

"DELIVER ME"

Written by  
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"DELIVER ME"

FADE IN:

INT. LOS ANGELES COURTROOM - JUDGE JUDY SHOW - DAY - EST.  
MAY 2011

Dramatic TV THEME MUSIC introduces JUDGE JUDY.

TV ANNCR (O.S.)

*You are about to enter the  
courtroom of Judge Judith  
Sheindlin. The people are REAL.  
The cases are REAL. The rulings  
are FINAL. This...is JUDGE JUDY.*

FEMALE PLAINTIFF, TIFFANY TASSELS, walks in. She's a  
ditsy, 21-year-old college student. She's wearing a  
dangerously short skirt and sorority pendant.

TV ANNCR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Plaintiff, Tiffany Tassels, is  
suing her ex-boyfriend, Richie  
Webb, for unpaid rent and  
utilities.*

MALE DEFENDANT, RICHIE WEBB, follows her in. Richie is a  
self-absorbed, 33-year-old slacker. His harmless, lovable  
attitude makes up for his average-looks and sloppy  
appearance. He's the underdog that never gets the girl.

TV ANNCR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Defendant, Richie Webb is counter-  
suing for emotional duress,  
medical bills and his half of the  
fish tank.*

BALIFF

All rise.

JUDGE JUDY enters and takes her seat. She glances at the  
case file, then turns to Tiffany.

JUDGE JUDY

Miss Tassels, it says here that  
you are suing Mr. Webb, for  
\$4,800, correct?

RICHIE

(interrupting)  
Call me Richie.

JUDGE JUDY

I wasn't speaking to you MR. WEBB.  
Wait your turn.

RICHIE

Yes, sir. Um, ma'am...Your honor.

JUDGE JUDY

Miss Tassels, is that correct?

TIFFANY

Yes. Here is our rental agreement.

(hands over document)

Along with the bills that I paid after I, like, kicked him out of the apartment.

JUDGE JUDY

Did you actually kick him out or did you "like" kick him out, Miss Tassels?

TIFFANY

I actually...

RICHIE

I left on my own because she cheated on me, your honor!

JUDGE JUDY

PUT A SOCK IN IT, Mr. Webb!

(turning back)

So why did you kick him out?

TIFFANY

Because he was a deadbeat boyfriend and roommate. He, like, never had a job or paid for stuff...

RICHIE

PERJURIST!! I owned a health spa for dogs that was going very well until an unfortunate corgi accident...

JUDGE JUDY

A corgi accident?

RICHIE

Yes, they're like wiener dogs only fancier.

JUDGE JUDY

I know what a corgi is. I was asking about the accident...ohh, nevermind.

(turns to Tiffany)

Go on.

TIFFANY

...He never once took me out to dinner. And I'm in college.

RICHIE

She hit me in the face with a hot slice of pizza! A Little Caesar's \$5 Hot-N-Ready! I have the receipt right here. Exhibit A.

(tries to hand over  
receipt)

JUDGE JUDY

MR. WEBB! The receipt for pizza proves nothing. NOTHING! Other than you are a complete idiot!

RICHIE

Have you ever had a Little C's Hot-N-Ready?

JUDGE JUDY

Irrelevant.

RICHIE

The cheese is like molten lava...

JUDGE JUDY

In all my years, I've never...

RICHIE

...NEVER had molten lava thrown in your face, I KNOW!!! That's what I'm saying.

JUDGE JUDY

SILENCE, MR. WEBB!

Judge Judy slams down the gavel. She's heard enough.

JUDGE JUDY (CONT'D)

Let's make this very easy.

RICHIE

(still ranting)

...It took a miracle of God and vitamin-E oil to heal my face!

JUDGE JUDY

Judgement for the plaintiff in the amount of \$4,800. Take my advice, Mr. Webb. Get a job. Grow up. And date someone your own age.

RICHIE

Grow up? Who are you to judge me?

JUDGE JUDY  
You're not even making sense. Your  
countersuit is dismissed too.

Judge Judy slams her gavel down and stands to walk out.

RICHIE  
But half those fish are mine!

JUDGE JUDY  
Keep talking, and I'll award her  
for pain-and-suffering too.

Richie turns to Tiffany, begging...

RICHIE  
At least, give me Fin Solo and  
Gillbacca back.

Tiffany turns her nose up at him and storms off. Richie  
stands dejected.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COCONUT PALM APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT

Camera pulls back to reveal RICHIE and BUCK, his 75-YEAR-  
OLD MAINTENANCE MAN, watching the rerun of Richie's day  
on the "JUDGE JUDY SHOW".

RICHIE  
Not bad, huh? They say the camera  
adds 10 lbs., but if you ask me, I  
look pretty good.

BUCK  
And if you ask me, you just got  
your ass whupped by Judge Judy.

RICHIE  
Eh, c'mon. Judith loved me. What  
do you know?

BUCK  
I know I'd *do her*. Saw her in a  
bathing suit in *PEOPLE* magazine.  
That old lady's still got it.

Buck stands up, plunger in hand, and walks to the  
bathroom.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
Alright, let me get back to it.

RICHIE

Have at it.

Richie tosses the remote aside. He gets up from his SOUR PATCH Lazy-Boy recliner and walks into his bedroom.

Everywhere we turn in Richie's apartment, we see branded marketing novelties: A YORK PEPPERMINT PATTIE camping chair sits in the corner with a SHAM-WOW T-shirt draped over it. A DR. PEPPER mountain-bike stands amongst a pile of MAXIM magazines.

His bed sheets are branded: AMERICA'S GOT TALENT.

Richie sits down at his computer and logs onto:  
MAIL-ORDER-MRS.com.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNLEVY INTERNATIONAL INC. - DAY

INT. LUXURIOUS CONFERENCE ROOM

The room has all the glitz and glamour you'd expect from a high-class, international business meeting.

The door swings open and in rushes MITCH STEVENSON -  
30's, handsome, married, father of three. He's the  
TRANSLATOR and he's late...as always. He's the married  
guy, envious of his single friends and their freedom.

MR. DUNLEVY, Mitch's boss, quietly takes him aside to discuss their agenda.

MITCH

Sorry. Caught in traffic. They  
ready?

At the conference table, sits TWO of DUNLEVY's PARTNERS and a foreign investor, MR. KAWANOCKI, impatiently waiting for the meeting to begin.

MR. DUNLEVY

Mitch, Mr. Kawanocki is very close to signing this deal. Stick to the facts and make it happen.

MITCH

(concerned)  
Yes, but Mr. Kawanocki is an A-#1 asshole.

MR. DUNLEVY  
This is a monumental business  
deal. Just do your job and  
translate.

Mitch and Mr. Dunlevy walk back and sit down.

MR. KAWANOCKI  
(stern, in Japanese  
with English  
subtitles)  
Good day, gentlemen.

MITCH  
(translating)  
Good day, gentlemen.

MR. KAWANOCKI  
(in Japanese with  
English subtitles)  
Do you think I am stupid, Mr.  
Dunlevy and your two cock-suckers?

Taken aback, Mitch quickly improvises.

MITCH  
(translating)  
Good day, Mr. Dunlevy and your two  
fine colleagues.

MR. DUNLEVY  
Yes, yes. Good day.

MR. KAWANOCKI  
(in Japanese with  
English subtitles)  
I wouldn't offer this deal to a  
dog. And we eat dogs in Japan. So  
that is not a compliment.

MITCH  
(desperately trying  
to cover)  
Um, uh, though facets of this deal  
are spot on in Japan, there are  
others that require more polite  
negotiation.

MR. KAWANOCKI  
(angrier, in Japanese  
with English  
subtitles)  
I will find your family and murder  
them. I will burn your house down  
and shit down its neck!!!

MITCH  
(struggling to keep  
up)  
If we were in my homeland, I would  
invite you over for dinner.

Mr. Dunlevy smiles awkwardly, sensing something is amiss.

MR. DUNLEVY  
Thank you. We would like that.

MR. KAWANOCKI  
(in Japanese with  
English subtitles)  
I am going to my Toyota Sienna to  
get my Samurai sword and then I  
will return and have my vengeance.

Mr. Kawanocki storms out.

MITCH  
(nervous, frightened)  
Excuse him, he needs to go to his  
sporty mini-van now...and get his  
lucky pen that he uses...on such  
blessed occasions.

Mr. Dunlevy and his partners look confused. Mitch smiles  
awkwardly.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
So that went well.

Mitch taps his finger nervously on the table, then quickly  
presses a button on the conference phone.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Sandra, call security and place  
the office in lock-down.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE APHRODITE PLASTIC SURGERY GROUP — DAY

INT. PATIENT'S EXAMINATION ROOM

The examination room is showered with soft, accent  
lighting and comfortable, reassuring colors.

A WOMAN, 50's, sits on the examination table, wearing  
only her bra and panties.

The door swings open and DR. CARL REILLY bounces in. He's  
in his early 30's, a plastic surgeon, handsome, charming  
but deeply shallow. He's single — and loving it.



CARL  
Hi, I'm Doctor Reilly.

WOMAN  
Will you be my plastic surgeon?

CARL  
No, no, I'll be your "body  
sculptor". The term "plastic  
surgeon" is so impersonal.  
(looks at her file)  
Oh, I see you'll be going with our  
"Buy One Boob, Get One Free" Deal?  
Good call.

Carl grabs a Sharpie.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Personally, I wouldn't change a  
thing. You are absolutely  
gorgeous. BUT if this is something  
you really must do...

He begins marking the areas of adjustments he needs to  
make.

CARL (CONT'D)  
...then I'd fix here...and here.  
A lil' nip there...a tuck there...  
obviously we're going to augment  
there...liposuction there...nip...  
nip...tuck... and finally a lift  
there and there.  
(beat)  
And...nip...suction...suction...  
and done.....nip.

We now see that the woman's body is completely covered  
with black marks. She looks like she's had Einstein's  
theory of relativity scribbled all over her face and  
body.

CARL (CONT'D)  
So again, just a few minor  
adjustments and you'll be "as good  
as young" again.

He smiles warmly at her.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Now I'm gonna need that coupon.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT — DAY

Richie is still surfing MAIL-ORDER-MRS.com.

After browsing the profiles of exotic Mail-Order Brides, he quickly types an email to his FAVORITE and hits SEND.

He logs off, grabs his jacket and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. — LOS ANGELES FREEWAY — RED SUBARU OUTBACK — DAY

ECU of car's front quarter panel on the passenger-side. It's smashed in.

Camera pulls back to reveal RICHIE driving in the CAR POOL LANE. Sitting in the passenger seat is a MANNEQUIN (male).

With each bump in the road, the mannequin falls over, face down, into Richie's lap. He pushes it back into position. Then puts on his blue-tooth and dials.

CUT TO:

EXT. MITCH STEVENSON'S HOUSE — DAY

INT. KITCHEN

Mitch is just walking in the door from work. He looks beat up from his stressful day. He sets his keys on the counter and sees there's a NOTE FROM JULIA:

MITCH, 5:30 PARENT-TEACHER CONFERENCE. DON'T BE LATE.

He looks at the clock on the wall. It's 6:10.

MITCH  
(angry, to himself)  
You've got to be kidding.

Mitch's CELL PHONE RINGS. It's Richie.

We INTERCUT BETWEEN Richie and Mitch's phone call.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Hello?

RICHIE  
(disguising his voice)  
"Yes, I'm calling on behalf of the  
— FUCK! SHIT! —  
(MORE)

Turrets Syndrome — RIM JOB! —  
Society. I'm looking for one Mitch  
— FUCKING ASSHOLE! — Stevenson. Is  
he — SMEGMA! — home?"

MITCH  
(bothered)  
What's up, Richie?

RICHIE  
(normal voice now)  
How'd you know it was me?

MITCH  
Because you've been using that  
same jackass voice since we were  
in high school.

RICHIE  
Whatever, dude. You busy?

MITCH  
Not anymore.

RICHIE  
Perfect, then. I'm heading to your  
place right now. Got some  
important news. -- Oh, and gotta  
return your car. Kinda scratched  
it up a bit. See you soon.

Richie hangs up.

MITCH  
You scratched my...? Hello?  
Mitch stares at his phone in disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SUBARU OUTBACK — DAY

Richie hangs up and reaches for the radio. Every station  
he turns to is barely audible.

The only station that comes in clearly is playing:

"YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY" by BRITNEY SPEARS.

RICHIE  
No, Britney! You drive ME crazy!!!  
Richie starts PUNCHING THE RADIO, causing him to swerve.

With that, the MALE MANNEQUIN FALLS FACE-FIRST into RICHIE'S CROTCH just as a FAMILY CHRISTIAN MISSION van drives up.

The van is packed with SCHOOL CHILDREN.

From the van's angle, it appears as if Richie is getting a BLOW JOB. Disgusted, the MOTHER screams out.

MOTHER

Have you no decency?! You sicko!

Embarrassed, Richie quickly grabs the mannequin's hair and the HEAD POPS OFF.

He turns to show it's just a mannequin, but now the DISEMBODIED HEAD is even more shocking. -- THE KIDS CRY OUT IN HORROR!!!

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Hide your eyes, children! God will protect you!!!

The van speeds off. Richie looks at the mannequin head dangling from his hand, then drops it back in his lap.

CUT TO:

EXT. — MITCH'S HOUSE/STREET — DAY

Richie pulls up to Mitch's house. As he reaches the porch, Mitch opens the door and steps out. They "man hug".

RICHIE

Good to see you, fucker.

MITCH

You too, ass-wipe.

Mitch glances down at his car in the street and sees what appears to be a person in the passenger seat.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Who's that?

RICHIE

That's MANNY.

