
Okay, I can hold.

(looking at the other
guys)

Why is it that they always answer
the phone and then ask you to hold?
Stupid?

(shaking his head)

Ah yes, okay, I would like to have
the New York Strip steak. Medium
rare... Yeah, like my good ideas.

(To the guys, hand over
receiver)

He's laughing.

(back to phone)

Yeah, very funny. And a salad with
Italian dressing.

(pauses)

(MORE)

MAC (cont'd)

No, I haven't seen an Italian dressing. What are you, the hotel comedian?

(pauses)

Okay, what comes with that? French fries... and we need a cheeseburger.

WILL

Well done.

MAC

Yes, well done. We have someone here from the CDC and he's afraid of germs. What comes with that? French fries... of course. And one Sushi Platter.

(pauses)

Oh that only comes rare.

(to guys)

Funny lad here.

(back to phone)

Don't you mean raw? And what comes with that? Huh? Wasabi and Ginger. Well, ask Ginger if she has two sisters who can come along with the order.

(pauses)

Yeah, no I am a writer goofy. Now repeat the order back to me and then tell me how long it will take.

(listening)

Okay, 40 minutes... I understand... you gotta drive it over... okay, just one more question, did your mother have any children who lived? Okay, yes, I'm a funny guy... say goodbye.

Mac hangs up the phone and takes a large swig.

PETER

That was pretty funny. So, you're a writer?

MAC

Ah, yeah. Little newspaper in a small town in Maine.

PETER

Sportswriter, editorials, obits?

MAC

Ah, investigative reporting actually.

WILL

And what do you do Peter? What is your last name again?

PETER

Piper. I'm Peter J. Piper and I...

WILL

Oh, are you the famous TV producer.. who just went through that big divorce? And you did that show...

PETER

Yeah, that's me.

WILL

Hey man, that show? What was it? "Nun Better" with nuns as lawyers.. that was...

PETER

(noticeably uptight)

I know, I know, let's not talk about it. Okay, I made a few mistakes. You know, you do so many shows and, well, 'at the end of the day,' you sort of run out of ideas.

Peter takes a big gulp of drink.

MAC

So that's why you're here, Peter? Are you trying to get your creative edge back?

PETER

Let me be honest with you, I've tried everything else.

MAC

No, LIE TO ME! I need more lies in my life!

PETER

Chill Dude!

(beat)

This buddy of mine told me about this workshop. And, Spielberg is always right.

WILL

You mean Stephen?

MAC

WHO?

PETER

Yes, that Stephen.
(taking a deep breath)
And so I'm only half serious about
this, but I figured if I got out of
Hollywood for a few days, you know,
to 'think out of the box!'

MAC

LA is one big cliché. I see you got
come on you! So, Pete, how did you
end up in LA-LA-LAND?

PETER

Well, when I didn't make it as a
hockey player, I decided to go to
NYU and get into the film business.

WILL

I'm from Minnesota. I grew up
playing hockey, too. Where are you
originally from?

PETER

I grew up in Pittsburgh and after
my father died, I went to school at
Hershey and played hockey there.

MAC

Is that located on the Hershey
highway?

PETER

Very funny.

MAC

What about you, Wallace?

WILL

Are you doing that on purpose? My
name is Will Beckley. I design the
layout and text on the back of the
cereal boxes.

MAC

(mockingly)
Oh wow! I love your work. I cried
when I read ROASTIE TOASTIES... that
cute little ending: Tell your Mom
and Dad to buy you
(MORE)

MAC (cont'd)
(screaming)
MORE SUGAR!

PETER
So, you've been there a long time,
Will?

WILL
That is the only job I've ever had.
My dad knows the president of the
company. He goes to our church.

MAC
And your Daddy got you the job?

WILL
Well I majored in journalism at the
University of Minnesota, but my
mother didn't want me to move away
from home.

MAC
Mommy's boy! Does your mother know
you're in the middle of the fucking
ocean without a paddle?

WILL
What is your problem?

PETER
Hey Will, don't let him bother you.
He's just being an asshole. So
Will, do you want to be a writer?

WILL
I would love to write books. I just
have to keep the job. See the
company is sending me here to find
a cure... well, to help me with a
problem I'm having.

PETER
Hey dude, what's the matter?

WILL
I'm blocked.

MAC
Constipated?

PETER
Writer's Block?

WILL

Yeah, I guess.

MAC

Shit. You write fucking copy for a cereal box!

PETER

What's the deal Mac?

MAC

Don't you see the ironic twist to all this. Here we are on an island called BLOCK ISLAND to take a workshop to get rid of "writer's block." This is like one of your TV shows. Some stupid reality show!

PETER

Yeah, that dawned on me. Maybe there is a new idea here. I just need a new 'game plan.' Maybe I can find my mojo here?

MAC

I don't think the Mojos settled this island. And stop with all that boardroom babble already!

WILL

So are you in the same boat, Mac?

MAC

No, I'm just here... for... well, if you promise not to tell anyone, I can let you guys in on it.

PETER

Yeah, sure man.

MAC

I'm under cover, doing an expose on rip off seminars. This is the third one I have been to this month.

WILL

What are you saying?

PETER

Is this a scam? Did I fly all the way from LA to be taken? What a bummer man!

MAC

Well, I don't know, but keep your eyes open for me. And speaking of views, how is that view from up there in your attic of the living dead room?

Mac pours more scotch.

WILL

Well, I didn't actually look.

MAC

Well, let's say we climb those steps matey and take a look.

PETER

Do you mind Will?

WILL

No problem.

INT. STAIRS TO ATTIC -CONTINUOUS

They climb the stairs. Look out the window as a beautiful sunset lights up the room in a red glow.

MAC

Man, that is some sunset.

WILL

Yes, the sun looks different over the water.

PETER

You know, I really want to shoot a movie or TV show here. This is one of the best kept secrets on the east coast.

Mac turns to walk toward the steps and sees the scrapbook on the table in Will's room.

MAC

And what is this young Will? Your family pornography collection?

WILL

Please don't...

Mac opens up the book and sees hundred of pictures of street signs.

MAC

Oh my God, what do we have here? A collection of road signs. And what do we do with this?

PETER

Is this some kind of joke?

Will grabs the scrapbook protectively.

WILL

That's my collection.

MAC

I'm curious Will, which sign is your favorite? Is it the NO LEFT TURN or DEER CROSSING?

WILL

Please don't touch it.

Peter and Mac walk down the steps. As Mac turns the bend in the steps.

MAC

Well that proves it. All the nuts aren't in the cookies.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mac patting his stomach. Peter throws some dirty dishes from dinner in the sink. Place is a mess. Will puts Styrofoam containers in trash.

PETER

That was pretty good food for room service. This place is turning out to be a real 'win-win!'

MAC

Stop with that 'win-win' bullshit! I say, we go into town for a night cap.

PETER

Sounds good to me. You in Will?

WILL

No, I'm going to bed. I'm a bit tired from all the travel and excitement.

MAC

We'll keep our eyes out for those
street signs?

WILL

Yeah, thanks.

EXT. OUTSIDE SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter and Mac get in Jeep and head down the hill.

EXT. SAND BAR & ALMOST INN - NIGHT

On the front street in a small village with tourist-type shops fifty yards from the ferry dock. They park the Jeep and go inside.

INT. LARGE BAR - NIGHT

Loud music comes to a big ending as Mac and Peter sit down at the bar. The leader of the band announces a short break. Tending bar is Princess with long jet-black hair catches Peter's attention while she grabs the remote control and turns up the sound on local TV news.

PRINCESS

Hey there fellows, what are we
drinking tonight?

MAC

Russian Quaalude.

PRINCESS

Never heard of it?

MAC

Cream, Vodka, Frangelica;
guaranteed sleep.

PRINCESS

And what about you cowboy?

PETER

Well Princess,
(western accent)
we've been riding the lower forty
all day and this cowpoke has a
hankerin' for a tall Tequila
sunrise. Can you oblige me,
darlin'?

PRINCESS

How did you know my name was
Princess?

PETER
 (still in character)
 'Cause I have ESP.

MAC
 Don't let him fool you lady, that's
 ESP ... as in Extra Small Penis!

PRINCESS
 (looking at Peter)
 Tell your father to be nice. What's
 your name sailor?

PETER
 Oh, changing analogies on me? Well,
 I'm Peter. Peter J. Piper.

MAC
 More like changing descriptive
 metaphors.

PRINCESS
 Yeah, you're the guy I saw on
 Access Hollywood. Your wife took
 you to the cleaners. And then that
 show, "Nun Better"... you know my
 aunt is a nun.

Princess turns away to make the drinks.

PETER
 When is this going to end Stephen?
 (beat)
 I thought it was, analogy.

MAC
 Well, when you have another hit...
 (shocked, turns to Peter)
 What did you call me?

PETER
 You forgot we met in New York years
 ago. I had just read Mystery in the
 Pines for a producer friend of mine
 who is thinking about making a
 movie of it,
 (pauses then whispers)
 but nobody is supposed to know.

MAC
 Well,
 (whispers mockingly)
 I can keep a secret if you can keep
 a secret.

PETER
 (whispering)
 No problem
 (winks)
 MAC!

MAC
 (full blast)
 Stop with the whispering shit! Say,
 what gave me away?

PETER
 You just confirmed it. Your lead
 character in "Pines" ordered a
 Russian Quaalude in the book.

MAC
 You're good.
 (pause)
 So I guess you also figured out why
 I'm here?

PETER
 No, that's the new mystery. Aren't
 you the wordsmith of New England?
 They say you can write 10,000 words
 a day.

MAC
 Well...

The drinks arrive, Princess bends over to serve the drinks
 and shows what she has.

PRINCESS
 You boys want to run a tab or are
 your horses double parked?

PETER
 Mac?

MAC
 One round is good for me.

Mac throws down a bill.

MAC
 This one's on me. Keep the change
 honey. I'm sorry if I offended you.

PRINCESS
 You can't offend me. I watch Howard
 Stern.

MAC
Who's Howard Stern?

Princess walks the other side of the bar and attends to other customers.

PETER
Boy, you must have been locked up
in your cabin for a long time?

MAC
No, I just don't watch that much
TV, it offends my sense of
language.

PETER
But TV is the most powerful medium
known to mankind!

Mac points to the TV above the bar.

MAC
See that local news guy, I bet you
he makes a major mistake in the
next couple of paragraphs.

We see a full screen of a goofy looking local newscaster on a shoddy set.

NEWSCASTER
Today is the anniversary of the
Battle of Midway, a major turning
point during the war against the
Japanese who were disseminated by
U.S. Troops. Margie.

MAC
See what I mean?

Mac high fives Peter and he points again.

NEWSCASTER
And this just in from Westerly, in
what appears to be another alleged
attack by the so-called Rhode
Island rapist, only this time the
woman was able to beat off her
attacker and escape in a parking
lot.

MAC
She "beat off" the attacker, I'm
sure he enjoyed that.

PETER

That is incredible. That dangling modifier. She didn't escape in a parking lot!

MAC

A dangling modifier was involved for sure.

Princess returns to wipe the bar near the boys. Peter hands Princess his business card.

PETER

Princess, my cell phone number is on the card. You know, you got a face for TV. I could make you famous. Give me a call sometime sweetie!

PRINCESS

Oh, you have a cell phone! You must be rich!

She walks to the other end of the bar and stuffs the card in her bra.

PETER

Boy, I like that one.

MAC

(sarcastically)
Women!

PETER

A little bitter?

MAC

(Sipping his drink) I've been married three times. And every time I see the first act of that passion play, I get this sick déjà vu.

A beautiful Caribbean woman walks past the bar revealing a tattoo on her lower back.

PETER

Yeah Mon, I like that one, too.

MAC

You know, you can't fuck them all.

(beat)

And besides, the rest of that tattoo says, INSERT HERE!

(MORE)

MAC (cont'd)

(beat)

I see why that actress left you.

PETER

You got that wrong. I left her.
But we're friends now and we have a
beautiful little girl...

MAC

I don't want to see pictures

PETER

The shit hit the fan when she was
working on this movie and...

MAC

You married someone in the
business? That was your first
mistake.

PETER

Yeah, well... we were apart a lot.
And she was in this movie with this
pretty boy star...

MAC

And she spent a lot of time in his
trailer. I know the story...

Peter looks down the bar and see Princess's butt and moans.

PETER

Well, it's all good now dude. She's
been great about giving me lots of
time with Amanda.

MAC

She got the kid, And you caught
her?

PETER

Well, she had a great lawyer and
the rest is history. What about
you? Married three times, too much!

MAC

The first one was my high school
sweetheart; a writer who went off
to Antioch College to write poetry
and came back a lesbian.

