

RIVERHOOD

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WATERFRONT NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

The sun SHINES down through the 100 year old oaks and pines of the bayou. Kids PLAY - their laughter and joyful screams ECHOING across the water. Parents MOVE about their Saturday morning. A lawn mower HUMS in the distance. The neighborhood is BUILT on the canals of the Arceneaux River, a tributary to New Orleans's Lake Pontchartrain. All the houses are built 10-12 feet off the ground, RAISED on pylons. A necessary precaution for the FLOODS that came with every hurricane. Tiny back yards give way to the swamp where docks and boat houses SCATTER the waterways. Boats and jet skis TIED UP on different piers.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT NEIGHBORHOOD - BOAT DOCK - MORNING

Drool DRIPS down the lower cheek of GUS EDWARDS (56), two days' of stubble and hard drinking seen in every passed out wrinkle as he lays SLEEPING on the dock. He's WEARING a filthy pink bunny costume, the head and ears pulled back like a hoodie. His eyes slowly FLUTTER open. He takes a second to get his bearings and realizes he's STARING at the end of a huge black cock.

GUS

What the fuck?!

He SKITTERS back in shock before REALIZING it's a dildo.

GUS (CONT'D)

God damn, Carla.

He moves carefully to his feet. GRABBING the dildo and an empty whiskey bottle as he STAGGERS to a standing position. Once he's sure his balance is intact, he turns around to face the canal.

He MOVES to the edge of the dock and takes a LONG LOOK down each direction. He sees still water.

GUS (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

He turns around and starts WALKING down the street. Just a man in his bunny suit holding a giant dick. He STOPS at one of the neighbors, DROPPING the liquor bottle in their trash as he HOLLERS up to them on their front deck.

GUS (CONT'D)
Richard? Liza?

RICHARD DUNLEAVY (52) and his wife LIZA (50) are SITTING on their deck enjoying the morning when Gus walks up. Liza, clearly hungover, sits motionless in the chair next to him, dark sunglasses covering her eyes. In one hand she's HOLDING an untouched Bloody Mary. In the other she's HOLDING an unlit cigarette. Richard MOVES to the railing and LOOKS down.

RICHARD
Morning, Gus.

GUS
Have you seen it?

RICHARD
What?

GUS
Don't fuck with me! You know damn well what!

RICHARD (LAUGHING)
No, man. I don't know where it is.

GUS
How about Liza?

RICHARD
I'm not sure. I'll ask. Liza?
Gus wants to know if you know where it is?

Liza doesn't twitch a muscle. She SITS silently and unmoving, like a statue. Richard STARES for a second before turning back to Gus.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
She says "no."

GUS
Alright.

He TURNS and WALKS away. Richard CALLS out to him.

RICHARD
H.O.A. still on for Wednesday?

Without looking back, Gus RAISES a pink bunny thumb. Several KIDS (8-12) come RACING by him on their bikes. He HIDES the dildo behind his back. To Richard and Liza, it looks like he's SHOVING it up his ass.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Ooooh, I can't unsee that.

Liza TWITCHES the smallest of smiles.

Gus CONTINUES down the street to the next house with people outside. This time it's a YOUNGER COUPLE (33, 35) who are WORKING in the shaded area under the house.

GUS
 Have you seen it?

YOUNGER HUSBAND
 No, sorry. We came in early last night.

GUS
 Alright. H.O.A. meeting on Wednesday.

Gus SLUMPS down the street. A couple of KIDS (13-16) DRIVE by on a golf cart. He again HIDES the dildo. The younger couple LAUGH their asses off.

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DECLAN LAW'S BACK DECK - MORNING

DECLAN LAW (46) is PACING around his back deck in his boxers and T-shirt. His laptop is sitting on a little table next to his chair, along with an ashtray, pipe and small bag of marijuana. His NEIGHBOR (78) is a retired DJ who PLAYS music on her back deck. JAMIE LYNN VESSELS' "DAMN DIRTY DEMONS" is playing as he PACES about. He's VIDEO CHATTING with his AGENT (60).

AGENT
 I'm sorry, man. You didn't get the part.

DECLAN
 Damn. I was perfect for that role. I thought I nailed the audition. Did they say anything as to why?

AGENT
 Um, yeah. They said you didn't sound southern enough.

DECLAN
 I'm sorry. What?

AGENT

They said you didn't sound southern enough. I don't know what to tell you.

DECLAN

It's called "Mississippi Delta Rising." I literally grew up there.

AGENT

I know, man. I wish I could tell you something different.

DECLAN

Well, shit. Did they say who got it?

AGENT

Yeah. (Pause) Ewan McGregor

DECLAN

Oh, for fuck's sake!

AGENT

Apparently, he was very convincing.

DECLAN

He's fucking Scottish!

Gus HOLLERS up to him from the side of the house.

GUS

Declan! You there?