MITCH

You going to invite him in?

RICHIE

Not sure Manny cares. He's a mannequin.

MITCH  
Manny's a mannequin?

RICHIE  
Yeah, I got him so I can drive in  
the car pool lane. Sweet, huh?

MITCH  
Fucked up is more like it...  
(he stops)  
But not as fucked up as that.

Mitch has spotted that the front, passenger-side is  
mangled. He pushes and pulls on the quarter panel.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Lucky for you, it doesn't appear  
to have compromised the frame.

RICHIE  
But not so lucky for you because  
this is the part I'm most  
concerned about.

Richie reveals the entire driver's side of the car is  
shredded. Long black and silver scrapes cover the side.  
The driver's door is barely hanging on.

MITCH  
You...you...completely totaled...  
Julia's gonna kill me.... and you.

RICHIE  
It's actually a funny story.

MITCH  
(pissed)  
Oh, by all means, humor me inside.

They turn to walk inside.

RICHIE  
Hey, I think there might be  
something wrong with your radio  
too. Might want to get that  
checked.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Mitch and Richie walk into the kitchen. Richie walks over  
immediately picks up Mitch's cell phone off the counter  
and begins dialing.

MITCH

You got a phone. Use it.

RICHIE

Calling Carl. Gotta save my minutes.

MITCH

Can we focus on my car first?

RICHIE

Please. I'm on the phone. Show some respect.

CUT TO:

INT. APHRODITE PLASTIC SURGERY GROUP - PATIENT'S EXAMINATION ROOM

A DIFFERENT WOMAN/PATIENT, 40's, sits on the examination table. Her back is to the camera.

CARL

Personally, I wouldn't change a thing. You are absolutely gorgeous...

Camera swings around and we see she is covered in black marker for all her cosmetic changes.

CARL (CONT'D)

...BUT if this is something you really must do...

Carl's phone rings. Mitch's photo appears on the Caller ID.

CARL (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Gotta take this.

We INTERCUT BETWEEN Richie and Carl's phone conversation.

CARL (CONT'D)

Mitch, what's up?

RICHIE

It's Carl, douche-bag. You free tonight? Let's grab some beers. Got some important news.

CARL

Yeah, sure.

RICHIE

Grady's at 9.

CARL  
Perfect. I'll bring Wentzie too.

RICHIE  
No, please...

Carl hangs up and turns back to the woman.

CARL  
So, got that coupon?

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S KITCHEN

Richie turns to Mitch.

RICHIE  
Wentzie's coming.

MITCH  
Please, not him. I need a Power  
Bar just to get through a  
conversation with that guy.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GRADY'S TAVERN - 9:30 PM, THURSDAY NIGHT

Dark, hip, laid-back bar. -- Richie, Mitch and Carl are all sitting around a table, drinking beers, listening to WENTZIE monopolize the conversation with one boring story after another.

WENTZIE  
...who the hell are they to tell  
me I can't build a pool on my own  
property?

The guys stare blankly off into the distance.

WENTZIE (CONT'D)  
So long story short, they put a  
lien against my house. These  
fuckin' gestapo Home Owner  
Associations are out of control.

Wentzie looks to the guys for their reaction. None.

WENTZIE (CONT'D)  
Long story short, I've got to  
either petition my neighbors to  
revise the neighborhood building  
code or pay the fine.

RICHIE

(fed up)  
Wentzie, just so you know, when  
you say "long story short" TWICE  
in ONE conversation, it actually  
is a *LONG STORY*. NOT the short one  
you keep promising us!

The guys laugh. Wentzie leans back, embarrassed.

MITCH

So Richie, why are we all here?

RICHIE

I'm getting married. I've had it  
with dating.

MITCH

Ohh, perfect reason to get married  
then.

RICHIE

So I ordered a mail-order bride  
from Kazakhstan. I just want a  
wife and a family. Is that so bad?

MITCH

Yes. Actually, it is.

CARL

So how's this mail-order bride  
thing work? You put her on layaway  
or something?

WENTZIE

Does that mean you can only have  
sex with her in installments?

MITCH

Richie, you have no idea what  
you're getting yourself into.

RICHIE

Here she is...my bride-to-be. Her  
name is Helena.

Richie pulls out a PHOTO:

HELENA is stunning. Long, black hair. Smooth, milky white  
skin and sparkling eyes.

Mitch passes the photo to Carl.

CARL

It will never work.



RICHIE

What?

CARL

You're not in her class. And you certainly don't have enough money to keep her married to your sorry ass.

MITCH

What do you mean?

CARL

It's simple mathematics. On a scale of 1-10, Richie here is a SIX. — And I'm being kind because we're friends. Helena, on the other hand — *now I can't see her ass* — BUT she appears to be a 9 or a 10. Which means there's more than a two point differential between you and her. Anything outside -2 or +2 in the "looks department" and you, my friend, are heading to Splitsville.

RICHIE

Whatever. I'm done with the games. Done with American women.

WENTZIE

Maybe a Mail-Order Bride isn't such a bad idea. Statistically speaking...

MITCH

I need a Red Bull STAT!

WENTZIE

...the divorce rate for traditional "love marriages" is around 55%. For Mail-Order marriages, the divorce rate is only 20%. So...

RICHIE

... SO clearly the odds are in my favor!

CARL

Hey, I am all for this! I've seen some of the things Richie dates.

Carl stands up to rally the troops.

CARL (CONT'D)

Saddle up, bitches! This calls for  
a BACHELOR PARTY!

MITCH

Nice. Nothing like one stupid-ass  
decision followed by another.

The guys toss back their drinks and leave the frame. A  
beat later, Richie comes back into frame and finishes the  
last swig of Mitch's drink. Then dashes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BBQ & BABES STRIP CLUB — AFTER MIDNIGHT

INT. BBQ & BABES STRIP CLUB

Pulsing lights flicker. Dry-ice machines pump smoke  
across the room. Various women in g-strings slither  
across the stage to PRINCE'S "LITTLE RED CORVETTE".

Grizzly-bearded bikers, with their hands covered in BBQ  
sauce, stuff dollar bills in g-strings while eating ribs.

RICHIE, CARL and MITCH are surrounded by exotic dancers,  
while WENTZIE sits "on the sidelines", waiting his turn.  
He's now wearing a novelty t-shirt ovetop his oxford  
that reads: *BBQ & BABES. Where real men get porked.*

Immersed in their conversation, the guys barely  
acknowledge the three strippers (ROXY, BRIE and CANDY).

MITCH

So what's your plan, Richie? When  
are you going to meet Helena?

RICHIE

Sooner the better. Need to get  
some quick cash together though.

MITCH

Oh, so I'm not the only one you  
owe money too, huh?

RICHIE

(smiling)

You're not the first and you won't  
be the last.

Richie sticks his hand out so Mitch can give him dollar  
bills to tip BRIE, his dancer.

BRIE, dances over and sits on Richie's lap. Her body is covered with tattoos. She reaches down and takes Richie's shirt off.

BRIE — RICHIE'S DANCER #1  
(surprised)  
Where are all your tatoos?

RICHIE  
I don't have any.

BRIE  
So what are you? Mormon then?

RICHIE  
(sarcastic now)  
Yes, exactly. That's what us  
Mormons do. We go to strip bars  
right after sacrament.

The guys all laugh.

WENTZIE  
Look, Richie, why don't you just  
become a Personal Courier?

RICHIE  
A what?

WENTZIE  
A Personal Courier. All you have  
to do is deliver a package and you  
fly for free.

RICHIE  
No shit?

MITCH  
Sure, it's free if you're  
smuggling heroin.

WENTZIE  
Nah, this is straight-up legit.

Having overheard the conversation, CANDY, Carl's dancer,  
turns around.

CANDY — CARL'S DANCER #2  
He's right. A guy I used to date  
did it. Said it was easy like  
Sunday morning.

CARL  
You dated *Lionel Richie*?

The guys laugh, surprised that CANDY'S in-the-know.  
Then ROXY, Mitch's dancer, chimes in.

ROXY — MITCH'S DANCER #3

The catch is your flight typically takes you to an under-developed country that is usually not supported by most traditional carriers.

CANDY — CARL'S DANCER #2

In other words, they're outsourcing you as independent contractors to personally courier packages in exchange for free air fare to-and-from your impoverished destination.

CANDY teases her hair over Carl's crotch.

Carl smiles at a Mitch, raises his beer bottle in toast and takes a swig. Just as he finishes, CANDY rises from her knees and THE BOTTLE HITS HER IN THE NOSE.

CANDY

Owww... SHIT!  
(grabbing her nose)

CARL

Ohh... I... I am so sorry.

He looks around for the bouncer. It's time they go. He hands CANDY his business card.

CARL (CONT'D)

Take this. I'm a doctor. I'll have you back on your knees in no time.

Wentzie reaches in and hands her a wet nap. The guys give a polite "golf clap".

GUYS

(in unison)  
Great work. Very nice.

They disappear out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUT FRONT OF BBQ & BABES STRIP CLUB — NIGHT

CARL

Sorry 'bout that, guys.

MITCH

I need to get going anyway.

RICHIE

Me too. Gotta email the lil' lady.  
(turns to Carl and  
Mitch)  
Hey, you guys should come with me.

MITCH

Ohhh, nooo. Don't drag me into  
this sick little world of yours.

CARL

Hey, I might have some free time  
coming up. I've always wanted to  
go to Kazakhstan.

WENTZIE

Yeah, I hear they have great  
beshbarmak.

RICHIE

Beshba...what?

WENTZIE

It's a delicious dressed ram  
boiled in...

MITCH

(cutting him off)  
Guys, it's late. I gotta go.

CARL

Me too.

WENTZIE

Hey, I'm in for Kazakhstan. I just  
can't go for a few more weeks.

RICHIE

(feigning  
disappointment)  
Ohh, shoot. Was really looking  
forward to us hanging out.

MITCH

I'm going. Bye.

WENTZIE

And I think I'm gonna go back in  
the bar. Still hungry.

CARL

You go, girl. Power to the penis!

Mitch heads in one direction. Carl and Richie in the  
other.

Wentzie heads back into the strip bar. A beat later, he's escorted back out by three burly bouncers, manhandling him by his legs and jacket. They throw him to the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STEVENSON'S HOUSE — KITCHEN — MORNING

JULIA is cleaning up, while the kids, MAGGIE, 7, and STANLEY, 5, are finishing breakfast.

Their nanny, MARIA, 50, is in the family room playing with JESS, their two-year-old. MITCH walks past.

MITCH

Morning, Maria.

MARIA

Good morning, Mitch.

MITCH

(hungover)

Ow, not so loud.

MITCH walks into the kitchen and struggles to pour himself a cup of coffee.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(rubbing his head)

Did I happen to mention that I'm too old for this?

JULIA

(angry)

Let's see, you mentioned it last week after poker. The week before after "boy's night out". Then there was the ball game that went extra innings. So NO, apparently, you aren't too old for this, but I know I am.

MITCH

And good morning to you.

Julia hands Stanley his backpack and zips Maggie's jacket.

JULIA

I gotta get the kids off to school.

She grabs her keys.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Maria.

(turns to Mitch, mad)

Oh, and unless it happens to be:

"Wear-A-Stripper's-Glitter-To-Work Day", take those sparkles off your face, okay?

MITCH

Sorry. We had a bachelor party for Richie last night. He's getting married. -- To a mail-order bride.

JULIA

Are you serious?

(stops herself)

Forget it. I don't want to know.

Mitch gives the kids a hug and kiss goodbye, but not Julia.

MAGGIE

Daddy, I like "stripper-glitter".  
It's pretty.

JULIA

Just great, Mitch. Thanks.

She scoots the kids out and SLAMS THE DOOR. He rubs his forehead and takes a sip of coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT — LIVING ROOM — DAY

Richie's at his computer, surfing MAIL-ORDER-MRS.com. He's surrounded by a HERSHEY's foam cowboy hat, FUNYUNS frisbees, THE BACHELORETTE sport bottles...

There's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

RICHIE

Yeah?

CARL (O.S.)

It's me.

Richie jumps up from his chair, grabs "something" off of the coffee table and dives over the couch.

RICHIE

Come on in!

Carl opens the door and walks in.

KABOOM! -- Richie fires a white projectile at 100 mph directly into Carl's stomach. He collapses to the floor.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
350 PSI, baby! Just got it.

Struggling to catch his breath, Carl looks up to see Richie standing over him with a T-Shirt Cannon in his hand.

Carl claws at Richie's shirt, wanting to strangle him.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
You alright?

CARL  
(gasping for breath)

RICHIE  
Hey, sorry. You can keep the shirt, dude.

Richie unravels the t-shirt for him. It reads: "I'M WITH STUPID" - with an ARROW POINTING DOWN at the CROTCH.

Carl slowly gets back up to his feet. He looks around the apartment and sees promotional stuff everywhere.

CARL  
Jesus, what is all this crap?

RICHIE  
It's called winning, baby!

CARL  
Yeah, well, it screams *LOSER*.

RICHIE  
Think of it as Feng Shui.

CARL  
More like Feng SHIT. You're one propeller away from opening a TGI-Fridays.

Carl spots a huge stack of self-help books on Richie's desk. He starts sifting through the pile.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Jesus. What a pile of crap.  
(he reads the titles)  
*The Secret. Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus. The Lover Within.* - Are you serious?

RICHIE  
Are you done?



CARL

(he continues)

*The Idiots Guide To Spay & Neutering Your Pet. Restraining Orders For Dummies. Scrap-Booking For Dummies.* How about *Dummies For Scrap-Booking*? Unbelievable. Where's *Mail-Order Brides For Dummies*? Surely, you have that.

