

"MURPH'S UNFORGETTABLE DAY"

by
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Meet one Murphy Lawe, your typical 32 year old married man who is about to enter "the zone" on a rather unforgettable day in his life on this beautiful Saturday morning.

We open with Murphy snoring away in his darkened bedroom. Cozily tucked away, surrounded by a half dozen satin covered pillows nestled around his head, under his arms and legs.

He is a clean shaven and well groomed man looking quite refreshed without having a hair out of place! There is a glorious and wondrous smile on his resting face as one envisions he is in the middle of a dream of sex on some far away and exotic beach. From around this king sized bed comes his gorgeous, petite wife who quietly strolls towards him wearing a stunning and rather revealing party dress. She gently lays a short note she has scribed on fancy stationary where we can't help but notice the heart shaped symbol with their names Murphy and Sandie in the corner.

She quietly places a note next to the alarm clock where the display reads Sunday 6:27 a.m. Her soft sexy VO from the note thanks her husband for allowing her to go away for the night to prepare for her older sister's bridal shower first thing in the morning in San Diego, "I know I wouldn't see you until tomorrow and that tonight you'd just be glued to the TV for the seventh game of the World Series, Mr. Dodger. 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 thoughts and dreams, my tether-ball-belly-baby! I stocked the refrigerator for you and I'm sure you'll still find your way to a Super Sized Big Mac anyway. And speaking of super Sizing...ooh last night was tasty! Love you! Remember you need gas for the lawn mower and I have left a check for you for the hardware store for new vacuum bags and the rug and upholstery shampooer deposit. Thanks for being my handyman while I'm gone. Because you love to work so hard for us around our house, I have a special package coming for you tomorrow evening when I get back... It will be "hand" delivered, so make sure you don't overdue being your own handyman."....oxoxoxox

With this, Murphy's wife quietly shuts the door leaving him alone in the darkened room with only the illuminated display on the clock at 6:28 a.m. ... Five seconds pass when a light thud awakens him from his sleep. We hear him grumble a bit until the doorbell RINGS which immediately wakes Murphy up. The clock's display now shows 11:11 a.m.!

Sliding into his robe he wanders out of the bedroom to the front door. There stands the typical geeky newspaper boy and his mother who has apparently been driving her son around to deliver the morning papers in the family van. The mother politely begins a non-stop apology on behalf of her rather timid son who has missed his mark, the edge of the steps and bounced the paper off the front door and into the flower planter. The results prove to only be a slightly dampened corner, the size of a quarter, on the rolled-up morning paper. But the mom is adamant about her son learning responsibility. She continues on dominating the one-sided conversation. He finally gets to mention he was glad a noise from something had finally awaked him, having overslept explaining that he must now get moving to mow the lawns and rent a rug cleaner before the 5 pm Dodger game on TV.

The whack mom sees a discipline opportunity and immediately offers up her son, who was just finishing his route on this block, to be back within an hour to mow all of his lawns as a way to learn responsibility for his errors! After a few seconds of debate on the extreme offer, constantly shaking his head no to the persistent mother, Murphy opens the rolled paper to find an LA Times voucher for two tickets to today's seventh game of the World Series! The mom stops mid-sentence as she sees that he has just won the LA Times Winner of the Week prize hidden in someone's Saturday paper delivery route!

She then relays to Murphy how lucky he is to just live a few blocks away from Dodger Stadium! He is in shock! She smiles and offers Murphy the use their family owned carpet cleaning service to get him to Dodger Stadium earlier rather than later! She mentions they just got a new machine that they are training with this weekend, so.... To shut her up, Murphy green light's the offer!

Back inside smiling, holding his two tickets, it's a quick look in the fridge. To his surprise he finds an unusual number of delicacies delighting our round friend. 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, various dips, as well as assorted soft drinks. His smile says it all!

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 towel, he carefully rubs out the middle area to reshape his body as to not be quite as thick in the middle allowing him to stand back to see himself in the mirror as thinner fat-boy! "Gonna be a good day."

It is then to the toilet where he sits for just a second or two until he gets up to peak in the bowl, "Wow, pinched a perfect loaf." A couple of sniffs later, "Wow, no unpleasant aromas either!" Sitting back down, a quick wipe brings, "Yep, confirmation, the loaf has been properly pinched!"

While dressing, he notices his pants are much less tighter and he goes to weigh himself. Dusting off the seldom-used device, he steps on it..."Haven't weighed in two months.... Hey, lost eighteen pounds! Back to high school weight!"

Taking his smile from the scale to the kitchen, he's off to a SERIES OF SHOTS downing ribs, chicken, pizza and chocolate milk by the half-gallon. 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 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. The special is complete! He downs a sixth soda on the way to answer the doorbell.

Toting a super large bag of chips, he opens the door with a mega mouthful, which is stopped in mid-crunch, as it is a beautiful 30-year-old black woman dressed in a rather skimpy Girls Scout Uniform! It turns out to be the leader of the local Scout group who is accompanying her young daughter, emerging from behind her, in her uniform. "Don't worry we're not here to sell cookies", she explains. "We are here to give you a free case of cookies as last year's biggest... best, customer for door-to-door sales." Mouth full, Murphy nervously says his wife won't be home until tomorrow. She smiles back mischievously while in the B.G., a van with Cool Carpet Cleaners on the panel pulls up along with our lawn mower toting paperboy and his disciplinarian mother beginning their tasks. Murphy, who has yet to take his eyes of the voluptuous Scout mom, becomes nervous as the carpet lady and her kid come up the walkway. Scout mom sees that he has company so she leans in towards him and says in a surprisingly sultry voice, "Look's like your busy now, but I'll just pop (her blouse pops a button to expose even more cleavage), in tonight to deliver you some mouth watering, tongue licking cookies with a firm chocolate chip center protruding, right in the middle. Bye 'till then."

What a day so far, now the entire house inside and out is about to be wiped clean. Almost all the daily duties except for washing the car before having to go all the way across the street to Game 7 of the World Series with free tickets! Damn!