DECLAN (TO AGENT)

Hold on a sec.

He WALKS over to the railing and LOOKS down.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

You gotta see this.

He TURNS his phone around so the camera is on Gus.

AGENT (FROM PHONE)

What the fuck?

GUS

Have you seen it?

DECLAN

No, man. I stayed in last night.

GUS

God damnit. Alright. H.O.A.
meeting Wednesday.

DECLAN

And I won't be there.

Gus WAVES him off and keeps WALKING down the street. Declan
TURNS the phone back on himself.

AGENT

What did he lose?

DECLAN

His house.

AGENT

His house?! How the hell do you
lose a house?

DECLAN

He lives on a boat. Whenever he
gets drunk and passes out, somebody
moves it to another canal. It
could be anywhere between here and
Mandeville.

AGENT

And your H.O.A. doesn't have an
issue with this?

DECLAN

He's the head of it, so clearly
not.

AGENT

And the bunny suit and dick?

DECLAN

Who knows? He probably got
divorced again.

AGENT

Seriously?

DECLAN

With him it's always a possibility.

Declan SITS down and GRABS his pipe.

AGENT

How many times has he been married?

DECLAN

Four. And get this, all to the same woman.

AGENT

You've got to be kidding me?

DECLAN

I wish I were. That's why he sleeps on the boat. After the third divorce he didn't bother to move back in to the house.

AGENT

I'm not even sure how to respond to any of this.

DECLAN

Welcome to my world.

They HANG UP and Declan SITS back in his chair and HITS his pipe while "Damn Dirty Demons" continues to play.

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MID MORNING

Declan's WALKING down the street in the neighborhood. He TURNS into a driveway. CARLA MORISSEY (45) is STANDING at the bottom of the stairs in her robe KISSING a YOUNGER GUY (26) WEARING a tieless ruffled suit, HOLDING his shoes. She SEES Declan come up.

CARLA

Ok, now shoo. I'll see you at the office on Monday.

The Younger Guy starts WALKING off and RECOGNIZES Declan.

YOUNG MAN

Aren't you Declan Law?

DECLAN

Yeah, thanks for watching.

YOUNG MAN

Cool. Nice to meet you.

DECLAN

You, too.

He GETS IN his car and BACKS out of the drive.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Mixing business with pleasure, I see.

CARLA

Not really, I'm firing him on Monday.

DECLAN

Jesus, you're not very forgiving. Maybe he just had an off night.

CARLA

(Laughing) I'm not firing him because he's bad in bed, you idiot. I'm firing him because he's a complete moron. He's interning at the firm and actually asked me what the "vs" between the names meant on the cases. Trust me, I'm doing the world a favor. But he's cute and I didn't think he'd want to sleep with me after I fired him, so . . . there it is. Coffee?

DECLAN

Can't argue the logic, and sure.

They WALK UP the stairs and MOVE to her back patio. It's enclosed with screens OVERLOOKING the canal and the neighbors beyond. She POURS them both a cup, HANDING one to him as they SIT DOWN.

CARLA

I talked to mom yesterday. She's a little annoyed you haven't called her recently but, other than that, she's good.

DECLAN

I do need to give her a shout. Just been busy.

CARLA

Don't tell me, tell her. And good luck with that. Nothing smooths her over more than being told you didn't have time for her.

DECLAN

Yeah, no kidding. Maybe I'll call my publicist and get him to run a story I've been in a coma for the last month.

CARLA

A bit extreme, but creative. I like it. Oh, today's the day you were going to find out. Did you get the part?

DECLAN

No.

CARLA

Damn! You were perfect for it.

DECLAN

Don't tell me, tell the director. He said I didn't sound southern enough.

Carla's head SHAKES in disbelief.

CARLA

How is that even possible?

DECLAN

Fucking Hollywood.

CARLA

Any idea who got it?

DECLAN

Ewan McGregor.

CARLA

No, I mean the civil war movie. The one you were telling me about, the confederate general who leads a slave revolt, that one.

DECLAN

Yeah, Ewan McGregor's playing the confederate general.

She STARES at him for a long pause.

CARLA

Did not see that one coming.

DECLAN

Yeah, me either.

CARLA

You've still got that other film, right?

DECLAN

Yeah, the secret agent one in Georgia. It's a good role, but damn, that other one was a career maker.

CARLA

You'll live, Sugarlump, you'll live.

DECLAN

So glad you didn't become a doctor. Your bedside manner is terrible.

She PUTS DOWN her coffee and PICKS UP half a joint SITTING on her side table. She LIGHTS it as she RESPONDS.

CARLA

Really? Go ask that kid I'm about to fire. He'll argue differently.

DECLAN

If he argues after you fire him, then I'll be impressed.

CARLA

Fair enough. What have you got going on today?

She PASSES the joint to Declan.