He tosses the last book aside.

CARL (CONT'D)

You know what your problem is?

RICHIE

That I'm friends with you.

CARL

You have no self-esteem. Virtually every book you own insults you. Dummy this. You're an Idiot that. Not that I disagree, I'm just saying it's bad karma, man. You need positive energy flowing through you. Not negative.

RICHIE

So you've read *The Secret* then?

CARL

Even if I had, I wouldn't tell you. Why do you think they call it *The Secret*?

RICHIE

Touché...Douché.

(switching subjects)

Hey, good news! Got the mail-order bride details all worked out. You, Mitch and I are flying to Kazakhstan FOR FREE, baby! -- Those stripper-savants were right!!

CARL

Whoa. Hold on now. Unlike you, I have a real job.

RICHIE

You said you had vacation time coming to you.

CARL

(thinks for a moment)

Well played. I'm in.

(MORE)

But just this once. If you two get a mail-order divorce, I'm done with you.

RICHIE  
Sweeeeet. Here. Call, Mitch.

Richie tosses his phone to Carl and then collapses into his big, overstuffed HELLO KITTY bean bag chair.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STEVENSON'S HOUSE — MITCH & JULIA'S BEDROOM —  
LATER THAT NIGHT

Mitch follows Julia as she stomps into the bedroom. It's obvious they've been arguing. Julia is picking up dirty clothes and throwing them into the laundry basket.

MITCH  
Julia, this is Richie's deal not mine. I wasn't going with them.

JULIA  
This isn't about Richie. This is about you.

MITCH  
How is Richie getting married about me?

JULIA  
It's about you being late all the time. You going out with your friends all the time.

MITCH  
Is this about the car?

JULIA  
YES, it's about the car and the so-many-other-things!

MITCH  
He's going to pay me back.

JULIA  
Richie has never paid you back for anything!

Pausing for a moment to regain her composure.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Mitch, this all may not be glamorous and exciting to you, but it's our life.

MITCH

No. This is a life that carries with it a million obligations. You're working. I'm working. The kids have school and homework and soccer and swimming and play dates. When does it all end?

JULIA

I'm sorry, but for better or for worse, that's our life.

MITCH

Well, it ain't getting much better, and I sure can't stand much worse.

Mitch grabs his jacket and keys then walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. - LAX AIRPORT - FED EX TERMINAL - NEXT MORNING

Carl and Richie walk into the airport terminal. -- The layout is a bit different than your typical airport seeing as it's rarely used for anything more than cargo.

Carl is carrying a small backpack. Richie is carrying a soft guitar case on his shoulder. It has a giant KISS ALIVE! TOUR logo on it.

As they walk toward the FED EX gate, Carl is HOLDING UP the BACK OF HIS HAND to show Richie.

CARL

See that? That is what is called the "foremost indicator of masculinity."

They stop to look closer at Carl's hand.

CARL (CONT'D)

The longer your ring finger is than your index finger, the more testosterone you have. See, I'm bursting with testosterone!

(grabbing Richie's hand)

As for you, see how your pinky is the same length as your index finger? That means you have hermaphroditia.

RICHIE

What the hell is that?

CARL

It's means you have both a penis  
and a vagina.

Richie pulls his hand away and flicks him "the bird".

RICHIE

What if your middle finger is  
longer than the rest?

CARL

You joke, but our bodies hold all  
the answers to life's greatest...

Carl stops in his tracks.

CARL (CONT'D)

...mysteries.

He walks over to A MAN SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR and pushes  
him gently in the side.

CARL (CONT'D)

Wake up, Sleeping Beauty. Your  
chariot awaits.

IT'S MITCH. He rolls over and looks up, shielding light  
from his eyes.

MITCH

You jerk-offs still got room?

RICHIE

Damn straight! Can't get married  
without my Best Man.

CARL

What am I? Your Maid Of Honor?

RICHIE

Hell no. You're my flower girl.

Just then the Airport P.A. System announces:

AIRPORT P.A. SYSTEM (O.S.)

*Flight-G106 to Kazakhstan now  
boarding.*

RICHIE

Let's go, ladies.

Richie hits Mitch on the arm.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I knew you wouldn't let me down.  
Got a package reserved just for  
you!

MITCH  
It's not heroin is it?

CUT TO:

INT. LAX AIRPORT - FED EX GATE - DAY

At the gate, a TOUGH, BARREL-CHESTED GATE ATTENDANT stands by to greet them. He looks more like a drill sergeant than a gate attendant.

GATE ATTENDANT  
Gentlemen, glad you could make it.  
(asking Richie about  
Mitch)  
This the extra guy?

RICHIE  
That's him.

MITCH  
That's me.

GATE ATTENDANT  
Good to know.

They hand him their boarding passes and passports.  
He checks them in and hands them each a package.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Very simple, gentlemen. In exchange for your free flight overseas, you will take this package from me and deliver it to the addressee. You deliver your packages FIRST - sightsee later. "No Frills, No Bills". There will be NO drink service. NO warm towelettes. NO in-flight movie and there sure as hell better be NO mile-high club.  
(he glares at Richie)

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Treat these packages as if they were your own.

Carl winks at the guys and then grabs his own crotch.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Your package and the recipients of your package are what's most important here. If they're not satisfied, we're not satisfied.

Carl subtly thrusts his hips back and forth. Guys can barely keep themselves from laughing.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Any questions-great-get on board.

CUT TO:

INT. FED EX CARGO JET - DAY

The guys walk into the stripped-down cargo jet. Richie's face is pale, he begins breathing heavily.

MITCH

Richie, what's wrong?

CARL

Gettin' cold feet?

RICHIE

I've never flown before. I didn't think it'd be a...

MITCH

Are you serious?

CARL

Nothing to worry about. When it's your time to go, it's your time to go. Nothing you can do about it.

Just then, from the back of the plane, THE PILOT limps by, smoking a cigarette and coughing up phlegm. He's clearly not feeling well. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve and stumbles back into the cockpit.

MITCH

Yeah, but what if it's *our pilot's* time to go?

Richie grabs Carl's backpack and VOMITS INTO IT.

CARL

Thanks, Mitch. Lotsa help there.

The door shuts and the plane begins to move across the tarmac. As the ENGINES ROAR, Richie gathers himself and then, like a deathbed confession, he comes clean to Carl.

RICHIE

I sent her your picture.

CARL

You what?

RICHIE

Helena. I sent her your photo pretending I'm you. She thinks my name is Carl too.

CARL

You're kidding?

RICHIE

No. I needed an out. I need to be sure she's "the one" for me.

MITCH

Ahh, deception. Now that's the way to start off a healthy marriage.

RICHIE

It's not like I'm the first person who's ever lied on the internet.

CARL

But it's not like you sent a photo of yourself when you were younger. You sent a picture of *ME*!

RICHIE

Yeah, but the old you is still better looking than the young me.

MITCH

He does have a point there.

RICHIE

Sorry. I'll make it up to you.

The plane suddenly shakes violently. Richie leans over and vomits into Carl's backpack again.

CARL

(shakes head in disbelief)

Great. I can't wait.

CUT TO:

INT. FED EX CARGO JET - HOURS LATER

Richie has settled down thanks to a flask of liquor. He hands it to Carl.

Mitch stares out the window, lost in thought.

CARL

Everything okay?

MITCH

Sorry. What?

CARL

How'd you leave it with Julia?

MITCH

I didn't. I just left.

(pauses, heartfelt)

You ever feel like nothing ever turns out they way you imagined it would be?

CARL

(proudly)

No. Never. That's why I'm single.

RICHIE

(takes a swig)

"Always toward absent lovers,  
love's tide, stronger flows."

MITCH

What's that?

RICHIE

"Absence makes the heart grow  
fonder".

CARL

Have another drink, Cliché-speare.

Mitch looks over at Richie who is shaking his leg back and forth.

MITCH

What's up with your leg?

RICHIE

Started a couple of weeks ago.  
They call it "restless leg  
syndrome".

CARL

You know, I had "restless penis  
syndrome" back in college. Doctor  
had me rub this therapeutic lotion  
on it, but it only made things  
worse.

MITCH

Nice.

(turning to Richie)

So how's all this mail-order bride  
stuff work?



RICHIE

Check this out.

RICHIE PULLS UP HIS SHIRT TO REVEAL A MONEY BELT STRAPPED  
AROUND HIS WAIST. Carl and Mitch's jaws drop.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

BAM! - TWENTY GRAND, GENTLEMEN!

MITCH

You're shitting me!

RICHIE

I shit you not. All fresh, hundred  
dollar bills.

CARL

You have \$20,000 dollars on you  
and *this* is how we're flying?

MITCH

Why all the cash?

RICHIE

You don't think they give the  
bride away for *free*, do you?

CARL

I thought you were broke!

RICHIE

Calm down. Most of the money came  
from a trust that my Nanna left me  
and the rest came from all the  
contest winnings that you guys  
give me shit for.

MITCH

You still owe me a car.

RICHIE

You know I'm good for it.

MITCH

No, I know you're *not good* for it  
that's why I'm reminding you.

RICHIE

Have faith, my friend.

MITCH

Keep that out of sight then.  
Someone catches wind of that and  
you're a dead man.

CARL

Speaking of dying, how much longer  
we got? My back is killing me.

Carl arches his back trying to stretch.

RICHIE

We switch planes in Yekaterinburg  
and then go to Kazakhstan. Don't  
worry. The next plane is supposed  
to be much nicer than this.

CUT TO:

INT. YEKATERINBURG, RUSSIA, DUAL-PROP CARGO PLANE — IN  
MID-FLIGHT — DAY

Their new plane rocks violently, back-and-forth, with the  
turbulence. Crates and packages are falling all around  
them.

They can barely talk with the WING BLOWING VIOLENTLY  
through the cargo hold.

CARL

(shouting to be  
heard)

You're right, Richie! This is much  
nicer!!

MITCH

(sweating, shouting)

How can it be so damn hot in here  
when there's a hole in the fucking  
plane?!!

RICHIE

(shouting)

Not to worry, guys! We have a  
chartered bus on the next leg.  
It's top-of-the-line. Bathroom.  
Air-conditioning. Whole nine  
yards!!

CUT TO:

EXT. KAZAKHSTAN — GRAVEL ROAD — NIGHT

INT. — OLD BUS

The bus is completely stripped bare on the inside. Mitch,  
Carl and Richie sit cross-legged on the straw-covered  
floor surrounded by a flock of sheep, goats and a  
chicken.

Carl points to the bus ceiling that's been torn away like a lid from a sardine can.

CARL  
(matter of fact)  
Air-conditioning.

Mitch nods toward the goat urinating behind Carl.

MITCH  
Bathroom.

Carl quickly moves away from the goat. He turns to Richie, who has now had too much to drink.

CARL  
Well, Richie, you have officially survived the plane flights. So I am now going to have to kill you.

Richie looks over at Carl, raises his hand to speak... then immediately throws up outside the bus window.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAZAKHSTAN — TOWN SQUARE — EARLY MORNING, SUN HAS JUST RISEN

Exhausted, Richie, Mitch and Carl, step off the bus. They stand outside in the middle of the town square.

Centuries-old buildings are in partial ruins. Concrete rubble litter the ground in front of the few stores that are open.

The centerpiece of the square is a rundown 20-foot MERMAID fountain, barely trickling water into a brown pool of filth below.

Their BUS DRIVER, AMAN, steps out. His bushy, unkept beard and stocky-build is in sharp contrast to his enormous smile and friendly demeanor. He's a gentle bear of a man.

Aman hands them their individual delivery maps.

AMAN  
(in broken-English)  
Here you go, gentlemen. For you.  
For you. And for you.

Richie reaches for his money belt. Mitch pushes Richie out of the way and hands Aman a generous tip.

MITCH

(to Aman)  
For you.  
(then back to Richie,  
whispering)  
Keep that shit down.

AMAN

Thank you, gentlemen.

Aman turns and walks back to his bus to unload the livestock. The guys look down at their maps and then back at each other.

RICHIE

What now?

MITCH

What do you mean, what now? This  
is your deal.

The guys look down at their maps.

RICHIE

My delivery is just up the road,  
so I'm getting a drink, bitches.

CARL

And mine is just on the other side  
of town.

MITCH

Looks like I'm another goat trip  
away from here.

He turns and sees Aman is still unloading his livestock.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

As we wait, Richie looks down at his phone and shakes it.

CARL

What are you doing?

RICHIE

What?

CARL

Is that a cell phone or an Etch-A-  
Sketch?

RICHIE

Funny, still can't get a signal.

CARL

Oh, by all means keep shaking it then. That should work.

Mitch returns.

MITCH

I'm good to go, guys. Gonna catch a ride with Aman a bit later.

CARL

Let's go find us a beer.

RICHIE

You're buying. I'm broke.

CARL

Same as always then, right?

Mitch turns around and tosses a shiny quarter into the stagnant muck of the mermaid fountain for good luck.

RICHIE

Helena mentioned a tavern not too far from here. It's got a big ox head over the door.

They head up the street with their packages in hand.

CARL

Hey, Mitch, did you know that if you shake your cell phone, you get better reception?

MITCH

Really?

RICHIE

Screw you, Carl.

Just as the guys turn the corner and disappear down the street, TWO ENORMOUS THUGS walk into frame. One looks to be as wide as the other man is tall.

The two men stand there, taking stock of their surroundings. The shorter, 300-lb man reaches into his pocket and pulls out a printed piece of paper.

After scanning the town square, they turn back, and walk out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. — CITY STREETS - FRONT OF TAVERN - DAY

Richie, Carl and Mitch stop just outside a tavern. They look up at the animal head over the door.