PETER

Well, that sucks!

MAC

Yeah, and the second wife worked at a publishing house and used me as her stepping stone. She fucked her way up the ladder. And when I changed publishers, she changed husbands.

PETER

Man, I can believe you went for number three!

MAC

A young college student who wanted a father figure. And, of course, I seem to be every woman's father figure.

PETER

With that long gray beard, more like a grandfather.

MAC

Fuck you, Peter.

PETER

(fake sincerity)

You know it's okay to let those feelings out! What happened to the third wife?

Mac takes a sip and puts the glass down slowly.

MAC

Suicide.

PETER

Oh shit.

MAC

Yeah, I don't usually talk about it. It happened three years ago. I never saw it coming. She was in more pain than I thought.

PETER

How did she do it?

MAC

Do what?

PETER

Kill herself?

Takes the rest of drink in one gulp and puts the glass down quickly, then stares into space.

MAC

Garage. She drove into the garage; hit the automatic door thing and never turned off the engine. She was drunk... and on pills. Lots of painkillers... Lots of problems... lots.

Band starts playing a real loud chord. Mac looks disturbed by the loudness.

MAC

Let's get out of here.

PETER

Okay.

Peter takes a large gulp of his drink. Both guys walk out of the bar. Peter looks back at Princess and she winks at him.

INT.ALL WHITE BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

A well kept Black woman in her early forties, SHEILA JOHNSON, looks into a steamy mirror, wipes the mirror and then puts on her makeup. Her white robe and the whiteness of the bathroom accentuates her black face.

SHEILA

Mirror, mirror on the wall, what the hell is going to happened to me today, girl.

Looks at mirror for an answer.

SHEILA

No answer AGAIN, bitch! You gotta give me something. Tell me I'm going to meet prince charming, or something. Throw me a bone, lady.

Shakes her head and frowns.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE.FRONT OF HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Sheila Johnson now dressed in a maid's uniform from the hotel, walks up to the front door, opens the door with key on large ring and goes in.

INT. SMITH HOUSE.KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is in total disarray. Dishes and food are all over counters and bottles, and towels on the floor, etc.

SHEILA JOHNSON shakes her head and starts to make a loud noise taking the dishes out of the sink and putting them in the dishwasher.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. HALLWAY TO MASTER - CONTINUOUS

Door to the master bedroom opens and a sleepy Mac comes out in an old bathrobe, his hair all messed up. Holding his ears he walks toward kitchen.

MAC

Okay, Okay! Why the racket? Who the hell are you?

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

SHEILA

I'm your American Negro cleaning lady.

MAC

You mean Afro-American, don't you?

SHEILA

Yeah, only it's AFRICAN. And here is a tip mister, you better be willing to shower, shave and do your business in six minutes. You know, just like LBJ?

MAC

What?

SHEILA

Listen here, when I crank up this dishwasher, you won't be havin' any hot water in the shower, so unless you wanna be washin' the cobwebs out with ice cold water, I suggest you get your butt in the bathroom and let me clean up this mess.

(aside)

Looks like a damn fraternity house 'round here.

MAC

Yeah, Okay, sure.

Mac shakes his head in disbelief and he starts to walk back into his room. Peter enters the living room in nothing on but his tight black underwear. Peter sees Sheila and freezes like deer in headlights.

SHEILA

Oh Lordy Lord, the mailman has arrived and I pray that package is for me. Tell me Lord, is this all for me?

MAC

(turning back to kitchen)
Peter have you met our maid?

PETER

I'm sorry, and you are?

Peter moves slowly backwards into bedroom.

SHEILA

Sheila Johnson, I work for the hotel.

MAC

I'm going to take a shower now Sha-teek-wa! Thanks for the tip on the cold water!

SHEILA

Sheila, not Sha-teek-wa!
(under her breath)
Honky white guys.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. WILL'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Will waking up to noisy dishes O.S. He rubs his eyes, and as his vision clears and he looks around the room and right by the door of the room is a giant peace offering from Peter and Mac: a large street Deer Crossing sign. Will has this giant childlike grin on his face.

INT. SMITH KITCHEN - MORNING

All the guys dressed and ready to leave. Sheila hands them cups of coffee in hotel to-go-cups as they walk out of the kitchen door. Courtesy van beeps twice O.S.

SHEILA

Now you boys get on the bus and mommy will be waiting for you after school with milk and cookies.

MAC
I'll take mine on the rocks Sha-
teek-wa.

Mac looks at her with interest.

SHEILA
Keep moving tourist.

WILL
Thank you for the coffee ma'am.

PETER
Yes, thank you so much for cleaning
up the mess.

SHEILA
That's my job, son.

She watches Peter's butt as he walks outside. She closes the door and then whisper to herself.

SHEILA
What a girl could do with a knife
and fork Mmmmmmm huh.

EXT. OLD RED BRICK CHURCH - SUNNY MORNING

Van arrives and the three guys, who are a little late, hurry into the front door of the church.

WILL
Hey thanks for the Deer Crossing
sign.

MAC
We don't know what you're talking
about kid.

Mac looks at Peter and winks.

INT. OLD CHURCH - MORNING

They stop and stare around the room. P.O.V. They see two people dressed as stalks of celery BERNIE AND LOUISE, the San Diego CHICKEN/TED, Two blonde Swedish lesbian software developers OLGA AND VOLVA, Southern newspaper writer LEWIS N. CLARK, rap star OBONGO BEATMAN and Shakespearean actor VICTOR ADIEU. At the head of the class is Doctor ALFONSO/DOC.

DOC
And I see we have the rest of our
class here now.
(MORE)

DOC (cont'd)

I assume you are MacDonald and Piper and Beckley? Sounds like a law firm.

We hear a few polite laughs from the group.

GUYS

Yes.

DOC

Let's begin. Please, gentlemen, find a pew.

The three guys sit down next to each other.

DOC

I'm so delighted that you were brave enough to come to our seminar. Creative Plus Workshop Seminars have been designed to help you lift that burden and stress of creative block and let you do what you do best. We have been doing these seminars for more than twenty years here on Block Island. Some of our attendees are Presidents of large companies and small countries. Some of our graduates are doctors, lawyers, screen writers and actors. So you see that we take our work seriously, in a silly creative way.

MAC

(whispering)

What's he talking about?

DOC

Now, let us establish a few rules. Like for example, you are?
(pointing at Mac)

MAC

MacDonald, ah, Spencer MacDonald.

DOC

Yes, Mr. MacDonald. If you want to say something, just say it. You may have said something really funny or creative.

BERNIE - LOUISE

Old Macdonald had a farm, E I E I
OH!

Everyone in the room laughs except Mac.

DOC

Very good, my name is Dr. Alfonso. Most people call me Doctor Al. But you don't have to call me Al, you can just call me Doc.

MAC

(imitating Bugs Bunny)
Ah, what's up Doc?

DOC

Very good Mr. MacDonald. That is a good example of what we tend to lose when we grow up. That natural freedom of youth. Creativity is the by-product of freedom.

PETER

Should we take notes, Doc?

DOC

If you want, fine. You don't have to. We aren't here to control you; we're here to help you find the key. The key that will unlock what is inside of you. Now, let's start by going around the room and everyone standing up and giving us a little background on themselves and why they're here. Let's start with you, Mr. Adieu.

VICTOR

I am Victor Adieu the renowned Shakespearean actor. I have played most of the greatest roles on stage and in film. Lately, I have been suffering with chronic memory loss. Medical doctors tell me it's psychological. Psychologists tell me that it's medical. I'm ready to take my creativity to the next level.

Victor sits, Peter stands.

PETER

For the last six months, I've been blacklisted in Hollywood because of one bad TV show.

(MORE)

PETER (cont'd)

A network executive thought it would be funny to do jokes about nuns on a national TV and I ran with it.

DOC

A real doozie, I must say!

PETER

I should have stood up and been 'pro-active' and said, "No!" You gotta have a powerful plot and great characters and talented actors and all the things that make great drama work. That's the 'bottomline!'

VICTOR

Here, Here.

DOC

One should not be controlled by failures. Thank you, Mr. Piper.

MAC

Oh boy.

DOC

What about you Mr. Chicken?

TED

I'm getting old and I don't seem to have my moves anymore. The crowds aren't reacting to me like they used to. Is it ME or the audience?

DOC

Be careful with blame assignment, Mr. Chicken, but we will see. And what about our friends from Sweden: Olga and Volva

OLGA

I vill speak for my Volva, her English is not dat goot.

DOC

Fine, but we're here to help her too.

OLGA

Ya, vee know dat. Vee just vant to know if our softvare hass made us less like humans. Vee write the medical softvare for Seimens.

MAC

(whispers to Peter)
They work for semen?

PETER

How much semen does a girl need?

DOC

What is the real problem Olga?

OLGA

Vee fear dat vee are becoming Vun person. Vee vork together, vee sleep togetha, vee are like one person.

Mac looks at Peter and raises his eye brows in a lascivious manner.

MAC

(to Peter))
I'm starting to feel normal.

DOC

MacDonald
(looking down at paper)
Spencer MacDonald, and why are you here? Who are you?

Mac stands slowly and speaks in guarded meter.

MAC

I'm a newspaper writer from a small paper in Maine and I'm doing an investigative-type story about...

Will's eyes and mouth open in disbelief.

MAC

...the Lobster business in Rhode Island.

DOC

But why would you enroll in this class?

MAC

It's a cover...

DOC
 (dramatically)
 ..a cover for "writer's block" Mr.
 MacDonald? No need to be in denial.
 After all, "De Nile is a long river
 in Egypt."

Moans from the class.

DOC
 It's okay to be honest. Okay, Mr.
 Beatman, what can you tell us?
 (looking back at Mac)
 Please Mr. MacDonald, you can sit
 down.

OBONGO
 Well, I got dis problem.

DOC
 It's okay O-B, we're all friends
 here.

OBONGO
 Well, since my lady left me for
 that Mothafucka Gangsta Moheedo, I
 cannot lay it down. And the good
 Reverend Jerry J. told me that if I
 came here to the island of
 creativity, I can find my rap and
 get it back without offin' da
 mothafucka.

DOC
 Well, that certainly is colorful
 language Mr. Beatman. I'm sure you
 will find looking for your creative
 fire is more productive than
 becoming a
 (making quote sign with
 his hands)
 "gang banger" and "offing" another
 human being.

OBONGO
 Fuckin' A

MAC
 Fuckin' A

WHOLE CLASS
 Fuckin' A

DOC

And Mr. Beckley, what brings you to our wonderful island of creativity?

Will stands nervously, slowly, with dread on his face.

WILL

I'm Will, Will Beckley. I have a job back in Minnesota writing the text on the back of cereal boxes. So, when you get up in the morning, you read my words everyday.

DOC

That sounds like a fun job?

WILL

Well, it isn't very challenging. I really took the job as a favor to my father. See my mother wanted me to stay around home and..

Will falters when he realizes he's the center of attention.

DOC

So you have a problem with your parents?

WILL

No, why would you say that?

DOC

Well, what is it then?

WILL

Yeah, well, I love my parents, but my father doesn't think that writing is a real job. He told me writers are just old drunks who live out their fantasies in words and never have real lives.

MAC

(rolling head backwards)
Jesus, what am I, chopped liver?

WILL

I wish they'd fire me at the food company so I'll push myself to become a real writer.

(breathing faster)

I have to take a stand against my own father to do what I really truly want to do in my life.

(MORE)

WILL (cont'd)
But, they'll never fire me.
(pause and look around)
What the hell am I doing here?

Will runs out the door and doesn't look back.

MAC
Oh boy.

PETER
Shit, what do we do?

MAC
I'll handle this. Take some notes
cowboy.

MUSIC UP

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE HILL - MID MORNING

Helicopter shot of Lighthouse, Will walking toward the edge of the cliff. Mac is walking down the road toward the lighthouse. Mac starts to walk quickly toward Will.

MUSIC FADES. Mac approaches Will

MAC
Don't jump.

WILL
I'm not going to jump. What are you
doing here?

MAC
I asked myself the same question:
What the hell am I doing here?

WILL
I'm not sure if I want to talk to
you.

MAC
Well, I just wanted to say that
maybe your father has a point.

WILL
About what?

MAC
About writers. A lot of them are
just drunken escapists.

WILL
What do you mean?

MAC

Well, look at history. We can all learn from history.

WILL

Yeah.

MAC

Fitzgerald was a drunk and Hemingway killed himself.

WILL

They aren't the only writers. What about Shakespeare, or Somerset Maugham, Doctorow, Menken, Queen?

MAC

Well, what do you think they would tell you to do?