He goes around to the side driveway to jump in the car to get it washed when he sees that the car is already completely washed! In the adjoining driveway is the always smiling, new neighbor, Chang, to explain. "Hello new American neighbor. Saw VW commercial other day, thought I clean car. Dirt on car like pimple on ass of wife needs to be removed before driving it." Murphy, not too sure of the gesture, has Chang offering more proverbs to relay why he cleaned the car. "Offer help where help is needed." Nothing from Murph... "One happiness shared, scatters a thousand sorrows to a man who provides happy task." Nothing. "If one does not scale mount to top, one cannot see plain." Nothing. "Water is life's blood... Can both sustain as well as upset any ship." Murphy still doesn't get it. Chang continues to try to make him understand why he cleaned car. "Clean car next to neighbor's yard better for neighbor than fucking filthy car next to clean neighbor's yard." Murphy smiles as he takes off thanking Chang.

He backs straight out onto the street totally oblivious to objects that he just narrowly misses! First, the near running over of a baby carriage that was rolled right across the driveway's sidewalk as a distracted mother kneels down tying her other child's shoe by the side of the driveway; a bicyclist who swerves to miss Murphy as at the same time from the other lane Murph's backing car just misses the rear-end of a zooming by FedEx truck!

Straightening his LA Dodger cap, not knowing what disaster he just avoided, he smiles saying to himself, "Neighbor must know when to shut fat mouth. Thank you, Chang!" He's off to claim his winning tickets. But first, it's temptation that lures him for a quick bite at a fast fooder.

We cut to a Mc-E-Dee's window as Murphy sees his large McDonald's bag is coming thru the window. He hurries to take the last bite of his Burger King Whopper. 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! He sees the two Monopoly game stickers from his Super-sized fry container and tosses them on the front seat commenting, "Stupid games people play." Ready to eat, he is detained in the drive-up by the car ahead of him, which has stopped. An excited Hindu driver jumps out, in the drive-thru lane, goes past Murphy's car, inside the building and excitedly cashes in their peeled off game piece for a free cone as if he won the California lottery!

Murph honks and says, "Ya come to fast food to eat fast food, not play games..." Then yelling as he looks at his full bag, "Don't play games with fast food! You're making it slow food!" He sees the guy coming out and says to himself, "I'll give these (two just peeled off game pieces) to Christina, she lovesss to play." He dumps the fries on a napkin on the seat and tosses the empty container next to them while yelling out his window at the cone winner, "See! See, the fries are cold! Ya know why? 'Cause you McNuts are too busy with these McGambling pieces... Don't like playing games at fast fooders! There's a time for eatin' and a time..." As he continues to munch... "And a time to eat." Finally, out of the busy drive-thru we get a SHOT of the front seat to see the two stickers...Park Place and Boardwalk. A cool million, baby!

Getting back in his car after claiming his two Dodger tickets, he provides us with belching rendition of "Take Me Out To The Ballgame" while enjoying his freshly lit cigar. Approaching the stadium area, Murphy's car starts to shake. He pulls over and sees he has a flat just outside the ballpark. A limo pulls over offering assistance and a man gets out, also wearing a Dodger cap offering Murphy a ride into the parking lot. He says his law firm had rented so many limos he's all alone anyway, noting they have a whole section for their big corporate day there. Before Murphy can say na, the limo guy is already calling a tow company, explaining their firm has an investment interest in a repair shop and tire chain and they'll repair it and simply deliver it back to Dodger Stadium's valet parking area within two hours, to have it to go home in!

Murph agrees and thanks him for the lift and the fixing of his tire. The limousine pulls away and Murphy is on his way to enter Chavez Ravine!

Through the five lines of traffic to the entrance of the stadium, our nonstop talking and excitable Tom Arnold type character (we will call, Tommy), agrees with Murphy on how they would hate to see a quick game or a low scoring pitcher's duel. Then he sees another corporate limousine ahead that seems to be overheating as steam comes from the hood. "One of ours. Driver, pull over and tell the passengers to come in our limo and call the repair service for them, too." Murphy's POV allows us to read the corporate logo of the law firm on the limo's window... Letts, Bhendim, Hover and Reamum. The chauffeur explains the other limo holds the twenty-six year old twin daughters of one of the senior partners of his firm and that it is lucky they were here to give them a lift. As the girls walk over to Murphy's side of the limo Murphy sees the voluptuous girls. "By the looks of those boob jobs, no further lifting is needed!"

They arrive at the valet parking area where a discussion ensues with yet another limo driver, a 6'9" black chauffeur trying to explain a situation to Dodger security. "...Yes, that is his niece and yes, he and his wife have been delayed at LAX and yes, they have her ticket." The limo driver gets abrupt as it appears he has been arguing this for a while. "Look, it's been a half hour man, call your supervisor again please, and see if he got the okay to let her get into the game." The attendant feels bad but also is reminded by a call from his superior that this is the seventh game of the World Series and it is simply a total sell out. He suggests that even standing room can't be worked out. Murphy overhears the discussion and walks over to the limo window, knocking on it before going through the VIP entrance of Dodger Stadium. Tommy even expresses how hard it is to get tickets wishing he had an extra for the young girl. Murphy holds out one of his two tickets saying he was going to sell the other for a couple of grand but he's had a good day and wants to share. The girl hugs him saying he so nice and how she is a big Yasiel Puig fan. She promises to sit right next to him and be no bother until her uncle arrives. The girl's tall black limo driver smiles and tells her he will wait for the girl in the same spot after the game. He then gives Murphy six one hundred dollar bills for him to spend on the girl and himself, equally. "Courtesy of the girl's uncle, sir. I just spoke to him and he thanks you."

Elated, Murphy leads the girl into the ballpark to her seats. On the way a SERIES OF SHOTS finds Murphy with incredible luck: He finds a \$100 bill on the ground, he catches a foul ball, bumps into Whoopi, Cher, the entire Entourage cast and the real Mark Walberg Boston bad asses with them. He helps grab a kid who nearly falls over the wall trying to catch a batting practice ball. He trips a purse-snatcher on the run by accident to help security. He is accidentally shoved in a security elevator as reporters try to get an interview with Britney Spears and her entourage as they head down to the field for the National Anthem and is dragged by to stand with her while singing as Britney says how she saw him save the young boy's life earlier with that batting practice incident!