RICHIE

That look like an ox to you?

CARL

Kinda looks like a bull.

RICHIE

What's the difference?

MITCH

I think an ox has been castrated.

They look at its fierce eyes and snarled nose.

RICHIE, CARL, MITCH

(in unison)

Definitely an OX.

INT. — OX HEAD TAVERN

They walk in.

Deep, rich colors stain the bar, tables and floor. The tavern is packed except for one table in the corner next to the bathroom.

Carl places an order at the bar as Mitch and Richie sit down, setting their packages beside them.

Mitch looks over at Richie's KISS LIVE! guitar case.

MITCH

Since when did you become a Kiss fan?

RICHIE

I'm not. I just won the case in a radio contest.

MITCH

How can someone so lucky in contests, be so unlucky when it comes to women?

Carl returns.

CARL

Actually, it's the women who are unlucky. They dated this jerk off.

RICHIE

Screw you both.

Carl pours them each a shot. They touch glasses and toss back the vodka.

MITCH

So have you thought about what you're going to say to Helena?

RICHIE

Yeah, "Hi, Helena. I'm, Richie". That work for you?

CARL

No, no, all wrong.

RICHIE

Look. I'm just going to be myself.

CARL

Ohhh, but you aren't. You're actually going to be ME.

MITCH

Seriously, what were you thinking?

RICHIE

I dunno. I just really need an out just in case. Let me see what she's like, then I'll come clean.

CARL

What, are you afraid she won't like you? This woman knows nothing about you and is ready to marry you, fly back to America, and make babies with you. The bar couldn't be any lower for this woman.

MITCH

Seriously, why are you doing this?

RICHIE

You wouldn't understand. You've got a family.

MITCH

I wouldn't understand? I left my wife, my kids and my job back home so I could travel half way across the world to keep you from making a ridiculous mistake. Maybe it's you who doesn't understand.

RICHIE  
(opens up, heartfelt)  
I want the car pool lane.

MITCH  
The what?

RICHIE  
The CAR POOL LANE. Someone to be  
there by my side whenever I need  
them. Like what you have.

MITCH  
Trust me. You do *not* want what I  
have.

CARL  
Look. You wanna be sure? There are  
two things you need to know to  
guarantee yourself a long, healthy  
marriage.

Carl throws back another shot of vodka.

CARL (CONT'D)  
#1 - Marry someone who is + or - 2  
from you in the looks department.  
And "B" -- find out what she looks  
like when she runs.

RICHIE  
When she runs?

CARL  
You can tell a lot about a woman  
from how she jogs. Is she high-  
maintenance? Is she stubborn? Is  
she bad in bed? Is she great in  
bed? Is she well-groomed?

CUT TO:

QUICK MONTAGE OF VARIOUS WOMEN JOGGING IN ALL SORTS OF  
STRANGE WAYS.

A) "*The Egg Beater*" - A woman jogging with her arms  
twirling in small circles.

B) "*The Pom-Pom Queen*" - A woman high-stepping it like  
she's running across hot coals.

C) "*The Oompa-Loompa*" - A woman running as if her shoes  
are made of concrete and she's trying to hurdle bowling  
balls.



D) "*The Cabaret*" — A woman jogging with her arms swaying side-to-side with "jazz hands".

CUT BACK TO:

CARL

Trust me, you do *not* want to marry a woman who runs like a character out of a Dr. Seuss book.

Carl leans in to assert his point.

CARL (CONT'D)

Take the TV show "BAYWATCH". It's sole premise was centered around women in bathing suits, running on the beach.

RICHIE

And...

CARL

And it's not just about bouncing boobs in bathing suits. "Baywatch" is the most-viewed TV show in the world. Why? Because it's a primordial case study about the "hunter" and its "prey".

MITCH

Men chasing women.

CARL

Correct.

RICHIE

Don't they have David Hasselhoff running in slow-motion in his bathing suit too?

CARL

Screw him! He's a tool. It's about the hunter in us that sees "our prey" running and we, instinctively, need to chase after it.

MITCH

Chasing tail.

CARL

Correct. -- I guarantee you if all wedding vows were exchanged on treadmills, most people would never get married.

RICHIE

(laughing)

Do you ever listen to yourself?

CARL

You laugh, but mark my words, "how a woman runs" is just about all a man needs to know. -- *That* and how thick her ankles are.

MITCH

I'm not even going to ask.

Richie throws back his shot, then pulls out a handkerchief and blows his nose. Carl sees it.

CARL

Is that a handkerchief, grandpa?

RICHIE

Yeah. So?

CARL

Add this to the list. No woman -- no matter how foreign they are -- wants to marry a man who carries a handkerchief. Seriously. Put it away. Snot all over it... Disgusting.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- KAZAKHSTAN - OPEN-AIR MARKET -- DAY

From a short distance -- OUTSIDE OF EARSHOT -- we see the TWO THUGS stalking through the market, accosting VARIOUS MEN.

The tall thug, grabs a YOUNG MAN by the collar, holds up the piece of paper and then punches him square in the face. The man sprawls backwards, knocking over a crate of vegetables. Bystanders step back in fear.

The short, stocky thug screams something at the tall thug and points down at the piece of paper. It's obvious the tall thug has cold-cocked the wrong man.

Embarrassed, the thug picks up the limp man, stands him up and brushes him off.

The THUGS then turn and walk off, while the innocent young man wobbles for a moment, then collapses back to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. — OX HEAD TAVERN — DAY — MANY HOURS LATER

Richie and Mitch are slumped over in the booth with their heads resting on the packages.

Carl, a mountain of energy, walks out of the bathroom, zipping up his fly.

CARL

Hey, is it a bad sign if one of  
your testicles is bigger than the  
other two?

Richie and Mitch are too exhausted to laugh. Richie looks at his watch.

RICHIE

(suddenly awake)  
Shit. Helena should be here any  
time now!

MITCH

Hope her goat didn't get tied up  
in traffic or something.

Richie pulls out the photo again.

RICHIE

Here's her picture. When you see  
her, please, just be....

Carl holds the photo up towards the front door to get another look at it. As soon as he lowers it back down, HELENA is revealed, standing in the doorway.

CUE SONG "Unchain My Heart" BY Ray Charles KICKS IN

HELENA is absolutely stunning. She's even more beautiful in person. She stands at the door, backlit with her hair blowing in the wind like a super model from the 80's.

Next to her is her friend, EVAHN. She is much less appealing.

Helena is clearly the more outgoing of the two. She can "hang with the guys" and laugh at crude jokes. Evahn is more introverted and can be, at times, easily irritated.

The guys sit motionless, mesmerized by HELENA's beauty. Finally, Richie kicks Carl in the leg.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Go. Introduce yourself.  
(whispering)  
You know the plan.

CARL  
(feigning enthusiasm)  
HELENA!! Oh, my heavens. Great to  
finally see you in person.

Carl gives Helena an enormous hug, holding onto her  
longer than appropriate.

He dances her around so he's facing Richie and gives him  
a long "I'm-going-to-make-you-pay-for-this" smile.

HELENA  
(slight accent)  
Carl, so nice to meet you.

Finally, he releases Helena from his bear hug.

CARL  
Come. Come. Please, join us,  
ladies. -- Oh, please excuse my  
manners. And you are?

EVAHN  
(slight accent)  
Hello, I'm Evahn. Nice to meet  
you.

They shake hands and then sit.

CARL  
Hey, guys. This here is the woman  
I've been telling you about. This  
is Helena! And her friend Evahn.

At long last, Richie is meeting the woman he will soon  
marry. He is tempted to give her a hug and kiss, but  
realizes this is not the time.

RICHIE  
(nervous, anxious)  
Nice to meet you.

Carl puts his arm around Helena. He's going to milk this  
for all he can.

CARL  
Isn't she amazing, Richie? I just  
loved our email exchanges.

HELENA  
Ohh, and you are so funny with  
your stories...

CARL

Hey, that reminds me of a hilarious story about a friend of mine who threw up all over my clothes...

RICHIE

(quickly interrupts)

SO HELENA...uh...where are you from? You speak very good English.

Richie glares at Carl, who's clearly enjoying making a fool of himself.

HELENA

My father was in the military so we traveled a lot. So when I was seven we moved to the Czech Republic and later Great Britain, Morocco and Cairo. That's how I learned to speak five languages.

MITCH

Really? I'm a professional translator.

HELENA

I always wanted to do that when I was younger and then my parents divorced and everything changed...

CARL

How funny, my parents are divorced too!

EVAHN

How is that funny?

CARL

You know what I mean.  
(turning to Helena)  
But you already know that.

HELENA

Actually, no. You never mentioned it.

CARL

Huh? That's so unlike me.  
(grins at Richie)

HELENA

So what did your father do, Carl?

CARL

Wow. Where should I begin? My father was, well...um...an inventor. He... uh... invented tons of inventions.

HELENA

Like what?

CARL

Like Velcro?

EVAHN

Your father invented Velcro?

CARL

No, it was "*like*" Velcro, only it was called Strapcro.

(improvising as he goes)

Then there was the Thigh Master. Thigh Master Jr. The Booty Master. And then of course: Dippin' Dots... *The Ice Cream Of The Future.*

HELENA

Dippin' Dots?

CARL

Yeah, little pieces of ice-cream flavored styrofoam. Delicious.

Mitch looks down at his watch.

MITCH

Shit! Excuse me. I'm late. Gotta see a man about a goat.

He picks up his package. The guys hug goodbye.

CARL

Stop back here after you deliver your package. We'll leave a note with the bartender where we're at. Capiche?

MITCH

Really... *capiche*? Who are you, Al Capone?

(turns to Richie and whispers)

*Twenty grand can go a long way here. Keep that belt out of sight.*

Mitch walks out, while Carl continues his ramblings...

CARL

...So you know those sporting events, where they hand the winner a giant check for the prize money?

HELENA

That was your father's idea?

CARL

No, he invented the *giant pen*.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BUS DRIVING DOWN GRAVEL ROAD IN RURAL KAZAKHSTAN  
- DAY - MITCH'S DELIVERY

INT. OLD BUS

Mitch is sitting on the straw floor next to Aman, the driver. His PACKAGE is sitting safely in his lap.

MITCH

Hey, sorry I was late getting back to you.

AMAN

No worries. I'm in no hurry. Not sure about your package though.

MITCH

Eh, I'm sure it's nothing.

Mitch looks down at the package in his lap, turning it, listening to it, curious as to what could be inside.

MITCH (CONT'D)

So how long we got?

AMAN

Depends on the traffic...

He points out the window at the herd of oxen that is now in front of them.

AMAN (CONT'D)

...Couple weeks probably.

MITCH

Seriously?

AMAN

I kid, I kid. It's not far.

AMAN (CONT'D)  
(making small talk)  
You here on vacation?

MITCH  
No. Business. Just delivering this  
package.

AMAN  
You married?

MITCH  
Yes.

AMAN  
Good. Good. How many wives do you  
have?

MITCH  
How many...? No, I just have one  
wife.

AMAN  
Ohh, I'm sorry to hear that.  
(proudly)  
I have four wives.

MITCH  
Ohh, I'm sorry to hear that.

They both laugh. They've found a common ground.

CUT TO:

INT. — OX HEAD TAVERN — NIGHT NOW

Carl and Helena finish tossing back another shot of  
vodka. It's obvious they're getting along very well.

Clearly, Richie's plan is backfiring.

CARL  
...so in the summers, I spent most  
of my time scuba diving and  
catching clams.

HELENA  
(feigning worry)  
Ohhh, "catching clams". Must be  
very dangerous work.

CARL  
Indeed it is. Luckily, I'm trained  
in self-defense.



HELENA

Such a brave man you are, catching  
the ever-elusive clam.

CARL

I have strict catch-and-release  
policy so no clam is ever harmed.

HELENA

Ooo, so you're the *strong*,  
*sensitive type* then?

CARL

Guilty as charged.

They enjoy their moment, while Richie begins to fade.  
He's visibly exhausted and about to fall asleep on his  
package.

EVAHN

So what's in the packages?

CARL

No idea, but they were our ticket  
here — and now our ticket home.  
All we have to do is deliver them.

Richie's now asleep.

EVAHN

He's out.

HELENA

Why don't we go back to our place  
and get you both some rest.

CARL

Hey, I'm fine. I could go all  
night.

Evahn glares at Helena, resisting the idea.

HELENA

Yes, let's go.

RICHIE

(waking, mumbling)  
I'm good. Got my...second...wind.

Richie drags himself up. He discretely checks to see if  
his money belt is still strapped to his waist. Then he  
picks up his package and stumbles towards to the FRONT  
door.

Helena grabs him and redirects him to the SIDE door. She  
obviously knows a short cut.

CARL

(to Helena)

I ever show you how long my ring  
finger is compared to my index  
finger?

The gang disappears out the SIDE door.

Just moments later, the TWO ENORMOUS THUGS walk in the  
FRONT door of the Ox Head Tavern. Just missing them.

They're pissed. They walk through the CROWDED TAVERN,  
accosting any man who might look like "their guy."

After making their way around, they head out,  
dissatisfied -- BULLDOZING ASIDE NEW PATRONS as they walk  
out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BUS — STRANDED ON THE SIDE OF THE GRAVEL ROAD —  
NIGHT — MITCH'S DELIVERY

Aman's bus is broken down. They've been stranded for a  
while. Mitch is sitting in the dirt, next to a fire  
they've made. His package rests on his lap.

Aman is talking on an archaic, over-sized, military-style  
phone.

AMAN

(clearly frustrated)

...You told me you would be here  
hours ago. Now you are telling me  
two days? (pause) No, no. That  
will not work!(pause) Okay. Okay.