WILL

I guess they would say that I should find the courage to break away from what others expect of me, that I should become a writer... a real writer.

MAC

And what is a "real" writer, Will?

WILL

A real writer is someone who wakes up every morning and doesn't feel they're alive until they have written down what's in their head and in their heart so they can read it on a piece of paper.

MAC

Poetically put, but writing takes discipline and desire and drive.

(aside)

I hate idealists.

WILL

How could any writer lose their desire?

MAC

Inspiration and desire are identical twins. They need each other to survive.

WILL
Why are you here Mac?

MAC
I'm here because I've lost my
inspiration and desire to write. I
don't feel like working.

WILL
So, you really do write for a
newspaper?

MAC
No, son, I'm a REAL writer, as you
say.

Mac looks at the ocean as if the words are out there.

WILL
Books, do you write books?

MAC
(staring at ocean)
Yes Will, I write books.

WILL
How many books have you written?

MAC
(looks at Will)
Fifty.

WILL
How come I've never heard of you?

MAC
Oh, you have Will

WILL
Yeah?

MAC
I'm Stephen W. Queen.

WILL
Are you messin' with me?

Mac takes his wallet out and opens it.

MAC
Maine driver's license... real McCoy.

WILL
I can't believe it?

MAC

Well, let's not make a scene. I came here to stall the publisher. They want an advance back, and they think this little camp with doctor fucking goofy and the celery people will get me past the block.

WILL

Holy shit!

MAC

No need to canonize it. I'm just trying to figure out how to get an idea.

WILL

God, I can't believe I'm talking to Stephen W. Queen.

MAC

Hey kid, let's go back and play school. And,

(beat)

We probably ought to keep this conversation between us, yes?

(Yeah, sure. What about Peter?)

MAC

(walkin toward the road)

Peter's with the program, just keep calling me "Mac" and let's just get through this farce.

WILL

Yeah, sure.

(following Mac)

Hey Mac!

(Mac turns around)

Thanks.

MAC

(smiling a bit)

Yeah.

INT. OLD CHURCH - DAY

Door opens. Will and Mac walk back in.

DOC

Well, I see we have found our lost sheep. Let's all give them a round of applause for returning.

Group claps loudly.

DOC

Please, gentlemen, take your seats.
It's time for me to tell you about
the best part of our seminar.

Will and Mac sit down in the seats next to Peter.

PETER

Everything okay?

MAC

Yeah, we just needed some air.

DOC

As you know, our last gathering
will be in the morning on Saturday.
Today, we will break you up into
groups... as we like to call them
"skunk groups" to do something
special. You must come up with an
idea that is so creative that it
affects more than 10 people outside
this group.

OBONGO

You want me to off ten muthafuckas?

DOC

No, Mr. Beatman, we aren't going to
kill anyone. What is creative about
killing someone?

MAC

(insipid grin)
Depends on how you do it.

LEWIS

This is dark. This is good. Is he
really fixin' to kill someone?

CELERY PEOPLE

(in unison)
KILL! KILL! KILL!

DOC

A few more points: you cannot leave
the island to work on this project.
AND, you can only use materials you
can find on the island.

MAC

Before we get too far along here, I just wanted to point out that Mr. Piper here and Mr. Beckley here and me, we're sharing quarters at the Smith House because your incompetent planning committee messed up the hotel.

DOC

We are very sorry about that Mr. MacDonald.

MAC

Yeah, we're beyond that, but what I'm trying to say is that I would like to work with my house mates on this little school project if that pleases the good doctor?

DOC

I have no problem with that. Okay, this afternoon we begin at 2 sharp. We have Professor Rambeaux from Yale to discuss how Yoga, diet and transcendental meditation can lead to greater creativity.

MAC

TM?

(making beating off hand gesture)

Ah yes, transcendental masturbation.

INT. SAND BAR - MIDDAY

Will, Mac and Peter at a table eating sandwiches and drinking pints of beer.

MAC

So Willie, do you have a girl friend?

WILL

Ah, no, not really.

PETER

Well, you should try to "hook up" while you're here.

WILL

"Hook up?" What does that mean?

MAC

What are you gay? It means find
some chick you can stick while
you're away from mommy and daddy.

WILL

I'm NOT gay (pause) and you seem a
little homophobic!

MAC

Oh, big word, but really "thou
protest too much."

PETER

Be good, Mac.

MAC

I'm always good. Well, at least
that is what I used to say, but now
that I'm in the autumn of my life...

WILL

...and the crimson and amber leaves
fall onto the path before me and
cover my fearless feats and
demanding duties of a life that
slowly burns into a useless
smoldering odor.

PETER

Will, that's terrific. ... shows some
real talent.

MAC

(sarcastically)
And even more impressive that you
remembered it, word for word.

PETER

Did you write that Will?

WILL

No, some old writer from New
England
(devilish grin)
I believe it's a passage from
Queen's novel The Great Impasse.

PETER

Oh, yeah, of course.

Peter sneaks a look at Mac. Mac puts down sandwich talks with
a mouth full of food.

MAC
Okay, okay you bastards.
(swallows)
Just leave it alone. Peter, wet
Willie here is in with the program.

Mac takes a big swig of beer and puts mug down forcefully.
Peter turns to look at front door.

PETER
Oh, my, oh my, there she is.

Princess walks in dressed in black leather jacket, black
Danskin top, short black leather skirt and calf length black
boots. Peter stands up and moves toward her.

PETER
Hi there Princess. Are you working
today?

PRINCESS
Do I know you?

PETER
I'm Peter!

PRINCESS
Oh yes, the brilliant TV producer.
Just picking up my check, cowboy.
(looking behind the bar)
Eddie, you got my check?

PETER
It's great to see you. Say, if
you're not working, how about me
and you...

Princess grabs an envelop from Eddie.

PRINCESS
Thanks Boss.
(looking back to Peter)
Sorry, company policy: Don't date
customers... Bad for business, but
thanks for asking.

She walks out with all three guys staring at her.

MAC
I've got to remember that one.
She's a great character for a book.

WILL
Wow, she's so, ah, sexy!

MAC

Don't judge a book by the cover.

Peter sits back down slowly.

MAC

She wants you, Peter. She's just playing hard to get.

WILL

You think so? She seems so disinterested and phoney.

MAC

That's her way of testing a man.

WILL

So, if you stop talking to her that sends a message that you're only interested in sex, right?

MAC

You got it kid. If she doesn't believe that falling in love is part of the equation, then she'll keep her distance. It's your job to make her believe that love is part of the deal.

PETER

(lecturing tone)

While we are first attracted to the opposite sex by how they look and how they can please Mr. Happy...

WILL

Wait, who is Mr. Happy?

MAC

Oh boy, what rock did you crawl from under? Mr. Happy is your winky, your lizard, your stick, your pickle, your schlong, your weiner, your Johnson, your love gun, your firehose, your member, your one eyed monster, your...

WILL

Okay, Okay, I get it. But how would you know that a woman was really stimulating and intriguing if you weren't first attracted to her on some biological level?

PETER

Shit, I don't know.

MAC

And there Mr. Beckley, is the problem. We're so absorbed and programmed to judge people by how they look, we really have to guard against buying the book because of the cover.

PETER

Hey,
(pointing)
Isn't that those Swedish software girls?

Two tall blondes pay their check at another table.

MAC

Yeah,
(fake accent)
Olga and Volva!

Peter jumps up and walks to their table.

PETER

Say, Ladies, if you're bored tonight and wanna hang out with a famous American TV producer? Here is my card, the cell phone number is on there.

OLGA

No, but thank you, we like to please ourselves.

PETER

Okay then, ah, see you in class.

Peter walks back to the table. Swedes walk out of the restaurant.

MAC

What's up with them?

PETER

I get the feeling they are lesbians.

MAC

No shit Sherlock!

WILL
So, we're really not going to the
afternoon lecture?

PETER
I wanted to go over to that beach.
You know where the settlers first
landed here on Block Island.

MAC
I'll go with you Pete.

WILL
I think I'll look around town.

The waitress approaches the table carrying a musical
instrument case.

WAITRESS
Sirs, do you know those women you
were talking to? They left this.

She puts a flute case on the table.

PETER
Oh, yeah, We'll take it to them, we
are in the same seminar. And we'll
take a check.

Waitress walks away and all three men look at the case.

WILL
I guess they play the flute.

MAC
Open that up Peter. Let's see
what's in there.

Mac smiles knowingly and Peter places the case on the table,
clicks that latches and opens it slowly.

PETER
We really shouldn't
(beat))
but just a look.

The case opens and we see the blue velvet lining and in the
slit where the flute would rest is a large black dildo and
strap-on.

WILL
Whoa!

Peter slams the case shut.

MUSIC UP

EXT. WATER STREET - AFTERNOON

Will walks out of the Sand Bar and down Water Street. Whirl of activity of cars and people. Close up of sign ARTFUL DODGER. Will crosses the street and enters the small shop.

INT. ARTFUL DODGER ART SHOP - AFTERNOON

New Age music playing on store's sound system and woman in her late sixties walks to the front of the store.

PROPRIETOR

Good afternoon, son, may I help you?

WILL

Hi, well, ah, I'm just looking if that's okay?

PROPRIETOR

Yes, that is fine. What kind of art do you like?

WILL

I like Warhol.

SAMANTHA

Oh, mother, please. I'm sure our customer would like to see the art for himself.

Will turns around and sees the same beautiful woman he saw at the airport when he arrived. SAMANTHA ADAMS in her blue denim shirt with a strawberry sewn into the pocket, moves seductively in her tight white jeans.

WILL

I'm sorry.

SAMANTHA

Hi I'm Samantha Adams. We own this shop. I see you have met my mother. And what exactly are you sorry about.

WILL

Well, so you're SAM ADAMS. I just had one of your beers.

SAMANTHA

Do you know how many times I have heard that? And I prefer Samantha please.

WILL

Okay, that takes care of the "sorry" part.

SAMANTHA

No problem. What is your name? Are you here on business?

WILL

Well, I'm taking a Seminar... and I'm Will.

SAMANTHA

Oh, Doctor Al? Aren't you missing the afternoon session?

The attractive woman shakes his hand gracefully.

WILL

How'd you know that?

SAMANTHA

It's a small island. Everybody knows everything about everybody. So Will, where do we call home?

WILL

Minnesota.

SAMANTHA

Minneapolis?

WILL

Yeah. I work for Midwest Central Foods.

SAMANTHA

Well, I had one of your cereals this morning.

WILL

I have heard that before. Say, didn't I see you at the airport yesterday.

Will stares at the painting.

SAMANTHA

Oh, that was you, Peace Sign man?

WILL

Yes, that was me. I like this painting a lot.

He points at a painting that is not revealed.

SAMANTHA

That's not for sale.

WILL

It's so simplistic and yet, beautiful.

SAMANTHA

Thank you very much, that's one of mine.

WILL

Oh, you own it?

SAMANTHA

No, I painted it.

WILL

Wow, you're an artist.

SAMANTHA

And you're a cereal man.

WILL

Not really, I'm a
(pauses)
writer.

SAMANTHA

Wow! What have you written?

WILL

I guess I should say, I want to be a writer.

She looks away and seems disinterested.

SAMANTHA

Well I'm sure the seminar will help.

WILL

Yeah, thanks. I better get going.

Will turns to walk out.

SAMANTHA

Wait, where are you going?

Will stops and turns back toward a focused Samantha.

WILL

I guess I should start doing some writing.

SAMANTHA

Wait, I'm curious, how did a writer from Minnesota get involved in pop art?

WILL

I went to this exhibition: Lichtenstein, Shifano and that guy who does that blown glass stuff.

SAMANTHA

Dale Chihuly! One of my favorites.

WILL

Yeah. Way Cool. Well, it was a real pleasure meeting you, Samantha.

SAMANTHA

My pleasure, Mr. Will from Minnesota. And the last name?

WILL

Beckley.

SAMANTHA

Okay Mr. Beckley, please stop back before you leave our wonderful island.

WILL

Thanks. And let me know when you want to sell that painting.

Will shakes her hand politely, then walks toward the door to leave.

SAMANTHA

Please take my card. Send me an email so I can, well, you know, let you know about the painting.

WILL

(looking at the card)
Yeah, great, thanks.

Will leaves. Samantha looks at her mother who is smiling knowingly.

SAMANTHA

Please, don't start. He's not my type.

PROPRIETOR

Nice fellow. Reminds me of that actor... the Spider-Man guy.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Will sits at the table typing away on his laptop, the sun low in the sky. The door opens and Mac and Peter come in, very drunk. Peter carries two large boxes.

MAC

(giggling)

... so I say to the guy, no I want the big one.

Peter laughs, almost trips, then stabilizes himself.