Brittany concludes the National Anthem and starts to come off the pitcher's mound with Murphy only to have a strap of her shoe get stuck on the rubber of the mound. Murphy sees this and as she fights to get free from the pad, she loses her balance! Murph reaches for her just in time to save her from going face down on the mound, when the dreaded "wardrobe malfunction" occurs. Her low-cut, lace top's strings get caught on Murphy's Dodger's jacket zipper and come flying off much to the crowd's delight. Murphy then accidentally slips on her fallen garment, falling to his knees with his fat face landing squarely between her momentarily exposed boobs! She is only concerned about keeping her exposed boobs covered using Murphy as a shield squeezing his face tightly up against her. Murphy is in a delightful bear-hug with his face buried in her chest! Since she won't let him go either, he can't immediately release her to get up without exposing her... He is her human shield. They quickly shuffle, him still on his knees, down towards home plate as others start to surround them in this awkward position. A half dozen people try to offer suggestions to them both but she is in panic mode just wanting to get off the field.

The only other issue is the “friction” that Murph’s unshaven face causes her as he nervously keeps turning his bosom buried head, left and right to see who is suggesting what! Still in sheer panic, Brittney elects to keep shuffling off the field with Murphy as her shield in this “bare” hug! A number of LA Lakers cheerleaders help form a circle around the two until safely in the dugout when Murphy and Brit are detached.

As they cover her, a number of celebs in this VIP area come over to see if she is okay. (Two celebs that seem noticeably offended are the departing twosome of Justin Timberlake and Janet Jackson.) Enter Jack Nicholson who comes from a side door of a field level private box next to the dugout. Seeing Murphy in panic mode with all that has happened, Jack quickly grabs him and pulls him into his private box away from the commotion. The box is full of the LA Lakers cheerleaders who previously helped peel her off of Murphy. Jack explains that he wants “hero” Murphy to hang with him.

In the private box Jack introduces Murphy to a few other celebrities such as Magic Johnson, Kevin Hart, Phil Jackson, Derek Jeter, Kobe Bryant, and of course all of the cheerleaders. Jack mentions that he thought it would be a kick to have the Lakers’ cheerleaders at the ballpark but nothin’ tops a mouthful of Brittney Boobs!

A cocky waiter with a food order comes knocking and Jack opens the door and lets the kid in. He uncovers the tray and asks the kid if they got the order right this time. Jack sees that it is all wrong, again, and goes off ala Jack’s “Five Easy Pieces”! The kid drops the attitude and runs out! Jack goes back to normal in a heartbeat to tell Murphy they should leave the girls and take the opportunity to go to the men’s room to whiz. Michael Jordan and Fox’s owner Rupert Murdoch exit the private restroom but not before an introduction of Murphy by Jack to these power boys of LA. Murdoch quickly mentions that Murph has a look about himself and if he has an agent. Jack laughs and pulls Murphy away saying he represents the kid now. Murdoch tells Nicholson to call him then.

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, “After (swinging his dick) I take batting practice with the girls, if ya know what I mean. Also, after the fifth is when all, God love ‘em, good LA Dodger fans will leave the stadium in limos to go eat Sushi and vegan food”.

That’s exactly what happens... A no hitter by the sixth finds Murphy in an empty private box alone and with enough food to choke a team of mules. He has season tickets left by Jack for all home Lakers’ games and to top it off, he holds up some LA Lakers panties with great pride. The man has no shame.

Needing a fresh dog, he takes his place about twentieth in line, to grab a fresh weenie when a couple of guys pop out of the tunnel entrance next to concession stand and shout to a friend still in line that J Lo is being escorted quickly through the crowd towards their tunnel! Sixty-nine of the seventy in line quickly disperses to see her.

Murphy is quite happy just to get to the front so quickly. As he gets his long awaited Dodger dog, the attendant at the window explains how he’s so lucky and how today will be hell as they’re in big trouble because the power to the main refer broke down last night and we had to get a limited shipment of Dogs and his was the last one. “That, my plump fried food concessionaire, is the last dog in the joint? What a great day!”

Going to the just refilled condiment's table, Murphy happily and quickly downs the dog and heads to his regular seat to find the little girl he forgot about. She has been having a blast and didn't mind.

Forward... to the bottom of the 16th inning, Murphy is feeling slightly stuffed and decides to walk around the stadium with the score tied 27 to 27! While walking, he is attacked by a half dozen of LA's finest (LAPD, 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. A crowd gathers including our legal beagle, Tommy A and Murphy is escorted away. Obviously, a case of mistaken identity, he is taken up to the medical room at the ballpark to get checked out. While lying down on the bed with hot dog remnants all over him, his POV is of a beautiful nurse that is reaching over him to move a portable light closer for the doctor's exam. Her tanned, boobs brush over Murphy by accident. He smiles and the relish and onion partials in his teeth do not phase the hot nurse. The cops come in saying that they now understand he is not the criminal and all officially apologize that it was a case of mistaken identity. But lawyer Tom has other compensation in mind as a half dozen of Tom's colleagues are now in the room passing cards and taking interviews and are using cell phones saying Murphy should not move! Whispering to Murphy, they've been already offered a settlement by the mayor who is at the game, wanting to avoid publicity of physically harming the man who saved that little boy from almost falling over the rail And Britney Spears from embarrassment.

The Mayor comes in with another Tommy, Tommy Lasorda, to check on Murphy's possible injuries and to present their offer, adding a little pressure. "Hate to see you go to the hospital and miss the rest of this, the greatest seventh game of a World Series, young fella. But if you need to, you need to. I just want to make sure before I get back to the game and tear this check up for \$100,000.00." Murphy sees his troupe of lawyer's displaying a don't-do-it look. The mayor then loudly asks an assistant if those "lifetime passes" have been brought up from the office yet." Lasorda turns to Murphy, who is glowing with anticipation, and asks if there's anything else the Dodger organization and the city of Los Angeles could possibly do to rectify this now without lawyers."

CUT TO: Murphy dressed in Dodger blue as third base ball boy! A SERIES OF SHOTS Finds Murph 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 Dodgers where in the bottom of the 23rd with the game tied 32 to 32, the dodger 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! Dodgers win 33 to 32!

The giant Sony Trinitron shows Murphy in his glory!