In frustration, Aman hangs up and then sits down on a  
wooden crate next to Mitch.

MITCH

So that went well. Why don't you  
just call your wife?

AMAN

That was my wife. Wife #2. She  
doesn't like my other wives so  
much.

MITCH

I can see that.

Mitch sits quietly, picking up sand and letting it fall  
through his fingers.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
You ever thought about divorce.

AMAN  
No, no. Bad for kids. Bad for marriage.

MITCH  
(feeling remorseful,  
opens up)  
You know, I never said goodbye to my wife when I left to come here. Just left a note.

AMAN  
Then call her. Here.

Aman hands him the archaic phone.

MITCH  
That will work? To America?

AMAN  
Go on. Call. Call.

Mitch begins dialing. Takes a deep breath, unsure what to say.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STEVENSON'S HOUSE — MITCH & JULIA'S BEDROOM —  
early morning

Julia is preparing Maggie and Stanley's lunches for the day. Maria, the nanny, is feeding Jess.

The PHONE RINGS.

We INTERCUT between Julia and Mitch's phone conversation.

JULIA  
Hello?

MITCH  
It's me.

JULIA  
Mitch? Where are you?

MITCH  
I'm not sure. Somewhere in the middle of Kazakhstan think.

JULIA  
You're not sure? Do Carl or Richie know?

MITCH  
We split up to deliver our  
packages.

Mitch is running his fingers through the sand and gravel.  
He looks down at the package in his lap.

JULIA  
Come home. Please.

MITCH  
I can't. I have to deliver this.

JULIA  
Have you lost your mind?  
(trying to be  
discrete in front of  
the kids)  
Your kids need you. I...

She can't bring herself to say the words.

MITCH  
It's not that easy.

JULIA  
Not easy? You think this is easy  
for me? Come home.

MITCH  
I can't. I have to do this.

JULIA  
Do what, ruin our marriage?

MITCH  
Deliver this package.

JULIA  
What is it?

MITCH  
I don't know.

JULIA  
But you know whatever it is must  
be more important than us?

MITCH  
That's not the point. It's my  
responsibility now.

JULIA  
Your responsibility is to us.

MITCH  
I'm sorry.

JULIA  
If you can't come home now, then  
don't.

Mitch sits there, not knowing what to say. Finally...

MITCH  
Tell the kids I love them.

JULIA  
I hate you for this.

Julia hangs up, tears streaming down her face. Maria  
distracts the kids by taking them into other room.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. OLD BUS — STRANDED — NIGHT — MITCH'S DELIVERY

Mitch lays the phone down. Picks up a handful of sand and  
stares off into the darkness.

AMAN  
She will come around, my friend.  
You two just need time.

Mitch opens his hand and lets the sand slide through his  
fingers. Time is running out.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELENA AND EVAHN'S RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING —  
NIGHT

INT. HALLWAY — JUST OUTSIDE HELENA AND EVAHN'S APARTMENT

As Evahn opens the door, Carl and Helena, with arms  
around each other's shoulders, stumble into the room past  
her.

CARL  
...so he said "Hand job? More like  
a hand *vacation!*"

Carl and Helena cry with laughter. Her sense of humor is  
clearly as raunchy as his is.

Evahn and Richie are not amused. He walks in the door and  
collapses on the couch in exhaustion.

The apartment is small, but well-decorated. There are two  
bedrooms at opposite ends, a bathroom in between, and one  
large living area that includes the kitchen.

Richie struggles to stay awake.

RICHIE  
Very nice pl...

With that, he's fast asleep – and SNORING loudly.

EVAHN  
That didn't take long.

HELENA  
Such a light sleeper too.

CARL  
He's the "real deal", ladies.  
Quite the catch.

HELENA  
What about the packages you have  
to deliver?

CARL  
Eh, who cares? What's another day.

We begin to see that Richie and Carl's view of the  
packages are clearly different from Mitch's.

HELENA  
Alright then. You can sleep here  
on this futon. Let me get a sheet.

INT. BEDROOM

Evahn follows Helena into the bedroom.

EVAHN  
Are you sure you want to do this?

HELENA  
Yes, yes.

EVAHN  
I'm now thinking it's a bad idea.

HELENA  
It will be fine. Trust me.

Helena grabs a sheet and blanket and walks back.

INT. LIVING ROOM

HELENA  
Here you go.

She hands Carl the sheet and blanket.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
...and Richie can just sleep...  
where he is I guess.

CARL  
Don't worry about him. He'll sleep  
like a baby...

We see Richie, snoring with his mouth wide open and one hand tucked half-way down his pants. He pulls his hand from his pants and scratches his bellybutton.

CARL (CONT'D)  
...A big, loud, hairy, disgusting  
baby it appears.

EVAHN  
I'm going to bed. See you both in  
the morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BUS — STILL STRANDED ON GRAVEL ROAD — NIGHT —  
MITCH'S DELIVERY —

Mitch is asleep next to the fire. He awakes and sees Aman just down the hill, fishing in a small pond. From the size of it, there can't be many fish.

MITCH  
Catch anything?

AMAN  
Not even a cold.

MITCH  
You like to fish?

AMAN  
Love it. Live near a lake. Plenty  
of fish. It's a beautiful life.

MITCH  
How so?

AMAN  
Eh, I sleep in, fish a little,  
play with my children. Then I go  
to the village to visit friends,  
enjoy a few drinks, sing a few  
songs. I am fortunate. I have full  
life.

MITCH  
You know, I work for a lot of big  
companies back in a America.  
(MORE)

Big investment firms hire me. You say you have a lot of fish in your lake?

AMAN

Oh, yes. Oceans of fish.

MITCH

What if you turned it into a legitimate business?

(back peddling)

Not that it's not legitimate, just, well, more lucrative.

Aman casts the line back into the water.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Early on you'd have to fish a lot more. Then with the proper financial backing, you could buy a few boats, catch more fish, sell 'em. Invest in more boats, sell more fish. Then eventually expand to other cities and countries. — *I'm simplifying here*, but if all goes as planned, you would retire a very wealthy man.

AMAN

How long would that take?

MITCH

Fifteen, maybe twenty years.

AMAN

And after that?

MITCH

You could do whatever you want. Sleep in, fish a little, play with your children. You know, visit with friends, sing songs and drink. Whatever you want.

AMAN

Sounds like a lot of work to enjoy a life I already have.

Mitch has no response. He gets the point.

Aman suddenly feels a snag on his line. He's caught a fish that looks to be about the size of a sardine.

AMAN (CONT'D)

Will you look at that! Must be our lucky day!!

(MORE)



(laughing heartily)

CUT TO:

INT. HELENA AND EVAHN'S APARTMENT — KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carl and Helena are sitting at the table, drinking coffee. It's quiet. Richie is fast asleep just a few feet away, snoring.

In the background, an LP PLAYS SOFTLY on the turntable:  
"LOST" by Anouk.

CARL

So what made you consider becoming  
a mail-order bride?

HELENA

I wanted to be married. Why not?

CARL

Because I'm a complete stranger.  
(struggling not to  
let down his guard)

HELENA

You think people truly "know"  
their fiancé before they get  
married?

CARL

Much more than you know me.

HELENA

But marriage reveals so much about  
the true character of a person.

CARL

And so does divorce.

HELENA

If you truly believe marriage is  
about commitment, then isn't that  
all that matters?

CARL

So there isn't just one person in  
this world for you, but many?

HELENA

Yes. And is that not why they call  
it "a leap of faith"?

CARL

If you like acting impulsively.

HELENA

Impulses. Sudden urges.  
Spontaneity. Isn't that how most  
people would define "love"?

CARL

Sure, but we're talking about  
marriage here, not love.  
    (laughs at what he  
        just said)  
You know what I mean.

HELENA

Yes, but who says love, true love,  
has to always come before  
marriage? Can one not grow to love  
another? We don't consciously  
choose our families, but still we  
love them with all our hearts.

CARL

If only you knew my family.

HELENA

Did your parents love not grow  
with time?

CARL

More like "wilted".  
    (pauses, thinking  
        back)  
For years, I used to be afraid of  
marriage. Not anymore. I can  
easily see myself "tying the  
knot."

He gestures as if he's "hanging himself" with a noose.

HELENA

That is not what that means!  
    (laughing)  
If you must know, "tying the knot"  
refers to an old British custom  
where the priest would tie the  
bride and the groom's hands  
together during the ceremony. They  
weren't allowed to untie  
themselves until they had  
consummated their marriage.

CARL

Hmm, I like it. A little bondage-  
action right out of the gate.  
Those Brits are a sassy bunch.

HELENA

So why did you agree to marry me,  
a mail-order bride?

CARL

That "tying the knot" bondage  
thing sealed the deal for me.  
(smiling)

Carl looks over at Richie sleeping.

CARL (CONT'D)

But hey, that's a conversation for  
another day. I'm sorry. I'm beat.  
(he stretches)

HELENA

Tomorrow it is then. Sleep well.

CARL

You too.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN KAZAKHSTAN — GRAVEL ROAD — DAY —  
MITCH'S DELIVERY

INT. OLD BUS

AMAN BLOWS A KISS to HIS THREE WIVES, who are standing on  
the roadside next to their pickup truck. At last, the bus  
has been repaired and Aman and Mitch are back on the  
road.

AMAN

That, my friend, is why I have  
four wives.

Mitch says nothing. He just sits there, holding up the  
fish that Aman had caught. He stares, mesmerized.

AMAN (CONT'D)

So what now, my friend?

MITCH

Deliver the package, of course.

AMAN

No, no. Between you and your wife?

MITCH

I'm here. She's there. Not sure  
what I can do.

AMAN

Women, I love them all. They may take a long time to make a decision, but once they do, there's no changing their mind. So whatever you're thinking, don't wait too long. -- Now give me that fish.

Aman reaches back and takes the fish from Mitch's hand. Then swallows it whole.

AMAN (CONT'D)

Mmm. Is good.

CUT TO:

INT. HELENA AND EVAHN'S APARTMENT — NEXT AFTERNOON

Richie is lying on the couch with his package under his head as a pillow. Slowly, he sits up. Evahn is at the stove cooking.

RICHIE

Good morning.

EVAHN

(a little edgy)  
For who?

RICHIE

Sorry. Just trying to be polite.

EVAHN

Why don't you try getting up now. This isn't a Bed 'N Breakfast you know.

CARL

(groggy voice behind the couch)  
Is it a Futon 'N Breakfast? 'Cause I'm starving.

EVAHN

Funny Americans.

RICHIE

Was it something I said... in my sleep?

EVAHN

No, no. It's nothing. Just a...

With that, the front door opens and in walks Helena, carrying groceries.

HELENA  
Good day, gentlemen!

CARL  
Morning.

RICHIE  
(looks at his watch)  
Afternoon.

HELENA  
I bought some groceries for us.

RICHIE  
What'd you get?

Richie and Carl walk over to look in the bag.

CARL  
Hey, crazy question. Do either of  
you have a shirt I can wear?

EVAHN  
You didn't bring clothes?

CARL  
Let's just say, someone here "lost  
their lunch" and I lost my  
clothes.

EVAHN  
Sure. Be right back.

Evahn heads off to her bedroom as Carl looks into the  
cooking pot on the stove. Whatever Evahn is cooking, it  
looks and smells horrible.

CARL  
(to Helena)  
Hey, let us take you out. For your  
generous hospitality.

HELENA  
Okay.

Evahn walks back in the room and hands Carl a hooded  
burlap sweater and sweat pants.

EVAHN  
Sorry. Best I could do.

Carl feels the shirt with his fingers.

CARL  
(feigning enthusiasm)  
Ooo, BURLAP! And heavy too.

He smiles, then heads bathroom to change.

HELENA  
(to Evahn)  
They're taking us out.

Evahn looks at the stew she has just prepared.

EVAHN  
(irritated)  
But, of course.

She dumps the stew into a bowl, tosses it into the fridge. -- Carl walks out of the bathroom and stands as if he's a runway model posing for the crowd. Helena claps in jest.

HELENA  
Very fashionable! Burlap's all the rage.

They head out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN — STAR-BOOKS CAFE — DAY

The gang sits at the quaint cafe, eating sandwiches.

The STAR-BOOKS CAFE is clearly a knock-off of Starbucks, although not nearly as stylish and...

RICHIE  
...they don't have coffee here?  
(looking at the menu)  
You can't call yourself a "cafe"  
and then not serve coffee. Is that  
legal?

CARL  
Ahh, but they do have books about  
constellations.

RICHIE  
Hey, I want to buy a coffee, not  
Orion's Belt.

CARL  
(turning to Helena)  
...so how long have you and Evahn  
known each other.

HELENA  
Most of our lives. Our fathers  
were in the military together.

CARL

Same here. I mean our fathers weren't in the military together, but Richie and I have known each other a long time too.

RICHIE

Too long actually.

CARL

Hey, I have a great idea.

HELENA

Do tell.

CARL

Empty out your purses.

HELENA

What is this, a hold up?

CARL

Trust me. It'll be fun.

EVAHN

I'm not going to show you what's in my purse. That's personal.

CARL

That's the point. It's a great way to get to know one another.

(neither reaches for  
their purse)

Okay, here's what's in my wallet.

Carl begins pulling out everything he has:

Driver's License. Cash. Credit Cards. Dental Insurance Card. And then a Coupon Card: "Buy One Implant, Get One Free"

HELENA

And what is this?

CARL

That is my livelihood. I'm a body sculptor...

HELENA

A what?

RICHIE

A plastic surgeon.

HELENA

You never told me that.

CARL  
 (back pedaling)  
 Um...what did I tell you?