DECLAN

Gonna finish my walk, then study the pages for an audition I'm recording Tuesday for a film in Canada. A musical, of all things.

CARLA

What the fuck?! You trying to sing and dance? I gotta see that shit.

DECLAN

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

CARLA

Have you ever done a musical?

DECLAN

"Rocky Horror" in college.

CARLA

Oh yeah! Frank N Furter! How did I forget that?

DECLAN

I admit it's been a while, but we'll see how it goes with the audition. It's a good story. I can't talk about it, but it's solid. Actually really hoping I get it. Speaking of which, I should probably get going so I can work on it.

He STANDS and KISSES her on the top of the head. HANDING back the joint when he does.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

I'll see you later.

CARLA

Want to come over for dinner? I was going to order Thai.

DECLAN

Yeah, why not? See you around 6.

CARLA

Cool. Call mom!

DECLAN

Yes, ma'am.

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MID MORNING

Declan CONTINUES his way down the street, STOPPING at Richard and Liza's place. They're both standing at the railing.

RICHARD

Hey, Dec! Missed you last night.

Liza is now fully recovered from her hangover and on her way to a solid drunk.

LIZA

Declan!!!! Come have a Blurry Mary!

DECLAN

Morning, Richard. I'm good, Liza. Thanks.

RICHARD

We've been waiting to hear. Did you get the part?

DECLAN

No.

RICHARD

Damn, man. You were perfect for it. I was really hoping you'd get it.

DECLAN

Yeah, me too.

RICHARD

Any idea who did?

DECLAN

Ewan McGregor.

RICHARD

No, I'm talking about the civil war film they're shooting in your hometown.

DECLAN

Me, too.

RICHARD

Ewan McGregor?

DECLAN

Yeah.

RICHARD

(Long Pause) I'm not gonna lie, I kind of want to see it now.

DECLAN

I know, right? Me too. (Laughing)

RICHARD

Clearly we have to have a "Fuck Ewan McGregor Party!"

LIZA

Hell yes!!!

Liza MOVES to get her phone.

DECLAN

I've worked with Ewan. He's a great guy. I don't blame him.

RICHARD

The hell you say? We will rise up
as the boot of England and go
straight up his Scottish Arse!
Prima nocta, motherfucker!

DECLAN

Whoa! Where did that come from?
Impressive! I guess we have to
then. Sorry, Ewan but fuck you,
man! When?

LIZA

Tonight!! I'll let everyone know.

DECLAN

I'll tell Carla on my way back.

RICHARD

See you tonight at The Vault.

On the phone, Liza drunkenly TALKS into it.

LIZA

Party tonight! We're fucking Ewan
McGregor!

FEMALE VOICE ON PHONE

What the hell? Liza?

FADE OUT:

EXT. DECLAN'S BACK DECK - NIGHT

Carla and Declan are SITTING on his back porch PASSING a pipe
between them. Scattered to-go boxes and chopsticks are on the
coffee table. They're HIDDEN in the shadows as the party
gets under way next door at the Vault. The Vault is the name
of their neighborhood backyard nightclub. At present about a
dozen PEOPLE have GATHERED, with more ARRIVING every few
minutes. Declan and Carla are WATCHING them arrive as they
get stoned.

CARLA

Only here is you not getting a role
cause for celebration.

DECLAN

Yep. Can only wonder what we'd be
doing if I had gotten the part?

He PASSES the pipe back to Carla.

CARLA

The exact same thing only without telling Ewan McGregor to go fuck himself. Didn't you work with him? I thought you said he was cool?

DECLAN

He's fucking Obi-wan! Of course he's cool! This was Richard's show of support.

CARLA

Gotcha. Oh, I invited my friend Natalie to come join the festivities. You'll like her.

DECLAN

Please stop trying to set me up with your friends. It never goes well.

CARLA

She moved into the neighborhood, dipshit. I'm not setting you up.

DECLAN

My bad.

They keep PASSING the pipe back and forth.

CARLA

But she is really hot.

DECLAN

I'm sure she is. But if she's our neighbor, I'm definitely not interested. Absolutely nothing good can come from dating inside the hood.

CARLA

You've been saying that since you got here. I know.

DECLAN

I mean, say I sleep with her. What happens after that? You know she's going to brag to everybody about the single greatest sexual pleasure of her life. How could she not? Then I have every single lady out here banging on my door.

(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)

There would be a lot of heartbreak
in the aftermath. I can't carry
that burden.

CARLA

How very noble of you.

DECLAN

I know. There should be songs
written about me. I'm a fucking
saint, like Santa Claus. I give
and I give.

CARLA

Come on, Saint Dick, let's go see
everyone.

She TAKES one last hit and STANDS UP, REACHING out and
PULLING him from his seat to a standing position He FOLLOWS
her down the stairs.