PETER

Hey Will, we've got a surprise for you.

WILL

I was wondering where you guys were.

MAC

(slurring his words)

Well, first we went to this place where the fucking settlers came and it's just a fucking beach... and we followed these chicks to this bar... and we drank some girly lemon drinks...

PETER

Yeah, you shoulda when there Ben... ah I mean, been there Will... yes, he's WILL

(pointing)

and he's MAC

(pointing)

and that means I'm me.

WILL

So what's in those boxes? What is that sound?

MAC

My dear friend these are the breast and biggest Lob-Steers of the land.

(MORE)

MAC (cont'd)

Or, in the land... from the sea, you know.

PETER

We waited for the boats to come in, at the dock.

(singing)

"Sitting on the dock of bay... waiting for the boats to come in."

WILL

Are they alive?

MAC

They're 100 percent alive-a-live Oh my little buddy... and we're going to melt this butter...

(holding stick of butter)

...and boil a big pot of water and make these green monsters into a delicious red feast.

WILL

Don't you have to kill them before you cook them?

MAC

What the fuck are you talking about? You kill them

(burps)

when you cook them...

WILL

I thought you had to cut them behind the head before you drop them in the water. It's more humane.

MAC

What the fuck are you talking about? This isn't Mandingo son... this is a fuckin' Lobster dinner.

PETER

Maybe we should blindfold them all and make them stand against the wall so we can shoot them!

Everyone laughs.

WILL

Well, since you guys are so slammed. Maybe I should cook the dinner.

MAC

What are you doing on the commuter
little Willie?

WILL

Just sending some email. And by the
way, we call it a "computer" in
this country.

PETER

Well there ya go... The seminar is
working... Will has already gotten
rid of his writer's cramp.

MAC

Block... Pete... Writer's Block... that
is why they call it blockster
Islands... "lobsters and blocksters
alive, a live OH!"

WILL

You guys smell like shit. Here's an
idea. You guys take a shower and
I'll make the dinner.

PETER

(smelling his arm pit)
Whoa, he's right. I smell like a
fish; a damn dead fish.

MAC

Okay, you can kill the lobsters
anyway you like Billy; we will get
ready for dinner Mrs. Beckley.

WILL

(laughing)
You guys are so shit-faced!

Will looks down at screen and sees an email come in from
Samantha Adams. He smiles ear to ear.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. MASTER BATHROOM SHOWER - ALMOST DUSK

Mac taking shower, leans against the tile wall of the shower,
cries.

MAC (V.O.)

Why didn't you let me help you?

Quick flashback of the blonde in the car.

MAC (V.O.)

Why did you do that to yourself?

Same girl driving car into garage and door slowly goes down behind her.

MAC

Oh God, please help me through this!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SMITH HOUSE.KITCHEN - NOW DUSK

Will puts plates on the table. Five large cooked lobsters are in the middle of the table with corn on the cob and a large salad. Mac and Peter walk into dining area off the kitchen.

MAC

Wow, did you have Martha Stewart over this afternoon? Where the hell did you get all this stuff?

Mac and Peter walk around the table, Will opens wine bottle.

WILL

You bought the lobsters remember...
(grinning)
... and I called the hotel for the rest of the stuff.

PETER

Where did you learn to do all this?

MAC

I thought you were going to ask the more important question. Did you use the knife to kill them or did you just throw them in the boiling water so you could hear their little screams? Well did you, Punk?

Mac makes his hands like the pinchers of a lobster and rolls his head back and forth.

MAC

"Let me out, let me out"

All three guys sit down at the table and start cracking large lobsters. They eat like men.

PETER

I got a great idea in the shower.

MAC

Oh yeah, hot shot, what do you have?

PETER

Okay, I'm thinking about doing a show about the future.

WILL

Really?

PETER

It's based in the year 2013 and Jeb Bush is President of the United States.

MAC

(opening his mouth,
putting down his fork and
knife)

What are you saying? That could never happen.

WILL

Go on, what is it about?

PETER

Well, since all the countries of the world are at peace, President Jeb declares war on Mother Nature after he proves that she has weapons of mass destruction.

MAC

Oh great. Just great!

PETER

You know earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes and all that stuff.

WILL

(laughing)

You ARE kidding right, Peter?

PETER

Ah... yeah... Hey these lobsters are great.

Will looks at Mac. Mac raises his eye brows. Will smiles, then gets up and pours some more drawn butter.

PETER

Will, tell me about growing up in Minnesota, must have been fun up there in all the snow and ice.

WILL

Summers are better. The best times were when I would go fishing with my grandfather on the lake.

MAC

How touching.

WILL

We would get up early and we would be real quiet so the fish didn't hear us. We'd paddle through the mist to that "perfect place" to catch the best fish.

PETER

I didn't really get 'Big Fish?'

WILL

We would talk and he would listen to me. And he gave me so much wisdom and he would give me what he called "common sense."

PETER

So dude, your grandfather was your light, your role model; your rock.

WILL

Yeah, but he died. He just died one day. He was heading for the lake. He got in the truck, put his seat belt on, and just passed away.

MAC

Well, at least he was wearing his seat belt.

PETER

Mac?

MAC

I don't like death and I refuse to respect it.

WILL

What does that mean?

MAC

Guys, the longer you live, the more dead people you know.

PETER

Your point?

MAC

Well, the more people you watch die around you, the less you have the feeling that death's so sad and terrible.

WILL

But it robs you of time with people you love.

MAC

Yes, it does that, but it starts to drip into your brain that this whole death thing is leading somewhere... and that somewhere is to **your doorstep!**

Changing the subject, Peter reaches over and touches Will's arm.

PETER

So, why the street sign collection dude?

MAC

And what would a psychologist say about that stupid hobby?

WILL

Well, she, ah, my doctor says that it means that I'm a very careful person who doesn't ever want to break a law, so I have this need to know the rules before I start.

MAC

Geez!

PETER

What do you think it means, Mr. All-knowing author?

MAC

OCD thing: Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. He has to have everything in order. Tell me Will, is there a special order to the signs in the book?

WILL

Well,
(pause)
yes.

PETER

What do you mean by "order?"

WILL

The signs start out in the beginning in the order I remember them from when I was a kid. Then I have them again, in the order of 'what kind of sign' they are: Right Turn, Left Turn are together, special crossing warnings together, then ones that protect animals. The deer crossing, the Armadillo crossing from Texas, the kangaroo crossing from Australia, the sheep crossing from Ireland, the camel crossing from Israel, and so forth.

MAC

You know, it's considered unhealthy when one deposits so much emotional energy in something so material and unimportant?

WILL

Well, the rest of me is normal.

MAC

And you like to wash your hands?

WILL

Yes, I like clean hands, what about it? Why would you say that?

MAC

That hand soap dispenser over there,
(pointing at it)
that was full when we got here, and now it's half empty.

TIGHT SHOT OF SOAP

MAC

And that is ANAL RETENTIVE!

WILL

I don't wash my hands a lot and that's a repulsive term.

MAC

Yeah, funny how we put the word "anal" in the name of a disorder that means being overly clean!

PETER

What is this green stuff in the lobster?

MAC

You don't eat that. Don't touch that.

Peter tries to pry the lobster shell accidentally flips the green stuff across the room right onto to Mac's white shirt.

PETER

(surprised look)

I'm so sorry.

MAC

What the fuck?

Mac picks up an ear of corn and throws it at Peter.

PETER

Oh, I've seen this movie before.

Peter grabs a hand full of salad and throws it at Mac.

WILL

Guys what are you doing?

MAC

It's called a food fight junior!

Mac throws his drink in Will's face.

WILL

Fuck you, asshole!

Will picks up a lobster shell and throws it at Mac, then grabs food from table and throws at Peter.

WILL

You guys are crazy. Take that old man. And you Peter, here's a little desert for you.

Will picks up Peter's drink and dumps it over his head.

PETER

Okay okay... Why did I take a shower again?

Will walks over to the kitchen sink and starts to wash his hands.

MAC
(laughing uncontrollably)
This is great. This is the most fun
I've had in a long time. You guys
are funny. Look Peter, HE'S WASHING
HIS HANDS! Out damn spots!

INT. SAMANTHA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Samantha sits in a sexy night gown at a glowing computer screen. She looks down.

INSERT: EMAIL FROM WILL'S ACCOUNT

She smiles, leans forward, reads and laughs, and then starts to answer with great enthusiasm.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mac, with a towel around his neck, returns with three large cigars in his hand.

MAC
You ever smoke a cigar kid?

WILL
No, but I think you're going to
make me smoke one.

PETER
(laughing)
You don't have to smoke one Will.

WILL
No, I want to fit into this
dysfunctional group of alcoholic
writers.

All three walk to the door that leads to the back porch of the house. As they walk outside, Mac grabs the bottle of Tequila from the table.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE. BACK DECK - NIGHT

MAC
Look at those stars.

WILL
I wish my father could see this.

MAC
 (laughing))
 Fuck him! You're with us now.

The three guys on the porch light cigars and look out at the stars and the ocean.

MAC
 Mr. Beckley, we saw you writing today. What are you up to?

PETER
 Yeah Will, what is the secret? What broke the block?

WILL
 Nothing really, just some email.

Will looks down with shy smile, then drags on cigar, coughs.

MAC
 Don't inhale kid, you could end up being president.

PETER
 These are good.

MAC
 Cubans, more exact, Bolivar, the best, what do you expect? Kid, take a drink of this.

Mac takes the top off the bottle and hands it to Will, who is still coughing.

PETER
 You're amazing, Mac.
 (singing a jingle)
 Cure a cough with Cabo!

Will takes a big drink and then screams.

WILL
 Ahhhhhhhhhhh oooooooooooooooooo that hurts.

Will takes another drag on the cigar then chases it with tequila. Hands the bottle to Peter.

MAC
 So, did you find any art today Will?

WILL

Yeah, I met this woman in the art shop.

MAC

A fuckin' woman? Peter call CNN.

WILL

She was really nice and I did see a painting I liked.

PETER

Oh, you mean you found a muse?

MAC

Were you writing about the girl or the painting?

PETER

What painting?

MAC

Would you follow the fucking dialog Pete?

WILL

She's a painter. And there is a painting in her shop. It was the best one (takes a toke) and I asked her how much it costs and she said it wasn't for sale.

MAC

Unattainable delights. Yeah, she's a muse alright.

WILL

What's a muse?

Mac takes a big swig from the bottle.

PETER

A muse is someone who inspires you.

MAC

From the Latin Musa, the nine sister goddesses in Greek mythology. They preside over song and poetry and the arts or in this case a source of word count. A muse for a writer is someone who pops into your life and is there to guide your genius onto the pages of paper.

WILL
Always a woman?

MAC
Yeah, I guess.

PETER
So a female writer would have a
female muse?
(mimicking Groucho with
cigar)
The secret word is "titillating."

MAC
Let me tell you kid, to be a writer
you have to accept several laws.

PETER
This should be good.

Takes the bottle back from Mac and takes a big swig. Puffs
cigar and blows smoke rings into the night.

MAC
You see a writer will always need
three different kinds of women to
be successful.

PETER
I like your theory already Mac.

WILL
Three? I don't even have one woman.

MAC
I see the alcohol is making you
more truthful. Let me explain, all
great writers have a mother, a muse
and a mistress.

PETER
I love the alliteration.
(inquiring look)
It is alliteration, right?

MAC
You need a mother to take care of
you and make sure you don't kill
yourself.

WILL
I have a mother.

PETER

Dude, he doesn't mean that type, he means a YOKO: A mothering type of woman.

WILL

You mean that Beatle guy's wife?

MAC

That brings us to the muse. She told you the painting wasn't for sale.

WILL

Yeah.

MAC

She was saying: YOU CANNOT HAVE ME.

PETER

That's strong. That's really good.

MAC

I'm a fucking writer.

Mac holds his hand up and points at himself.

WILL

What about the mistress?

MAC

(gloating now)

Well, gentlemen, this is the little writer's secret. While you have this stable relationship with the mother figure, you have an unattainable image of the character and strength of the muse motivating you. You still need something to release those chemicals into your brain, that final barrier between being a person and being a great writer.

PETER

This is almost criminal.

MAC

No, no, no!

(Hand like stop sign)

This is all normal.

(MORE)

MAC (cont'd)

A mistress is a woman who cares less about who gets the last dance or where you get your mail. She's in it for only one reason.

WILL

What reason is that?

MAC

To live on the edge for a few minutes, without a care and without responsibility in order to bring you to that wonderful point of explosion.

PETER

D.H. Lawrence?

MAC

Fuck you, this is classic Queen.

WILL

So, what if you don't have any of the three?

