

“MURPHY LAWE’S FORGETTABLE DAY”

by
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INT. BEDROOM

MORNING

MEDIUM SHOT

ANGLE ON:

MURPHY LAWE. A typical 55-year old married man who is about to enter “the zone” of the perfect, unforgettable early, sunny and bright, November Saturday in Chicago. He lies in his water bed quite contently dreaming away...

The CAMERA CLOSES IN on his nestled head which are surrounded by a half dozen satin covered pillows also under his arms and supporting his back.

The SHOT captures his clean shaven, well groomed and quite refreshed face, not having a hair out of place! His smile becomes even more glorious on his resting face as the SHOT begins to DISSOLVE in the midst of his near orgasmic smile in this dream of lust.

MATCH CUT TO: the same face as the smile continues.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show our Murphy (eyes still closed) as a bikini top drags slowly along his face and we see the bare back of YOUNG LADY with a soft “Marilyn” voice:

YOUNG LADY (O.S.)

(softly)

You have a trusting face. Will you watch my top while I take a dip in the ocean, kind, sweet man? I don’t want to lose it in the ocean.

ANGLE ON

Murphy, eyes still closed, still smiling. Ocean waves are HEARD (O.S.)

MURPHY

(mumbling).

Ocean. (beat) Top- topless beach.

MATCH CUT TO: Murphy’s same smiling face as he continues to have his eyes closed in Lala land heaven back in this warm bed. (CON’T.)

Another even more sultry female voice comes over the scene. Murphy's wife, SANDEE is heard over the scene and the CAMERA picks up a lacey, exotic pink, D size, Victoria Secret bra as it too, slowly moves across his face. His hands try to find and then caress one of the cups as he uses it like an oxygen mask breathing in the aroma. Then the cup of the bra is slid away from his smiling face.

Murphy POV (blurred CLOSE SHOT OF A FEMALE)

His eyes slowly open to see his smoking hot, wife, our bit ditzy but sensual, SANDEE.

MURPHY (V.O. his POV)
I love the smell of Shalimar on the breasts.

Murphy's blurred POV comes into FOCUS on his indeed, beautiful wife. The CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK to capture the upper part of her voluptuous body in a tight party dress. She is in her mid 40's, in full make up and sporting a Farah Faucet hair style, also with a smooth, sexy voice.

ANGLE ON:

Sandee and Murphy

We now see Murphy comfortably tucked in this waterbed with his gorgeous wife standing over him with a small suitcase next to her hot body as she prepares to leave. She tosses the bra to the other side of the bed next to him. She pushes on the corner of the waterbed so it sloshes Murphy awake slowly.

SANDEE
(Sultry soft voice)
Having a wet dream? Thank you for my
Victoria's Secret gift.

MURPHY
Which, as I recall you only had it on for
7.3 seconds last night.

SANDEE
And as I recall, the thrill of the spill, for you,
didn't last but 6.8 seconds.

Smiling she reaches for his crotch and squeezes lightly. She begins to leave the room.

SANDEE
I have a special gift for you when I get
back tomorrow from my sister's bridal shower.

ANGLE ON

Sandee as she stops one last time by the bedroom door.

SANDEE

Murphy, baby, it's only 7:15. (softly, with her finger pressed to her voluptuous lips). Go back to sleep, I've already been to the store and filled the fridge with beer, you're favorite fried chicken, Al's beef sandwiches, four different dips and five racks of ribs for you and the guys to watch your precious Chicago Cubs in game five of the World Series tonight.

CUT TO:

Murphy, noticeably drooling, just staring off into the distance trying to register all the delicacies as he sits up in bed with his pillows surrounding him and the bra on his head as if it were his hat.

ANGLE ON:

Sandee as she looks at him with endearment like a baby in a crib.

SANDEE

I just love when you get so excited and your bodily fluids emerge, sweetie.

She turns to leave but catches herself and turns back suddenly to look at him one more time with a big smile.

SANDEE

Oh, yes, and I'm having Joey himself come over from his restaurant to hand-deliver you guys a couple of those three foot by three foot, Texas size pizzas and a jumbo bucket of hot wings. And tomorrow night, when I get home, I'll hand-deliver you something else...

As her hot body exits the bedroom doorway, only her sexually positioned, slow, "stroking" wrist, pumps its way out of the SHOT from the doorway.

CUT TO:

Murphy, with even more drool than before

INSERT ALARM CLOCK It's display shows 7:11 AM

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INSERT ALARM CLOCK Its display now shows 11:11 AM

ANGLE ON:

A fully rested Murphy who slowly moves to the edge of the bed and gets up to take a delicious stretch. He opens the shade to reveal a beautiful, bright sunny day.

MURPHY
(to himself)
Was that a dream I had?

INT. BATHROOM

He walks over to the toilet and takes one long, minute and 32 second piss that is full of powerful SOUNDING bursts of powerful streams, then trickles, then streams, a drip, drip and back to a few more LOUD burst... Then a final trickle.... No! One more 20 second burst that builds with intensity.

He has a delightfully refreshing look of his face as the flush concludes the exercise. He looks down like a little kid, bewildered.

ANGLE ON MIRROR

SERIES OF SHOTS

MURPHY
(to himself)
Didn't even have to shake. Perfect.

He drops his pajama bottoms and, with the ANGLE from the REAR, we see his Cubs tattoo (a sensual rendering of the Cub's logo with Harry Carey) as he gets on the scale.

INSERT SCALE DISPLAY 167 pounds

He proudly snaps the elastic band from his pajama bottoms back on

MURPHY
(to himself)
One sixty seven. Sophomore high school weight! Perfect.

He performs some shadow boxing motions reflected in the mirror along with a couple dozen jumping jacks. (CON'T)

OUT OF FRAME he gets down on the floor where we HEAR him count off 20 rapid push-ups. He pops up to pick his nose... nothing there! He grabs a comb to make adjustments but after a few looks, front back and sides, he doesn't need any!

MURPHY
(to himself)
Didn't even have to shake. Perfect.

He starts to get the mouth wash out but stops to check his breath by cupping his hand around his mouth and nose Doesn't need any.

MURPHY
(to himself)
Like sweet honey. Perfect.

He decides to get brave and drops his bottoms to sit on the toilet. Two effortless tweaks and twists while sitting and then he takes just two squares of toilet paper to finish the job. With the ANGLE CLOSE on his face, we see the smile again.

MURPHY
(to himself)
Didn't need any. Like Wonder Bread...
(a flush)... A perfect pinched loaf.

He gets up but stops and thinks for a second as the toilet finishes its flushing cycle, and challenges himself to a smell. He does a sniff, cautiously...

MURPHY
(to himself)
After Mexican? Perfect.

He looks around for some grooming/ toiletry tasks to do as we INTERCUT between Murphy's joyous expressions of fulfillment as relishes an apparent, hasty exit from the bathroom: He smells his arm pits, feels his already smooth shaven face, checks his manicured fingers, checks his obscenely pedicure toenails and even tosses the toothbrush in the garbage can as he exits the facility.

He is off for that long hot shower he never gets to take... We see the clock go from 11:19 to 12:10 when the big prune emerges refreshed, looking into the steamed mirror with a big smile.

SMASH CUT

KITCHEN FRIDGE DOOR AND NOTE

CLOSE ON HANDWRITTEN NOTE

Murphy opens the note that was attached to the handle. O.S. we hear Sandee's sexy voice as the ANGLE follows the handwriting on the note...

SANDEE (V.O.)

I wrote this in case you didn't get all I said, baby cakes. Check all of goodies for you and the guys for the last home game tonight. Joey is bringing pizza and hot wings. And enjoy the dessert table!

The CAMERA PANS across the room to see the "dessert table's obnoxious amount of dozens upon dozens of sweets including a chocolate fountain and other Las Vegas buffet delights!

BACK TO SCENE THE CARD

SANDEE (V.O.)

I know I wouldn't see you until tomorrow night and I'll miss you. This is our first night apart in the six years we've been married and I will have you in my wet dreams all night, my tether-ball-baby! I left you a gift card for lunch as I'm sure you'll still find your way to a Super Sized Big Mac. And speaking of super Sizing...ooh last night was tasty!

ANGLE ON MURPHY

as he takes a big gulp to help the lump in his throat and then, INTO FRAME, come an actual Big Gulp from 7 / 11to coincide with the moment.

SANDEE (V.O.)

Love you! Remember the neighbor boy, Carl is coming to mow the lawn and the carpet cleaner company will be here a 1PM. Neighbor Chang will spray the plants and bushes at 3PM. And at 12 AM Murphy .I have a special bush for you, baby!

BACK TO MURPHY

With this, Murphy opens the fridge door and we ANGLE On the array of food!

SERIES OF SHOTS

as Murphy selects from a number of delicacies.

His POV shows a snack-man's delight: A bucket of chicken and their accessories, a pile of saucy Tony Roma ribs, chocolate and berry pies, combo pizzas, hot wings and dips. His smile says it all! He downs ribs, chicken, pizza, an Al's beef sandwich and a half gallon of chocolate milk! Finally, he decides to stop... And make a man's omelet!

It's as if he had not eaten in a week, he makes this unreal omelet... A dozen eggs, diced ham, chunks of pepperoni, pieces of BBQ chicken breasts, sausages slices, a dozen slices of various cheeses all go into the pile that will make up this mega omelet. Then, in an uncontrollable moment, in goes 7, 8, 9 and finally 10 big heaping spoons of pre cooked chopped bacon bits that get mixed all around the now flipped over omelet topped with a couple of cups of shredded cheese to complete the delicacy all accomplished by using a huge 16" frying pan that the omelet barely fits in!

While he takes the last bite, barely, he stops to breathe and look at the empty dish. A few seconds pass and Murphy's eyes are starting to close slowly until, he pops one open and musters just enough energy to reach over to what appears to be the empty bucket of chicken... He shakes it a bit and to his delight, eyes open, he sees an escaped chicken leg.

Suddenly a THUD from the front door area is HEARD as are, screeching tires from the street, Murphy calmly reacts and turns his head and get up to check it out. DOORBELL RINGS and Murphy goes OUT OF FRAME through the kitchen towards the front door.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON FRONT DOOR

As it opens, we see from Murphy's point-of-view, the typical, fifteen year old GEEKY NEWSPAPER BOY and his average looking, forty-something MOTHER who has apparently been driving her son around to deliver the morning papers in the family van, which is in the b.g. in the street.

Murphy tries to get in a "hello" and a "what's up" in the midst of her banter to no avail as the nervous, hyped-up mother adlibs polite, ranting, random gibberish about all possible events in her and her boys life, tossing in constant, non-stop apologies on behalf of her rather timid (we can see why) son.

ANGLE on the rolled up paper that missed its mark of landing at the edge of the steps and rests in the flower planter next to the siding of the house providing the "thump".

BACK TO SCENE

ANGLE ON THE THREE on the porch

Murphy sees there is no damage and to calm the mother, he offer them a soda but she suddenly gives her kid a slap to the back of the head! This startles Murphy who steps up his attempt to verbally intervene. He picks up the paper showing it landed in a 99% dry, planter with the results of the missed toss proving to only be a slightly dampened corner, the size of a quarter, on this rolled-up morning paper!

The timid boy takes a step closer to Murphy and away from his mom. Her rant is a mix of apologies and negative remarks about “kids today” and that, combined with Murphy’s “positive”, calm demeanor and equal verbalization make for a fast-paced volley. She goes on and on about the importance of today’s paper and that each paper received a number during printing and the fact that there is a winning number for two tickets to today’s Cub’s fifth game, and how it would be announced at noon today, and how important the deliveries where and, and, and...

The kid starts to mumble he’s sorry, but the mom shuts him down with an ever so slight lurch towards him. The kid moves even closer to Murphy! The mom is adamant about her son needing to learn responsibility and accuracy dissing her kid’s athletic abilities, rambling about having to take a paper route because he can’t make a sports team or even ride his bike without falling off. She screams these are the reasons she has to drive his uncoordinated ass around the neighborhoods!

The kid quietly tells Murphy that he has asthma since he was 4 and was diagnosed with MS at 8, while his nut-job ma, with stealth like move, grabs the rolled up paper from Murphy’s hand, and whacks her kid square in the mouth as he tries to speak. Murphy is totally taken aback! He now grabs the kid who has moved right next to his him! The kid says he was just diagnosed as a hemophilic and could bleed out. The mom remembers this!

The seemingly bi-polar bitch starts crying and grabs her son gently, putting her arm over his shoulder to rush him off to the hospital. Her apologies all the way back to the van now smothering her boy with love.... Until.... She flips and helps him get up into the van’s front seat with a swift kick to his boney ass!