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE VAULT - NIGHT

The music's loud and the crowd joyful. Rockin' Dopsie, Jr.
is JAMMING from the speakers. About forty PEOPLE have
ARRIVED: some DANCING, some TALKING in different groups, some
MOVING in and out.

Carla is SITTING on one of the swings by the canal's edge
with another WOMAN. NATALIE KAWAI (43) is SITTING with her.
They're both DRINKING a beer while they TALK.

NATALIE

Thanks for calling me and telling
me about this. I haven't really
had a chance to be very social
since I moved here. It's nice to
get out and meet everyone. Is this
kind of thing pretty common?

CARLA

Oh yeah. A bunch of us bought this
property and built The Vault on it,
just so we'd always have a place to
gather outside the house.

NATALIE

Seriously?

CARLA

It's part of the culture down here, New Orleans, I mean. There's a party, parade, festival, boil, or something pretty much every weekend.

NATALIE

Boil?

CARLA

Crawfish, Crab, Shrimp. The Louisiana Holy Trinity. Whichever one's in season. They're a lot of fun. Anthony's our local chef who runs point on all of that kind of stuff.

She POINTS to a shorter MAN (45) on the other side of the fire pit who's TALKING to several other GUYS, very animatedly telling a story. He's built like a boxer. They're all LAUGHING.

CARLA (CONT'D)

He's married to JoJo over there.

She POINTS to a WOMAN (40) on the other side of the lot who's BONGING a beer from a funnel with Liza and another WOMAN (55) while the neighborhood KIDS CHEER her on.

NATALIE

Is she bonging a beer?

CARLA

(Laughing) Yeah. You're not in Kansas anymore, Dorothy.

They TOAST bottles laughing. Natalie SCANS the crowd while taking a sip.

NATALIE

Holy shit! Is that Declan Law?

CARLA

Yeah. You didn't know he lived here?

NATALIE

No. He lives in Covington?

CARLA

Yeah, like right there.

She POINTS to the house on her left.

NATALIE

Really?

CARLA

Yeah. He was getting so much work out of New Orleans it made financial sense to get out of L.A. The pandemic kind of sealed the deal on the decision. I was already living here and he's always loved this neighborhood, so he moved in down the street. A little annoying, but what the hell?

NATALIE

Did you guys date?

CARLA

Oh fuck no, he's my older brother.

NATALIE

Really?

CARLA

I don't like admitting it but it's true. At least according to our mother, but she's been known to do drugs and lie.

NATALIE

I thought your last name was Morissey?

CARLA

It is. Declan Law's not his real name. Are you kidding? He's not that cool.

NATALIE

Am I allowed to ask what it is?

CARLA

Sure. It's no secret. It's Eugene Rumpledick.

NATALIE

What!?

CARLA

Just kidding. It's John Dexter Morissey. We grew up calling him Dec. It kind of made sense since the name Dexter got screwed royally by the show.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

And I had just gotten into law school when he was deciding what his stage name would be. Want to meet him?

NATALIE

Sure. Must be strange having an actor for a brother.

They both GET UP and WALK across the lot to where Declan is STANDING with a small GROUP TALKING. He has his back to them.

CARLA

No, I've got a strange brother who's an actor. You'll see what I'm talking about soon enough. He's a method actor, so when he starts prepping a role he lives that character 24/7 until the end of principle shooting. It's really fucking annoying. You never know who you're talking to.

They come up behind Declan.

CARLA (CONT'D)

BY THE POWER OF JESUS, I COMPEL YOU!

Declan TURNS when she HOLLERS. She SLAPS him in the forehead, hard!

CARLA (CONT'D)

DEMON! BE GONE!

DECLAN

God damnit, Carla! That hurt!

He RUBS his forehead.

CARLA

Yay! First try! Dec, say hello to your new neighbor. This is Natalie Kawai. Natalie, my brother, Eugene Rumpedick.

DECLAN

Nice to meet you, Natalie. I'm Dec. Welcome to the neighborhood. Eugene Rumpedick? Really?

Carla SHRUGS.

NATALIE

Thanks.

DECLAN

Which street are you on?

NATALIE

Dumaine. I bought the Swenson's house.

DECLAN

Gotcha. Didn't know them well, but cool house. How do you know this pain in my ass?

CARLA

You're just mad because mom likes me more. I'm going to grab a beer. Y'all chat. I'll be back.

She WANDERS off.

NATALIE

Ok, see you in a bit. We take the same yoga class, started talking afterward, grabbed a glass of wine, which became two, which became . . . And now we're drinking buddies.

Declan INTRODUCES her to the group he's with and they all start TALKING. With him are VERONICA (52) and JABAR ARISTANI (55), And PETER (38) and PYTOR (38), a mid thirties gay couple known as the "Two Peters."

DECLAN

What prompted the move? If you don't mind my asking?

NATALIE

Oh gosh no. Nothing original about my story. Got divorced, needed a change, the labor market is wide open so I could move anywhere, so I grabbed my kid and here I am.