MAC

You write copy for the back of cereal boxes until you start living your life. You have to live life in order to write about it.

Peter puts his cigar in the ash tray and goes into the house.

WILL

Maybe I shouldn't be a writer.

MAC

You will be one day kid.

WILL

I cannot believe this is all happening. There I was sitting in that little office, writing these silly cartoons. Now here I am looking out at the ocean, smoking these expensive cigars and getting smashed with a famous writer.

MAC

Yeah, you're the lucky one. You're young. You need to get out of the cereal business and get into the "saying something" business.

WILL

I know what you mean! You make sense when you're drunk.

MAC

I'm not drunk. I'm simply well-oiled.

Back door opens and Peter carries the large deer crossing highway sign. He lifts it through the doorway with the backside facing the guys.

WILL

Hey, what are you doing with my sign?

PETER

I got a great idea. I have our class project. This is great!

Peter slowly turns the deer sign around.

PETER

And here it is, voila!
(pronouncing it viola)

Peter reveals that he has painted a giant erect penis on the deer as it leaps across the road.

MAC

What the fuck?

WILL

Why did you do that to my deer?

MAC

(laughing)
Okay Peter J. Piper, why did you desecrate Mr. Willard's road sign? You put a fucking dick on the fucking deer!

WILL

(laughing)
It looks more like a third leg.

PETER

See, we have to affect 10 people outside of our group, right?

MAC

Yeah, so what does a deer with a dick have to do with those maniacs?

PETER
You got that computer Will, right?

WILL
Sure.

PETER
And you can get on the Internet,
right?

WILL
Yeah?

PETER
We go on the Internet into all
these chat rooms and we start this
rumor about these highway signs
being defaced. And we send a
picture of it.

MAC
How does this qualify as CREATIVE?

WILL
Yeah, this is great. I can't take
that sign on the airplane anyway,
and besides, this is funny.

PETER
Hey, you gotta admit, that is a
pretty good penis I drew.

MAC
Yeah, without an example to call
from... Pretty creative.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SMITH HOUSE. BACK DOOR AREA - EARLY MORNING

Van pulls up to back door, Sheila gets out and walks to the
front door.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. KITCHEN -EARLY MORNING

Sheila sees the mess from the kitchen to the dinning area to
the deck. She sees the defaced deer sign.

SHEILA
Oh my God. Bambi has a big black
dick?
(shaking head)

Slowly fade up sounds:

INT. SMITH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE:

Mac, sleeping, snores like a donkey's 'hee-haw.'

Peter snores like a bear.

Will snores inhaling like sock cymbal/high hat.

The trio sounds like a rhythm section.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. KITCHEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Shelia cleans up, walks over to the radio and turns it on really loud. The hip-hop music on the radio magically is in sync with the snoring. Song blares and she dances her way around the mess.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Mac, in bed rubs his eyes, then moans, and holds his head, gets out of bed and has all his clothes on. With his hair a mess, he walks toward the kitchen and the sound of the music.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sheila walks toward the hallway and yells.

SHEILA

Rise and shine, you crazy people
who like to put penises on streets
signs!

Shelia walks back toward the dinning area and sees Mac, who reaches for he radio and turns it off.

SHEILA

Hey, what you do that for?

MAC

Please Shateekwa! We had a little
party here last night and...

SHEILA

No shit!

MAC

Let's just say that we had a little
too much to drink and right now, I
have the worst hangover...

Mac opens the fridge and looks in.

MAC

Oh, good, a beer, I'll do the Ernest Hemingway hangover cure: Two aspirins

(taking aspirin, then beer)

and then a beer while blindfolded. Shateekwa, can you help me with this napkin?

SHEILA

Just drink the damn beer. The van driver said he'd be back in 20 minutes.

MAC

Oh shit, let me get in the shower, please wake up the rest of the guys, will you?

SHEILA

Yeah sure.
(under breath)
Yes massah!

MAC

And Sheila...

Sheila reacts to Mac using her real name.

SHEILA

Yeah.

MAC

The LBJ reference the other day...

SHEILA

What time zone are you in? That was yesterday.

MAC

Yeah, how did you know that Lyndon Johnson thing about him taking pride in what he could accomplish in six minutes in the morning?

SHEILA

I'm a history buff... I like history.

MAC

Quick. The president who served two terms but not consecutively?

SHEILA

That was Grover Cleveland: 1885 to
1889 and 1893 to 1897.

MAC

Good, right on sister!

Mac walks down the hallway, stops and turns and smiles at Sheila.

INT. CHURCH - LATER THAT MORNING

Entire class looks around as the three musketeers enter and sit down. Mac carries the flute case and walks over to the two Swedes.

MAC

Good morning ladies. You left your
BLT in the restaurant.

They look up and then nervously at each other.

OLGA

Oh, sank you very much.
(beat)
Vat is BLT?

MAC

Big Lucky Toy!

Blank stares from ladies. Mac walks back to his comrades.

LEWIS

You're a flute player Mr. Mac?

MAC

It's flautist goober, and I am sax
man. (smiles) You know what they
say, a little sax is better than no
sax at all!

TED

Good one Mac!

Mac looks at the chicken and then at the celery people.

MAC

If only I had some mayonnaise.

Clock on wall moves from 10AM rapidly with music transition and talk over in background. Clock comes up to 3PM like the "Wheel of Fortune" slows down and stops.

EXT. CHURCH. VAN OUTSIDE - AFTERNOON

Door opens and all three head out the door and walk quickly to the van. They get in and drive away.

INT. SMITH HOUSE.LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Will sits at a table with his computer open full screen on the street sign.

WILL

Look at this shot. This is great!

MAC

Yeah, now how do you do that Internet thing?

PETER

Will please show our grandfather here how the Internet works.

WILL

Yes, let me leave this message.

Will starts to type and reads out loud what he types.

WILL

Can you believe what those kids are doing to our highway signs?

Finishes typing the rest of the message. Will focuses on the screen intensely.

WILL

Well that is strange, I am being invited to a chat room hosted by a group called ANARCHY and EXPRESSIONISTIC ART.

Hits enter button with conviction.

INSERT. CHAT WINDOW - COMPUTER

TWO PEOPLE IN WINDOW: PAGAN126 AND DEERLOVER23.

WILL

See, I sign in as DEERLOVER23, and start to talk.

MAC

Can they hear us?

PETER

No, it's the Internet. It's just a chat room dude.

MAC

Oh, sorry, I need a drink.

(pouring scotch in a glass)

I remember when "chat" meant actually talking. And, SWIPE meant stealing; not paying for something. And we actually DIALED a phone number, now we punch in a number and click and drag and drop. (Looks at glass) As least you haven't changed my little friend.

WILL

Look these assholes are talking to me.

PETER

Send them the picture.

Will types real fast and reads the words.

WILL

I-just-sent-you the picture and don't call me Bambi, JERK OFF.
(hitting return key)

PETER

This guy must be full of shit.

WILL

He claims he just finished writing a virus.

MAC

Virus... what is that all about?

WILL

He says he just launched it to everyone on the Internet.

MAC

Okay, that's more than 10 people, WE WIN!

WILL

Probably just some kid fucking with us.

PETER

Yeah, we can do this later, I'm getting hungry.

WILL

Yeah, maybe this isn't such a great idea.

MAC

Guys, tomorrow, we take the sign to class and I'll do a little speech. We'll say we sent it to a dozen people on the Internet. We get our little certificates and then get the hell out of here.

WILL

Yeah, okay.

PETER

Good plan Mac. Where are we eating dinner tonight?

MAC

We could go over to the house of roti, I hear the waitresses are taking off their burkas and boinking the customers tonight
(smiling)
or we could go back to the Sand Bar?
(winking at Peter)

EXT. IN TOWN. WATER STREET - EARLY EVENING

Jeep pulls into parking space and the three guys get out of car. Will motions to the other two to follow him across the street. Will crosses the street and opens the door and walks into the shop. Peter and Mac trail behind.

PETER

I wonder why they call it Artful Dodger?

MAC

The "Artful Dodger" was Dicken's character Jim Dawkins in Oliver Twist. He was the pick pocket Peter.
(making repetitive 'P' sounds)

PETER
(opening the door)
Dickens, oh, boy you're a
cornucopia of knowledge.

MAC
Surprised "cornucopia" is in your
lexicon.

PETER
No Lexus, I'm a Corvette man.

INT. ARTFUL DODGER SHOP - EARLY EVENING

Samantha Adams, behind the cash register, helps a customer.
Will walks down one aisle, looks at painting. Peter and Mac
enter. Samantha thanks the customers and turns to the guys.

SAMANTHA
May I help you, gentlemen?

MAC
We just stopped in to see Will's
Muse and see the famous painting.

Will covers his face.

SAMANTHA
Excuse me?

Will walks toward Samantha.

WILL
Samantha, hi, remember me?

SAMANTHA
Yes, of course. Thanks for that
email.

Samantha turns to Peter.

SAMANTHA
Say, you look really familiar, who
are you?

MAC
This is the highly talented and
famous TV producer Peter Piper. You
remember that great awarding
winning show, "Nun's Better!"

SAMANTHA

My condolences Mr. Piper, I don't have a problem with the nuns, but some of my best friends are lawyers.

MAC

Yep, Lawyers, Nuns and Money! That's our Peter.

SAMANTHA

(turning to Mac))
And you are?

MAC

MacDonald, Spencer MacDonald.

SAMANTHA

Nice to meet you.
(turning away)
So Will, how is the seminar going?

WILL

Great, I guess.

SAMANTHA

Well, Dr. Alfonso is very funny. I'm sure something positive will come out of it.

WILL

Yeah, I'm sure.

MAC

Mr. Will here says you're quite the painter. Can we see that painting you won't sell him?

WILL

It's an incredible work.

SAMANTHA

Thank you very much Will. Right this way, gentlemen.

Samantha locks eyes with Will and smiles ear to ear.

MAC

Wow, that is amazing. Very inspiring.

Mac nods knowingly and looks at water color painting of a boy in a boat by himself fishing.

WILL

Would you like to join us for dinner, Samantha?

SAMANTHA

I wish I could, but I have to be here tonight. My mother is playing bridge. And besides, I have to get up early tomorrow and read some briefs.

PETER

Underwear?

MAC

No Pete, Samantha here must be a lawyer in real life.

SAMANTHA

That's right Mr. MacDonald.

WILL

You're an attorney?

SAMANTHA

Yes, I'm here on sort of a vacation to help my mother with the shop until my father gets back from the mainland.

PETER

Where do you live?

SAMANTHA

Boston.

WILL

So when do you go back?

SAMANTHA

I'll be driving back on Sunday.

PETER

We leave tomorrow.

SAMANTHA

Yes, right after your little contest. Dr. Al hasn't changed that class since I took it in high school.

PETER

Two years ago?

SAMANTHA

Thank you! Hopefully your flattery will lead to some kind of epiphany for you, Mr. Piper.

Hands Peter her card.

SAMANTHA

Here is my card in case you need any legal advice, especially if you are doing a TV about lawyers.

WILL

So, will you be here tomorrow?

SAMANTHA

(smiling at Will)
Yes, all day Will.

Peter and Mac walk toward the door giving Will some space. Peter reads her card.

PETER

Epiphany? I know this one?

MAC

Epiphany is a good word Peter. It's a sudden perceptual grasp of reality. You don't need it to work in TV.

Peter shakes his head in agreement and they walk out. Will stops and turns back to look at Samantha.

WILL

Thank you so much. I'll send you another email tonight.

EXT. SAND BAR - EARLY EVENING

Three guys walk into the bar.

INT. SAND BAR - EARLY EVENING

They are met at the door by Princess.

PETER

Princess! Hi, how are you?

MAC

Princess, we need a table for three.

Princess smiles politely, motions for them to follow her to the table. She grabs three menus and then drops them on the table and seems distant and rather business-like.

PRINCESS

Have a nice meal gentlemen.

She puckers lips and throws a faux kiss to Peter, and then walks away.

WILL

Whoa, this is too much.

MAC

She's a great character. A real cockteaser workin' the boys at El Roosterama.

WILL

(laughing)

Yeah, you're right.

PETER

She's not a...

MAC

Oh yes she is Brother Peter. You have as much of a chance with her as I do with...

Mac looks up from menu and across the room at Sheila sitting impatiently at the bar. She wearing a tight sexy red dress.

MAC

Excuse me gentlemen I see our wake up call.

Mac gets up from table and moves toward Sheila.

MAC

Hello there, Miss Sheila. It is Miss, isn't it?

SHEILA

Do I know you? I don't think I know you? Are you the guy who likes to slam lobster shells up against the wall?