INT. KITCHEN

Murphy opens the rolled paper to find the Chicago Sun Times code, just as the paper boy’s mom said.

INSERT WALL CLOCK He sees the wall clock just clicking to noon.

ANGLE ON

Murphy as he chuckles and mumbles, “What the hell.” He tunes in the radio station mentioned in the paper and the ANNOUNCER’S VOICE mentions the seven digit winning numbers...

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Again, for a lucky Chicago Sun Times subscriber, two, game five tickets to the World Series, numbers 7771177. You have one-hour to call!

SMASH CUT TO:

an exited Murphy on the phone breaking the news to his three pals that he is leaving the house open to them with all the food and booze but he's going to claim his tickets and hang at Wrigley!

MURPHY

(excited)

...Yeah, the joint is yours... Nope, I'm sellin' that other ticket... Probably make five grand! Yep, (beat) yeah, I'll call ya from my seat! I'm gonna wash the mud off the V-dub and jet down to get a couple of game seven, World Series tickets! Later!

Taking his smile from the phone to the kitchen, he's off to a SERIES OF SHOTS:

We follow Murphy as he gets all "Cubed" out. The special make up and attire is complete!

He goes outside of the house and towards the driveway towing the garden hose and bucket of soap and suddenly stops as he sees that the car is already completely washed! In the adjoining driveway is the always smiling, new neighbor, CHANG, to explain. About 40, Chang speaks broken Confucius

CHANG

(over zealous)

Hello new American neighbor! Saw '98 VW Bug, thought I clean car! Dirt all over, like pimple on ass of wife, need to be removed before driving it!

Murphy, not too sure of the gesture, smiles with thanks as Chang offers more proverbs to relay why he cleaned the car.

CHANG

Offer help where help is needed, my father always say at table before eat.

Murphy smiles and counters

MURPHY

Man who eats picture of father,
soon to be spitting image of father.

Chang smiles

CHANG

Very good, my new neighbor, Murphy

Murphy smiles as he takes off to get in his VW, thanking Chang.

CHANG

Man who drive like hell, bound to get
to hell, too fast.

ANGLE ON MURPHY'S REARVIEW MIRROR

Where we see a Carpet Cleaning van has pulled to the front of the house. ANGLE shows Murphy's eye in the mirror. Then it disappears as he gets out saying.

MURPHY

Almost forgot the rug appointment!

CUT TO:

Back inside Murphy's house. He talks to the carpet cleaning crew now in the house setting up equipment and moving furniture, while eating out of a bag of chips.

MURPHY

(chomping chips)

Boys, it's all yours to clean. I gotta go
get a couple of tickets. Now you will be
done in an hour with this new dry cleaning
technique, right.

An "Absolutely" is HEARD as we HEAR the DOORBELL. Murphy grabs a mouthful of chips on the way to answer it.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as it opens to reveal a MEDIUM SHOT of Murphy, with a mouthful of chips stopping in mid chew with the rug crew inside. He gazes at the person who rang the doorbell and has a difficult time finishing the chewing process of his mouth full of chips! When he finally gets a gulp out of the way he composes himself, wipes his mouth and finally says hello, complete with a boyish smile.

ANGLE ON

a stunningly beautiful, 30-year-old black female, ALICYA (al-lic-ya), dressed in a rather skimpy Girls Scout Uniform as if going to a Halloween party at the Playboy Mansion! She is sweet but everything goes over the top of her head!

ALICYA

(very cheerful)

Hello, kind sir! Sorry to disturb your snack.

ANGLE ON

the three of them on the porch. Alicya wipes a big crumb off his mouth rather sensually. Murphy can't help but to stare at her voluptuous breasts, which are squeezed and held together by two buttons!

ALICYA

(innocently)

I am filling in for the leader of the local Girl Scout group and excuse my outfit. (smiling) It's a bit small. It's my sixth grade uniform I still had when I was selling cookies back in the day! (whispering, innocently) So, just filling in.

MURPHY

(smiling- doing double takes)

And quite nicely!

Alicya is given an envelope by her daughter and hands it to him with a smile.

ALICYA

Here is a gift certificate for a years worth of cookies since you bought the most cookies in the entire state! (pausing) Oh, excuse me! This is my girl, Alayna (ah-lay-na) and my name is (sultry) Alicya.

Murphy can't help but smile, somewhat flustered and after beat, replies.

MURPHY

(broad smile)

How, how do you spell that?

ALICYA

A L I C Y A

MURPHY

Okay. Didn't want to get tongue tied (taking a gulp for composure), you see.

He cups his hand to direct an adolescent one-liner, red in the face...

MURPHY

(quickly)

Last name isn't Oliver, is it?

ALICYA

(shocked-smiling)

No! But that is Alayna's scout pack leader that I'm subbing for! Natalie Oliver! You know her?!

MURPHY

No!

Murphy sees she is a bit gullible and quits joking around.

MURPHY

I'm just such a kidder.

Murphy smiles. The daughter is not amused.

ALICYA

Our last name is Ceely

Murphy thought his "all over" reference was good, but "silly"! He loses it!

ALICYA

(embarrassed, innocently)

I know. I know. It can be a mouthful,

Murphy is cracking up so much, he drops to his knees, sliding down Alicya's thin body slowly as to not fall, ending with his face directly in front of Alicya's crouch!

MURPHY

(muffled, in her skirt)

Don't worry about it (a breath), I'll... Alicya.

Murphy is panting, out of breath. Slowly he gets up looking around.

MURPHY

Where's, (panting) where's the cameras?

Alicya and Alicia both ironically point behind Murphy to a van indeed with a man pointing his camera!

SERIES OF SHOTS

as we see, to Murphy's right, a van slowly rolls up a couple houses down across the street. The van door is cracked open and indeed there is a handheld camera man pointing down the road! To his left, another van pulls up slowly, next-door at the neighbor Chang's house, where Chang is now watering a bush and waving to Murphy. A well dressed man and a woman pop out of the van and walk up the walk-way, towards the front door.

Murphy keeps observing, back-and-forth, right to left to the right as there is a lot more people coming in other vehicles, some with cameras, some with sound equipment and all with two-ways, converging on Murphy's neighbor. Two are well-dressed and start walking across the street. It has all the markings of a Publishers Clearing House event!

Further down the road, we notice yet another van, slowly leading a new Corvette driving slowly, about five houses away. Suddenly, everyone halts in their path, including the Vet! All are now on their cells and two ways and within seconds, start looking at each other, discovering a problem has halted this production.

We HEAR a MAN'S VOICE blasting all over the two-ways, with the lead group almost to Murphy's neighbor's front steps!

VOICE

Wrong house! Wrong house! It's 1337, not
1339! Smudge on the paper! Seven looked
like a nine! Repeat wrong house! It is the one
on the left! The three people on the front
porch. Go! Go! No doorbell!

The Vet, just about to turn into Chang's driveway, stops, backs up a few feet and now hells ass, as do the nearly dozen people who start dashing over to Murphy! They all head across Chang's lawn, leaving Chang still waving at Murphy, oblivious to what's happening!

Faster than a TMZ crew, these people tear through the bushes, dividing the two homes. We see in the b.g., the Vet is being quickly waived forward to Murphy's driveway at full speed. Three camera men converge on Murphy as the Vet pulls up the driveway.

HIGH SHOT (DRONE) ABOVE DRIVE WAY

with everyone from the carpet guys, girl scout, Chang, all of the people in the previous scene plus a few neighbors come to see the excitement surrounding Murphy!

MALE ANNOUNCER
 (jubilant- faint voice)
 You are Murphy ...Murphy Lawe, sir?
 Congratulations it's your lucky day. (VOICE ECHOS...)

Murphy is overjoyed as we TRANSITION to the next scene HEARING THE ECHO“ ...It's your lucky day... It's your lucky day... It's you're...

NEXT SCENE...

INT. RADIO STATION

DAY

ANGLE ON

A smiling Murphy as he walks away from a long counter where an equally smiling receptionist has just handed Murphy his 2 tickets! We see the call letters of the radio station KCEY on the wall as well as a couple people from the radio station having passed along to him an envelope with the two World Series tickets.

The preceding “VOICE ECHOS” continue with a FEMALE VOICE...

FEMALE VOICE
 ...lucky day...It's your lucky day.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST
 And hopefully the Cubs are as lucky as you
 today, sir! Be nice to wrap it up at home this time.

FOLLOWING SHOT

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Murphy down the hallway of the radio station, through the glass doors (Farmers and Merchants Bank) and outside the building. He pauses momentarily to open the envelope and look at the tickets in hand for a second as he puts them back in the envelope and in his inside jacket pocket. The SHOT CONTINUES as the CAMERA circles him from behind, capturing his smiling face from looking at the tickets only to capture an even bigger smile as he looks up to see that across the street there is a McDonald's sign which beckons him. We follow as he gets in his new Vet and quickly drives the 50 feet across the street and jams into the drive up line as if he hasn't eaten enough today already.

CUT TO: the Mc-E-Dee's drive up window as he sees his large McDonald's bag is coming thru the window. He hurries to take the last bite of his Burger King Whopper he apparently bought before going to claim his tickets! Without shame, he quickly crumbles the empty BK wrapper, stuffs it in the BK bag and trades that bag for the McDonald's freshly filled bag for the drive-up kid to dispose of! The Mc-E-Dee's kid just shrugs his shoulders and takes the bag.

Murphy sees two Monopoly game stickers from his Super-sized fry container and tosses them on the front seat commenting, "Stupid games people play." Ready to leave, he is detained in the drive-up by the car ahead of him, which has suddenly screeched to halt, blocking the exit of the drive thru! An excited Hindu driver jumps out, goes past Murphy's car holding up a small game piece excitedly saying, "Won free cone! Won free cone! Be back!" He goes inside the building as if he won the state lottery!

Murph honks.

MURPHY
(to himself)
Ya come to fast food to eat fast food,
not play games! Let's move it!

He looks at his full bag of delights. A horn HONKS behind him.

MURPHY
(shouting louder)
You're making it slow food, McNuthole!

While waiting, Murphy munches. He sees he has two game pieces on his drink and Big Mac container and peels them off as he continues to munch. Another honk is heard as we see the man run out licking his cone with joy.

MURPHY's POV as we see him get in the car with his cone finally moving out of the drive-up lane.

BACK TO SCENE

ANGLE ON

Murphy as he peels off two game pieces from his cup and tosses them on the seat.

MURPHY
(to himself)
Better keep these for Sandee. She
plays these games.

FOCUS on Park Place, then Boardwalk!

HIGH SHOT

As the Vet speeds away, out of FRAME

INT. VET

MURPHY

Ohh-kay. Ice cream sounds good. Let's try that new joint. (into his cell) Siri, fastest directions to that Cold Stone on Monte Vista.

Murphy tunes in the radio and the announcer ad lib's information about both the Chicago Cubs the New York Yankees meeting today in game five with the Cubs leading the series three games to one. It is mentioned that it would be a shame if Chicago couldn't wrap it up today, their last day in Chicago, before heading to New York for a game six on Monday and/or seven, Tuesday. He segways to the station's next song... "Here's Sheena Easton's, "My Baby Takes the Morning Train." Softly, the song starts to build steam over the following ...

SERIES OF SHOTS

(after Murphy's final dialogue.)

Murphy driving, going place to place...

MURPHY (O.S.)

Gotta have a sign for daCubs!

...Murphy's POV as he passes a sign that says All Star Signs and Trophies (Sheena Easton song at full volume) as Murphy turns the car around, illegally in the middle of the busy four-lane road without stopping and right in front of a police officer! Murphy smiles in the middle of the u-turn and tips his Chicago Cubs hat to the cop! Surprisingly, the cop holds up with both hands a mini white "W" Cubs flag and instead of lighting Murphy up for a major citation, we see the officer use his index finger to make a circular motion, much like an umpire does to single the runner to circle the bases like a homerun!

We see Murphy high-fiving the people at the sign shop as he gives his order and then FLIP FRAME SAME SHOT, receiving his order. Murphy gets his big, white, 3' x 3' flag with a blue W as well as a smaller 6" x 10" blue and white piece of vinyl with unknown lettering.

SMASH CUT to TIGHT on the rear license plate area of the Vet with Murphy having placed the previously acquired piece of vinyl. We see it reads, "CUBS 'n 5!". The Vet peels out, again turning right and running through a red light without incident!