PETER

Where from? And how old's your child?

NATALIE

Upstate California. And my son is 14. He was about to change schools to start high school so it was a good time.

DECLAN

I was in LA for years. Hated every minute of it.

NATALIE

I liked where I was, but like I said, ready for a change. When I was in college I came down here with some girlfriends for Mardi Gras. Swore one day I'd be back.

DECLAN

Again, welcome! There's no other place quite like it.

They TAP bottles and rejoin the conversation.

Carla is STANDING with LYDIA (40) and JOJO (55) on the other side of the party from Declan and Natalie.

LYDIA

Is that the new girl?

CARLA

Yeah, she's cool. You guys will like her.

JOJO

Looks like she's got Dec's interest.

CARLA

I was thinking the same thing. He didn't call me a "retched cunt" when I slapped him. He's clearly trying to impress her.

LYDIA

Why'd you slap him?

CARLA

Why wouldn't I?

FADE OUT:

EXT. DECLAN'S BACK DECK - LATE NIGHT

Carla, Natalie, Declan and Richard are SITTING on his back deck PASSING a joint. The party's over and things are quiet in the neighborhood. The guys are LAUGHING as Carla is telling Natalie about a previous experience she had. It's obvious the guys have heard the story many times.

CARLA

So I was based in Salt Lake City for a few months negotiating a merger between two upstart banks years ago. I start dating this skydiving instructor while I was there. Former SEAL, very macho, very manly. He's a good guy. We still stay in touch, but anyway. After we'd been seeing each other for a while he tells me about this fantasy of his where we skydive naked and I have a remote control vibrating butt plug up my ass with him holding the control. I was like, why the hell not? Not like it's the first time he's shoved something up my ass, right?

DECLAN AND RICHARD

Whoa! Too much information.

CARLA

Oh what? Aren't you an actor? Isn't that a job requirement? And Richard, I know Liza. I promise she's shoved things up your ass before.

The joint constantly makes the rounds as they talk, moving from one to another.

RICHARD

I plead the fifth.

DECLAN

What? No!

CARLA

So you got where you are on talent alone? Surprising.

DECLAN (LAUGHING)

Fuck you.

NATALIE

Come on! Skydiving!

CARLA

Oh yeah. So, we go up in the plane, get naked, put on our chutes, he slips the butt plug in place, grabs the remote and we jump.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

I've been falling for about ten seconds when he sweeps by and that thing springs to life in my ass. This is when I learned I probably shouldn't have gotten drunk the night before. When that thing went off, my butt exploded! I shot that thing fifty feet! It was an ICBM. An inter continental butt missile! And he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. He took a direct hit from everything I'd eaten since birth. So now he's screaming because he just took a face full of poop at maximum velocity and consequently vomits which, of course, goes right back into his face and it starts all over again. Me, being the concerned girlfriend, can't do anything more than laugh hysterically while plummeting through the sky leaving my very own vapor trail. Needless to say, we didn't date much longer after that. That's a hard one to come back from. I don't think two tours in Afghanistan prepared him for that day.

Everyone LAUGHS.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I can just see some family camping out in Utah and this butt plug lands in the middle of their tent like a gift from the god of anal.

She takes a hit and HANDS the joint to Natalie.

NATALIE

(Laughing) So, to be clear. You got drunk and he got shitfaced?

CARLA

Oh my god, that's funny!

NATALIE

Girl, you are crazy. By the way, this is really good pot. I was worried when I left California. Living where it's legal, you quit thinking about it. Where do you guys get yours?

CARLA, RICHARD, DECLAN
The Whiches!

NATALIE
Did you say "witches?"

CARLA
No, probably not. We said
"Whiches."

NATALIE
I don't follow.

DECLAN (LAUGHING)
You'll figure it out. You don't
speak Italian, by chance?

NATALIE
No. Your witches are Italian?

RICHARD
No. They just speak Italian to
each other.

NATALIE
I'm really confused and strangely
intrigued.

DECLAN
It'll make sense. I'll ask them to
stop by your place and introduce
themselves. They're good kids.

NATALIE
They're kids?

DECLAN
I don't mean like elementary school
or anything. They're seniors in
high school.

NATALIE
And they're your dealers?

DECLAN
Their business model and powerpoint
presentation was very persuasive.
It's the new age and these guys
were waiting for it. They're not
considered dealers anymore. With
it becoming legal in more states,
they're now called "savvy young go
getters." Exciting times to be
alive.

NATALIE

Wow. And clearly their parents know.

DECLAN

Bill and Susan? Absolutely. He's a former hippie turned stock broker. He handles their investment portfolio. They get great discounts, too. Kind of jealous.

NATALIE

So you have teenage Italian witches as your pot dealers? Sounds like a comic book title.

DECLAN

About sums it up, but you're probably still misspelling it.