Richie, trying to cover, dumps his wallet onto the table:

Cash, Driver's License, Two packs of Sweet 'n Low,  
picture of Mom, a Monopoly "Get Out Of Jail Free" card  
and then...a CONDOM – SMALL

EVAHN  
 What's that?

Richie quickly grabs the SMALL CONDOM and tucks it into his pocket.

RICHIE  
 (playing it off)  
 Eh, it's no big deal.

HELENA  
 So it's a *small deal* then?

He laughs it off as they continue sifting through his wallet to find: a stack of Frequent Diner Cards

EVAHN  
 Eat out much?

RICHIE  
 Excuse me?

CARL  
 You might want to rephrase that.

EVAHN  
 (embarrassed)  
 Ohh, no, no. That's not what I meant.

RICHIE  
 Yes. I do love to *dine out*...with the right lady.

CARL  
 (to the ladies)  
 Your turn now. C'mon...

Evahn holds up her purse – it's large.

RICHIE  
 What's in there...a bowling ball?

HELENA  
 And the shoes to match.

They all laugh, except Evahn.



EVAHN

(to Carl)  
Happy now?

Clearly, the ladies will not be sharing what's in their purses.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL RURAL VILLAGE — SOMEWHERE IN KAZAKHSTAN — DAY  
— MITCH'S DELIVERY

Mitch stands in the middle of the dirt road looking at his map. He's not sure where to go.

AMAN

Here, I will take it. It is a  
small village.

Aman reaches for the package. Mitch pulls it back. He's not trusting the package to anyone but himself.

MITCH

I got it. I've come too far.

AMAN

Then follow me.

They walk across the road, past houses made of clay and straw, to Mitch's destination. It's a one-story farmhouse, but by the looks of the small field, there hasn't been much to farm.

He KNOCKS. An EDERLY MAN, ALEXANDER LUMITRE, answers. He's in his 70's, skinny with a friendly face.

Alexander appears weak, hanging onto to the door frame as if it were a crutch.

ALEXANDER

(in broken-English)  
Yes?

MITCH

I have a package here for...an  
Alexander...Lumitra.

The man's eyes light up.

ALEXANDER

Come in! Come in!

As soon as ALEXANDER takes the package from MITCH, he loses his balance and falls to the floor, crushing an end table and vase. — (The pratfall is hilarious, not scary.)

Mitch and Aman reach down to help the man back to his...foot. -- Yes, he is missing 1/2 a leg.

MITCH  
Are you alright?

ALEXANDER  
Fine. Fine. I am used to this.

It is then we see his house is littered with broken end tables, collapsed book shelves, torn curtains....a literal path of destruction everywhere the man has hopped.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm not as agile as I used be.

The man rips open the package and pulls out a PROSTHETIC LEG and straps it on.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
How do I look?

AMAN  
Like a man who is whole again.

ALEXANDER STANDS PROUD -- and a little wobbly.

MITCH  
Congratulations. Now before we go, can I just get your signature?

ALEXANDER  
But, of course.

As Mitch hands him the paper, the man takes a step and trips over the broken table, falling into the corner and taking out the floor lamp.

Mitch and Aman pull him to his feet again and sit him in a chair.

AMAN  
Might want to take it easy until you get used to your new leg.

ALEXANDER  
You are right. But soon I can tend to my farm once more. Thank you.

They shake hands and walk out the door.

As they make their way back to the bus, Mitch looks around at the unplowed fields and vacant barn.

MITCH

I wish I had come sooner. This farm is unlivable.

No matter the excuse, Mitch can't help but hear Julia berating him for being late yet again.

He stops and looks back at the run-down farmhouse.

CUT TO:

INT. HELENA AND EVAHN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The gang sits at the kitchen table talking. An empty bottle of wine reveals they've been there a while.

CARL

...yeah, if I'm running the company there is no chance we're having a "*Staff Appreciation Day*". That's just a sexual harassment suit waiting to happen.

Carl looks over at Richie struggling to open another bottle of wine. He takes it and finishes the job for him.

While Richie refreshes everyone's wine, Carl pulls Helena's chair over to him so she is staring directly into his eyes. He points to his right eye.

CARL (CONT'D)

See that? That black mark in the lower part of my iris there?

Helena leans in closer to take a look.

CARL (CONT'D)

That's from when I broke my leg.

HELENA

You have a black mark on your eye because you broke your leg?

RICHIE

What's a broken leg got to do with your eye?

CARL

I shattered my femur when I was seven. Yet I never, ever had that mark on my eye until that happened.

EVAHN

You can't be serious.

CARL

It's called IRIDOLOGY. Research shows virtually every part of our body is linked to our iris by nerve filaments. So they can diagnose diseases or organ dysfunction just by looking into your eyes.

EVAHN

You're right, Carl. From here, I can see you've had too much to drink.

CARL

Iridology. Look it up.

Carl moves in closer now to Helena, gazing intensely into her eyes.

CARL (CONT'D)

Just imagine all the problems we could solve, all the lives we could save, just by looking deeper into...one another's eyes.

Helena doesn't flinch.

She appears to enjoy the intimacy until finally – she bursts out laughing in Carl's face. He laughs too.

Richie has had enough. He's pissed.

RICHIE

Can I speak to you?

CARL

Sure?

RICHIE

In here.-- Excuse us for a moment.

CARL

Yes, apparently, we're going to powder our noses.

They both walk into the bathroom and close the door.

INT. BATHROOM

RICHIE

Do you always have to do this?

CARL

Do what?

RICHIE  
Get the girl?!!  
(growing louder)

Richie looks at the stand-up shower. He opens its door.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Shall we? So they don't hear us.

They step into the shower; now standing uncomfortably,  
face-to-face.

CARL  
What? We're just having fun.

RICHIE  
No, you're the one having all the  
fun. This is the woman I'm about  
to marry and you've monopolized  
every...

CARL  
Hey, this was your ridiculous  
idea. You can end the charade at  
any time.

RICHIE  
I know, I know, but still, you've  
always done this to me.

CARL  
Are you kidding?

RICHIE  
No. Every girl I've ever wanted,  
you had to have first.

CARL  
It's not my fault that every woman  
you've ever liked has liked me  
more!

RICHIE  
Really? What about Tiffany, my  
last girlfriend? She couldn't  
stand you.

CARL  
*Stiffany* said that? Really?

Richie is now seething.

RICHIE  
Oh, no... You didn't...

CARL

Yes. Why do you think I call her  
Stiffany?

Richie pushes Carl. Carl pushes back.

In this unbearably small, cramped space, they begin to  
fight, short-armed like two T-Rexes having a slapping  
fight in a telephone booth.

Suddenly, there's a KNOCK ON THE BATHROOM DOOR.

HELENA (O.S.)

Everything alright in there?

They stop slapping. Carl busts out of the shower. And  
walks out the bathroom past Helena.

INT. KITCHEN

CARL

(angry)  
Everything's fine. Think it's time  
I delivered my package.

RICHIE

Yes, excellent idea! Go on. Get  
out of here.

Helena and Evahn stand there shocked as Carl storms out,  
package in hand.

Helena grabs her jacket and rushes after Carl.

Richie tosses up his hands; he's now lost his best friend  
and his bride-to-be. Evahn is speechless.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CARL'S DELIVERY

Helena catches up to Carl walking down the street.

HELENA

You alright?

CARL

Fine. Fine.

HELENA

What happened in there?

CARL

I dunno. Ask Richie.

HELENA

But I'm here... with you. You  
okay?

CARL

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.

Carl looks left then right, trying to get his bearings.

HELENA

Let me see your map.  
(she looks)  
Follow me. I know a short cut.

From there, they begin walking through a series of  
interconnecting alleyways. It's dark and dangerous.

HELENA (CONT'D)

So are you getting cold feet?

CARL

Cold feet? No. But the rest of me  
is freezing. What is up with this  
shirt?

Carl tugs at his burlap shirt.

CARL (CONT'D)

How can something this heavy  
provide absolutely no warmth? It's  
like I'm wearing a... window.

HELENA

Are you joking?

CARL

No, I really think my nipples have  
frostbite.

Helena

Sorry. -- Here, this way.

Just as Carl and Helena turn the corner out of sight, the  
TWO BURLY THUGS appear. They look down one alleyway and  
then the other. They're getting closer.

CUT TO:

INT. HELENA AND EVAHN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Richie and Evahn sit on the couch in silence, not knowing  
what to say to each other.

RICHIE

Guess I should probably deliver my  
package too.

He grabs the package, his guitar case, and stands up.  
It's clear Evahn has no intention of helping Richie.

He heads to the door.

EVAHN  
(reconsiders)  
Let me see the address.

Richie stops and hands the package to her.

EVAHN (CONT'D)  
(reading to herself)  
Vladimir Guznac. Hmm...

RICHIE  
Do you know him?

EVAHN  
No, but his house is not too far  
from here. Take a right outside of  
our building. Go down two blocks  
and then it should be about five  
blocks to the left.

RICHIE  
Got it. Thanks.

He will surely get lost, but heads out anyway.

Evahn sits down on the couch and grabs a magazine.  
A moment passes, Evahn rolls her eyes and then grabs her  
jacket.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY — JUST OUTSIDE APARTMENT

EVAHN  
(calling after him)  
I'll just show you myself.

RICHIE  
You don't have to do this.

EVAHN  
It's not a problem.  
(obviously it is)

They head down the stairs out of sight.

CUT TO:



EXT. CITY STREETS — ALLEYWAY — NIGHT — CARL'S DELIVERY

Carl and Helena wander through alley after alley, talking while they walk. Helena appears lost.

CARL

I thought you said you knew where  
you were going?

HELENA

I do. Just trust me.

CARL

Where the hell are we? I thought  
you said it was close?

HELENA

Is this close enough?

Helena stops at the door to a rundown apartment building.

HELENA (CONT'D)

We're here.

CARL

Well done. Let's get this package  
off our hands.

EXT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING — CARL'S DESTINATION

We can see through the entrance door that the wood  
railing to the staircase is missing numerous spindles.  
Peeling paint and water stains mark the walls.

It's frightening. There's no telling what lies beyond.

HELENA

(a bit nervous)  
Shall we?

CARL

By all means, ladies first.

Carl gestures for her to lead the way. Reluctantly, she  
does.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS — COBBLESTONE SIDEWALK — NIGHT —  
RICHIE'S DELIVERY

Evahn is leading the way down the street. Richie tries to  
keep pace. Still inquiring about his bride-to-be.

RICHIE  
So why'd Helena run after Carl?

EVAHN  
Because he was upset.

RICHIE  
Is she nervous about getting married?

EVAHN  
Yes. Definitely.

RICHIE  
Do you think she loves...him?  
I mean, from all their long distance conversations and such.

EVAHN  
Not sure. Not every person loves for the same reason. For me, I would have faith — that in time — love will come.

RICHIE  
What do you mean?

EVAHN  
I believe our life's journey is meant to be shared. I don't believe we are meant to walk it alone.

RICHIE  
But shouldn't knowing that person before one gets married be paramount to all else? Do you really think we are meant to share our "journey" with a stranger?

Evahn stops walking and turns to Richie.

EVAHN  
I'm a stranger. Do you know me?

RICHIE  
No. I don't.

EVAHN  
Do you trust me?

RICHIE  
I guess I do.

EVAHN  
So you don't really know me, but still you trust me?

Richie stands there, not sure how to answer.

EVAHN (CONT'D)  
So you have faith that I will take  
you where you need to go, right?

RICHIE  
Right.

EVAHN  
For some people, when it comes to  
love, time is of no importance.  
Only trust.

Evahn looks at the map and then looks up and down the  
street.

RICHIE  
Are we lost?

EVAHN  
Not anymore.

She walks across the street to the house. Richie follows.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT - CARL'S DELIVERY

Helena walks up the staircase of the rundown apartment  
building. Carl follows slowly behind.

Through the paper-thin walls they can hear a couple  
fighting. A TV blares loudly from another apartment.

They pass a doorway where a BIG, BURLY MAN is doing pull  
ups on an IRON GYM BAR. He winks as he completes another  
pull up.

Finally, on the third floor, they reach the destination.

Carl KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. Surprisingly, the door swings  
open by itself. It's unlocked.

Helena and Carl look at each other.

CARL  
(shouting)  
Hello? Hello?

He turns to Helena, who begins to back away.

HELENA  
(frightened)  
Just leave the package. Let's go.

CARL  
I can't just leave it. I need a  
signature.

HELENA  
Leave it.

Carl steps further into the apartment. The walls are painted in a drab grayish-blue. A chair and lamp sit in the corner facing a 70's style box TV with rabbit ears.

Carl can hear VOICES coming from behind a bedroom door.

CARL  
Hello, Oleg? Package delivery!

Carl knocks on the bedroom door. The muffled sounds abruptly stop.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Hello?!

The door opens a crack. OLEG appears. He's a fat, menacing man with a long, black beard. The man is covered in sweat and RED STAINS.

OLEG  
(mad)  
Who are you? Why are you in my  
home?!!

CARL  
(nervous)  
I have a package for Oleg?

Carl holds out the package. Makes a gesture for "signature" and hands him a piece of paper.

Oleg signs and then hands the paper back to Carl, leaving WET, RED FINGERPRINTS everywhere. It looks LIKE BLOOD.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Thank... you.

Carl turns to rush out.

OLEG  
Wait!

Carl turns around to face him as Oleg pulls "something" from the top drawer of the dresser table. Carl doesn't wait to find out....

CARL  
Go! Go!

CUE MUSIC: SONG "Paint It Black" by The Rolling Stones.