Outside the park now we see a new limo pull up next to the little girl's waiting limo where the chauffer points to Murphy. Murphy is escorted to the other limo where the occupant's partially seen face nods a thank you to Murphy! The window rolls up as the girl hugs Murphy to say thanks and goodbye as she gets in. The Chauffer says to Murphy, "Mr. Gates wants to say that's for taking care of his niece and for you and your family 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! Thank you."

We CUT TO: Murphy's face as he is brought back to his house in a Dodger limousine. He exits the vehicle with a handshake and words from within the owner's limo, "We'll talk about getting you a coaching position next season, Murphy. Here is a little something from Magic Johnson's car dealership after he heard about your car from his attorney at Letts Bhendim, Hover and Reamum."

At the same moment a new Viper is delivered to his driveway! Then we see a panoramic view of freshly mowed lawns, cleaned sidewalks, trimmed bushes and sparkling windows to inside the house and through the bay window: the Scout mom. Oh, mamma! A smile to our Murphy!

CUT TO: Playing Nintendo by himself, he tosses aside another set of panties, this from the Scout mom. He reaches the top, ultimate level of the current game he is playing 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. Murph takes a double look and says great timing 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... This time it is Publisher's Clearing House coming up the walkway with a half dozen cameras with lights as we see the \$10,000,000.00 check and Murphy's name!!

In the B.G., the Clearing House people continue to film while another camera crew comes out of a truck from ESPN to review the World Series antics along with the entire Dodge team, Brittney, Jack, OJ (what) Ray Romano, Larry King, Lakers cheerleaders, The Donald, The President, Marylyn Monroe, Forrest Gump, Ninja Turtles and Rupert Murdoch explaining that there is a lead in a sitcom for you if you can you come down to FOX studios first thing in the morning, morning, morning... FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

6:28 a.m. From the same alarm clock we saw in the opening scene as dawn breaks. Repeating the previous sequence this time Murphy looks like the total unshaven grizzly bum he really is! His sound sleep is SHATTERED WITH A LOUD THUD AND CRASH! He has gets out of his toasty warm waterbed to check the sound. Murphy goes down the still dark hall and turns the corner to go flip on the entry light and open the front door... He just reaches to turn on the light switch when he simultaneously slips on a wet floor where a number of flopping fish are now seen next to his face. He lies next to the soaked newspaper that had apparently gone through the side window of the front door, knocked down a fishing pole in the entryway that had fallen to shatter the aquarium, in the now soaked hallway!

As he sizes up the situation half out-of-it, slowly getting up in pain. Suddenly, a pounding, loud knock accompanied by a dozen simultaneous doorbell rings, find Murphy about to answer a ring from hell. It is the same newspaper kid now a cigarette smoking, ear pierced, tattooed kid who stands at the doorway with zero remorse and a loaded foul mouth ... "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!" Murphy says his subscription is nine months away from renewal! "Don't you have anything else you wanna say?" The kid turns to leave saying, "Those mother fuckin' fish are gonna die if ya don't get em back in water and off their floppin' yellow asses, mister!"

A quick look outside in the dark by Murphy prompts a question from him thinking this scene isn't quite right. "Where's your mother?!" The kid yells back, "Don't you read the fuckin' paper I deliver? That bitch is dead after taking two loads of a 12 gauge to the head by my dad a year ago! My stepmother is back out doing her thing on the streets to bail out one of my brothers. I'm the only working kid in the family. So, ya up for the renewal or what?" Before he can answer, a Publishers Clearing House van is pulling up right in front of Murph's house and a whole crew emerges, cameras and all coming up Murph's sidewalk! Then, a new Viper displaying a bow on the hood pulls on to the shared, side by side driveways! Thinking he's a winner until the crew tiptoes past Murphy telling him they wanted to sneak up to his neighbor' house not wanting to be seen too quickly by the winner. The kid starts to leave seeing Murphy's disappointment. We HEAR screams from the happy neighbor, Chang next door. The kid yells back to warn Murphy, "Yo. Don't rat me out to the LA Times because I blame those untrimmed hedges being so high that's caused me to miss the door by a few yards!" Showing a hidden pistol in his pants, the kid's final words, "Be cool like Chang, bro. You'll dance with my brothers when they get out of jail next month. Stay cool, fat boy and trim your hedges."

Murphy looks around back towards his house after seeing his messy yard and his Viper-less drive way. He goes back into the house to see a room that needs serious cleanup attention. He also sees the vacuum is out in the middle of the floor with a big note attached: "Murphy, when I get home in 5 days, on Monday, don't forget the "to-do" list. Pick up those three bastard kids of ours Sunday night before I get home! That shit sister of mine will take them to school Monday. When I get back, we are going to talk about you doing your share and seriously start taking care of this house since I work full time and travel for work and since you are still laid off. Six years, Murphy Lawe! Get stamps and mail all the bills I wrote checks for and take the three checks with the Post-It notes on them by Friday or we'll be late with insurance, the mortgage and the car! Hand deliver them! So, my twice separated, soon-to-be-divorced-flunked-out-of-marriage-counseling-dead-weight-son-of-a-bitch-of-a-husband, you better have gotten your lazy unemployed ass up early enough to have cleaned-up from that Game 6 Dodger party you had last night before I get back home! And feed the fucking goldfish...it's the only thing I look forward to when I am home!"

6:46 a.m. One more slip on a squished goldfish, Murphy finds his way back to the warm waterbed hoping this is a dream. He jumps in and stretches his large framed body out making huge waves while grabbing all the pillows around him to go back to sleep. Like a sequence from CSI, the CAMERA shows us the results of the broken fish tank: A newspaper through the window to hit the fishing pole to shatter the tank to take down Murphy to returning to the bed with the fragment lodged in between his filthy toes to enter the water bed, nick it, tear it and allow the trickle to begin. The leak of the bed's warm water seeps slowly into the safety liner from the opposite side of the bed Murphy has gotten into.

6:55 a.m. 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.

6:56 a.m. Murphy grabs some nearby toothpaste and goes back to the bedroom and the shade where he succeeds in blocking the light source from the hole and gets back into bed.

6:58 a.m. The doorbell rings. Once, twice....three....four....

6:59 a.m. After opening his eyes one more time and verbalizing a quick, "Un-fucking-believable", he is out of bed to the front door, unhappy. It is two Jehovah's Witnesses.

6:59 and 30 seconds. Door slams and it's a back-flop back in bed.