NATALIE

Misspelling what?

DECLAN

Whiches.

NATALIE

Is this some Laurel and Hardy thing I don't know about?

CARLA

It'll make sense when you meet them.

NATALIE

I'll have to take your word for it. But, I also have to call it a night. I need to get some rest.

CARLA

I was just about to head out myself. I'll walk you out.

They all STAND.

CARLA (CONT'D)

One last time?

They RAISE their hands in a toast and collectively CRY OUT.

EVERYONE

Fuck Ewan McGregor!

The laughter FADES away and the night is replaced with "NEW ORLEAN'S LADY" by LOUISIANA LEROUX.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

Gus is STANDING in the front of the room behind a folding table. He has a milk crate in front of him filled with files and papers and other administrative crap. There are about twenty PEOPLE in the room creating a constant low warble of private conversations. Most are SITTING on folding chairs arranged more or less in rows. Others STAND around the periphery LEANING against the walls.

Carla and Natalie are SITTING together in the midst of the crowd. Liza and Richard are there in the row behind them, along with other faces from the parties the previous weekend. As promised, Declan isn't there.

GUS

Okay, so we'll officially make the switch on our new trash services starting on the first. Give em a few weeks to get things figured out before you start bitching at me about how bad they suck, alright? Now, on to new business.

As he's TALKING, he PULLS the dildo out of the crate, WALKS through the attendees and HANDS it to Carla.

CARLA

Jerome!!

She TAKES the dildo from Gus with a smile. An older, austere BLACK MAN (68) addressed only as JUDGE standing against the wall LEANS over to her.

JUDGE

You named him "Jerome?"

CARLA

You know it.

JUDGE

Respect.

And they BUMP fists. She TALKS to the dildo.

CARLA

Are you happy to be back? Were you up Gus's butt? I think you were up Gus's butt.

GUS

Jerome was not up my butt!

CARLA

Yet you call him Jerome.
Interesting.

GUS

God damn it, Carla!

CARLA

Don't worry, baby. You're getting a bath when we get home.

He GRUMPS back to his spot behind the table.

GUS

Ok, new business. Saints' Halloween Game.

The entire room except Natalie RAISERS their right arm and SAYS "WHO DAT" while BOWING their heads in perfect unison.

NATALIE

What the hell was that?

CARLA

Oh god, please don't tell me you're a Rams fan. We can forgive the 49er's, but not the Rams.

NATALIE

Don't really follow football.

The whole room GASPS. Natalie LOOKS AROUND nervously. Liza LEANS over from behind her.

LIZA

Don't worry, girl. We got you.

NATALIE

Okay, thanks.

GUS

Now then, Saints are home against the Raiders this year. The game's at noon Sunday, so we'll need to do the Halloween festivities here on Saturday.

A man named PIROUX JONES (48) STANDS UP.

PIROUX

Before we get started, we need to discuss the Golf Cart Parade.

GUS

Sit your ass down, Piroux. We're not going through this again.

PIROUX

You always disqualify my cart!

GUS

Because it's not a cart!

PIROUX

It is too!

GUS

You put a god damn V8 in it! The damn thing does 110!

PIROUX

It's a V6 and I've never gotten it over 80!

GUS

Judge? You want to jump in here?

JUDGE

Leave me out of it. I'm retired.

GUS

You're not entering your cart! It makes too much damn noise. Now sit down!

Piroux SITS back down with a grumble.

GUS (CONT'D)

Veronica? Jabar? As the reigning King and Queen of Mardi Gras, you get to decide what the theme will be for the game. Be ready to let us know by next meeting.

VERONICA AND JABAR

You got it.

Natalie leans into Carla.

NATALIE

Theme?

CARLA

Halloween games in New Orleans are big costume days for adults. We pick a theme and go as a group every time the game is played here. One year it was super heros, another it was Rome, togas and shit, another it was Steampunk. The King and Queen of Mardi Gras get to decide.

NATALIE

King and Queen of Mardi Gras?

CARLA

Of the neighborhood. It's not like a real thing.

NATALIE

I thought Mardi Gras was a day?

CARLA

Oh no, it's a season. Bless your heart. We have so much to teach you.

NATALIE

I'm sure it will all make sense. That seems to be the general advice from everybody.

CARLA

It would just take longer to explain.

They turn back to face Gus when Natalie LEANS in again.

NATALIE

Who's the old man in the corner?

In the back corner a MAN (78) is WATCHING the room like a silent hawk. He's a big man, imposing in both stature and presence. He's WEARING a pair of overalls and a t-shirt.

CARLA

That's Mr. Johnson. That's all anybody knows. He's been living here for years, comes to all the meetings, occasionally comes to the parties, but no one knows anything about him, except there's a constant string of visitors during the week going to see him. A lot of . . . I guess strippers maybe?