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE'S HUGE PARKING LOT

DAY

Murphy walking through the parking lot coming out of a grocery store unable to remember where he parked his Vet as he seems to be worried it's been stolen! He mumbles "Stolen?" to himself. He walks down the aisle half way, going through a half a bag of chips as he stops remembering to push the alarm key on his remote! He smiles again and with the push, we HEAR the BEEP, BEEP of the HORN alarm going off... right behind him and a big SUV that hides his Vet! He laughs it off as the MUSIC CONTINUES

HIGH SHOT captures Murphy getting out of his Vet from another parking lot, that of a convenience store.

MED. SHOT in store. There are about 10 people in the store milling around in the b.g.

QUICK CUTS on the counter where Murphy plops down numerous bags of peanuts, sunflower seeds, corn nuts, bubblegum, licorice ropes, assorted candy bars, a big gulp and tops the heap with a dozen Hostess products that would choke a horse. The register guy smiles at Murphy as Murphy tosses a Cubs tee-shirt on the counter for good measure and points to a display depicting an awesome looking picture of a pure white cowboy hat with a blue embroidered "C" for the Cubs. The shrug of shoulders from the smiling clerk, indicating, sold out.

CLOSE on the clerk who suddenly quits smiling looking directly behind Murphy were a man, a ROBBER, wearing the same white cowboy hat Murphy wanted and ski mask, is pointing a gun directly over Murphy's shoulder at the clerk!

ANGLE ON GUN tapping Murphy's ear with the barrel.

REVERSE ANGLE motioning Murphy to get out his wallet and then, the robber's hand reaches over to take the white envelope with the Cubs tickets!

ANGLE ON Murphy as he bursts into superhero mode and grabs the robber, taking him down hard, slamming him on the counter and down to the floor where he gets the gun.

POV of the robber seeing only Murphy on top of him and a barrage of fist punches ala Ralphie whaling on Farcus in A Christmas Story.

CUT TO: Crimetek Security officers taking the cuffed robber out the front door with a decent amount of blood from the nose. We see additional police units roll up, outside.

ASENDING DRONE SHOT as the clerk places on Murphy's head, the robber's white cowboy hat! Then the clerk, the officers and a number of customers shake Murphy's hand like the hero he is he is! Murphy gets a round of applause from the other patrons and the large crowd that has gathered as the patrol and police cars leaves.

SERIES OF SHOTS CONTINUES

With a sign show the ball park is 1 mile away, Murphy is now passing what appears to be a couple of PRETEEN BULLY BOYS messing with two GRAMMER SCHOOL KIDS and their baseball equipment just outside the fence of a local play ground and park. Murphy stops and gets out of his car pointing to his white cap and approaches the two bully boys so quickly, they drop everything they've taken from the younger kids, including a knife and run away. He offers the two boys some of his snacks as the very polite young kids thank him. Murphy smiles with a sense of accomplishment and heads back to the car as an OLDER MAN in his late 50's runs up to Murphy with gratitude.

The man wears a Cubs cap and shows his ID to Murphy as well as a wallet photo with his twin brother, coach of the Chicago Cubs, Joe Madden! (CON'T)

He is a very emotional man, almost in tears with gratitude as he sees the knife!

Murphy smiles big and shows his two tickets for tonight's game, his Cubs hat, Cubs flag, drops his jeans a bit to reveal his Cub's underwear, underneath that, a tattoo of the 2016 World Series trophy and taps his chest and heart for the love he has for the Cubs. The twin Madden bro takes off his 2016 world championship ring (INSERT RING) he got from his brother Joe, and gives it to Murphy expressing his thanks as Murphy motions a "no way" but as the twin Madden bro motions to the ring, and points to the ring, then himself and then flashes three fingers referring to the fact he has three!

Murphy looks astonished and presents his three fingers and point to Madden, with an expression of "Really, three rings?! Madden turns to point at a strip center across the street from the park and we see the sign, Yonan's Jeweler. Madden give a thumbs up as he rushes off with the kids. Murphy leaves in elation!

ANGLE ON Murphy at the ATM getting some cash as the display ready \$300.00, starts getting dozens of \$100 bills for which he stuffs in his shirt and pant pockets as well as his hat, as fast as he can and before any one approaches the machine seeing this jackpot!

SMASH CUT TO the Vet as it speeds off down the road.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT of Murphy's home as we see Murphy arrives at the house and gets out of the Vet, leaving the door ajar, trying to keep his hat full of money on tight as he runs up to the front door, stopping to pick up a few hundred dollar bills that just fell out of his pocket and rushes inside for 10 seconds. He runs out of the house, now wearing his Cubs baseball cap, jumps back in the car and backs straight out onto the street at full speed, totally oblivious to objects that he just narrowly misses! First, the near running over of a baby carriage that was being rolled right across the driveway's sidewalk, a bicyclist across the street who swerves to miss unsuspecting Murphy and, all in the same 12 second, back out and maneuver, just misses the rear-end of a zooming by FedEx truck!

Straightening his Cub's cap, not knowing what disaster he just avoided, he smiles saying to himself, what a day!

The sign say Wrigley Field 1 Mile. As he passes this sign, Murphy see the thick traffic ahead and starts slowing even further. He also sees a mini party bus about a block away pulled over on the left. Finally arriving by the bus, he sees two hot women exit conferring with the chauffer who has been under the open hood peeking at the engine compartment, while on the phone scratching his head with his hat off. The beautiful women in tight jeans stand alongside the limousine doors on their cell phones, too. Attracted to this and since you Murphy isn't going anywhere too fast with traffic ahead of him, he manages to park his car in front of the bus. Murphy looks under the hood as the four of them gather for 10 seconds.

Suddenly, the chauffer runs back to the cab and attempts to start the vehicle... It turns over! Murphy closes the hood and with success the girls run inside the bus waving at Murphy to come join them. Murphy points at his Vet, shrugging his shoulders that he can't. Just then a tow truck pulls up. One of the girls pulls out a few hundred dollar bills and we can see the tow truck driver agrees to tow the Vet to the ball park! Murphy shrugs his shoulders with a, what the hell, and is escorted inside the party bus where he is shocked to be greeted by a dozen more beautiful girls, one hotter than the next! He shows his two tickets, his World Series ring and with his 20 seconds of charades, we are able to see that he is communicating the day he has had thus far!

It is dark out now as the mini party bus arrives at the back of the ball park with the lights illuminating the parking lot. Elated, Murphy leads the girls into the ballpark entrance. On the way Murphy continues to have incredible luck! He finds a \$100 bill on the ground; he catches a batting practice ball with his glove right in front of an elderly ladies head; he bumps into Whoopi and Michael Jordan; he even grabs a kid (wearing a Microsoft T-shirt) as he starts falling over a rail trying to catch a batting practice ball that is seen on the Jumbotron and he even trips a purse-snatcher on the run by accident to help security!

SERIES OF SHOTS END

Murphy is escorted into a secure elevator as the P.A. announcer mentions "The first pitch will be thrown out by former President Barak Obama and an impromptu, secondary first pitch by the man of the hour and the man we all saw save little Johnny Capo, Mr. Murphy Lawe!" (crowd erupts with more applause!)

Seven celebrity ballplayers, all in pinstripes are escorted into the elevator (as the P.A. announcer mentions O.S. "Shortly, we will be welcoming former World Series Yankee legends, Derek Jeter, Rodger Clemons, Reggie Jackson, Marino Rivera, Alex Rodriguez, Rickey Henderson and former Cub's manager, Lou Piniella just after the national anthem!"). Reggie, Rickey and Lou are ANGLED ON amongst the other four. Murphy stands with three Cub security guards. One of the three guards smiles, apparently knowing Murphy mentions says, "We haven't seen you at church lately..." Then the last 3 occupants quickly are rushed in to fill the large elevator; Two burly body guards and Ms. Lady Gaga. Murphy's security guard acquaintance finishes his sentence, "...We miss your singing in the choir, Murph." Lady Gaga takes notice.

These well-known baseball icons, are smiling at a rather nervous looking Lady Gaga. She is in an absolutely bizarrely altered Cubs uniform wearing a rhinestone batters helmet and covered with blue, white and red face and body paint with her skimpy baseball uniform! When Reggie mentions to Rickey she will be singing the national anthem, Murphy tries to break the ice by reassuring the seemingly nervous star that all great performers get nervous, don't they. She smiles a bit.

CUT TO:

the field level arrival in the elevator. The ANGLE from inside the elevator as the opening doors reveal the tunnel onto the brightly lit field. Everybody gets out except for Lady Gaga who motions, with haste, for her two bodyguards to exit the elevator with the seven baseball players as she keeps one arm holding back Murphy from leaving! Obviously, Murphy is surprised. The bodyguards shrug their shoulders and go outside to guard from anybody entering.

She grabs a pen out of Murphy's pocket and takes his program away from him and starts writing. She is showing panic through her heavy Chicago Cubs face paint.

She can barely speak the words she has written. (INSERT PROGRAM AS SHE WRITES) She apparently is having a panic attack regarding her vocal issue as we somewhat HEAR her written words... "The asshole cocktail server in the VIP room, must've have mixed some grapefruit juice with that cocktail to make me relax! Asshole! I said no grapefruit juice and he probably thought *I wanted grapefruit juice*. It was supposed to be pineapple juice! I'm allergic to fuckin' grapefruit juice! Hate fucking grapefruit juice! Makes my vocal chords and esophagus spaz for hours, the damn, piss looking grapefruit juice!" Murphy's in panic mode himself and makes a stupid comment. "So no grapefruit juice, right?"

She slaps him in the face lightly with a "duh." The guards turn around. She's slaps both of them and says, "You village idiots should've been watching the type of juice that dumb shit poured! This is protecting me?!"

She turns back to Murphy who's ready for another slap as he offers the other cheek. Instead she goes all polite and loving on him. She barely squeaked out softly, "That big guy said you used to sing in church, right? Can you sing the national anthem? You have to bail me out! I'll intro you and be with you!! Please!" With that Murphy feels overwhelmed with Lady Gaga's plea. She looks all gaga over him, batting her big eyelashes to close the deal. He nods yes.

CUT TO: the end of the national anthem and Murphy belts out the last two verses to the crowd's delight! Lady Gaga turns around to Murphy as we get a close-up of her grabbing his "package", in thanks! She bows to him and lets him take his round of applause which appears on the Jumbotron!

Murphy is now being interviewed by major networks as we see the microphone icons been pointed in his face ESPN, FOX, NBC, CBS and of course MLB.

After the interviews and the breakdown of the set from the pregame, Murphy starts walking towards dugout alone, but not for long as another half dozen people of all ages converge on him handing him notes as we HEAR over the scene, he is receiving invitations from Chicago celebrities who wish for him to come up to them and watch the game.

We HEAR names; The likes of Theo Epstein, Michael Jordan, Oprah Winfrey, Barack Obama, Bill Murray, Derek Jeter, the entire Chicago Bulls cheerleader contingency, Mike Ditka and even Jack Nicholson!

Then one of the guys gives Murphy a cell phone for a personal invitation. It is indeed Jack Nicholson.

The far right field concourse area designated for smokers as a man, incognito, sporting an obvious fake beard, wearing the same hat as Murphy and sunglasses. He waves to Murphy. It is Jack. Jack speaks to him, "I know you getting all sorts of invitations now, but I got a great idea for a movie deal I want to run by you before any others. It's based on what I saw here today. You know I'm a closet Chicago Cubs fan but never get out to the games here from the West Coast, so this is a good opportunity."

We HEAR the P.A. ANNOUNCER introducing the world champion Chicago Cubs. Jack "pitches" to Murphy. They start walking away together in mid pitch. Murphy smiles as Jack says, "Good time to water the weasel. The shitter is right there."

The men's room is virtually empty. Now having bonded, they're in the restroom next to each other taking a whiz in the long trough. Murphy can't help but stare at Jack's unit as he is caught by the sunglass wearing celeb, peeking! Embarrassed, Murphy offers, "Nev... never seen an Academy Award winning one." Jack comes back with a peek of his own with a vintage Jack smile, "Your little Oscar is a shoe-in for best supporting actor there, big boy." Murphy, embarrassed, tries to cover with some quick humor in the form of trying a few "Jack" impressions of some past characters from the man's career. An especially funny, "Here's Johnny!" has Murphy banging his dick on the side of the urinal! Jack's not impressed, but extends an invite back to the booth but only after the fifth inning when, as Jacks mentions. The two walk out as Jack is obviously excited about pitching Murphy, his movie idea. They stop a few times as Jack slaps Murphy on the shoulder, as Murphy nods a jubilant, Yes! Jack gives him a hug and is off to watch the first pitch as is Murphy. He gives Murphy his lawyer's business card as a contact. INSERT CARD "Letts, Bhendum, Hovor and Rheemdem".