7:00 a.m. We still see the leak in the bed has opened up to a couple of inches after the big-boy's flop. Silence takes over the darkened room after a minute... His eyes become heavier... and heavier.... 10 seconds of silence.... Then, the backing of a garbage truck's BEEP, BEEP, BEEPING is only outdone by... The Woodpecker.

7:02 a.m. Even with all the pillows and blankets now on the top of his head and with his underwear wrapped around to cover his ears, he can't stop this loud pecker!

7:03 a.m. He gets up again! Putting some clothes on, the CAMERA picks up more water seeping out of the other end of the mattress, starting to fill the liner to the point it will overflow soon!

7:04 -7:05 a.m. The CAMERA stays on the bed with the rising water level as O.S. we HEAR three shotgun BLASTS, then angry neighbors and Murphy yelling back with his ironic remark to having awakened them that he was just trying to get some sleep!

7:06 a.m. He returns from outside with his shotgun, mumbling. He places the shotgun inside the bathroom entrance, which is adjacent to the bedroom that he goes back to. Still mumbling as he sees the clock at only 7:06! He quickly tosses himself back in bed and gets comfortable this warm waterbed's un-ripped side. But after a minute, he decides to roll over causing the rip to now triple in size! The warm water previously just a slow leak, now begins to pour out and overflows out of the engulfed bed-liner!

He mumbles something about dew from the lawn must have dampened his feet. We see his hand on the edge of the bed where the warm water starts to reach him. It touches his finger tips one by one... just 20 seconds of this soothing warmth has him fighting to get up and take a piss! The CAMERA is at mattress level as we can see (and HEAR) the water leaking out faster and faster by the SHOT of MURPHY'S head, which slowly "sinks" OUT OF FRAME from the ANGLE of the side rails of the mattress! He's going down like a Titanic only in the warm South Pacific.

Finally, he pops straight up thinking he has pissed away those two six-packs from last night's party, right in his waterbed!

7:10 a.m. In disbelief, Murphy stands in silence, drenched, seeing the wet mess on the floor that surrounds him. Suddenly, three simultaneous rings occur within two-seconds: Alternating: The land-line rings, the cell phone rings and then knocks followed by pounding knocks at the front door. We HEAR neighbor Chang's voice on the cell inviting Murphy over to drive the new Viper he won. Then, on the home line is the LAPD inquiring about reported gun shots and that a unit would be arriving within a few minutes. Murphy is directed to be outside the door with his hands up for the officers! Half awake, he says okay to the PD and then tells Chang that he'd be by later if he's not in jail. With that he finally answers the pounding/bell ring front door. It is a representative of PG&E who explains there may be a potential gas leak and all of the neighbors need to evacuate their homes for an hour, right now!

7:12 a.m. Murphy acknowledges this with half closed eyes and a nod ultimately ignoring the warning, simply going back through the dampened hall to the spare bedroom but doesn't quite make it as we HEAR the police mega horn announcing for "Mr. Murphy Lawe", come out with his hands up!

7:15 a.m. Murphy comes out of the house onto the front lawn as directed and in a matter of a few minutes of discussing the woodpecker incident; he is issued a ticket of \$1,500 along with a court date for discharging a fire arm in a residential area. He takes a deep breath to de-stress until he notices he has stepped in something not so good. He comes back to the porch to sit, an unhappy man, as he checks his feet while shouting across the street to another neighbor his disgust for his Great Dane crapping on his lawn all the time.

Getting a stick from the lawn he begins to carve away the crap from between his toes and then, using the morning paper, he tries to wipe the rest of the residue away without success as the thin paper rips! 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, Mike!?! Yea, Live Mas, bitch!" Back inside the entryway, Murphy sloshes his feet around the water to clean them a bit more.

7:18 a.m. It's into the shower ripping a few hooks off the already torn curtain on the way in. Murphy enjoys the nice hot water as it rolls over his large framed body for about ten seconds when it starts to get colder and colder! His shower abruptly ends. He looks quickly out the window towards the hot water tank closet on the side of the house where he realizes PG&E has shut off his gas... He yells out the bathroom window where the gas meter and PG&E guy is saying that he has no hot water. PG&E responds with a, "Sorry sir, we told you. We did detect a small trace of gas in the area. We'll have to shut you down for the rest of the weekend until we find it. That means no hot water and..." Murphy slams the window shut.

7:33 a.m. Out of the cold shower shivering, Murphy begins 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 "snap" noise from inside the bathroom closet's folding doors.

A smile comes on his round face for the first time this morning as he mumbles to himself, "Got that damn mouse". 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 become loose and flies out of Murphy's hand, across the room where a "mouse trap" sequence ensues (INTERCUT SERIES OF SHOTS with Murphy's face-mouth open and eyes moving- through the following chain of events:

The knob knocks over the open liquid soap container that pours onto the floor (unnoticed), ricochets into a mirror which cracks in two with one section sliding down off the wall to perfectly catch the tip of a light weight plastic toilet scrubber laying on a short shelf by the toilet that flips in midair and comes down on the edge of a seemingly impossible, perfectly balanced full roll of toilet paper in the wall dispenser which starts to quickly unspool into the toilet!

In disbelief of just what just transpired, Murphy slowly walks over to see the busted mirror not noticing the soap spilling onto the floor and onto the edge of a now very slippery throw-rug, which after just one step, goes out from under him causing the rug to slide over towards the resting and still loaded shotgun, just barely moving it from its upright position... In SLOW MOTION, Murphy starts his decent via the slippery rug, towards the floor, watching the shotgun slowly beginning to fall! Both hit the floor, going OUT OF FRAME and the SOUND OF THE GUN is HEARD going off!

BACK TO THE SCENE, we see in regular motion it has missed Murphy but taken out the toilet's tank! SILENCE comes over the SCENE except for the slight sound of trickling water from the tank and the soft SOUND of the steady unspooling of the toilet paper!

Having landed flat on the side of his face, we see Murphy, lying motionless, his eyes fixed open, with the still unspooling full roll of toilet paper becoming more and more of a soggy mess. This delightful dispensing takes place over a full minute on-screen, just behind Murphy, until the spool is empty. We watch our poor friend lie motionless with eyes still open ala Janet Leigh's final head shot in "Psycho", helpless and in silence. Gone is the opportunity for a quiet morning sit down in this flooded, gas leaking, toilet-less house!