Carl and Helena take off down the steps. They reach the landing and look back at Oleg coming after them.

OLEG  
(shouting)  
COME BACK!

Carl and Helena keep running. Their momentum tosses them against the wall. Carl GRABS THE RAIL and IT BREAKS.

They crash to the floor. Helena falls on top of Carl. They look up to see Oleg is still in pursuit. They jump up and run out the door.

EXT. STREETS/ALLEYWAY — NIGHT

As they run for their lives down the alleyway, Carl looks over at Helena in full stride and suddenly...

START SLOW-MOTION:

WE SEE HELENA RUNNING through the alley as if she is floating on butterflies and angels.

For the first time in his life, Carl has found a woman who runs with the grace of a gazelle.

With that, Carl TRIPS OVER A WOODEN CRATE and goes CRASHING into some TRASH CANS.

END SLOW-MOTION:

It is then, that Carl has fallen head over heels — both literally and figuratively. She reaches out her hand to help him up. He smiles at Helena and then reaches up to kiss her.

SHE SLAPS HIM.

HELENA  
Keep it in your pants, Casanova!

She pulls him to his feet and they sprint down the alleyway. -- Like the pig that he is, Carl slows down a step, to get a better look at Helena's butt, running from behind.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. OLEG'S APARTMENT BUILDING — NIGHT

Oleg runs out into the street in front of his apartment building. He bends over with his hands on his knees. He's out of breath. -- He's holding another package.

OLEG  
(shouting)  
Come back! I have a package to  
send!

Oleg's words are lost in the darkness. His new delivery  
will have to wait.

OLEG (CONT'D)  
Does no one deliver overnight  
anymore?

CUT TO:

EXT. VLADAMIR'S HOUSE - RICHIE'S DELIVERY

Richie KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

No one answers. Richie KNOCKS AGAIN. Still no answer.  
Evahn is acting anxious to go.

EVAHN  
Go ahead and leave it.

RICHIE  
I can't. I need proof that I  
delivered it.

EVAHN  
We'll come back then. Follow me.

Evahn leads Richie across the street.

EVAHN (CONT'D)  
If you guys are staying with us  
another night, we are going to  
need more wine.

RICHIE  
So is that an invitation?

EVAHN  
Don't flatter yourself. After  
whatever happened between you and  
Carl, we might reconsider.

INT. WINE FROM THE VINE SHOPPE - NIGHT

Richie holds the door open for Evahn as they step in.

They talk as they walk down the aisle, browsing the wine.

EVAHN  
So what did happen?

RICHIE  
Eh, just *Carl being Carl*.

EVAHN  
It wasn't *Richie just being Richie*?

RICHIE  
No. Definitely, not.

He spots a bottle of wine.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, I don't know much about wine,  
but I know *this* is tremendous.

He turns to Evahn to show her the bottle of *Louis Jadot Beaujolais Villages*.

EVAHN  
Yes, I know.

She too is holding the SAME WINE. -- They laugh at the coincidence.

RICHIE  
Great minds drink alike.

EVAHN  
Guess we'll just buy both.

As Richie turns to checkout, his KISS guitar case swings around and KNOCKS OVER A SMALL WINE DISPLAY -- TEN bottles crash to the floor.

RICHIE  
(feeling foolish)  
And...I guess we'll be buying those too.

EXT. WINE FROM THE VINE SHOPPE -- OUT ON THE STREET

They walk back out as Evahn is putting the wine into her oversize purse.

RICHIE  
Sorry 'bout that.

EVAHN  
No problem. That was crap wine anyway.  
(they smile)

Just down the block, CHURCH BELLS RING.

EVAHN (CONT'D)  
Looks like someone is getting  
married. I just love weddings.

She looks up to the night sky where the stars twinkle  
like glitter.

EVAHN (CONT'D)  
Beautiful night for it too.

RICHIE  
Shall we?

EVAHN  
Sounds perfect to me.

They cross the street towards the church. Kazakhstan has  
never looked more beautiful.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS/ALLEYWAY — NIGHT — CARL'S DELIVERY

Carl and Helena turn the corner exhausted from running.  
They look over their shoulders for Oleg.

HELENA  
(catching her breath)  
Is he gone?

CARL  
I think so.

Suddenly, Carl realizes a pain in his chest. He looks  
down and sees there is blood seeping through his shirt.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I'm bleeding!

He frantically searches underneath his shirt for an open  
wound.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Shit. Shit.

HELENA  
My God, have you been shot?

CARL  
I don't know! It hurts.

HELENA  
Where?!

CARL  
My...my nipples.



HELENA

Your what?

CARL

My nipples!! This fuckin' shirt  
chafed my nipples RAW. Fucking  
burlap!

His shirt has TWO BLOODY NIPPLE STAINS. Helena bites her  
lip, trying not to laugh.

HELENA

C'mon. Let's get you some help.  
(beat)...And a padded bra.

CARL

This is not funny.

Helena laughs as they continue through the alleyway with  
Carl trying to cradle the pain in his chest.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH — ENTRYWAY

Evahn and Richie walk into the church.

Richie stops for a moment, mesmerized by the cathedral  
ceiling and intricate details. The church is magnificent.

The wedding ceremony is already in progress, so they  
quietly make their way to seats behind the congregation.

They sit in silence, until...

EVAHN

(whispering)

Here in Kazakhstan, many of our  
customs are centered around the  
"trptych" which celebrates the  
three major phases of life: birth,  
death, and here, marriage.

Richie listens, taking it all in.

EVAHN (CONT'D)

Before a couple can marry, the  
groom must pass a test of  
"acumen". He must solve various  
riddles in order to prove he is  
worthy of the bride.

As the priest delivers the blessing, the BRIDE and GROOM  
ARE GROPING EACH OTHER. -- The bride is stroking the  
groom's hair, while he is massaging her butt in full view  
of the congregation.

They want to consummate their marriage... NOW.

EVAHN (CONT'D)  
These ceremonies last three days.

RICHIE  
I can see that.

Out of the corner of his eye, Richie notices something sticking out of EVAHN's PURSE. It's a BOOK.

He turns to her just as she pulls her hair behind her ear. He is suddenly taken by her beauty.

She notices his stare. Their eyes connect, she smiles, then quickly turns away, embarrassed by his gaze.

At the alter, we hear the priest make his plea to the congregation:

THE PRIEST  
*If any person can show just cause  
why these two may not be joined  
together – let them speak now or  
forever hold their peace...*

Moved by the priest's words, Evahn's smile vanishes from her face. Her eyes well up with tears. She jumps up and disappears up the aisle.

The angry congregation turns to follow the commotion.

Embarrassed and confused, Richie sits there, paralyzed as to what to do next.

His mind begins to swim, he looks at the priest whose face has curiously transformed into a vision of...JUDGE JUDY.

JUDGE JUDY  
*What are you waiting for, MR.  
WEBB?! Go to her you idiot!*

Judge Judy's right. Richie grabs Evahn's purse and chases after her.

EXT. CHURCH - FRONT STEPS

He runs out of the church, searching desperately to find her. There, standing near the statue of St. Gabriel, the messenger of God, is Evahn crying.

RICHIE  
Are you alright?

EVAHN  
 (moved to confess)  
 I'm not who you think I am.

RICHIE  
 Yes, you are.

EVAHN  
 No, I'm not. I've been a child,  
 playing a stupid game.

RICHIE  
 No, no you weren't.

EVAHN  
 I was...

RICHIE  
 I know it was you.

EVAHN  
 What do you mean?

RICHIE  
 I know you wrote the emails.

EVAHN  
 Me?

RICHIE  
 I know your words. Your voice.  
 Then the wine. And the book. I saw  
 it in your purse. *The Lover*  
*Within*. We talked about it a  
 million times.

Richie hands her back the book and purse.

EVAHN  
 And those were your words?

RICHIE  
 Every single one.

EVAHN  
 So...

RICHIE  
 ...you are my bride-to-be.

Evahn is stunned. He has discovered her true identity.  
Her eyes light up and she smiles.

EVAHN  
 So who is Carl?

RICHIE  
Carl's an asshole. I just used his  
name and picture.

EVAHN  
Just like I did!!!

RICHIE  
(reaching for her  
hand))  
Yes! Yes! You are my bride-to-be.  
You are my "car pool"!

EVAHN  
Your car pool?

RICHIE  
My passenger so that... NEVERMIND!

RICHIE GRABS EVAHN and KISSES HER. At last, they have  
found each other through FAITH and LOVE. — Not  
desperation.

The CHURCH BELLS of Kazakhstan RING OUT and we hear the  
roar of the congregation inside. They remain locked in an  
embrace.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you hated me.

EVAHN  
Yes, well, you don't make the best  
first impression.

RICHIE  
I know, I know. And neither do  
you.

They embrace again, laughing.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
I knew something didn't feel quite  
right with Helena.

EVAHN  
And, Carl's nice and all, but...  
(shudders at the  
thought)  
...thank God.

They kiss again as the congregation floods out of the  
church and into the street. They smile and look upwards  
at the stars as they're showered with confetti.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STEVENSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Julia is in her robe. She takes a sip from her coffee cup, deep in thought about her failing marriage.

We hear KEYS IN THE DOOR. — You can see in Julie's eyes, she's hoping it is MITCH...but it's only MARIA.

JULIA  
(disappointed)  
Hello, Maria.

MARIA  
Good morning, Mrs. Stevenson.

JULIA  
You're here early.

Maria drops a few bags of groceries on the counter.

MARIA  
You had asked me to pick up a few things from the grocery. So I did.  
(unpacking the bags)  
Is Mr. Stevenson home yet?

JULIA  
(saddened)  
No. Not sure when he will be.

MARIA  
Is everything okay?

JULIA  
No, just going through a rough patch.

They stand quietly, unsure of what to say, then...

MARIA  
(noticing her sadness)  
When I was younger, my husband walked out on me four different times. But I didn't mind much. I only got mad when he came back.

They smile. Julia is comforted by her words.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAZAKHSTAN CHURCH - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

As the CONGREGATION BEGINS TO SLOWLY PARADE DOWN the street, Evahn and Richie stop to steal another kiss.

RICHIE  
Ohh, one more thing.

Richie holds up his package.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
Can't forget to deliver this.

EVAHN  
After you.

Richie grabs her hand as they head back across the street to the house.

EXT. VLADIMIR'S HOUSE

He KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. No answer. He KNOCKS AGAIN.  
Nothing.

RICHIE  
Seems somebody doesn't want me to  
leave.

EVAHN  
Guess you're stuck here with me.

Suddenly, A MAN FROM THE CONGREGATION, steps out from the  
PARADE OF PEOPLE.

VLADIMIR:  
(broken English)  
Can I help you? That is my house.

RICHIE  
Yes, I'm looking for Vladimir  
Guznac. I have a package for...

VLADIMIR:  
(excited, grabbing  
the package)  
It is here. It is here! I am Vlad.  
The package is for me!

RICHIE  
Sign here. It's yours.

Vladimir signs and enthusiastically shakes his hand.

VLADIMIR  
Thank you. Thank you.

He rips into the package. Richie turns back. -- He needs  
to know what's in the package.

RICHIE  
Excuse me, sir? Can you...

Vladimir reaches into the package and pulls out a COPPER PIPE ELBOW and holds it up joyously.

VLADIMIR  
Praise the heavens!

Richie's not sure what he was hoping "it" might be,  
but it sure as hell wasn't a copper pipe elbow.

RICHIE  
(disappointed)  
Okay. Thank you.

Richie puts his arm around Evahn and they walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY — CARL'S DELIVERY

Carl and Helena are still walking though the alleys.  
He winces in pain as he dabs at the blood with a towel he  
grabbed off of a clothes line.

Helena is smiling.

CARL  
You sure are enjoying my pain,  
aren't you?

HELENA  
I know. I'm sorry.

Carl throws the towel at her as they turn the corner.

Just then, out of nowhere, A HUGE FIST COMES FLYING from  
the darkness and HITS CARL SQUARE IN THE NOSE.

CARL  
(SCREAMS WITH PAIN!!)

Carl flies backwards into a pile of trash cans.

Helena stands motionless with fear as the TWO THUGS step  
forward into the light.

From the perspective of THUG #1, we see a close-up of the  
piece of paper he's holding in his hand. It's a picture  
CARL'S face from MAIL-ORDER-MRS.com.

CARL (CONT'D)  
What is wrong with you people?!!

Carl grabs at his nose, trying to reset it.

CARL (CONT'D)  
EHHHH...SHIT. Not good.

Just as Carl struggles to his feet, THUG #2 punches him in the stomach, knocking him into a cardboard box.

CARL (CONT'D)  
(gasping for air)  
Alright, alright! You've made your point!

THUG#1  
(in broken English)  
Where is it?

CARL  
(in pain)  
Where is what?

THUG#1  
Our money? You either give it to us now or we're taking it -- AND a little something extra for our trouble.

THUG #2 shoves his shoe into Carl's crotch.

CARL  
Money? For...for...what?

THUG#1  
Our service set you two love birds up. You wanna get hitched, you pay the bitch. And that's me, cocksucker! Hand it over!

CARL  
(rolling in pain)  
I'm not him.

THUG#1  
What?

THUG #2 picks him up to hit him again.

CARL  
(pleading)  
Wait! Wait!... Yes, I'm Carl, but my friend used my photo and name so he could back out of marrying this chick if he wanted. I'm not the one getting married.

Carl turns to Helena.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. It wasn't my idea.

HELENA'S mad now too. She steps forward and PUNCHES CARL IN THE NOSE. He again falls to the ground.



As the THUGS stare in awe, Helena, with blazing speed and accuracy, swings around with a spinning back fist, knocking THUG #2 to the ground.