Murphy makes his way through the crowd as the game is about to begin. Nobody has a bigger smile on their face than Murphy Lawe!

ANGLE ON

Murphy as we follow him through a few people to get to his seat which is in the very corner of right field, at the very edge of the bleacher section. He plops down in his seat, takes a deep breath, adjusts his hat and we HEAR the crack of the bat as the first pitch of the game is hit by the New York Yankees leadoff batter! It is coming directly towards Murphy's section! It is drifting directly at Murphy! Murphy, along with the rest of the crowd pop out of their seats! Murphy along with ten other fans are up against the rail as we see people bumping into one another, pushing together!

A number of fans start reaching out to get the ball as it looks like it will be affected by the wind to keep it in play and over the fence for home run! Murphy is bumped from behind and in-turn, loses his balance and of all things, bumps into the only pinstripe attired, Yankee fan in front of him! This causes the Yankee fan's loose glove, to fly off at the split second this homerun ball lands in the loose glove and, like a dead weight, drops, in the glove to the Cub's right fielder's possession in the most extreme corner of the ballpark! The ruling on the field... An out!

The crowd goes berserk seeing that a Cubs fan, Murphy, bumps a Yankee fan's glove loose that, in mid air, lands in the mitt and directly into the hands of the Chicago Cubs right fielder! The crowd gathers around Murphy for causing the greatest play ever! Back on the Jumbotron once again, is our Murphy!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OVER MUSIC

a LONG SHOT of Bill Murray and Murphy Lawe in the booth just finishing the seventh inning and the Cub's version of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"

The score board flips innings and run after run until we are at the top of the eighteenth and a 16 to 16 tie game.

Murphy is being given a note that we read. "Season tickets await you at our office next week. –Theo Epstein CEO –Cubs".

Needing a fresh dog, he quickly goes down to stand in line for a fresh weenie. A couple of guys pop out of the tunnel entrance next to concession stand and shout to a friend, still in line, that Lady Gaga and J Lo are being escorted quickly through the crowd towards their tunnel! Sixty-nine of the seventy in line quickly disperses to see them!

Murphy is quite happy just to get to the front so quickly. As he gets his long awaited Chicago dog, he turns to walk away but is attacked by a half dozen of Chicago's finest (police, to clarify the contradiction) with a few kicks and blows to his upper body, not really hurting our big guy but smushing his hot dog all over his face.

END MONTAGE

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, WRIGLEY

Obviously, a case of mistaken identity has occurred as he is told while apologetic people surround him as he is lying down on the bed with hot dog remnants all over him.

Murphy's POV is of a beautiful nurse that is reaching over him to move a portable light closer for the doctor to place a bandage on Murphy's cheek and forehead where there were scrapes.

Her tanned boobs brush over Murphy by accident as she reaches over him. He smiles and the relish and onion particles in his teeth do not faze the smiling, hot nurse. The cops come in apologizing in person, saying that it was a case of mistaken identity. A half dozen Cub's front office guys approach with CEO Theo Epstein, wanting to avoid publicity of physically harming the man who saved that little boy from almost falling over the rail.

The Cub's CEO then tells Murphy he would like for him to come to the Symphony Center in two hours where we have planned, if we won at home, to have an organization party for the players, their families and everyone from the ticket takers to the grounds crew to the front office and their families; about 700 people. We would like you to MC and open the event as long as you do our beloved Harry Carey bit as Lou Piniella was telling me you did in the elevator before the game. Deal?" Murphy says nothing. Murphy is holding out?! Then he is offered, if he would sign a release, a bump from 2019 season passes to a life time pass. Nothing from Murph, who seems to have something else to ask for? When asked if that wasn't enough what else could the Cub's organization and the city of Chicago possibly do to rectify this now.

CUT TO:

Murphy dressed in Chicago blue and white as third base ball boy!

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Now in the 22nd inning, still tied at 16, we follow Murphy everywhere... Helping to put on the catcher's gear to standing next to the manager to chewing sunflower seeds, bubblegum and drinking Gatorade with the players in the dugout until finally being alongside the third-base coach for the Cubs where in the bottom of the 23rd with the game tied 32 to 32, the Yankee's batter gets a hit and excitingly the third-base coach trips flat on his face just as a long single hits the bat!

Wasting no time, Murphy steps into position and is frantically waving on the second base runner to round third and go for home! The throw at the plate is a second too late! Cubs win 33 to 32!

The giant TV shows Murphy in his glory!

CUT TO:

Outside, in the secure player's parking lot adjoining the ballpark, we see the last of a half-dozen Cub ballplayers pat Murphy on the back and toss in a few high-fives, a limo pull up next to Murphy. The chauffeur get out and says to Murphy, "Mr. Bill Gates wants to say that's for saving his nephews son when he fell over the rail and wanted to take care of your family and to enjoy the rewards of a good deed with a thank you of 100,000 shares of Microsoft premium stock!" Murph pauses... "I am a Mac guy! Was a Mac guy!"

CUT TO:

Murphy on stage at the Symphony Center later that evening doing his Harry Carey impersonation!

CUT TO:

Murphy's as he pulls in his driveway back at his house in his Vet.

CUT TO:

Playing Nintendo by himself playing a Ninja Turtle game, when the phone rings. It is to confirm a delivery for Mr. Lawe from Mrs. Lawe for 9 p.m. at his address.

Murphy looks at the clock as it strikes 9 and, yes, the doorbell rings. As he opens the door, it is a Flicks and Pizza delivery kid dressed like a slob with a baggy jump suit and a mop of long hair and a hat too big for his head. Murph takes a double look and says great timing as he's a bit hungry. As he takes the pizza, the delivery person takes off the baggy jump suit to reveal a female's hot body in far less than a jump suit! Then the hat comes off and the hair flows as she is a 10!

She is rough with Murph as she backs him into the entryway wall, closes the door, locks it and dims the lights. The beautiful, scantily clad young thing says she has a note to read from his wife for an early birthday gift. "Sweetie, you can have your pizza two ways, as part of this delivery from me to you. I've been reading how you can do this without guilt to keep a wife who knows you have been totally faithful to her. This is a way of saying I want to keep you happy. And even though you have wandering eyes, I think this is healthy to let a thing like this happen ... One time only and on my terms. Love you... Just fuck her good! He realizes this is happening. "Let's do this, big boy; you got your pizza and your flick, which by the way your wife picked out, Russell Crow in 'Glad-he-ate-her'!" Murph says he likes anything "down-under"!"

The doorbell rings again... It is a camera crew coming out of a truck from ESPN to review the World Series antics along with the entire Cubs team, Gaga, Jack, OJ (what) Ray Romano, Larry King, the Chicago Blackhawks in uniform, bringing over the Stanley Cup, the Bull's cheerleaders, the Chicago Bears wearing their jerseys, The Donald, Marylyn Monroe, Forrest Gump, Ninja Turtles who come through the crowd saying the studio wants to fly you out to pitch a six picture deal, first thing in the morning, morning, morning...

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM

MORNING

MEDIUM SHOT

ANGLE ON:

Murphy on this, forgettable early overcast, windy and gloomy November Saturday in Chicago. He lies in his water bed quite contently dreaming away...

The CAMERA CLOSSES IN on his nestled head and which is supported by one lowly pillow supporting his head.

The SHOT captures his unshaven, tired looking face, with big dark circles after an apparent poor night's sleep. He does suddenly sport a smile as the SHOT begins to DISSOLVE in the midst of his newly found dream.

MATCH CUT TO: the same face as the smile continues.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show our Murphy (eyes still closed) as a bottom of a bikini drags slowly along his face and we see the bare hairy back and ass of a YOUNG GAY man. With a soft "Marilyn" voice:

YOUNG GAY MAN (O.S.)

(softly)

You have a trusting face. Will you watch my garment while I take a dip in the ocean, kind, sweet man? I don't want to lose the odor it emits from my sweaty crouch in the ocean.

ANGLE ON

Murph, no longer smiling! (O.S.) Ocean waves are HEARD

MURPHY

(mumbling).

Ocean. (beat) Nude beach? (beat) Where's the chicks? (beat) I'm straight.... Where's the babes?

MATCH CUT TO: Murphy's face as he continues to have his struggles back in this warm bed.

Murphy POV (BLURRED CLOSE SHOT OF A FEMALE'S FACE)

All we notice is a lot of 80's "big hair".

The CAMERA FOCUSES ON a lacey, exotic pink, "A" size, Victoria Secret bra as it too, slowly moves across his face and POV. We HEAR a woman's voice, the sexy one, in Murphy's head.

FEMALE SEXY VOICE (O.S.)
Oh, Murphy...

His POV shows he is nodding an up and down, "yes" as his hands slowly caress one of the small cups as he puts it to his face like an oxygen mask.

FEMALE RASPY HARSH VOICE (O.S.)
Oh, Murphy. You are such a shit!

His POV now shows the small "A" cup of the bra abruptly pulled away from him and his POV shows he is nodding a left and right, "NO!" as the POV COMES IN FOCUS with disgusting clarity on what we now see was behind the mop of hair... It is this overweight, fat-faced, non make-up wearing, cigarette hanging from the mouth, oozing boil-above-the-partially-mustached-lip woman, in her mid 40's. POV ENDS

ANGLE ON

MURPHY AND FEMALE

Murphy lying down with the female standing over him, having suddenly wrapped the bra around his neck! We see Murphy realizes he is not on his "dream" beach but in distress in his own bed being choked!

During the struggle, her Farrah Faucet style wig slides off to reveal her thinning, matted down hair. Murphy is in distress as he is being choked!

MURPHY (V.O. his POV)
I can't... (struggling to speak) can't breathe, Sa...
Sandee.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to capture the real SANDEE and her unsightly, pudgy body stuffed into a larger version of the tight party dress from the opening scene with many a disturbing ripple!

Murphy is trying to push away from his wife's death hold as he tries to get out of his slushy waterbed. She pushes him back down to the mattress and like a Greco-Roman wrestler, straddles him with her bigger body! She tosses the bra to the other side of the bed.

CLOSE ON BRA STRAP CLASP

As the metal clasp lands between the mattress and the plastic waterbed lining at the foot of the bed. With the motion of the bed during the struggle, it creates a small hole and a small leak begins.

ANGLE ON

Murphy and Sandee as she now grabs a pillow and tries to smother him! He fights her off her off but when she removes the pillow and slaps him in his unsuspecting face, providing a little blood in the corner of his mouth, he pushes her off. She grabs her wig and puts it back on still standing next to the bed. We see a couple of big suitcases next to the bed where she stands and the two settle down on the physical antics.

SANDEE

(Raspy, hard voice)

Are you screwin' around with some flat chested thing?
I found it hidden under your pool table in the basement
when I was looking for my suitcase.

MURPHY

What are you doing in my man cave! (thinking)
That, (obviously lying), that was, was your gift! For
Christmas or your birthday. (thinking) Which
ever comes first!

SANDEE

You always "come" first, Murphy Lawe... In bed and in
life! And with that "A" cup bra, I'm guessin' you are
planning something like you did with Joanne!

MURPHY (timidly defensive)

That dildo was a gag gift I gave Joanne, four years ago!

She reaches for his crotch and gives it an agonizing hard squeeze as she leaves.

SANDEE

I still don't believe you! We'll be talking when
I get back tomorrow from my sister's bridal shower.

ANGLE ON

Sandee as she stops one last time by the bedroom door and flips him off walking OUT OF FRAME.

SANDEE (O.S.) (CON'T.)

Lazy ass, its 7:15. You better do the chores you promised. I left you a note what needs to be done before you watch that stupid World Series or when I come back I'll finish your flirtin' ass off!

MURPHY

I wasn't cheating on you, then or now, Sandee! We were just flirting around! And she started it! It was office party hijinx! And this (grabbing for the small cup bra) was also from four years ago from that same party when Tom gave it to me because of my man boobs. Sandee?! (a beat- nothing) You always over react. Call me later when you calm down.

Murphy, noticeably drooling a little blood, trying to register all the accusations. He flops his head back down in the waterbed, wiping the drool of blood off as we HEAR the DOOR SLAM and he turns to get comfortable in bed once again. He looks at the clock.

INSERT ALARM CLOCK It's display shows 7:21 AM

BACK TO SCENE

Still a dark bed room

Sound asleep for nine whole minutes, a tiny pinhole in the darken room's thick "light blocking" shades brings a bright beam of light as the sun comes up, hitting Murphy right in the eye! Murphy gives up and shuffles off to the bathroom.