MAC

Yeah, I like to catch them, kill them, eat them and then throw them at my goofy roommates.

SHEILA

Okay, maybe I do know you? Now what the hell do you want from me, you old scraggly chowder head?

MAC

I just wanted to ask you to make sure we get up early tomorrow.

SHEILA

You're on your own tomorrow. I don't work weekends. Just leave a wake up call at the front desk of the hotel.

MAC

Oh, great. Are you waiting for someone, or would you like to join us for dinner Miss Sheila... ah, Johnson right?

SHEILA

Yeah MISS Johnson. Eat with three guys? Well...

(looking at watch)

... it looks like that broke-dick Leroy is late again. Yeah sure, you can consider it a tip for all the work I had to do at the Smith place.

As they walk back to the table, Sheila shows her confidence by grace of her movement.

MAC

Who's Leroy?

SHEILA

Long story, not important right now.

MAC

Gentlemen, you may remember our wonderful maid Sheila. I thought it would be a good idea if we invited her to dinner. You know, kind of a gratuity for the brutality we have put her through this week.

WILL

Hey, great. How are you Miss Sheila? Wow, you look great!

PETER
I thought it was Sha-teek-wa?

SHEILA
Thank you Will.

Young teenager waitress with braces walks up to the table.

WAITRESS
Hi everyone, my name is Tiffany,
and I will be your wait person.
What would you like to drink?

MAC
(mimicking)
My name is Mac and I will be your
customer. Sheila, what would you
like?

SHEILA
Bourbon, up, make it a double.

MAC
Single malt scotch, Neat

PETER
Margarita... top shelf.

WILL
Tomato juice...

EVERYONE IN UNISON
What?

WILL
...With a little bit
(making two-inch hand
gesture)
of vodka in it.

MAC
This is going to be a great night!

Military-snare drum MUSIC UP

EXT. BLOCK ISLAND AIRPORT - NIGHT

The blue runway lights twinkle. A large military helicopter lands on the helipad. Ten men in suits get out and march from the chopper to two large black Suburban vehicles parked near the far end of the airport. The men, with blue jackets on carry large blue duffle bags. They throw the duffle bags in the back of the vehicles and then race off at breakneck speed.

INT. SAND BAR - LATER IN THE EVENING

Everybody stares at their empty plates. Peter looks up and sees Princess at the bar.

PRINCESS
Eddie, I'm going outside for a short break.

Eddie the bartender nods approval. Peter quickly gets up and moves toward the door.

PETER
I gotta check on something.
(terminator imitation)
I'll be BACK!

Peter follows Princess out the front door. Will looks a little smashed.

WILL
So Sheila, I was reading there are no squirrels on Block Island?

SHEILA
Yes that's right Will.

MAC
No squirrels. I wonder why?

SHEILA
No one brought them here.

WILL
So what do you do with all the nuts?

EXT. SAND BAR. SIDEWALK IN FRONT - NIGHT

Princess leans against the building, smokes a cigarette. Peter approaches.

PETER
On your break Princess?

PRINCESS
Yes, did you need something?

PETER
Well, I just wanted to talk to you.

PRINCESS
Free country.

PETER

There are some who would debate you on that issue these days.

PRINCESS

Look maybe I can cut to the chase here. I really am not interested in a one night stand, or a date, or a relationship.

PETER

Well, so much about freedom.

PRINCESS

Look I was married for five years and have two three year old boys, twins. And their father decided he needed to see the world and left me here all alone. Don't waste your time, just have some fun while you're here on our wonderful little island and don't worry about Princess, okay cowboy?

PETER

See, I thought...

PRINCESS

To put it bluntly, I don't do casual sex.

PETER

I could wear a tux?

INT. SAND BAR. TABLE - NIGHT

Will, Mac and Sheila laugh and smile.

WILL

So, because you don't have any squirrels, you've got all these fucking birds?

SHEILA

Yeah, I guess.

MAC

Are you a bird watcher Will?

WILL

(talking louder)

I like birds. I always wondered how do Finches fuck?

MAC

Okay, kid, you're cut off.

Mac pulls the glass away from Will.

WILL

And I understand why it's called Block Island, because it's a fucking island, but why the fuck did they name the state Rhode Island? It's not a fucking island, it's a little fucking, little tiny piece of...

Peter returns to the table with a long face.

MAC

Peter, I take it that the princess still thinks you're a frog.

WILL

What about frogs? Do you have flogs? I bet you've got dogs on flock island? Well, do ya?

MAC

(winking at Peter)

Why don't you take our little friend Sir Will back to the castle? I think he may have a date with the porcelain goddess a little later, if you get my innuendo.

WILL

Who's in your end dough?
(burping)

PETER

Yeah, sure Mac, how you gonna get back?

MAC

Miss Sheila here says she can give me a ride.

WILL

I don't wanna go home... I wanna learn more about the birds and the frogs... and the dogs and cats and the squirrels. Peter, you know they have no fucking squirrels on this fucking island?

PETER
 (pulling his arm)
 Come on Will, if you're good I will
 let you drive.

MAC
 (mouthing)
 What?

Peter shakes his head 'no way' out of Will's site. They both
 stumble out of the bar.

MAC
 Poor Peter. He still thinks he's
 the cock of the walk. Around here,
 he is just another tourist.

SHEILA
 Well, not all tourists are bad.
 (smiling at Mac)
 You know, I've had a real good
 time. When I first met you I
 thought you were a real asshole.

MAC
 I am a real asshole.

SHEILA
 (laughing)
 Yes, one intense asshole.

MUSIC UP

EXT. SCOTCH BEACH - LATE NIGHT

Two people walk on the beach, carry their shoes and talk.
 Sheila and Mac laugh and smile.

MAC
 You know, I'm not who you think I
 am?

SHEILA
 And I'm Weezy from the
 "Jeffersons!"

MAC
 No, really. I am a writer, but...

SHEILA
 You drunken old fool, I know you're
 a damn writer.

MAC

No really, my real name isn't MacDonald. It's Queen.

SHEILA

I know a lot of Queens and they usually wear makeup.

MAC

No, I'm Stephen W. Queen.

SHEILA

Yeah, the writer, I know, but he has a beard and looks like he's 90 years old.

Mac throws his shoes and socks on the beach and struggles to get his wallet out.

SHEILA

What are you doing in there? Leave those pants on.

He finally gets the wallet out and shows Sheila his driver's license

SHEILA

You must be high! How am I supposed to see this in the dark?

She holds the wallet up to the moon light.

SHEILA

Yeah, okay, so you ripped off Stephen Queen's wallet. So you're a thief and not a writer. I always end up with the losers.

MAC

No, really, I'm him. I mean, I'm me.

SHEILA

I don't care who you are? You're just strange!! Why would you take a different name and do all this. Now you got me worried.

MAC

Don't worry. I'm just doing this stupid seminar to hold off my publisher who wants the advance money back.

SHEILA

How much?

MAC

Ah, one hundred thousand dollars.

SHEILA

(whistling)

Oh BABY! Let's go to Atlantic City!

MAC

I already spent the money.

SHEILA

Then what the fuck are you doing
drinking yourself dead every night?
What are you doing here anyway?

MAC

I'm trying to buy time.

SHEILA

Time is not for sale. I've lost a
lot of time, so I know what I'm
talking about. You need to go back
into your zone and write that next
book. Stop pretending to be someone
else!

MAC

It has to do with my wife.

SHEILA

Oh, now he tells me he's married.
(looking up at the sky)
Why do you test me Lord?

MAC

(turning)

My wife killed herself.

SHEILA

When did this happen?

MAC

Three years ago. It's all because
she couldn't beat the demons in her
head.

SHEILA

You loved her, didn't you?

MAC

Yes, she was a special person.

SHEILA

Of course, you don't feel like doing anything. I know, I went through that part too.

MAC

What do you mean?

SHEILA

My son
(staring into the stars)
was killed in Iraq.

MAC

I'm sorry.

SHEILA

Yeah, so am I. Then his old man drank himself into the grave, stupid shit. And now it's just me, trying to get beyond all this. I see you're still in that guilt trip phase. You keeping thinking, "What if I did this?" or "What if I done that?"

MAC

Yeah, you're right.

SHEILA

Shoulda, Coulda, Woulda!

MAC

What?

SHEILA

You don't get a re-do on it. You just gotta pick yourself up and start to think about what's left in your life, Mac.

(changing the mood)

Now, what the fuck am I supposed to call you anyway?

MAC

What do you want to call me?

SHEILA

I like Mac. You seem like a Mac kind of guy. Maybe you should just become Mac, like a character in one of your books.

MAC
Okay, I'm Mac. Thank you, Sheila.

He kisses her cheek. Sheila looks pleasantly surprised.

SHEILA
Gimme one for the road!

Sheila throws her shoes to the beach and plants a big kiss on his lips and hugs his neck.

MAC
Yeah, one for the road, that was good.

SHEILA
Take it easy now. I don't roll around where the crabs shit. So let's get your sorry ass back to the House.
(mocking, yet mother-like)
You have a big day tomorrow.

MAC
Yeah, I had a great night lady.

SHEILA
Me too. And I'm not preachin'; all I'm trying to say is use those God given gifts my friend. That is why you were put here; to tell stories and help those publishers kill all those trees.

Both laugh and walk, arm in arm, down the beach.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. SMITH HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Phone rings and rings. Hand slowly moves from under a pillow to the phone to answer it.

MAC
Hello.
(beat)
Yes, thanks for the call. Okay,
I'll have nice day.

Mac hangs up the phone, rubs eyes, then looks around the room.

MAC

Okay, where am I? What am I doing?
 What time is it?
 (looking at the clock)
 Oh yeah, Block Island!

Jumps out of bed and runs down the hallway to kitchen. Enters the kitchen area, hears the TV on. He grabs a cup of coffee and walks into the living room. Will and Peter are dressed. They are glued to CNN.

PETER

Mac, good you're up. We were just going to wake you.

MAC

Why didn't you answer the phone?

WILL

We couldn't believe what we heard on TV.

MAC

What is going on?

PETER

Shhhh, here it is again.

All three guys, mesmerized by the TV.

CNN ANCHOR

And the controversy continues with this report from Mary Lou Fletcher in French Lick, Indiana. Mary Lou can you give us a "sense" of what is happening?

MARY LOU

Yes Chuck, within the last twenty-four hours, a computer hacker sent a virus into the Internet with a graphically explicit attachment. The attachment was a picture of a deer crossing sign that was defaced in an obscene manner.

Shows sign with the penis blurred out like TV does. Guys look over at their deer sign sitting in the corner. Then look back to TV in unison.

MARY LOU

Federal officials are extremely concerned. Deer crossing signs all over the country are being defaced.

(MORE)

MARY LOU (cont'd)

We talked to this local resident about her feelings.

LOCAL RESIDENT

This is a shameful thing. With all the things going on in the world today that these kids would do such a thing. Where are their parents?

CNN ANCHOR

Thanks Mary Lou. CNN will keep you posted on the Big Black Buck Controversy. Now let's see what Paris says are the new fashions for the

Peter hits mute button. Will and Peter look to Mac for guidance.

MAC

Mother of God, what's going on?

PETER

I think that Pagan guy is the real deal.

WILL

We shouldn't be connected to this whole thing.

MAC

You're right, this is nuts.

PETER

We are just going to have to say we didn't do our homework.

MAC

Only this time, I don't have to give the money back!

MUSIC UP

EXT. OLD CHURCH - MORNING

Van pulls into parking lot. The three guys get out and walk together into the church.

INT. OLD CHURCH - MORNING

Doors open inside of church and the three schoolboys walk in with the sun behind their backs.

MUSIC STOPS abruptly.

DOC

Let the games begin. Mrs. Peterson,
would you please hand me the basket
with all the team names in it.
Let's see who goes first.

She brings the basket over and Doc pulls a slip of paper out.

DOC

Mr. Victor Adieu and Mr. Obongo
Beatman will go first.

The whole room erupts in applause and screams. Obongo and
Victor walk up to the podium. Obongo waves to everyone.

OBONGO

O is in da house!

VICTOR

Our project is called, "Rap for the
Kids."

MAC

What is this?

VICTOR

Please start the music O.

Obongo starts a cassette boom box with a rhythm track, Victor
starts with these really feeble dance move while Obongo keeps
rhythm with Aborigine sticks, Victor starts to sing.

VICTOR

I gots-ta tell ya, I gots-ta-tell
ya'll. Dat we came here block, doc
helped us rock. And now dat we hab
a groove, hear da news. We can
write da raps, not take naps, and
when he snaps, we come runnin'
cause we're here helpin' da kids,
buyin' da shoes, makin' da blues,
findin' da clues, we're in charge!