7:45 a.m. The same cops leave Murphy's front door having issued another citation about discharging a weapon, again. Back inside, he tosses the ticket on the table next to the other one. After cleaning up and calling a plumber, at triple time, he goes to the fridge. It is as empty as Al Capone's safe! Only one item is inside...

A note from the wife is left with a six pack of Slim Fast. "More like Shit Fast"; he says as he grabs his Dodger cap and leaves the house. It's off to get some fast food when he realizes he has left his keys at work and can't open the car. He peeks inside and sees his wallet knowing he'll starve if he can't get to that wallet! He must have the wallet! He must break into the car to get the wallet!! This he does somewhat successfully except for scratching the hell out of the paint and setting off the car alarm trying to break the stubborn window much to the delight of the entire sleeping neighborhood.

7:55 a.m. A number of neighbors are outside and are ready to lynch poor Murphy by their looks. The same police car arrives in the front of the house, coming to a screeching stop at the scene. After more explaining, he finally is allowed to break the window to open the hood to disconnect the battery to stop the alarm and access the wallet and his I.D.

The cops leave a "Disturbing the Peace" citation. Murphy tosses the latest citation along with the others off to clean up the huge mess in his house fighting off the urge to first go and get some food, for this has been a long morning.

11:42 a.m. Done cleaning, he looks into his wallet he finds that he forgot to cash his paycheck, which is the only thing that occupies this empty billfold! Checking his wristwatch he realizes it is still 15 minutes before noon and that his new bank is open on Saturdays. He can just make it to the bank... If he can quickly call for a taxi!

IF IT'S SAYS OPEN, IT IS REALLY CLOSED.

CUT TO:

Murphy, running down the block where he surprisingly, successfully hails a taxi. Once in the cab he will soon question his success. It is the cabbie from Hindu Hell as he reeks of garlic and curry (windows won't open) and can't be understood, repeating everything twice and incorrectly!

Finally arriving at the bank, Murph quickly gets out, takes a breath of fresh air, and turns to the cabbie only to see the wimpy driver pointing a .44 magnum at him pointing to the "Pay Before Exit" sign in the cab. Murphy freezes and slowly turns his head to take a look towards the bank to see the Open sign is still out. He explains again to the cabbie that he is going to go in and get American money out of the bank to pay him and will give him his empty wallet to hold but to please wait.

The cabbie is agreeable but requests via the pointed gun, that Murphy signs an IOU, as he has learned by attending "American Junior College" classes on business law every Wednesday night. A few minutes pass, as the cabbie fumbles for paper and pen. The time goes by slowly as there are at least a dozen POV's from the Open sign back to the wrist watch, to people leaving the bank, back to the Open sign, etc. The clock shows still four minutes to go at 11:56 when Murphy is done signing and initialing. He runs to the bank door and with two yards to go, he freezes again as a lady emerges from inside the draped window and grabs the Open sign as if to flip it closed but instead just to dust it. She smiles and to Murphy's delight does not flip it to Closed! In the bank and at the counter, he asks to withdraw \$500.00. He needs ID which is in the wallet, in the cab. He tells her the situation and says he'll just run out to get his wallet and run back in, to please let him back in. He's outside in a flash. No cab! Then, a few seconds later... Here comes the agonizingly slow moving cab having turned the car around to await Murphy's return. Getting just his driver's license out to appease the driver, Murphy jolts it back to the door: It's locked!!! A look at the clock shows 11:58 just turning to 11:59, still a minute to go! A few pounds on the glass bring the same lady up to the glass door. Murphy explains he still has one minute to go according to his watch and the sign still says Open! She says not now and flips the sign to Closed explaining the staff needs to leave now to get to Dodger Stadium!

CUT TO: Murphy walking slowly as the CAMERA PULLS BACK to see the cabbie drives slowly driving along side following Murphy with his gun aimed at him. Murphy explains he's walking now and shouldn't be charged tossing in an insult that his nationality will do anything for a "buck." The cabbie comes back with, "I charge 'till I get paid. If you don't want to ride with me and walk six blocks that is your American choice. Okay, there is the Cash and Carry which we could have been at a lot faster if I drove you!" Finally, a sign, "Cash and Carry", in the window and a home for his paycheck! Coming out with the cash to pay the cabbie, a few feet away Murphy sees what looks like a crumbled 20-dollar bill. He dashes a few steps to stomp on the 20. He just misses it...10 times the wind blows it a few yards away! He does this to the delight of a few pedestrians who enjoy his awkward "Special Ed" moves! Finally, he realizes the bill is attached to a long thin thread being operated on the other end by a couple of hysterical kids who have obviously visited the novelty shop recently. The laughing cabbie tells the embarrassed Murphy as he drives off, "And we do anything for an American buck!?"

Needing to take a leak, Murphy straightens his Dodger cap and goes into a local 7-11, purchases a half dozen candy bars that he stuffs in his jacket. He then asks the clerk to use the store's public rest room. As he comes out from the restroom, a tall black man (the same friendly 6' 9" African-American limo driver from the previous Dodger stadium dream) is now an armed robber holding a gun in one hand and sucking down squirts of Hershey's chocolate syrup out of a bottle as he runs towards the front door and bumps straight into Murphy, running from the scene! (He wears a Dodger cap as does Murphy.) He bounces off of Murphy's body and drops his gun and elects to point the chocolate syrup bottle at him point blank where he squishes off a long stream of syrup all over Murphy's face to blind him! He high-tails it out to the street as we hear sirens in the B.G.. Murphy wisely picks up the abandon gun as a couple of kids start to enter the store. He tells them to leave quickly not knowing if there are more robbers inside. He points the gun down each aisle as he carefully heads towards the counter. The sirens come to an end, arriving outside.

The grogy counter clerk is just coming out of it when a police officer quietly comes to his aide from the rear entrance. The clerk barely speaks the words, "Black male, Dodger hat, gun" and rests his hit head on the cabinet. The cops go into the store one by one. Murphy just misses seeing them aisle by aisle and as he gets closer to the front counter. One cop spots black syrup faced, Dodger cap wearing and gun pointing Murphy, for a split second at the opposite end of the store and gets on his two-way to report it! Murphy gets closer to the counter just as the clerk pops up and greets him with not one, but two rather large automatic pistols and starts unloading all around him, missing!