Murphy gets up half asleep, goes into the bathroom, grabs some toothpaste and goes back to the put a dab on the shade, where he succeeds in blocking the light source and gets back into bed.

INSERT ALARM CLOCK 7:33 AM

BACK TO SCENE

We HEAR the doorbell ring. Once, twice....three....four....

After opening one eye and verbalizing a quick, "Un-fucking-believable", he is out of bed to the front door, unhappy. It is two Jehovah's Witnesses.

INSERT ALARM CLOCK 7:35 AM

BACK TO SCENE

ANGLE ON

Murphy as he flops back in bed.

INSERT ALARM CLOCK 7:39 AM

BACK TO SCENE

TIGHT ON

Murphy. (two beats) We HEAR the backing of a garbage truck... BEEP, BEEP, BEEPING. He puts the pillow over his head for ten seconds but to no avail.

INSERT ALARM CLOCK 7:44 AM

BACK TO SCENE

TIGHT ON

Murphy ... No pillow will stop the 30 seconds of noise from the woodpecker outside his bedroom window.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY as Murphy gets out of his waterbed and goes OUT OF FRAME as we HOLD on the very visible clock display showing 7:45 AM

He walks in front of the HOLDING CAMERA, obviously putting on some pants and a jacket and walks OUT OF FRAME as the CAMERA slowly moves across the bed to the foot of the bed and PANS DOWN (DOOR SLAMS) to go TIGHT on the floor where the CAMERA picks up the couple of cups of water seeping out on to the floor. (SHOT GUN SHOT is HEARD followed by the SLAM OF THE DOOR two seconds later). CAMERA HOLDS on TIGHT SHOT of increasing 10" diameter water puddle by the foot of the bed. Murphy stops just inches from the puddle and slips off his slippers, right there! The SHOT also gets the pants and the jacket coming off and dropping to the floor. A SLOSHING SOUND is HEARD as he flops back in the waterbed. CAMERA captures more water pouring out to the floor as we HEAR the WATERBED as he moves around in the bed. Unbeknownst to him water is now soaking onto the slippers and clothes!

A siren is HEARD approaching as it finally shuts off outside Murphy's house.

TIGHT ON

Murphy's as his eyes pop open, once again!

INSERT CLOCK 7:55 AM

BACK TO SCENE

TIGHT ON

Murphy's as his eyes start to close over 20 slow, quite seconds.....

LOUD DOOR POUNDING and DOORBELL RINGING!

Murphy's eyes pop open, once again!

ANGLE ON

Murphy as the POUNDING continues from the front door and we HEAR "Police officers! Open up!"

Murphy gets up and jerks back as his bare feet hit the puddled rug, scaring him!

MURPHY'S POV

Looking down on the ground, he feels the water with his bare feet. He sashes out of the FRAME.

ANGLE ON

Murphy YELLING "Hold on, I'm comin'!" as he puts on his robe, exiting the bedroom to get to the POUNDING front door and doorbell ringing nuisance until he is OUT OF FRAME. That split second we HEAR a THUD as Murphy yells out a few obscenities apparently having fallen! "Slippery tile!"

CUT TO

POV of the officers as the front door slowly opens. There a gun comes INTO FRAME. Finally, they see Murphy on his knees saying "I think I hurt my knee slipping."

OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

(stern voice)

Sir, do you have a shot gun here, sir?

Murphy looks at them strangely.

MURPHY

Yeah, I just blew the fuck out of the woody Woodpecker! On my property! Why?

ANGLE ON OFFICER 2

OFFICER 2

Don't you know that's illegal to discharge a weapon in the city limits, sir?

MED SHOT

FRONT PORCH

Officer 1 shakes his head as he starts writing out a ticket as Murphy gets up slowly to stretch and the officers leave the ticket and a stern warning. He painfully limps out to the porch to look around, seeing many neighbors watching. Murphy looks at the skies which reveal a gloomy looking day.

MURPHY

(to himself)

Was that a dream I had? (frustrated) Wanted to sleep in.

INT. HALLWAY

As Murphy looks left into his bedroom, turning on a light to see the waterbed has leaked. He shuts off the light and turns to go down the hall to the bathroom.

MURPHY

All that warm water makes me wanna piss bad, man.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

ANGLE ON MURPHY

As we HEAR the PISSING as he is in mid piss for 10 seconds... then nothing until the SOUND of a two second trickle, then a drip, drip, and back to a few more seconds of nothing until a small sissy fart, as he concludes the exercise. He looks down in the bowl and sees drops of blood!

MURPHY

(to himself)

Damn prostate.

ANGLE ON MIRROR

SERIES OF SHOTS

He unsnaps and drops his pajama bottoms and, with the ANGLE from the REAR, we see he removes a flesh colored band aid from his right buttocks revealing a heart tattoo with Joanne on it! He gets on the scale.

INSERT SCALE DISPLAY 197 pounds

He tries to snap his pajama bottoms back on but the button keeps popping.

MURPHY

(to himself)

One ninety seven. Shit! Gained three pound
this week.

BACK TO MIRROR

He performs some shadow boxing motions but, a slight twinge in the neck ends the performance after just 5 seconds as reflected in the mirror. He shakes it off and tries two, quickly failed jumping jacks. Murphy goes OUT OF FRAME as he drops down on the floor where we HEAR him count off "One"...

Twenty seconds later... "Two". Thus ending his unsuccessful attempts at push-ups. He holds on to the bathroom counter to stand up and almost slips as the tile breaks off in his hand. He puts it back in place and shakes his head in disgust. He picks his nose... It starts to bleed! Stuffing and holding a wad of tissue in his nose, he grabs a comb to start working on making adjustments to his mess of hair with the other hand. After a few passes, he shockingly discovers tons of hair from the comb!

MURPHY

(to himself)

Damn dialysis sessions. Just perfect. (in disgust)

He gets the mouth wash and gargles but stops quickly as something is painfully wrong! He spits it out and rinses repeatedly, with water...

MURPHY

(painfully to himself)

Shit. Ohh, shit! Ohh! (squeezing his jaw) Oh!
(barely audible) Forgot about the canker sores!
Ohh!

He drops his bottoms to sit on the toilet, tilts his head back while holding a cold compress to his forehead, pushes in the tissue to his nose, deeper, checks his head for more loose hair, all-the-while clutching his mouth to sooth the canker sore issues. SERIES OF SHOTS AND ANGLES as Murphy makes a painful effort full of tweaks and twists while sitting to extricate and dislodge unwanted product from the proceedings, but to no avail.

He goes outside to look for the morning paper but ends up only finding dog crap under his bare foot while taking his very first step onto the lawn to look under a bush for it! (Adlibs, "Damn you and your dog, Chang!") He gets a stick from the lawn he begins to carve away the crap from between his toes! (CON'T.)

Then, using some big leaves, he tries to wipe the rest of the residue away without success as the thin leaves rip! Now the crap is disgustingly on his hands! Unbelievably, he smells his hand to top the scene off. “What you feed that dog!? Damn”, sniffing again to confirm, this time a little dab of “dung” is noticed on his unsuspecting nose! “Taco Bell! Right, Chang!? Yea, Live Mas, bitch!” He goes to the hose to wash it off and a pinhole leak squirts right in his eye! He instantly wipes it with the “pooh” hand!

CUT TO: The blinded, literally shit faced Murphy, reaches in and turns the shower on to wash off his foot. He starts to slip and ends up grabbing onto the shower curtain to keep his balance but his weight is too much and he rips off a few hooks off the curtain which then comes completely off!

CUT TO: Murphy beginning his morning sit down taking the opportunity to refill the liquid soap dispenser while on the throne.

His task is interrupted when he HEARS a “mouse trap snap” noise from inside the bathroom closet’s folding doors.

The ANGLE allows us to see there are a half dozen mouse traps on the bathroom floor! A smile comes on his face for the first time this morning as he mumbles to himself, “Got one of those damn mouse’s”. Anxious to get a look at the trap, he gets up wanting to see the four-legged victim. He tries to open the folding doors but they’re jammed! He continues to yank at the door’s small metal knobs and after a short struggle he forces them open. Unfortunately, the small metal knob becomes loose and flies out of Murphy’s hand, across the room where it cracks the mirror and ricocheting to knock over a \$100. Bottle of Obsession, that lands in the toilet but not before knocking over the open liquid soap container that starts spilling slowly onto the floor. Pissed, he reaches for the toilet paper and tries to quickly yank and “rip-off” a few sheets. Instead what ensues puts Murphy in a WTF trance as the full roll of paper begins to take on a life of its own and spins, uncontrollably, releasing its full product onto the floor!

A dejected Murphy just watches in utter disbelief, with his head tilted and staring, wanting to stop the madness but somehow is mesmerized by what is happening! The moment last for 20 seconds, until the full roll unspools to the floor quite mystically. He shakes himself back to his terrible reality and grabs a couple feet of the paper to finally clean up.

Back on the pot, the CAMERA is TIGHT on his face as he completes the task, and looks at the results in a disgusting but real life moment we all must partake in!

MURPHY
(to himself)
Hemorrhoids again? Perfect.

Up from the pot, he looks around for some grooming/ toiletry tasks to complete. We INTERCUT between Murph's unjoyous expressions as he hastily proceeds on with his duties and thus his exit from the bathroom: He smells his arm pits, disgusting; rubs his grizzly face but cannot find a razor anywhere; checks his obviously unmanicured fingers, black under the nails; checks his obscenely gross, arthritic feet and toenails, yellow and retched looking.

He is finally off for that long hot shower as we see the clock is now 8:39. The hot water feels good... For ten seconds! The hot water heater has taken the dump that Murphy couldn't muster! He gets out freezing and with a towel wrapped around his cold shoulders, he just stares in the mirrored medicine cabinet (where the door is slightly ajar) in disbelief for 10 seconds... He slowly reaches to close the slightly ajar mirrored door, its remaining 2". Once it is gently secured, he continues looking into the mirror for a few seconds, rubbing his jaws, wiping his nose and trickle of blood. As the three seconds pass, the mirror suddenly and for not explicable reason, cracks!

SMASH CUT

KITCHEN FRIDGE DOOR AND NOTE

CLOSE ON A HANDWITTEN NOTE

Murphy opens the note that was attached to the handle. He reads it...

MURPHY (reading) (O.S.)

Oh great, Sandee... I wrote this because I took
Your food stuff you had bought for watching the
game with the boys (he opens the fridge quickly)
to Lilly's party! Oh, man!

BACK TO MURPHY

CAMERA ANGLE IS ON THE INSIDE OF THE FRIDGE

With this, Murphy opens the fridge door.

ANGLE On

a near empty fridge! Only one chicken wing, a slice of once bitten pizza, a beer, 1 egg and a greenish looking, dried up slice of what once must have been ham, a six-pack of Slim Fast and 2 waters.

MURPHY (CON'T)

Empty as Al Capone's safe! Only a six pack
of Slim Fast. "More like Shit Fast";

In his dream state of mind, Murphy envisions what was once there as the near empty fridge

DISSOLVE to a full array of delicacies! A snack-man's delight: A bucket of chicken and their accessories, a pile of saucy Tony Roma ribs, chocolate and berry pies, combo pizzas, hot wings, dips, Al's beef sandwiches, a case of beer, chocolate milk by the half-gallon, a bone-in ham, potato salad, mac salad salami trays and a dozen eggs!

BACK TO SCENE

On Murphy – Reading, again

MURPHY

(reading)

Screw you and your Cubs game tonight. Nice.
 (to himself) And here are the chores to do first:
 Remember the neighbor boy, Carl is going to loan you his lawn mower since you broke ours last month! And the carpet cleaner guys will be here to remove the spots on the furniture where you eat instead of the table, like humans do! They'll charge you if you are not here! Be there! And drop of the insurance payment you forgot to do yesterday! It's due by 2 PM or we are without home and car insurance! I asked that new nice neighbor Chang to spray the plants and bushes since you didn't the last two weeks I've been asking! Buy him the spray he wrote down by the planter. Dump all the garbage's, clean up the damn dog crap before some idiot steps in it and walks into the fucking house!

He fights back the tears and then after a few deep breaths, decides to make the best of it in a SERIES OF SHOTS:

as he grabs all of the items from the fridge, a frying pan, cracks the one egg, scrapping every ounce of it in to pan, dices the green meat, strips off the pizza topping into the pan and gets all of the chicken meat he can off the one wing to make a measly, mini omelet!

BACK TO SCENE

While he takes the last bite, he stops to breathe and look at the empty dish. A few seconds pass and Murphy's eyes are saddened, he pops open a Slim Fast and chugs it.