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

A lot look like dancers, but pretty much all manner of people go see him. We've noticed about half leave with a limp. No one has a clue why. It's one of the neighborhood mysteries. We think maybe a chiropractor or something.

NATALIE

And the lady in the neck brace? She looks like someone straight out of Woodstock.

CARLA

That's Eloise. Just Eloise. She's an artist. Reportedly she has a big following in Europe, but I've never actually seen her work. She gets banged up a lot from just bizarre circumstances. She's constantly going to the hospital. We joke that her last name has to be Roberts or Reynolds or anything that starts with an R, then her initials would be ER.

NATALIE

This is an interesting neighborhood.

CARLA

That's a polite way of saying completely fucked up.

They turn back to Gus.

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD FIRE PIT - NIGHT

About ten of them are SITTING around the fire pit outside the barn by the canal. They're in a circle around it, conversations shooting back and forth above the glowing embers. The meeting has been concluded and now they're relaxing before going home. The usual suspects are present: Carla, Gus, Declan, Natalie, Richard, Liza, TERESA (60), and a few others. The group goes quiet as Richard TALKS to Teresa.

RICHARD

So, that's the long and short of it.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We may be moving to Florida in the next year or so, so Jackson can get in-state tuition at FSU. Kid wants to be a marine biologist, always has. We're just trying to figure out how to afford it.

TERESA

Oh no. I mean, yeah, I get it, but oh no.

DECLAN

You're really thinking about moving?

LIZA

It's something we're talking about. We haven't made any final decisions yet but it is a possibility.

DECLAN

Well, that sucks. Screw Jackson. The kid needs to learn life is disappointing.

CARLA

Says the man who plays make believe for a living.

DECLAN

It's called acting!

CARLA

You got it, sport. It's acting!

NATALIE

You two have a really great relationship.

Carla and Declan both start LAUGHING.

CARLA

It wasn't always this way, I can promise you that.

DECLAN

We hated each other growing up.

NATALIE

Really? That's hard to believe the way you act together now.

CARLA

Well, now it's really cool that he's only one year older than me, but in high school, Jesus. I wanted to date his friends. He was always trying to sleep with mine.

Declan shrugs innocently.

There was a lot of hostility between us.

DECLAN

It wasn't until college when she'd come down for football games or plays I was in that we started liking each other as people and not hating each other as siblings.

NATALIE

No kidding? So you've pretty much always wanted to be an actor? Not being all fan girl, just curious about my neighbor.

CARLA

He couldn't do anything else.

DECLAN

Oh fuck off, Carla. But honestly, she's not completely wrong. I just didn't enjoy anything else. I started acting in school when I was a kid. Stayed with it through various high school productions, then when I was studying theatre in college I got lucky with a regional commercial that became really popular down here. That led to some small parts in stuff being produced around here, and those lead to bigger roles. I got lucky. I never really had to do much else, not for long anyway. I worked in restaurants when I was first starting out, like every other actor in the world, but it was never for me.

CARLA

And I give him shit, but he's busted his ass to get as far as he has.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

The world sees him as he is now. We all saw the years of struggling to pay bills, traveling all over the country for auditions, the frustration.

DECLAN

I can truthfully say that while life's pretty good now, getting here is not a life I wish on anybody. I was a fifteen year overnight wonder. And like I said, I got really lucky. I'm now able to do this for a living and nothing else. Not many can say that.

RICHARD

I've never even asked. What do you do, Natalie?

NATALIE

I'm a hooker.

EVERYONE

What the fuck? Are you serious?

Only Carla immediately starts laughing.

NATALIE

I'm just kidding! I'm an administrator over at Baptist.

RICHARD

Nice.

NATALIE

What about you?

RICHARD

I'm Liza's bitch. She makes the money in the family. I do some freelance architecture stuff when it comes up, but mostly I take care of the house and Jackson.

LIZA

And what a good little bitch you are!

She LEANS in and KISSES him on the cheek.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I think I'll keep you around a little longer to see how it goes.

(MORE)

LIZA (CONT'D)

I shall expect to be pleased
tonight. Make the arrangements!

CARLA

What does that entail?

RICHARD

It's complicated. Anyone know
where I can find three watermelons,
a cape, battle axe . . . And Dec,
you wouldn't happen to have Peter
Dinklage's phone number, would you?
And does he, by chance, owe you a
favor?

DECLAN

No!

RICHARD

Damn. This may not go well.

He turns back to Liza.

I'm sorry, honey. It's a "no" on
Tyrion Lannister.

LIZA

Damn you! You have failed me!
Pack your shit, but leave the
child. What did you say its name
was?

RICHARD

Jackson.

LIZA

No. That doesn't sound right.

DECLAN

It's not often I think this, but
there really should be limits on
what we're allowed to know about
each other.

LIZA

Coward.

NATALIE

What do you do, Liza?

LIZA

Brain surgeon.