OBONGO

(singing chorus)

Power to da people who come ta
getha under da steeple. Power to da
people who walk da earth 'round us
now. From da little clams to da big
fat cow, we are jah people, we are
da new kids on da block..

(MORE)

OBONGO (cont'd)
block island dat is... now ebby
buddie sing!

Everybody starts to clap and cheer.

WILL
What was that all about?

DOC
That is a wonderful song Mr. Adieu
and Mr. Beatman. Let us continue.

Reaches in and draws another piece of paper

DOC
Oh, yes, now the writer's group:
MacDonald, Piper and Beckley.

Polite claps from the class. Mac takes the position at the podium, pulls a yellow legal pad sheet of paper out of his pocket and clears his throat. Will and Peter stand on either side in support.

MAC
Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you so
much for having us here at this
seminar. We are writers. We have
been put here on this planet to
write, tell stories, make people
think and some times help people
laugh. Well, this time, we are
sorry. We weren't able to come up
with an idea.

The entire room falls deathly silent.

MAC
And of course, WE would like to
have OUR Money back!

Peter and Will smile, then the back doors open with loud bang and three FBI agents rush in guns drawn, doors behind the stage open and two more agents rush in with guns, and two men dressed in tactical uniforms crash through the stained glass windows on either side of stage on bungee chords, glass falls all over the floor.

AGENTS
(screaming violently)
FBI! Put your hands on your heads!
Everyone else, stand back and
nobody gets hurt.

Mac looks at Peter and Will like he just got caught with his hands in the cookie jar.

MAC
Cuban Cigars?

AGENT IN CHARGE
Gentlemen, you're being charged with stealing public property, and then engaging in terrorist activities and using the Internet to create civil disobedience on a national scale.
(turning to another agent)
Ralph!

While our heroes are handcuffed, an agent, RALPH, starts the Miranda.

AGENT RALPH
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can, and will...

Ralph continues in B.G. Mac in foreground.

AGENT RALPH
be used against you in a court of law; you have the right to consult with an attorney and/or to have one present when questioned by the police; and if you cannot afford a penis, one will be appointed to represent you.

MAC
Guys, remember the part about remaining silent and let me handle the details.

At the mention of penis, Mac turns to Ralph.

MAC
You better start the Miranda again, Ralph. You messed up that part about the attorney. We have lots of witnesses here...

PETER
Miranda? That red head chick on TV?

AGENT RALPH
 (looking at the agent in
 charge)
 Sir?

AGENT IN CHARGE
 (frustrating look)
 YES, START AGAIN!

INT. BLOCK ISLAND POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Police station lobby is a make shift courtroom. Local police stand on either side of room. Two FBI agents off to the side.

LOCAL COP 1
 What the hell did these guys do?

LOCAL COP 2
 They painted a winky on a deer sign.

LOCAL COP 1
 That's what they did? Just a winky?

LOCAL COP 2
 Yep and that really pissed-off the FBI.

LOCAL COP 1
 Bert, we only have one deer crossing sign on the whole island.

LOCAL COP 2
 Yeah, that's the one, Ernie!

LOCAL COP 1
 Cool!

Two other police officers carry the large Deer Crossing sign through the station and lean it against a chair. An older man, JUDGE MATTHEWS, appears at a side door wearing causal clothes and straw. With his thick New England accent he turns to bailiff standing to his right and throws hat on the table.

JUDGE MATTHEWS
 Looks like the fog is coming in Anthony; going be a good one. The Airport just closed and Betty Lou just flew the last commuter over to Westerly.

BAILIFF
 Yes, Judge. Thanks for coming in for the arraignment.

JUDGE
Okay, let's get this started.

Matthews looks at erect Deer Crossing sign on chair.

JUDGE
Put something over that guys!

BAILIFF
Everyone rise.

JUDGE
Anthony, everyone is standing
already. Just bring them in.

BAILIFF
Yes sir.

Door opens and police lead the accused into the lobby area of the police station, Samantha, walks in, looks up at the Judge and smiles. She raises her hand with an low appropriate "Hi"

BAILIFF
Magistrate Court is now in order;
the honorable Judge Melvin Matthews
presiding.

JUDGE
Gentlemen, welcome to Block Island.
I see you've been enjoying our
little secret here.

Guys look up. Mac has his arms crossed, Will feels his unshaven face and Peter has his hands in his pockets.

JUDGE
Counselor, are you ready for the
pleading.

SAMANTHA
Yes, your honor.

Judge opens a large folder of paperwork and puts on his reading glasses.

JUDGE
Mr. Queen, is that Stephen W.
Queen?

MAC
Yes, Sir.

JUDGE

We haven't seen a new book from you in a few years. Cat got your tongue? Or have you been busy watching our Red Sox?

MAC

Yes, you might say that... or maybe, ah, writer's block.

JUDGE

Oh, you were with Doctor Alfonso? This mess was your project?

MAC

Well no, well, yes, but we weren't really, but I guess....

JUDGE

You can stop with the John Kerry imitation Mr. Queen.

Shakes his head then looks at Samantha.

JUDGE

And Ms. Adams, are you also representing Mr. Beckley and Mr. Piper?

SAMANTHA

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

Is that Peter J. Piper, the TV producer?

SAMANTHA

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

Mr. Piper I should put you in jail just for that horrible TV show!

Police laugh. Judge, with authority, bangs gavel.

JUDGE

Order in the court.

(to the bailiff)

I always love saying that.

(back full force)

Okay, in the Case #4736 Rhode Island v. Messers.

(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)
 Piper, Beckley and Queen in matter
 of theft of public property and
 defacing public property, how does
 Mr. Piper plead?

PETER
 Not guilty, sir.

JUDGE
 Mr. Beckley

WILL
 Not guilty.

JUDGE
 I see, and Mr. Queen.

MAC
 Guilty your honor, it was all my
 idea, sir.

SAMANTHA
 Your honor, the theft of public
 property is a misdemeanor and this
 is his first offense.

JUDGE
 That being said, we'll set bail at
 Fifty Dollars for Mr. Queen. No
 need to keep a writer in jail, he
 might start writing a book or
 something. We'll have a short
 sentencing hearing after this fog
 clears up, if that's okay with
 counsel?

From the back of the room a man clears his throat for
 attention.

AGENT IN CHARGE
 Your honor, may I approach?

JUDGE
 Yes?
 (to bailiff)
 Who is this, Tony?

BAILIFF
 (mouths)
 FBI.

JUDGE
 (looking befuddled)
 Let's hear what you have.
 (MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)

Please state your name and your occupation for the court.

AGENT IN CHARGE

Your honor, I'm Agent Berger, Joseph Berger, Federal Bureau of Investigation.

JUDGE

I sensed that from those big yellow letters on your jacket.

AGENT IN CHARGE

Your honor, these men used a computer to send a virus onto the Internet with an obscene picture attached. They sent it to millions of people. They spread a virus that knocked out computers all over the country.

JUDGE

These guys might be hack writers, but do you really think they are hackers? Besides, who gave you a search warrant?

AGENT IN CHARGE

We piggybacked on the probable cause action by local police on the missing sign. We traced the Internet IP address to the house where the accused were staying.

JUDGE

We didn't issue a search warrant. Mr. Berger, this raid was not done properly. Besides, courts are for attorneys and district attorneys, not federal agents, unless you're testifying.

AGENT IN CHARGE

This is a Federal matter your honor.

JUDGE

And if you check the Constitution and the Bill of Rights Agent Berger, you might see it my way. Now, I say you pack up the hounds and please leave here. We will handle this matter our way.

AGENT IN CHARGE

But we came here on instruction
from the Attorney General.

JUDGE

Okay, tell old "what's his name"
(raising his voice)
that 10 Federal agents busted up
two priceless stained glass windows
in a place called a CHURCH. Not
only is it a church, but if you
would have taken time to notice the
blue sign on the front lawn, it's a
National Landmark, 211 years old.
Do you guys think you have the
right to go into a church without a
warrant? I think not. Thank you,
Mr. Berger.

(under his breath)

At least they didn't send FEMA.

Agent walks toward the door, shakes his head and waves for
other agents to follow. They leave.

JUDGE

Sorry about that interruption. Ms.
Adams, where were we?

SAMANTHA

Yes, your honor. What about Piper
and Beckley?

JUDGE

Mr. Queen has admitted to the
crime, he will, as they say, do the
time. Mr. Beckley and Mr. Piper,
when are you leaving?

SAMANTHA

They were due out tonight, sir.

JUDGE

Airport's closed. The ferry's out
of commission as well. I put them
in your hands Samantha. I trust
they will be on the next possible
craft and get the - well, just get
off the island.

WILL

Thank you, sir.

Judge takes his glasses off and points at Will.

JUDGE

Son, I didn't get what it is that you do?

WILL

(smiling proudly)

I'm, um, I am a writer as well, sir.

JUDGE

Oh, you too, okay. One more thing
(looking at the tree men)
I don't want any of you creative types to do a story about BLOCK ISLAND. No TV shows, no books, no movies. We really have a nice little island here and quite frankly, we already have too many tourists. Got that?

PETER

Yes, sir.

WILL

Yes, sir.

MAC

Yes, sir, but I was just thinking about who would play you, your honor in the movie.

Samantha grabs his arm forcefully

JUDGE

Remember you're not out of the woods yet Mr. Queen. There's still the sentencing. I would tread lightly. You're dismissed, Court's adjourned.

Judge bangs the gavel.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - FOGGY NIGHT

Samantha puts her coffee cup down firmly. Mac, Will and Peter are sitting in a row on the sofa, all with drinks.

WILL

Thank you so much for helping us Samantha.

SAMANTHA

I must say I had better plans. My mother and I were going to watch a DVD.

PETER

We're sorry. What were you going to watch?

SAMANTHA

Casablanca: Her favorite movie.

PETER

Yeah, this fog reminds me of the ending in Casablanca.

SAMANTHA

Yes, only they got away remember?

MAC

Not all of them.
(looking out the window)
It's getting thicker.

SAMANTHA

Please stay here in the house. As soon as this clears up, Matthews will call me and we can get this sentencing out of the way.

MAC

What do you think it will be Sam?

SAMANTHA

Please, it's Samantha. Judge Matthews will probably give you probation. You live in Maine, so he will not let you leave the state until you do something.

MAC

Like what?

SAMANTHA

Some kind of community service; probably have to clean a beach or paint something.

MAC

Hard time. I can handle it.

Samantha stands to leave, lifts her briefcase.

PETER

We really appreciate everything.

SAMANTHA

I'll call. Peter and Will, plan to get off the island as soon as you can.

Samantha steps toward the door, then stops and turns around.

SAMANTHA

You guys are lucky that you got a judge who still believes in what this country was built on.

MAC

(raising his glass)
God bless America!

WILL

Samantha, may I walk you to your car?

SAMANTHA

Yes, I would appreciate that. Good night gentlemen.

Samantha and Will walk out, close door. Peter smiles and looks at Mac.

EXT. SMITH HOUSE. PARKING AREA - FOGGY NIGHT

Samantha and Will walk to her BMW. Just as they get to the car, Samantha stops and turns to Will.

SAMANTHA

(more friendly tone)
I'm home sitting this weekend for a friend and I have to run by there and feed her tropical fish and water the plants. Would you care to come with me? It's right down the road.

WILL

Sure

Will opens the door for her.

SAMANTHA

Thank you, Will.

Will walks around the car and gets in on the passenger side.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - FOGGY NIGHT

Samantha starts the car. We see her beautiful face in the glow of the dashboard lights.

WILL

Nice car.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, thanks. Part of that "Boston image."

(pause)

Say Will, do you have a girl friend back there in old Minnesota

She puts on a slight accent - a la ' Fargo ' with the word Minnesota.

WILL

(nervously)

No, well, ah, I did have a girl friend but...

SAMANTHA

But what?

WILL

Well, when she went off to Texas for college, I guess we just grew apart. She was kinda like my high school sweetheart.

SAMANTHA

That happens. Long time ago?

WILL

Yes.

SAMANTHA

I always figured if you're meant to be with someone, you'll know it. You know, like instantly.

WILL

So, you have a husband, or ah, boyfriend or something?

SAMANTHA

(laughing)

Well, I haven't tried an "or something" yet, but I have a couple of good friends, guy friends, who want me to be their "Girl".

WILL

So you're not married.

SAMANTHA

No, I've never found anybody who I really felt like spending the rest of my life with.

WILL

So you're kinda particular?

SAMANTHA

I'm demanding, but it's not like I have this sign around my neck that says, "Looking for Perfection, all others stay away."

WILL

Most people put too much importance in how people look, or the status thing.