Suddenly a THUD from the front door area is HEARD as are, screeching tires from the street, Murphy calmly reacts and turns his head and gets up to check it out. DOORBELL RINGS and Murphy goes OUT OF FRAME through the kitchen towards the front door.

CUT TO:

THE FRONT DOOR AREA

where we see the decorative window panes on the top half of the door have been broken with a newspaper ominously sticking through. He approaches the door with a WTF but abruptly stops as he stepped on some glass chips he didn't see as he is barefooted.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS MURPHY as the DOORBELL RINGS three more annoying times as Murphy goes back through the kitchen to the utility room to grab a broom. Now it is a POUNDING on the door and the RINGING! We also HEAR more glass hitting the floor! Murphy mumbles to shut up as he is sweeping a clear path to finally reach and open the door.

ANGLE ON DOOR

as we see a 15-year-old, geeky looking newspaper boy with a cigarette in his mouth and an attitude in his head that he's about to share with poor Murphy. The ear pierced, tattooed kid stands at the doorway with zero remorse on his face and a mouth that won't rest...

ANGLE ON KID AND MURPHY IN THE DOORWAY

PAPER BOY (rambling)

You got some cheap ass windows, dude. Don't be blamin' me for ya fuckin' cheap ass windows. Cheap ass dude. Yo. You wanna renew your subscription? I could use the extra cash... today!" I know your subscription is nine months away from renewal but like I said, I could use the cash, today! And check the inside page for a code to win World Series tickets for tonight's game.

MURPHY (stunned)

Don't you have anything else you wanna say?
(looking and pointing at the damage, silently)
Anything?

PAPER BOY

You renewing today, or what, man? I could use the extra cash... today!" I know your subscription is nine months away from renewal but like I said, I could use the cash,
(beat) Like today!

A quick look outside by Murphy prompts a question as this scene isn't quite right. The kid shoves a renewal envelope in his face and Murphy snags it from him, angry.

MURPHY

Kid, my wife handles all the household needs. Ask her. (beat) Like Tomorrow! Where's your mother?! Thought my wife said you delivered by van with your mom driving.

The kid yells back.

PAPER BOY

(talking fast)

Don't you read the fucking paper I deliver?

The CAMERA goes TIGHT on the kid handing Murphy a renewal envelope as we observe the kid's has a bad case of hyperhidrosis or sweaty hand syndrome.

PAPER BOY

The skank is dead! After taking two loads of a 12 gauge to head by my dad two months ago when he got out of the state pen after Obama pardoned him! And now my stepmother's back out doing her thing on the streets to get him that hot shot lawyer, Mike Warda.

The kid looks around Murphy into the house, through the open door.

PAPER BOY

Hey, old guy, still get it up? You're alone, Why don't you use her services? (winking) And you old fart... (yelling in his face), renew today and leave me to do my job while I morn losing my ma, bitch! You not her! I gotta get to my other job, thanks for nothin', dick-wad!

Murphy shakes his head and close his eyes and disbelief at what he's hearing.

MURPHY

Sorry for your loss kid. Losing both your mom
and your brains. And now your subscriber.

With that Murphy slams the door on the kid who flips him off as he disappears from the SHOT with the door closing in his face.

INT. KITCHEN

Murphy opens the rolled paper to find the Chicago Sun Times code, just as the paper boy said.

INSERT WALL CLOCK He sees the wall clock just clicking to noon.

ANGLE ON

Murphy as he chuckles and mumbles, "What the hell." He tunes in the radio station mentioned in the paper and the ANNOUNCER'S VOICE mentions the seven digit winning numbers...

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Again, for a lucky Chicago Sun Times subscriber,
two, game five tickets to the World Series,
numbers 11313 13! You have one-hour to call!

SMASH CUT TO:

an exited Murphy on the phone breaking the news to his three pals that he is leaving the house open to them with all the food and going to claim his tickets and hang at Wrigley!

MURPHY

Yeah, the joint is yours... Nope, I'm
sellin' that other ticket... Probably make
five grand! Yep, (beat) yeah, I'll call ya
from my seat! I'm gonna wash the mud
off the V-dub and jet down to get a couple
of World Series tickets! Later!

Taking his smile from the phone to the kitchen, he's off to a

SERIES OF SHOTS:

We follow Murphy as he gets all "Cubbed" out. The special make up and attire is complete! We HEAR a number of LOUD birds chirping as he goes outside of the house and towards the driveway towing the garden hose and bucket of soap and suddenly stops as he sees that the car is already completely washed! (CON'T.)

In the adjoining driveway is the always smiling, new neighbor, CHANG, to explain. About 40, Chang speaks broken “Confucius”

CHANG

(over zealous)

Hello new American neighbor! Saw '98 VW Bug, thought I clean car! Dirt all over, like pimple on ass of wife, need to be removed before driving it!

Murphy, not too sure of the gesture, smiles with thanks as Chang offers more proverbs to relay why he cleaned the car.

CHANG

Offer help where help is needed, my father always say at table before eat.

Murphy smiles as his reply is interrupted by the flock of birds seeming to all “poop bomb” the clean car! The moment is observed by a speechless Murphy and Chang! The last of the twenty droppings comes as a gastric, spraying gusher to the windshield! Good natured Chang can't help but to laugh while Murphy is without a smile.

CHANG

(laughing)

To man everything is funny as long as it happens to another man! This funny, neighbor Murphy!

MURPHY

(grinning)

Man has been known to say on occasion, if something can go wrong, it will. Shit!

Chang smiles.

CHANG

Very good observation, new neighbor, Murphy

Murphy smiles as he backs out fast from his driveway in his VW having just turned the wipers on to clear the splatter.

CHANG

Man who drive like hell, bound to get to hell, too fast.

Murphy mumbles, “Yeah, heard that before.”

ANGLE ON MURPHY'S REARVIEW MIRROR

Just as he sees too late, a Carpet Cleaning van has started to pull to the front of the house. ANGLE in the mirror shows Murphy's eye widen in fear as he hits the grill of the approaching van, taking off the van's front bumper.

MURPHY

Forgot! The rug appointment! Damn!

CUT TO:

Back inside Murphy's house. He talks to the carpet cleaning crew now in the house setting up equipment and moving furniture, while holding an ice pack on his neck.

MURPHY

Boys, sorry about the bumper. We have Insurance. it's all yours to clean. I gotta go get a couple of tickets. Lock up, right.

An "Absolutely" is HEARD as we HEAR the DOORBELL. Murphy grabs a mouthful of chips on the way to answer it and starts choking! He grabs a water bottle out of the fridge and accidentally knocks over a pitcher of OJ that spills on the floor.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as it opens to reveal a MEDIUM SHOT of Murphy, with a mouthful of chips stopping in mid chew with the rug crew inside.

He gazes at the person who rang the doorbell and has a difficult time finishing the chewing process of his mouth full of chips! When he finally gets a gulp out of the way he composes himself, wipes his mouth and says hello.

ANGLE ON

a 300 pound, 30-year-old black female, ALICYA, dressed in a rather skimpy Girls Scout Uniform showing too many unsightly ripples of her body! She is sweet but everything goes over the top of her head! Her seven year old daughter is with her holding an envelope.

ALICYA

(too deep of a voice)

Hello, kind sir! Sorry to disturb your snack.

ANGLE ON

Alicya's big callused hand as it wipes a big crumb off Murphy's mouth rather sensually going back and forth on his lips to Murphy's disgust! Murphy can't take it as he realizes she/he is a transvestite

ALICYA

My name is Al. Al Licya and I am filling in for the leader of the local Girl Scout group.

MURPHY

(smiling with concern)
I'm diabetic, Al. Thanks anyway.

Murphy closes the door without a smile.

ANGLE ON

Murphy with his back to the now closed door.

MURPHY

What happened to the 50's, man?

Murphy POV as he peeks out the door window to make sure she/he is gone as we go to a SERIES OF SHOTS from Murphy's observations outside his home:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Murphy comes out as to the porch as the two leave. As we see, to Murphy's right, a van slowly rolls up a couple houses down, across the street. The van door is cracked open and indeed there is a handheld camera man pointing down the road!

To his left, another van pulls up slowly, passing the neighbor Chang's house, where Chang is now watering a bush and waving to Murphy. A well dressed man and a woman pop out of the van and walk up Murphy's walk-way towards his front door.

Murphy keeps observing, back-and-forth, right to left to the right as there is a lot more people coming in other vehicles, some with cameras, some with sound equipment and all with two-ways, converging on Murphy's house!. Two are well-dressed and start walking across the street. It has all the markings of a Publishers Clearing House event!

Further down the road, we notice yet another van, slowly leading a new Corvette driving slowly, about five houses away. Suddenly, everyone halts in their path including the Vet! All are now on their cells and two ways and within seconds, start looking at each other discovering a problem has halted this production.

We HEAR a MAN'S VOICE blasting all over the two-ways, with the lead group almost to Murphy's front steps! The Corvette and the lead van stop!

VOICE

Wrong house! Wrong house! Its 1339,
Not 1337! Seven looked like a nine!
Repeat, wrong house! It is the one
on the right with the Asian guy holding a
hose and brush! Go! Go!

The Vet, just about to turn into Murphy's driveway, next to his VW stops, backs out and now hails ass as do the nearly dozen people who start dashing over to Chang! They all head across Murphy's lawn! Chang still waving at Murphy, is excited as to what's happening! Faster than a TMZ crew, these people tear through the bushes, dividing the two homes. We see in the b.g., the Vet is being quickly waived forward to Chang's driveway at full speed. Three camera men converge on Chang as the Vet pulls up the driveway.

HIGH SHOT (DRONE) ABOVE DRIVE WAY

with everyone, except Murphy, even the carpet guys, the returning transvestite and daughter, all of the people in the previous scene plus a few neighbors, come to see the excitement surrounding Chang!

MALE ANNOUNCER

(jubilant- faint voice)

You are Chang ...Chang Lee, sir?
Congratulations it's your lucky day. (VOICE ECHOS..)

Murphy shrugs it off, waves to Chang and leaves his porch to go get his tickets as we SMASH CUT to the next scene.

INT. RADIO STATION

DAY

ANGLE ON

Murphy slowly walks away from a long counter holding his head back with a thick wad of paper towels being held to his forehead. The kind FEMALE RECEPTIONIST has just handed Murphy his 2 tickets! We see the call letters of the radio station KCEY on the wall as well as a couple people from the radio station having passed along to him an envelope with the two World Series tickets. She sees he is glum.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry you have had to wait for three hours!
And you had your wallet pick-pocketed! How
is the bloody nose?

Nothing from the slow moving Murphy except him waiving his tickets as he walks away.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

Be nice to win it all at Wrigley and
not have to go to Yankee Stadium!

FOLLOWING SHOT

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Murphy down the hallway of the radio station, through the glass doors (Farmers and Merchants Bank) and outside the building. He pauses momentarily to open the envelope and look at the tickets in hand for a second just as a gust of wind almost blows them out of his hand! He carefully puts them back in the envelope and in his inside jacket pocket. A smile from his face emerges from looking at the tickets and then an even bigger smile as he looks up to see that across the street there is a McDonald's sign which beckons him.

We follow as he gets in his VW, and quickly finds enough change for a worthwhile 50' drive across the street to the drive up line. He hasn't eaten nothing chips all day.

CUT TO: the Mc-E-Dee's drive up

As Murphy is next in line, he is startled by an excited lady knocking on Murphy's car window, holding up a small game piece, excitedly saying, "I just won free small fries! Murphy rolls down the window a bit upset at being startled and says as she runs inside the store...

MURPHY

(shouting)

Ya come to fast food to eat fast food,
not play games! Leave me be!

At the window is the rough looking paperboy who obviously has two jobs. Murph looks at him through the window as the kid picks his nose and then grabs Murphy's bag to open it in order to put a couple of napkins in, and looking around for management, take a couple fries out! He opens the drive-up window and gives Murphy the bag and then the drink. CLOSE ON the kid's sweaty, greasy hand as we see his dirty, finger nailed hand holding the drink.

EXT. PARKING LOT McDONALD'S

Murphy goes out of the drive-thru and around the lot to park and to eat. He rolls down the window and peels off the greasy game stickers from around the cup to wrap the cup with a clean napkin. He tosses the two game pieces just as a gust of wind takes them from the ground and (REVERSE FOOTAGE) flings them onto the window of the car next to him where the sticky pieces land!

TIGHT ON WINDOW OF THE OTHER CAR

As the wind blows both tickets onto that car's window! As we see both winners!