She jumps up and kicks THUG #1 in the face. Then leg sweeps him onto his back.

THUG #2 gets back up and grabs Helena from behind, he wraps his arm around her neck and begins to squeeze. She's losing consciousness.

Suddenly, A TRASH CAN hits THUG #2 in the back of the head and knocks him to the ground.

IT'S MITCH and AMAN. They're back.

THUG #1 gets up and grabs for MITCH, but he swings upward with the TRASH CAN LID, knocking THUG #1 backward into AMAN's arms.

MITCH tosses the TRASH LID to AMAN, who hits THUG #1 over the head, knocking him out cold.

Just as the gang is about to celebrate -- THUG #2 PULLS OUT A GUN and HOLDS IT TO HELENA'S HEAD.

THUG #2  
It's over. Drop it!

AMAN drops the lid. Everyone freezes.

THUG #2 (CONT'D)  
I don't know who the fuck is who  
here, but you're all gonna pay!!  
You first...

He points his gun at CARL.

Just then — KABOOM! — a LOUD EXPLOSION reverberates through the alley and THUG #2 falls to the ground, out cold.

The gang's stunned. They look over to see:

RICHIE, HOLDING HIS T-SHIRT CANNON.

Right by his side is EVAHN, holding TWO BOTTLES OF WINE, ready for action.

RICHIE  
Didn't want you to start the party  
without us.

Richie will never look cooler than he does right now.

HELENA  
(gathering herself)  
Oh, am I happy to see you.

Evahn rushes over and hugs Helena. Richie walks over to Carl, who's bloodied, bruised and broken.

CARL  
(humbled)  
Good to see you, dude.

Richie helps Carl to his feet.

RICHIE  
Who the hell are these guys?

CARL  
The guys you owe money to for your mail-order bride.

RICHIE  
Well, if that's how they wanna do business, screw 'em.  
(frightened)  
Now let's get the hell out of here!!

He quickly puts his T-shirt cannon back in his guitar case.

CARL bends over and picks the t-shirt off the ground. It reads: "I'M WITH STUPID" with an arrow pointing down to the crotch.

CARL  
How many of these do you have?

He puts on the T-shirt. Then hands Evahn the bloody, nipple-stained shirt. She holds it away from her in disgust.

EVAHN  
I don't even want to know.

Carl puts his arm around Richie for support.

CARL  
I'm sorry, Richie. -- And I never slept with Tiffany. I just said that to get you mad.

RICHIE  
Yeah, I never slept with her either. Said she was saving herself for marriage.

CARL

So young. So naive.

(shakes his head)

Was I really acting like an ass?

RICHIE

Only for the past 20 years or so.

Mitch rushes over to help Richie carry Carl.

MITCH

Shit! That was crazy!

RICHIE

Shit is right.

(shudders from the  
odor)

You smell like a goat.

MITCH

We have Aman to thank for that.

CARL

Aman, thank you for the help.

AMAN

My pleasure.

RICHIE

(whispering to Mitch)

Where'd he come from?

MITCH

He brought me back here after my  
delivery.

RICHIE

What was in your package? Not  
heroin, right?

MITCH

No, not heroin. A prosthetic leg.  
I delivered it to a poor old man  
in the middle of nowhere. He had  
nothing. No farm. No food...

RICHIE

No shit. Beats the fuck out of the  
copper pipe I delivered.

CARL

Hey, how the hell did you find us,  
Mitch?

MITCH

You told me to meet you back at  
the Ox Head.

(MORE)

(he points down the  
alleyway to the  
Tavern)

So when I was walking up, I heard  
a girl screaming down this alley.

HELENA

That would be Carl.

CARL

Oh, c'mon!

RICHIE

Yeah, I never heard Helena  
screaming, but we did hear you.

EVAHN

Or some little girl.

CARL

Alright, alright! Drinks are on  
me, if we NEVER speak of this  
again.

RICHIE

Same as always then, right?

The gang starts to walk towards the tavern.

AMAN

You go. I'll take care of these  
two for you. My brother, he's  
Police Chief.

MITCH

That works out nicely. Guess I'll  
see you then.

AMAN

Yes. Soon.

The gang heads up the alleyway.

CARL

(to Richie)

I can't believe you brought your  
T-shirt cannon! You gotta get  
yourself a catchphrase. Something  
like...

(in a mock Arnold  
Schwarzenegger-  
voice)

"Try this on for size!"

RICHIE

What about...  
(his mock Arnold  
Schwarzenegger-  
voice)  
"One size beats all."

CARL

Yeah, no. That sucks.

CUT TO:

INT. — OX HEAD TAVERN — NIGHT

The gang is sitting down at the same corner booth. Carl's swollen eyes are starting to turn black and his nose is still bleeding.

RICHIE

Here, use this.

Richie hands Carl his handkerchief.

CARL

Thank you. So kind.

Reluctantly, Carl accepts it and gingerly wipes blood from his nose, careful not to get Richie's snot on him.

HELENA

I'm no Iridologist, but from the look of your eyes, you definitely broke nose.

They all laugh at Carl.

CARL

Okay. Okay. Seriously now.

Carl raises his shot glass. They raise theirs too.

CARL (CONT'D)

Here's to everyone, for saving my life.

HELENA

Here's to Mitch and Richie for saving mine.

RICHIE

And here's to Evahn...for saving mine.

Richie smiles at Evahn and they kiss.

CARL  
What the fuck is up with that?

EVAHN  
(to Helena)  
It's okay. Tell him. Richie  
already knows.

HELENA  
Carl, remember how you said you  
were pretending to be Richie?

CARL  
Yes.

HELENA  
Well, I was pretending to be  
Evahn.

Richie and Evahn nod in agreement.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
I'm not the mail-order-bride-to-  
be. Evahn is.

CARL  
How fucked up are you people?

Mitch can't wait, he finally tosses back his shot.

Carl (CONT'D)  
(still confused)  
But if you did what I did, then  
why the hell did you hit me?

HELENA  
I needed a diversion. And besides,  
you lied to my friend.

Carl thinks for a moment.

CARL  
I can accept that.  
(to Richie)  
So you know all about this?

RICHIE  
Yeah, I came clean. You were  
right. Feels pretty good.

CARL  
Since we're all confessing,  
there's something I must say.  
(turning to Helena)  
HELENA, I'm in love with you.

For once, CARL is pouring out his heart. The gang is stunned.

CARL (CONT'D)

It's true. You're amazing! You're beautiful! And that Kung-Fu shit you do, that was sick!!

HELENA

That is so sweet, Carl, but trust me, I'm not your type.

CARL

Okay, so I'm a TYPE-A PERSONALITY, I know, I know. At times, I can be loud, arrogant, and incredibly intelligent, but that doesn't mean we can't make it work.

HELENA

You don't understand...

CARL

Honestly, I didn't think I even had a type until I met you.

(to Richie)

Tell her that she's definitely my type.

HELENA

(abruptly)

I like women. I'm a lesbian.

Carl turns to Richie with a big grin on his face.

CARL

Didn't I tell you she was my type?

RICHIE

You are definitely his type.

Suddenly, with all the "identity switching", Mitch turns to Evahn.

MITCH

So are you...?

EVAHN

No, no. Helena and I are just good childhood friends.

(turns to Richie)

I swear. I'm definitely your type.

RICHIE

Thank you, God!

They all laugh.

Mitch pours himself another shot and tosses it back. Just then he looks down at his watch. He stands to leave.

MITCH  
Ladies and gentlemen, this has  
been a true pleasure... *I think*.  
But it's time for me to go.

RICHIE  
Where?

MITCH  
Home. Aman is taking me back to  
the airport.

RICHIE  
Right now?

MITCH  
Next plane leaves in a few hours.  
We gotta get moving. I can't miss  
my plane.

Mitch nods goodbye to the ladies and walks out the door.

Carl and Richie sit in silence. Finally, Richie stands up  
and runs after Mitch. Carl follows.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Mitch is walking past the MERMAID FOUNTAIN in the town  
square. He stops and stares at the trickle of muddy water  
dropping from the mermaid's mouth.

Richie calls out from the distance.

RICHIE  
Mitch! Mitch! What are you going  
to do?

MITCH  
I should be home. With my family.

RICHIE  
Take this then.

RICHIE REMOVES HIS MONEY BELT AND HANDS IT TO MITCH.

MITCH  
For what?

RICHIE  
For your car. For all the money  
I've borrowed over the years.  
For...I dunno...me being an idiot.



Mitch is moved by the gesture. For as long as he's known him, Richie has never offered up money for anything.

MITCH

Don't you need that to "buy your bride"?

RICHIE

Think I'm going to stay here and get to know her. Do it the old-fashioned way. Don't want to rush into anything you know.  
(smiling)

Richie again offers up the money.

MITCH

That's okay. You keep it. We'll figure out the car later.

RICHIE

What about that old man you delivered your package to? He has nothing, right?

MITCH

Yes. No crops. No livestock. No life as far as I could tell.

RICHIE

(insistent)  
One more delivery, Mitch. Here. Take it.

MITCH

I can't. I gotta go home. Be with my family.

Mitch looks over his shoulder at Aman loading the bus.

MITCH (CONT'D)

But I'll make sure it gets into the right hands.

Mitch takes the money belt. They all embrace.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(to Carl)  
So Helena really punched you?

CARL

Yep. Love...hit me right in the face, dude.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE, TIME-LAPSE, TRAVEL SEQUENCE OF MITCH HEADING BACK HOME TO JULIA.

CUE SONG: "Two" by Ryan Adams

INT. OLD BUS — GRAVEL ROAD — TRIP HOME — NIGHT

Mitch sits on the straw floor surrounded by another herd of sheep and a few goats. Aman looks back over his shoulder at Mitch.

EXT. DUAL-PROP CARGO PLANE FROM KAZAKHSTAN — DAY

Aman stands outside the plane, saying goodbye to Mitch.

MITCH

Thank you.

Aman smiles. Gives him a big bear hug.

AMAN

Enjoy this life, my friend. You only have one. As for wives, you can never have enough.

Aman laughs heartily and waves goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. FED EX CARGO JET FROM YEKATERINBURG — IN MID-FLIGHT — DAY

Mitch reaches in his pocket having forgotten what it was he left there. It's the map for delivering the package. He stares at it, recalling his journey.

Just then, the same SICK PILOT from before walks back to the rest room, still hacking. Mitch smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. — LAX AIRPORT — FED EX GATE — MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Mitch walks out of the gate. The terminal is nearly empty. He looks over at their same GATE ATTENDANT barking orders at THREE OTHER GUYS.

The Gate Attendant hands them each a package. They're scared shitless.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STEVENSON'S HOUSE — VERY EARLY MORNING

Mitch pulls in the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH & JULIA'S BEDROOM

Julia is sleeping. Mitch walks to her side of the bed and quietly sits down. He touches her shoulder. She awakens.

They sit for a moment, unsure of what to say to one another. Finally...

MITCH  
(broken, ashamed)  
I'm so...sorry.

JULIA  
You gave up on us.

MITCH  
No, never. I just needed...

He struggles to find the right words.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
...I lost myself for awhile there.  
I'm sorry. I'm back though. For  
good.

Julia lies there in silence.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
So do you still hate me?

JULIA  
Not always.

MITCH  
Do you still love me?

JULIA  
Not always.

MITCH  
So am I too late?

JULIA  
No. No, you're just in time.

She reaches out to embrace Mitch. He pulls her close and holds on tight.

After a moment, she stops and pulls back. Julia winces.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Eh, God. What is that smell?

MITCH  
What? You don't like goats?  
(he smiles)

At last, Mitch is home.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: "ONE YEAR LATER"

INT. HOSPITAL — DELIVERY ROOM — DAY

MITCH, JULIA, CARL and the big, buxom CANDY — DANCER #1 from the BBQ & Babes Strip Club — are in the delivery room with RICHIE, who is supporting EVAHN as she pushes to give birth.

DOCTOR  
You're almost there! Keep pushing!

Richie looks around the curtain to see the baby's head crowning. He turns pale. Carl pushes him over to the trash can. Richie vomits.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
It's a boy! It's a boy!

Richie turns around, tears well up. He reaches for his new son, holding the naked, crying boy in the air.

He turns to Mitch and Carl, paralyzed with fear.

RICHIE  
What now?

CUE SONG: "JOY" BY MICK JAGGAR & BONO

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD:

"In love, I have lost my mind — and found my soul."

ROLL CREDITS

Interspersed throughout the credits is a short recap of where their "friends" are now.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

A) Back in Kazakhstan, OLEG is in his freshly-painted RED room, opening another package. He smiles and gently places another BOBBLE-HEAD DOG on his mantel next to the rest of his collection. He sits down to appreciate them in all their magnificence. The dogs' heads are shaking as if in sync to the music.

B) HELENA is sitting in the old tavern sipping shots of vodka with HER LOVER.

C) The TWO THUGS are roughing up someone else. They're both wearing T-Shirts that read "I'm With Stupid."

D) AMAN hands the money belt to ALEXANDER, who is so excited he falls backward onto his coffee table and shatters it. They laugh.

E) VLADIMIR's hand turns a wrench attaching the NEW COPPER ELBOW PIPE onto the mermaid fountain.

At last, amidst the concrete rubble in the Kazakhstan Town Square, clean, crystal clear water again flows from the fountain.

There, at the bottom of the fountain, we see Mitch's coin shimmering in the water.

Hope springs eternal.

FINAL CREDITS  
ROLL BY:

FINAL IMAGE: Wentzie walks into the BBQ & BABES strip club. Within seconds, he's immediately thrown out again.

FADE OUT:

THE END