SAMANTHA

Yes, I'm sure that a lotta guys are intimidated by the fact that I'm an attorney.

WILL

Yeah, that is pretty cool. I mean you're like those Lawyers on TV, only it's like, real. You were totally amazing today.

SAMANTHA

Please Will. I've known Matthews all my life. That was like asking my Dad to stay out until midnight.

WILL

I'm sure it's tougher in the big city?

SAMANTHA

(transmitting coyness)

Well yeah... it's real tough. It's not all glamour and glory. Most of it's just a lot of reading and writing and researching the law. I'd rather be painting.

WILL

You should be painting, you're fantastic.

SAMANTHA

Thanks Will. I really appreciate that, you're sweet.

WILL

Ah, no problem.

(blushing)

So where does your friend live?

SAMANTHA

Right here, boy this fog is getting worse.

EXT. SARAH'S CABIN - FOGGY NIGHT

Car pulls into driveway and up to a small cottage with a light on in the living room and one on the front porch. Samantha and Will get out of the car and walk to the front door. Samantha fumbles with the welcome mat and finds the key to the front door. She unlocks the front door and they enter.

INT. SARAH'S CABIN - FOGGY NIGHT

WILL

Wow, this is a neat little cabin.

SAMANTHA

Yes, it's been in Sarah's family for a long time. She lives in Providence.

Will looks across the room and sees a giant tropical fish aquarium.

WILL

Cooooool! Those fish are amazing. Must have cost a fortune?

SAMANTHA

Oh yes, Sarah's fish. She has been into tropical fish since we were little. This won't take too long.

Samantha clicks on the Satellite radio station, soft rock MUSIC UP. She walks over and grabs the fish food containers.

WILL

No problem.

(shrugging his shoulders)

It's not like I have somewhere else to be tonight. Besides, Judges orders Samantha, you're suppose to know where I am, right?

SAMANTHA

Yes, and I got you right where I want you.

INT. SMITH HOUSE.LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac in kitchen refreshing his drink.

PETER

Can we have a little confidential conversation?

MAC

Sure, what gives?

PETER

I got this idea for a TV show, but I really need your permission.

MAC

I'm all ears, you want another drink?

PETER

No, I'm fine. Here's the idea. It came to me last night. A show called, Mr. Menage A Tois!

MAC

Go on, if you must.

PETER

It's a guy who is married but has two girl friends on the side. Get it: A mother, a mistress and a muse. The wife is the mother and...

MAC

You mean 'quatre!' A guy and three women would be FOUR not three, like 'menage a quatre!'

PETER

No, No cats, just three women.

(beat)

Then, it's okay if I steal your concept?

MAC

Promise me that my name is never, ever, mentioned.

PETER

Done.

The two men shake hands.

INT. SARAH'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Samantha stands in front of the refrigerator, the light shining on her face from the aquarium.

SAMANTHA

Will, would you like a root beer float?

WILL

Sure!

Samantha opens fridge and bends over to look inside. Will admires the view. Samantha gets two cans out, places them on counter, then turns to open freezer.

SAMANTHA

Yep, we've got some Vanilla Ice Cream.

WILL

Great! My grandfather used to make them for me when I was a kid.. up at the lake..

SAMANTHA

Well, you can tell him that you had one in the **great state** of Rhode Island.

WILL

He passed away ... ah, a while ago.

SAMANTHA

Oh, I'm sorry. You must have been close to him.

WILL

Yeah, closer to him than I am with my father.

SAMANTHA

Grandparents are like that. They give a lot more than parents. I guess they see the positive things in us while our parents are always trying to "fix us."

Samantha scoops out the ice cream into glasses and then pours the root beer over the ice cream. The foam over-flows onto the counter.

WILL

Okay, Okay Samantha. Crazy girl.

SAMANTHA

Oh shit, where are the paper towels?

Her cell phone rings while reaching for the towel. Looks back and forth, grabs towel and then Will jumps up and she playfully throws the towels to him and then grabs phone.

SAMANTHA

Adams here. Oh Mom, yeah I'm okay. I just spilled some root beer. I'm over at Sarah's house.

(beat)

Yes, the fog is thick. Yes,

(beat)

Well, I think I can get home alright. I've done it before.

(beat)

Yes, Yes mother... if I think it's too dense I'll stay here. I have my cell phone. Yes, okay, I might stay here, so don't wait up for me. Okay, I love you too. Good night Mother.

She clicks phone off, Will cleans the counter and glasses.

WILL

You seem to have a good relationship with your Mother.

SAMANTHA

She hated that her little girl wanted to be an actress then worse, became a LAWYER. She wanted me to stay here and be an artist.

WILL

So she tried to control you too?

SAMANTHA

Parents always think they know what's best for their kids, when in reality; they actually force us to do the opposite from what they want us to do.

They both move toward the living room, Samantha dims the lights as she enters the room. They sit on a large sofa.

WILL

You're really not like any woman I have ever known.

SAMANTHA

You have a poet's heart. So Will... back to the subject of happiness.

WILL

Yes, you mean like the way I feel right now?

SAMANTHA

Okay, so you're a sucker for root beer floats. But I wanted to ask, have you ever been in love?

WILL

Sure.

SAMANTHA

I don't mean that "going steady" kind of relationship, I mean falling totally in love with someone.

WILL

Yes, it's really a wonderful feeling. It's like a chemical reaction inside. You wake up in the morning with all this energy and optimism.

SAMANTHA

Yes, and the first thing you think of when you wake up in the morning is the person you love.

(romantic smile man)

Yes, and it's almost like being on drugs. Chemical reactions are good things.

WILL

Is love good for you Samantha, or bad? Some times, for me, I'm not sure.

SAMANTHA

(moving closer)

Love is good Will, don't ever forget that.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Love can be more than chemical, it can be mystical. It's the difference between living and **really living.**

WILL

Right now, you look so beautiful.

Samantha puts her glass down.

SAMANTHA

Thank you Will, I love your openness and honesty. When you saw my painting, it was like you were discovering life for the first time. You weren't just looking at the colors, you were actually feeling the emotion of the painting.

WILL

Why was it there, in the shop, but not for sale?

SAMANTHA

My art is my heart, my soul, hung up on the wall. I just put one out because I was feeling a little empty that day and I was being selfish, it was there just to make me feel better. I had just put it out a few minutes before you came in.

WILL

Awesome timing for me.

Will puts his glass down and reaches out gently. He touches her gently, then squeezes her hand.

WILL

Sorry about the cold hands.

SAMANTHA

Cold hands, warm heart.

WILL

You're phenomenal.

SAMANTHA

You just took my breath away.

MUSIC UP

Through the aquarium, we see Samantha and Will move slowly closer. They reach out for each other. Will kisses Samantha. They hug energetically and then shot focuses on fish.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. POLICE STATION. COURTROOM - EARLY SUNNY MORNING

Will and Peter, in suits, stand next to their suitcases. Mac stands next to Samantha in front of room.

JUDGE

Since this is your first offense
Mr. Queen, I sentence you to 30
hours of community service that
must be completed before you leave
the island. And you must pay for a
new sign. The department of
transportation will send a bill to
the court tomorrow.

MAC

But...

Samantha grabs his arm and squeezes.

JUDGE

Do you have a place where you can
stay Mr. Queen?

From the back of the police station, near the door, Sheila raises her hand.

SHEILA

Yes sir, he'll be staying with me.

Mac and Samantha turn around surprised to see Sheila.

JUDGE

And you are?

SHEILA

Sheila Johnson.

JUDGE

Ben Johnson's daughter?

SHEILA

Yes, sir.

JUDGE

Good man. God rest his soul.
 (reflective pause)
 For the court records, please state
 your address Miss Johnson?

SHEILA

Forty South Shore Road, Sir.

JUDGE

Very good. Mr. Queen, Mrs. Patrick
 from Community Services will be
 calling on you tomorrow to set up
 the community service obligations.
 She'll track you down tomorrow.

SAMANTHA

Thank you your honor.

JUDGE

Have a safe trip to Boston
 Samantha. Tell your father I said
 hello.

Cracks the gavel on the desk, then pauses and then points at
 Will and Peter.

JUDGE

This Court is now closed. You boys
 are leaving aren't you?

WILL/PETER

Yes sir, we're leaving now.

Peter and Mac walk out the door with Sheila. Will walks to
 Samantha with a big smile on his face. He gets close to her
 and whispers.

WILL

That was the most amazing night of
 my life.

SAMANTHA

It was wonderful Mr. Beckley.

Peter, Mac and Sheila are out of the room. Will shakes her
 hand, then kisses her cheek and gets closer to her ear.

WILL

I love you.

SAMANTHA

Think about coming to Boston.

Will slowly walks toward the door to catch up. He turns and gives a little wave that turns into a peace sign. He stops at the door next to a large trash receptacle. Reaches into his suitcase, pulls out his scrapbook and throws it into the trash. Looks back and smiles.

INT. AIRPORT DINER - SUNNY MORNING

Will and Peter wait to get on their different commuter planes to the mainland. Sheila sits next to Mac. All have coffee.

MAC
So Peter, flying back to LA?

PETER
Yes, got a great idea for a TV show!

Peter looks at Mac with this big grin.

SHEILA
Nice meeting you Mr. Peter.

PETER
My pleasure Sheila. And Stephen, thanks for taking the rap! What a trip!
(singing)
What a long strange trip it's been.

MAC
Hey, no problem. Staying a little longer will probably be good for me.

A small plane pulls up to terminal.

MAC
Hey Peter, that's your plane, isn't it?

PETER
Yeah.
(turning to Sheila)
Thanks for putting up with us.

SHEILA
You know this place won't be the same without you guys.

PETER
I'm sure of that.

Peter gets up and reaches out to give Mac a high five and connects with him with a power handshake, then turns to Will.

PETER

And you Will, need to stop hanging out with crazy writers. You need to promise your mother that you stay away from writers.

WILL

Sure, if you stay away from nuns.

PETER

Okay, Okay, later dude. Let's keep in touch.

Peter hands him his card and gives Will the devil horns.

MAC

Come on, I'll walk you to the plane. I've always wanted to stand on a tarmac.

They walk out of the small little terminal.

PETER

Yeah, whatever a tarmac is?

MAC

It's a combination of the word "Tar" and "Macadam" - the Scottish guy who built roads.

PETER

Amazing Mac, you know everything.

EXT. AIRPORT. TARMAC - MORNING

Now near the commuter plane. Shouting over the props.

PETER

Mac?

MAC

Yeah.

PETER

Let me ask you...

MAC

Yeah.

PETER

Sheila?

MAC
What about her?

PETER
Muse? Mother? Or Mistress?

MAC
Just a friend Peter. Just a good
female friend.
(raising his eyebrows)
Maybe that's what's been missing?

They shake hands, then Mac gives Peter a little friendly punch on the arm, steps back and waves.

INT. AIRPORT DINER - MORNING

WILL
He's like a father figure I guess.

SHEILA
Yeah, there's a lot going on...
(stopping short)

Mac walks back to the table and sits down.

MAC
One down and one to go, hate
goodbyes. Hey kid, do you have your
motion sickness pills?

WILL
Yeah, but I wanna try this next
flight without them.

MAC
Oh, flying without a net?

WILL
Yeah, you might say that.

MAC
Before you leave, tell me what you
are going to write?

WILL
I have your address. I promise to
send you a rough draft so you can
rip it a new one; slice and dice.

MAC
Every good writer has a good
editor.

WILL
And behind every great man ...

MAC
... is a dream.

Noisy commuter plane pulls up to the loading area, they all look out the window.

MAC
This is you, Will. Come on, let's get this over with.

Sheila, Mac and Will walk out of the diner to the loading area.

EXT. AIRPORT. LANDING - MORNING

Sheila stays on the steps. Mac and Will walk out closer to the plane.

WILL
Thanks for all your help this week
Mac, it was really illuminating.

MAC
(shouting)
Good word, Kid.

WILL
Yeah.

MAC
What happened with you and that lawyer girl last night? I didn't hear you come in.

WILL
Oh nothing, we just went out for a root beer float at her friend's house.

MAC
Root Beer?
(nodding)
Cute girl.

WILL
Yeah. Real special.

Mac reaches out to shake hands, but then quickly hugs him instead and whispers in Will's ear.

MAC

Be your own man, Will.

WILL

(moving away now)

Thanks Mac. Thanks a lot.

Will turns and gets on the small commuter airplane

Dramatic MUSIC UP.

Pilot closes the door and gets in other side. Plane starts to roll. Mac and Sheila walk toward the parking lot hand in hand. Will looks out the airplane window, smiles and waves.

MUSIC UP

Plane taking off into the blue sky.

FADE OUT.