INSERT TWO TICKETS

We see that of the six tickets, two are right-side up showing these are \$1,000,000 winners, Park Place and Boardwalk!

ANGLE ON

Hindu man as he returns from inside licking his free cone as he passes Murphy's car which is pulling away from his parking stall, next to the Hindu's car.

CUT TO:

HIGH DRONE SHOT

As the VW pulls out of its space and leaves the lot to the street out of FRAME as we see the Hindu has come up to his car's window, obviously spotted and more importantly, recognized the two winning stickers! He drops his cone and throws his hands in the air in a victory pose!

INT. VW

MURPHY

Ohh-kay. ice cream sounds good. Let's try that new joint. (into his cell) Siri, fastest directions to that Cold Stone on Monte Vista.

Murphy tunes in the radio and the announcer ad lib's information about both the Chicago Cubs the New York Yankees meeting today in game five with the Cubs leading the series three games to one. It is mentioned that it would be a shame if Chicago couldn't wrap it up today, their last day in Chicago, before heading to New York for a game six on Monday and/or seven, Tuesday. He segways to the station's next song... "Mama Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys" over the following ...

SERIES OF SHOTS

(after Murphy's final dialogue over the next three minutes and 15 seconds)

Murphy driving car going place to place...

MURPHY (O.S.)

Gotta have a sign for daCubs!

Murphy's POV as he passes a sign that says All Star Signs and Trophies as Murphy turns the car around, illegally in the middle of the busy four-lane road without stopping and right in front of a police officer! Murphy, wearing his Cubs hat, gets a ticket as we see the officer's under shirt is a pinstriped Yankee T-shirt! We see the officer use his middle finger to make a circular motion like an umpire singling the runner to circle the bases!

We see Murphy high-fiving the people at the sign shop as he gives his order and then a flip screen shows Murphy at the same counter receiving his order with Big white 3' x 3' flag with a blue W as well as a smaller 6" x 10" blue and white piece of vinyl.

TIGHT ON

the rear license plate of the VW with Murphy having placed "CUBS n 5!", which he has adhered to the license plate area! The VW putts away smoking even more, as the plate falls off.

Murphy, again, turning right and running through a red light and OUT OF FRAME as we see a speeding car going through the intersection on their green which also goes OUT OF FRAME. A second later we HEAR SCRETTCHING TIRES AND A CRASH NOISE!

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT

DAY

Murphy walking through the parking lot coming out of a grocery store unable to remember where he parked his smashed VW as he seems to be worried it's been stolen! He mumbles "Stolen?" to himself as he walks down the aisle, half way going through a half a bag of chips. He is almost hit by another car driven by a teenager, cruising slowly, looking for a spot to park. Murphy is oblivious to almost being tagged while not paying attention, looking and pushing on his remote for his car!

Suddenly, Murphy does a 180 as he HEARS the HORN, BEEP, BEEP alarm going off one aisle over! He trots over to the next isle but the BEEPS stop! He pushes the key's button again, over and over, getting frustrated as he hears nothing now. He walks between cars, pushing and pushing... Suddenly the BEEP of the HORN again! But in the other direction!

He runs over toward the SOUND, smiling with hope until it stops again! Looking everywhere, he HEARS a more FAINT, HORN BEEP far off, towards the front of the huge parking lot! Now running, the SOUND gets LOUDER and LOUDER! He goes around an SUV where the SOUND is coming from and there is the same teenager from 2 minutes ago laughing hysterically as he takes off in his car, methodically honking his horn in a perfect "alarm rhythm". MUSIC CONTINUES.

CUT TO:

HIGH SHOT captures Murphy getting out of his banged up, VW from the parking lot of a convenience store.

MEDIUM SHOT inside store. There are about 5 people in the store milling around in the b.g.

QUICK CUTS: On the counter where Murphy plops down numerous bags of peanuts, sunflower seeds, corn nuts, bubblegum, licorice ropes, assorted candy bars, a big gulp and tops the heap with a dozen Hostess products that would choke a horse. The register guy smiles at Murphy as Murphy tosses a Cubs T-shirt on the counter for good measure and then actually decides to put it on! Murphy is then dazzled by a display showing one replica World Series ring from 2016! It looks like the real deal but costs \$300! Murphy smiles and pulls out his credit card. The clerk gives him thumbs up. Now Murphy sees two remaining, pure white cowboy hats with a blue embroidered "C" for the Cubs on a rack by the register!

As he grabs one and just removes it from the rack, a second hand comes INTO FRAME and reaches for the remaining hat. The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY to see a man, roughly the same stature as Murphy, wearing a blue Cub's shirt, similar to the one Murphy put on.

Murphy checks out and the rough looking man eyeballs him for a second as Murphy suddenly turns around. CUT TO: the man in line reaching in his front pants as if to pull out a gun, but stops as Murphy simply asks if he could use the restroom. He is given the key by the clerk who also takes Murphy's bag and puts it under the counter. FLIP SCREEN TRANSITION to Murphy coming out of the restroom door he just entered in the previous SHOT. MUSIC ENDS

Murphy's POV sees that the store looks empty. He walks around the corner from the back where the restroom is and sees a number of people on the ground as apparently this is a robbery in progress! Indeed, he sees the same man with the white hat that was behind him, slowly backing away towards the front doors. At the same instant we HEAR what Murphy HEARS, someone just a few feet away, on the other side of the aisle where he stands, in the rear of the store.

ANGLE ON

a man on the ground on his cell, whispering and unaware of Murphy looking around the corner at him on the floor! He is finishing his conversation with 911. "... and the guy had a white cowboy hat and blue T-shirt and (listening- a beat) ...Oh good they're here." The man looks up at Murphy and can only see Murphy holding the thick, wooden, black, 90 degree restroom key holder and that white hat and blue shirt! "HELP, HE'S BACK HERE AND HAS A GUN!" Murphy's POV continues as he looks up from the scared man to the front door where the real robber has just past through, departing the store with a bag full of money!

Our shook up Murphy goes running out the back door as the scared man continues to SCREAM in a fetal position. He is greeted by two armed Crimetek Security patrolmen who are already in position. In their weapons about to enter the back of the building! O.S. we HEAR the officer's two-ways and the voice of a female dispatcher... "Confirming he is wearing a white cowboy hat and blue shirt- considered armed and dangerous."

Murphy put his hands up... Then one of the patrolmen yells, after-the-fact, "Put your hands up!" Murphy HEARS 20 GUNSHOTS from the front area, outside of the store and instinctively ducks and turns around too quickly as the patrolmen take this as some type of an aggressive move towards them! A SHOT is now fired at Murphy! Murphy's POV is to the ground. Additional police units roll up in the b.g.

CUT TO: a CLOSE SHOT of the white cowboy hat with a bullet hole just above the embroidered "C"!

O.S. A stern police officer's voice is HEARD, "Well, Mr. Lawe, is it, that was indeed a close one but you should never make a move with armed patrol officers having drawn their weapons in the middle of an armed robbery. Lucky you were ducking as that round went off. Enjoy your world series event." Additional police units and the Crimetek Security roll away. END POV

ANGLE ON

MURPHY as he is at the counter again with the clerk to go get his bag. The clerk tells him that robber took off with it! Murphy argues that he should get reimbursed or get the merchandise replaced. The shook-up clerk says file a report like the officers told everybody else that was robbed here today and that the store is not paying, as we were robbed, too.

Murphy mentions his \$300 ring loss. The clerk mentions all those replica rings are made over at Yonan's Jeweler down the road a bit and to ask for Little Ed and maybe, he'll give you a break considering what happened. But not to count on it as he's a White Sox fan.

ASCENDING DRONE SHOT as the clerk places on Murphy's head, the robber's white cowboy hat without a bullet hole and pats him on the back pointing to the front door. A number of customers see Murphy as he walks out. One, apparently seeing the cowboy hat, tackles him right in front of the remaining cops. We HEAR the officers yelling, saying he's not the same guy, asshole!

SERIES OF SHOTS CONTINUES

With a sign showing the ball park is 1 mile away, Murphy is now passing what appears to be a couple of PRETEEN BULLY BOYS messing with two GRAMMER SCHOOL KIDS and their baseball equipment outside the fence of a local play ground and park.

Murphy stops and gets out of his car and approaches the two bully boys quickly to help out. The bullies elect to use their karate skills on Murphy rather than run! Murphy is knocked down to the ground!

One kid has Murphy's arm held back while he holds him down, on his belly with a knee to his neck! The other kid grabs his white cowboy hat and tosses it to the ground right next to Murphy's face! CLOSE ON HAT and Murphy's squished face as a stream of piss splatters the hat with some drops landing on Murphy!

A man comes up in a car and the bully kids finally see they may be out numbered and runs off fast! The man arrives and starts blaming Murphy! Murphy shakes off the piss and wipes his face, reluctantly putting on his now yellow stained cowboy hat. Murphy, too runs away to his VW as the man puts his arms on the two young kids.

CUT TO: ATM MACHINE

ANGLE ON

Murphy at the ATM getting some cash as the display reads \$300.00, but just gives him a one-dollar bill. He starts pounding the machine! A huge security guard jabs a night stick in his ribs twice and looks to be ready to throw down so Murphy has no choice but to run or be battered!

SMASH CUT TO the VW as it speeds off smoking down the road.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT of Murphy's home as we see Murphy arrives at the house and barely gets out of the VW as he is hurting. A gust of wind, perhaps a small F1, takes his hat and it disappears into the air as leaves blow and the VW shakes! Murphy runs to the house and goes in the front door that he barely closes! DISSOLVE TO:

The same front door as he pokes his head out to see the debris all over the lawn. He sees the crack in the windshield and now wearing his regular Cubs baseball cap, jumps in the car and backs straight out onto the street at full speed, totally oblivious to objects that he hits one at a time! First, the running over of a baby carriage that was being rolled right across the driveway's sidewalk, thankfully with the mother holding the baby having seen the hit coming and releasing the stroller; a bicyclist across the street who swerves to miss Murphy!

Murphy ends up hitting the back of parked car; and then backing alongside of a parked FedEx truck where his protruding, already damaged bumper lightly scrapes a nice gouge in the entire side of the FedEx truck! Straightening his Cub's cap, not knowing what disaster he just caused, he smiles saying to himself, can't wait to end this day!

The sign say Wrigley Field 1 Mile. As he passes this sign, Murphy see the thick traffic ahead and starts slowing even further. He also sees a mini party bus about a block away pulled over on the left. Finally arriving by the bus, he sees two hot women exit.

He confers with the chauffeur who has been under the open hood peeking at the engine compartment, while on the phone scratching his head with his hat off. The beautiful women in tight jeans stand alongside the limousine doors on their cell phones, too. Attracted to this and since Murphy isn't going anywhere too fast with traffic ahead of him, he stops to ask the girls if they need help but gets flipped off and has beer thrown at him with one girl going up to his open window and slapping our poor Murphy. To top it off the male driver comes up to him and give him a punch directly in the jaw! The driver yells, "Mind your own business and hit on some other women!"

CUT TO: Murphy in his car trying to find a place to park it about a mile away. He is rubbing his jaw as the CAMRA ANGLE sees his shiner is darkening. It is dark out now as in the distance we see the ballpark lights illuminating the area of Wrigley Field.

With one of the few smiles on his face today, Murphy finally gets to the ballpark. He scalps one ticket for \$800. He goes to the gate to enter but the ticket won't scan for 10 minutes but finally gets in. He finds a \$100 bill on the ground and reaches for it at the same time as a "Yankee" fan displaying a knife tucked in his jeans; he tries to catch a batting practice ball with his glove, right in front of an elderly ladies head, but misses. They cart her away to Murphy's embarrassment, he goes to buy a World Series shirt with one of the hundred dollar bills... it and the other seven are found to be counterfeit! He bump into Whoopi and Michael Jordan who tell him to fuck off as they are trying to ditch two dozen paparazzi jerks.

Fortunately, at the gate entrance a fight breaks out between a dozen of MJ and Whoopie's staff and paparazzi and the three guards for that gate, allowing Murphy to make his move and get inside! He walks nervously around the back end by the player's parking lot looking to gain access to the park. He gets lucky and finds an open service door. He's in! In the upper deck now, of all people it is one of the bully kids that is being chased by a couple of security men, running right at Murphy! The kid tries to jump over the short fence onto another structure as he is about to pass right by Murphy. Murph puts his foot out just a inch or two which causes the kids to stumble and goes right over the railing. Murphy reaches over to grab a hold of his shirt!