We HEAR more sirens approaching as the other four cops inside duck hearing the gunfire! Murphy ducks out of the back door when he is met by the back up unit, which are the same patrol cops from the earlier incidents at Murphy's house! As Murphy drops the gun pleading don't shoot, that he is the shotgun, discharging guy from this morning 8167 Dower Street! The cop recognizes him. Murphy begins to explain as we hear more shots from inside where the other officers took out the clerk who was still shooting randomly at anything that moved! Murphy nervously downs a number of candy bars he had purchased and disposes of the wrappers on the ground while the cops inside, look at video surveillance. After 20 minutes pass, the cop comes out saying that the video showed that Murphy indeed was not the perpetrator and he is allowed to leave... Right after one of the cops writes out a ticket for littering. Film at 11.

An hour later, Murphy is outside of his home to clean up the yard and pile the debris into garbage cans. Neighbor Chang comes over saying he had been given a ticket to something the Americans call World Series by his boss. He can't go and offers it to Murphy not realizing it's such a valuable ticket. Murphy, having decided to tape the game and watch it an hour into the game, to avoid the commercials, Murphy realizes it's been on for a half-hour already!

He looks at the yard and looks at his Dodger cap and, for a second, goes back to his previous dream sequence of Dodger stadium.

He suddenly feels recharged knowing his luck is about to change. Murphy even accepts Chang's offer to drive him there in the Viper since the game's already begun. "Okay, Chang, but not too many proverbs. Got a headache from not eating.

CUT TO: Chang reciting proverbs about Murphy's weight and laziness and unemployed status on the way to the ballpark at over 90-mph! Chang flips a switch and the license plate rotates to show a fictitious number. Murphy is treated to a "Fast and Furious" race just outside the entrance to Dodgers Stadium when a rival of Chang's from work pulls up next to him to challenge him with his "Nos-fast" Honda. Murph's plea to just let him out goes un-answered as they are lickety split tearing through the streets of East LA!

Within a few minutes, a dozen police cars become involved where of course the only car close enough to get a look at the occupants, namely Murphy, are our cops from previous scenes. The Viper eludes them all and Murphy departs his crazy neighbor's Viper in front of the stadium.

Dodger Stadium. Although it's the fourth inning, the Murph is smiling. He gets up to the gate to hear it is a 0 to 0 contest in the bottom of the fourth. Didn't miss much action! Now to find his ticket, which after a few anxious seconds, he does!

Finally, inside the stadium, Murphy pinches himself to think he's actually there! He waits in line for two Dodger dogs and by the top of the fifth, he gets them. He takes his seat, looks around smiling at his fellow baseball fans that surround him in a sea of Dodger Blue. He takes a deep breath of Dodger air and then for that first savory bite of the first dog; the tip of the loaded dog inches closer and closer to his drooling open mouth. Eyes closed, savoring this moment (we HEAR the crack of the bat) of that well deserved dog ... until... his eyes open with his POV of an IN FOCUSED Dodger Dog an inch from his mouth, that goes out OUT OF FOCUS to the IN FOCUSED emerging, 300 mph, foul baseball headed smack dabbed right at Murphy's puss at the opposite end of the foot-long!

Awakening in the same medical treatment area as in the dream, with splattered Dodger Dog all over his face, he starts to come out of it with a POV this time of an ugly old nurse whose large pimpled hooknose is a compliment as compared to her wrinkled-pitted face! Her nose, from a cold, drips right onto the other, squished, Dodger dog Murphy holds a grip on! Now, stretching over him, he can't help but to check out her wrinkled, liver spotted, boney chest as she checks his injury saying, "Your lip is gonna be swollen. But you're lucky you only lost one, (pulling one out and INTO FRAME) well, two teeth. Yep, you're lucky to be alive, ya portly fella." She looks around the room... Then, to his bugged eyed surprise and her sick smile, she asks him to cough!

As he sits up getting dressed, she gives him half a dozen aspirin to take later. She explains maybe this was all meant to be so you can go on a liquid diet for a few weeks and drop those Krispy Kream rolls from that gut of yours. "Very unhealthy." Murphy tries to speak but his words are undistinguishable and slurred from his poor swollen and numb mouth. 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 Dodger'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... "We would like to, however replace this Dodger dog with a fresh one... at no charge... But we are out of hot dogs as the game is now in the 13th inning, tied 19 to 19...Hope you find a good dentist.

Murphy slurs his astonishment of the score and the 8 innings of the game he has missed!

The good news is he feels pretty good considering his mouth. Plus he realizes that it is still a tied game and he is alive and he is after all at Dodger stadium! Although totally numb and constantly drooling, he gets a veggie turkey sandwich and soda as the concessions close. We get a few humorous bites and like a mad dog, he chews awkwardly. Most of the drink and food don't make it past his numerously bitten, numb tongue! He heads towards his section, quite a messy man.

Just as he is about to turn into his tunnel to go to his section none other than Jack Nicholson and a couple of attendants emerge from the (same) private box side door. The door bumps smack dab into Murphy and drink goes all over his chest.

Jack offers to have the shirt cleaned and gives an assistant \$100 and directs him to buy Murphy a XXL jersey, pronto! Jack makes Murph take it off, which he reluctantly does just as Brittany Spears pokes her head out of Jack's private box. "Hurry back, Jack!" On the way to the men's room, Jack tells an attendant that not only the private box shitter is busted but we're out of ice." We hear apologies to Mr. Nicholson from the Dodger employees who escort them through the light crowd to the crapper. Jack says, "Just follow me and the planet Uranus here, boys so I can take a piss until your jersey is delivered. What's your name big boy?" ... (Murphy tries to say his name but it comes out "Ma-pee" for which Jack responds to...) "Ya, you can pee, big guy just hold it another twenty-feet.... Jack directs comments to the employees as he and Murphy enter the restroom, "Let's play a fictional game here, boys, now pretend, pretend mind you, you boys in Dodger Blue really are in the security business and keep the crowds out so me and Ma-pee can use a pisser that works without intrusions, okay? And where is his XXL shirt!" Inside, Jack sizing up Murphy tells him, "When you drink a dozen beers and stuff an shit-load amount of food in you, you gotta let the dog out for a walk, son... Woof, woof!! He and Murphy are in the men's room pissing in the trough as the rest room is closed off by security. Jack sees Murph has his lost teeth and says he has a cousin that is a dentist and won't charge Murphy to fix it. "I'll give ya doc' s number later."