The kid is dangling with only Murphy leaning over the rail holding him. Murphy's tough "piss" boy from the park now whimpers like a little bitch for Murphy not to let go! Murphy's POV is looking past the dangling kid to the backing garbage truck below as we see he is trying to line the kid up. The security team is just about to arrive at the rail as the POV shows!

Murphy moves down the rail a few feet to adjust his aim and seeing the guards are just yards away, he looks back at the kid and say "Hope my aim is better than yours. Now, piss-off, fuck face!" The kid drops into the bin! To Murph's surprise, the crowd in the ballpark roars with approval! The guards give Murphy a job well done pat on the back and escorts him away! Murphy sees the live remote feed is coming from a cameraman above him! He is still on the Jumbotron!

Murphy is escorted into a secure elevator as the P.A. announcer mentions “The first pitch will be thrown out by former President Barak Obama and an impromptu, secondary first pitch by the man of the hour and the man we all saw save the teen, Johnny Capó, Mr. Murphy Lawe!” (crowd erupts with more applause!)

Seven celebrity ballplayers, all in pinstripes are escorted into the elevator (as the P.A. announcer mentions O.S. “Shortly, we will be welcoming former World Series Yankee legends, Derik Jeter, Rodger Clemons, Reggie Jackson, Marino Rivera, Alex Rodriguez, Rickey Henderson and former Cub’s manager, Lou Piniella just after the national anthem!”). Reggie, Rickey and Lou are notice in the elevator amongst the other four. Murphy stands with three Cub escorts as the last 3 occupants to fill the large elevator are escorted in... Two burly body guards and Ms. Lady Gaga.

These well-known baseball icons are smiling at Lady Gaga. She is in an absolutely altered Cubs uniform wearing a rhinestone batters helmet and covered with blue, white and red face and body paint with her skimpy baseball uniform! When Reggie Jackson mentions to Rickey she will be singing the national anthem, Murphy tries to break the ice by reassuring the seemingly nervous star that all great performers get nervous, don’t they. She tells him, “What do you know about performing! Shut up when you are in my pre performance presence.” ANGLE ON Reggie as he mouths her “pre performance presence’ with disdain for her. She spots him at the end and Reggie goes meek. Guess he isn’t the straw that stirs Lady Gaga!

CUT TO:

the field level arrival in the elevator. The ANGLE from inside the elevator as the opening doors reveals the tunnel onto the brightly lit field.

CUT TO:

the end of the national anthem as Lady G belts it out to the resounding approval of the crowd! Now the announcer mentions the former seven World Series stars and finally “a special hero’s” thanks to Murphy Lawe! He bows and waves as Lady Gaga, standing next to him not liking to be upstaged, bows and waves. He sees she is taking his moment and bows to her. She bows to him and waves to the crowd but Murphy won’t have it! A couple of the ballplayers shake their heads seeing the silliness of the moment. The PA says thank you to both and this escalates the tradeoff between the two. A tenth bow and wave actually brings their two heads to hit! Both go down to the roar of the tired crowd!

CUT TO:

Murphy is now being interviewed by major networks as we see the microphone icons been pointed in his face ESPN, FOX, NBC, CBS and of course MLB about knocking Lady Gaga unconscious and if he will be going to the hospital to see her condition or stay for the game.

CUT TO:

Murphy making it to his seat, showing his decision. As the game is about to begin, an usher gives Murphy a cell phone for a personal invitation. It is indeed Cub's CEO, Theo Epstein. We hear Murphy smile and stutter saying, thank you and yes. He will attend the party if the Cubs wrap it up tonight!

ANGLE ON

His seat is in the very corner of right field at the very edge of the bleacher section. He plops down in his seat, takes a deep breath, adjusts his hat and we HEAR the crack of the bat as the first pitch of the game is hit by the New York Yankees leadoff batter! It is coming directly towards Murphy's section! It is drifting directly at Murphy! Murphy, along with the rest of the crowd pops out of their seats! Murphy along with ten other fans resting along the rail... Murphy falls over with the Cub's right fielder breaking his fall as we get Murphy's POV! Back on the Jumbotron once again is our K.O.ed, Murphy!

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, WRIGLEY

DREAM SEQUENCE

INTERCUTTING SHOTS between MURPHY and the CROWD as Murph does his funny Harry Carry routine in Harry's very seat in the booth and then the seventh inning stretch Cub's version of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game", which he screws up all the lyrics to.

Murphy's HAZY POV is of a beautiful nurse that is reaching over him to move a portable light closer for the doctor to place a bandage on Murphy's cheek and forehead. Her tanned boobs brush him as they pop out when a button burst open just as they do a fly-by over Murphy!

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

The nurse pulls back over him, going the other way as we now see two tired old, sagging breasts of a 90 year old nurse who has had a wardrobe malfunction!

OLD NURSE

Oh, wardrobe malfunction! I heard
this happened to Ms. Janet Jackson
once, too.

He wakes up to reality! Her dentures fall out as she apologizes, getting drool all over his mouth as they rest on his nose.

He pops up and asks if the first inning over?! Did I miss the Cubs first at bat?! Can I go?! Murphy settles down a bit as he hears the crowd clapping over a good Cub play. He smiles until he hears from some men in suits then the doc.

ANGLE ON

THREE MEN IN SUITS

Three guys in suits surround Murphy reminding him that although they are sorry he was in the wrong place at the wrong time in the stadium, that he needs to know the Cub's players and owners and/or Major League Baseball are not liable as agreed upon by the willful purchase of your ticket and as stated on the back of said ticket...
Murphy give a "whatever" then asks the doc what inning is it and can he please go?!

DOC

You can go but you have to be careful.
You just woke up but your vitals have been good for awhile now. Just go to your seat and move slowly. The game should be over soon.

OLD NURSE

You said that 7 hours ago, Dr. Richie

LONG SHOT TO EXTREME TIGHT SHOT ON MURPHY

From across the 30 foot room to Murphy's mouth, we make out the words... "WHAT?!"

MURPHY

(calmly worried)

Seven hours. What Inning is it
Doctor? Give it to me straight, doc.
I can take it.

TILTED ANGLE ON

The doc. He speaks in a SLOW, DISTORTED and DRAGGING VOICE

SMASH CUT TO:

The score board flips innings and run after run until we are at the top of the 23rd Inning, tied at 32!

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE on Doc

DOC

Top of the twenty-third

SMASH CUT AND QUICK PULL BACK

as the CAMERA TRACKS back following Murphy as he comes wobbly running out of the medical room and onto the concourse towards the CAMERA, just feet away from the tunnel as he approaches it! Just as he is 10' away, he freezes at the moment he HEARS the LOUD CRACK of the bat! A roar comes like no other, tons of fans come out of the tunnel on their cells, hugging and cheering a Cub's World Series win! Murphy is trampled trying to go against the crowd to see the moment. He is punched in the face by a pinstriped Yankee fan that is leaving, distraught!

CUT TO:

Outside the ballpark now we see a new limo pull up to Murphy where the chauffer points to Murphy to come over to the back window.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON

Murphy's as he pulls in his driveway back at his house in his wrecked VW. He walks up his sidewalk, slowly, dejected and physically hurting as he heads up the 40 feet to his front door.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Murphy's ANGLE on his LEFT side with the VW in the SHOT in the driveway. We see it slowly moving backwards having lost its parking break! We HEAR A CRASH NOISE that doesn't even phase Murphy as the SHOT continues. Halfway up the sidewalk, it now starts raining... Just on him! His POV ahead 15 feet is a dry sidewalk! He stops, getting drenched, turns around slowly to look back 30 feet... His POV is a dry sidewalk! He now walks and we see that with every step he takes, the dry sidewalk just ahead of him, get rain!

ANGLE BACK ON MURPHY as in the background, the crashed VW is across the street having slammed into a parked car as smoke starts to come out of the engine. Murphy resumes his walk, still being poured upon! The dark raincloud follows him as he walks up to the steps of his porch. He goes up the porch, opens the front door. The knob comes off in his hand! As he opens the door, a huge FLASH of LIGHTNING just a few feet behind him as he quickly pops through his front doorway and slams the door behind him!

CUT TO: Murphy, playing Nintendo by himself playing a Ninja Turtle game, when the phone rings. It is to confirm a delivery for Mr. Lawe from Mrs. Lawe for 9 p.m. this evening at his address.

Murphy looks at the clock as it strikes 9 and, yes, the doorbell rings. As he opens the door it is a Flicks and Pizza delivery kid dressed like a slob with a baggy jump suit and a mop of long hair and a hat too big for his head. (CON'T.)

Murph takes a double look and says great timing he's a bit hungry as he takes the pizza. He looks back as if this was a hoax and stares at the delivery person.

DELIVERY GUY

What you wantin' for. You gonna pay me or what? You lookin' at me like I'm gonna take off this baggy jump suit to reveal a female's hot body or somthin', freak. It's \$16.69 and don't get any ideas about the 69, perv.

Murphy's POV as money is handed to the kid IN FRAME and the door slowly closes on the kid.

CUT TO:

Murphy as we see he opens the pizza box to take his first slice to take a bite... We HEAR the CRACKLY, CRUNCH as he bites into the pizza slice. He stops to reveal a baked in roach, complete with fried wings to help ID it!

INSERT roach in the pizza bite.

He tosses the piece in the box and closes it. He sucks down the last Slim Fast bottle as the doorbell RINGS again...

MURPHY'S POV as we see a camera crew has come out of an ESPN truck to review the World Series antics, along with the kid that fell, the convenience store robber, the father of the two boys in the park, Lady Gaga, the Crimetek Security patrolmen, Gaga's body guards and attorneys, the entire Yankee team, OJ (what), Hillary, Bill, Marylyn Monroe, Forrest Gump and the old nurse who breaks through the group to flash her boobs and make a number of other obscene gestures the CAMERA picks up until our...

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM

MORNING

MEDIUM SHOT

ANGLE ON:

Murphy jolts up in bed! Eyes wide open! Kinda looks like he was dreaming...

THE END (or is it?)

OUTTAKE OR INTAKES????

More Murphyisms?

Whatever lane he gets into or whatever line the gets into will be the wrong one as far as which moves fastest.

Whatever he touches just breaks from a cigarette lighter to a can opener to a doorknob.

He goes to knock on wood for good luck and is actually plastic Formica... As he leaves he'll slip and knock his head on a wooden floor.

Every time the phone rings he won't get to it on time

His cell phone battery will die out as he is trying to call and enter the radio contest for which he knows he has the winning answer.

He tries to go to a radio station 97.5 but only gets 97.1, 97.2, 97.3, 97.6. Never 97.5!

He is asked by a hitchhiking O.J. to drop him at the nearest knife shop.

He is dumb enough to be the first to try McDonalds McLap Coffee Cup.

Murph stares and says, "I'm the new Billy goat..."

In a panic, places on some old black rimmed glasses, his blue Cub's cap and headphones and runs off! The crowd sees this "Bartman" look alike and....

He gets to it, near the sidewalk. Looking down, he sees that he is being pissed on by a small weenie dog whose piss is actually streaming right into and filling his sock-less shoe! Right next to Murphy is a fire hydrant.

A look up to the heavens brings a "Why" from Murphy. Further looking skyward, straining to see into the stars and space above him is what appears to be a shooting star... No, perhaps a meteor. Then, behind him, quietly lands a parachutist. He comes INTO FRAME after landing in Chang's pond, absorbing his plunge to the earth. Unfortunately, the next object to come from the starlit evening sky is an even brighter... A rapidly descending small Cessna aircraft where, you guessed it, it crashes into the Murphy's dwelling.

The parachutist now runs across the lawn to Murphy and looks for a second at the destruction and offers a nonchalant, yet surprisingly apologetic, "Sorry, then. Anyone home?" A negative nod by Murphy. "Never really stole a plane before and figured it would be easy. Usually steal cars. Glad nobody was home then. Glad I stole the chute, too!" He trots off with, "Hope you got insurance, too. Sorry, again. Have a nice night". (CON'T)

From the debris of the interior of what is left of the burning house, floats a partially burned envelope with a check inside that lands at Murphy's feet. We read it and the attached Post-It note: "Murphy. Important! Take the home insurance payment in person by Friday or we'll be late! We'll have no insurance!" -Your soon to be ex-wife.

The box office will tell...The 13 sequels should open every April Fools' Day or until the Franchise starts grossing under 750 million... On opening day!

Murphy having a variation of another dream which is what the audiences will covet, anticipating the inevitable conclusion of the series where the audience will only know the final installment has come if the final shot is not that of our Murphy sleeping.

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(Task: Precise "mirroring of scenes", first the good, then the bad .)