While the lyrics from that song, "Clowns to Left of Me, Jokers to the Right, I'm Stuck in the Middle With You", plays in the B.G. over the speakers while a few seconds of the usual, staring straight ahead while men piss, routine plays out. Then, Murphy makes a few quick snaps of the head from his concentrated pissing to take a quick look that it is indeed Jack Nicholson standing there pissing next to him. He can't believe it! Unfortunately he decides, at exactly the wrong time, to turn around a bit too much which creates what is called in the business as, "a streaming overshoot" that accidentally nails Jack's shoe! He follows this error with an inappropriate (mumbled) offer to wipe up the mess as, "I wipe up er ess!" Jack hears this as, "wipe up you're ass!" Not good. This gets a negative Nicholson stare and quick shake of the head. Still pissing, Murphy sprays to the left of him looking for a towel dispenser and unfortunately over corrects his hoped for straight on position again and nails Nicholson again this time in the hand! Jack slides down the trough and works on finishing fast but it's been too many Buds ago to be done quickly! Finally, zipping up, Jack goes to wash his hands and grab some paper towels to clean up the piss mess on his shoe while a deranged looking Murphy, still pissing, just smiles back, embarrassed.

An extremely embarrassed Murphy offers a mumbled apology as Jack quickly starts to go out of the restroom. Murphy tries to explain his day gone wrong and, almost in tears, Murph slurs words to the effect that he should be hugging Brittany Spear bare breasts and eating Lakers Cheerleaders...eating with Lakers Cheerleaders! Quietly alone, talking to himself as a guard gives him the just arrived jersey that is an LA Angles jersey. Outside the restroom door he sees Jack a hundred feet way about to re enter his box. Murphy yells one more time an apologizing, "Matur Nic-a-ma-son! Ta tooth doc... Da tooth ..." Jack finely finishes in vintage Nicholson, "Son, you can't handle the tooth or your dick! Enjoy the game, son." With that he's gone back into the box.

Murphy finds himself alone feeling his numb face and seeing his drool has made a mess all over him. Wanting to take the aspirins given to him by the nurse, he sees the concession stands are all closed around him having just gotten out of the restroom. He spots a Coke machine and places the aspirin in his mouth. At it, he places a perfectly crisp new one-dollar bill in it, which the machine constantly rejects. Murphy tries in vain to get the machine to accept the dollar bill but it continues to spit it back out. He finally gives up only to turn around to watch a kid come up, pull out a wrinkled dollar bill, and within two seconds, downs a cool Coke.

The kid drinks it and it looks so refreshing... Murphy goes up to the kid drooling and asks the kid if he has any more of those crumbled up dollar bills. The kid offers to sell one for five dollars! Murphy goes for it. With the crumpled bill accepted, he only gets a jammed machine and no Coke.

It's off to the water fountain. Once there, it only pours out a stream of brown water. Disgusted, a Dodger maintenance man just comes from behind Murphy with yellow caution tape and an Out Of Order sign...Sewage Backed Up!"

Dejected, drooling profusely, swollen and becoming black and blue, he heads to the tunnel and his seat swallowing the pills dry. Just before he gets to the tunnel entrance, the quiet crowd pours out! Game over. Dodgers lose 19- 20.

CUT TO: Murphy walks home after being kicked off a bus with the driver shouting he was a mumbbling and drooling menace, getting drool and spit while trying to talk all over the other passengers. Murphy walks the rest of the way a broken man, a shell of a man. A kid comes by on a speeding bicycle and snags Murphy's Dodger's hat... In a daze he doesn't even notice it's gone. A short cut through a wrong, bad neighborhood brings verbal harassment in a dozen various ethnic tongues induces a mugging, which he gets up from only wearing his underwear. He finally nears his house. Almost to the walkway, now, he sees his lawn mower has been placed on blocks and the wheels taken.

Next, a light rain turns to a heavy downpour but only right above Murphy! His POV shows this is a CG concentrated cloud. He sees just five feet to his left and five feet to his right there is dry sidewalk! The cloud follows him up to his driveway and stops. Where he stops, the cloud stops. When he moves, the cloud moves! Where his car used to be, there are now just four upright tires. The rain stops. He stands to look up into the now quiet night sky as a tear slowly comes to his otherwise expressionless face. He walks up his walkway; then back down wanting to get the evening paper by the front sidewalk. 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". 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 and we'll have no insurance!" - Your soon to be ex-wife.

Chang comes up to him quoting some humorous proverbs... "Bright star in dark sky not always shine upon you favorably". Murphy quietly and slowly turns around (stepping in another pile of Great Dane crap) goes to his porch or what was his porch, reaches down in the rubble for something as Chang starts with another proverb, "Weakest men are those..." Murphy cut him off and replies to Chang, "You are the weakest.. Chink, ever!" and with this shows the retrieved shotgun that had come to rest on the front of the destroyed home and blows away Chang! These causes the Viper's car ALARM to go off and the same cops to pull up and cite Murphy with an "Out of Season Chinese Hunting Violation.

CUT TO: Murphy waking up as we realize that we have just witnessed the conclusion of his second dream! The question is now; have any of these dreams occurred? (Franchise.) He gets out of bed and starts to walk around the house much as George Bailey did in, "It's A Wonderful Life", he is happy to be back home! To the john to sit down and read the morning paper on the crapper... He turns to his left as he hears the running water of the shower and then the curtain opens.... "Here's Johnny!!!" Or is it Britney? Or Madonna? Or Janet Leigh? Or do we notice the Publishers Clearinghouse Van in front of his house? 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.

The End

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WGAw Registered:

More Murphyisms?

Whatever lane he gets into or whatever line he 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.

Domino's effect on everything.

The neighbor's small kid asks him to help put a model together... and he agrees because the instructions say some assembly required... there is a million piece!

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 finds a good buy on some (currently recalled item).

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.