NATALIE

What the fu . . sorry.

LIZA (LAUGHING)

It's okay. I get that a lot. It's stressful. This is how I unwind and prepare.

NATALIE

I get it.

She suddenly REMEMBERS something.

NATALIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Ok, so this weekend is my weekend off. What's going on? Nickolas is back home enjoying summer with his friends. I'm a free woman!!

TERESA

Lucky for you we were planning a celebratory oyster bake and crawfish boil for one of our neighbors Saturday.

NATALIE

What's the occasion?

LIZA

She has the weekend off and her kid is in California.

NATALIE

Wait, what?

CARLA

I'm thinking Pirates.

NATALIE

What?

LIZA

Good call! Whose house?

TERESA

We should get the others in on this. Gus? Mind giving a shout?

Gus STANDS, puts his drink down and YELLS,

GUS

Aaay, Oh, Ay Ay Ay Oh

Within seconds it's answered back from around the neighborhood.

NATALIE

What in the world just happened?

LIZA

That's the neighborhood battle cry.
Now they'll text Gus to find out
where to meet.

Sure enough, Gus is on his phone in the background TEXTING responses.

Golf carts ROLL UP into the driveway and the group gets bigger. Jojo and Lydia, with their husbands Anthony and ERIC (47), The Two Peters and the Ashanis ARRIVE.

VERONICA

What's going on?

LIZA

Natalie has the weekend off and no kid so we're planning a Pirate crawfish boil for her this Saturday. We've only got three days. Let's get rolling.

Everyone acknowledges the situation and start gathering chairs to broaden the circle around the fire pit. Gus SERVES everyone drinks and beers. Natalie looks around in disbelief.

NATALIE

And no one bats an eye at this?

TERESA

Why would we?

Natalie SHAKES her head in continued disbelief.

LIZA

We'll do it at our place. Anthony, you okay to handle the crawfish?

ANTHONY

No problem.

LIZA

Richard, do you have time to grab everything we'll need?

RICHARD

Don't see why not.

LIZA

I'll let everyone know their share.
Natalie? Do you have a pirate
outfit?

NATALIE

No. Do you?

DECLAN

Of course we do. What kind of
question is that?

NATALIE

Seriously?

Everyone NODS that they do.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You just randomly have a pirate
costume in your closet?

CARLA

Among others. Nothing random about
it. They get used more than you'd
think. We need to get you set up.
Tomorrow I'll take you to see our
guy in New Orleans. Text me when
you're free.

NATALIE

You have a pirate guy?

TERESA

The question is, "What kind of life
are you living that you don't?"

Natalie continues to stand dumbfounded as everyone gets
involved.

ERIC

Are we taking the boats out
afterwards?

JABAR

I think we have to. It's her first
hood party. Wouldn't be right if we
didn't take her to the bars on the
river.

NATALIE

Let me get this straight: We're
taking boats to drink rum dressed
as pirates?

LIZA

Yeah.

NATALIE

What have I gotten myself into?

TERESA

The greatest times you'll rarely remember!

RICHARD

That's why I take lots of pictures; evidence! Uh, I mean, memories.

NATALIE

I'm ready for it!

She SITS back down and breathes deeply.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I didn't realize how much I missed stuff like this. The last few years of my marriage were pretty rough. Things got pretty tense. It's nice to finally be able to breathe a little bit.

JOJO

Baby, don't you worry. You're in our hands now.

FADE OUT:

EXT. DECATUR STREET, NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Natalie, Jojo and Carla are WALKING down DECATUR STREET on the edge of the FRENCH QUARTER.

CARLA

So? What are your intentions with my brother?

NATALIE

What!? I honestly hadn't even thought about anything like that.

CARLA

Really?

NATALIE

No. He's not really my type.

CARLA

Ok. Cause he was seen giving you the "look" at certain times over the last couple of days.

NATALIE

The "look?"

JOJO

The "look."

NATALIE

What the hell is the "look?"

CARLA

Oh, it's nothing bad! Quite the opposite. He keeps swearing he'll never date anyone who lives in the neighborhood but he clearly likes you. We were kind of hoping you'd crush his dreams. That's all.

JOJO

He's pretty cocky about his sex life. You were our hope for a brighter future.

NATALIE

You want me to sleep with your brother?

CARLA

Oh god no! Damn, Nat, what kind of person do you think I am?

NATALIE

I'm sorry, It just sounded li . . .

CARLA

Fucking him's only part of it. There's so much more!

NATALIE

What?!

CARLA

I'm just fucking with you. So, you're not interested, that's cool.

NATALIE

Yeah, he's truly not my type. I'm afraid I'm not your dragon slayer, or whatever it is you need. (Pause) Was he really looking at me?

JOJO

Aha! There is something!

CARLA

I knew it!

NATALIE

No! I was just asking a question!
I'm not interested in your brother!

They're all LAUGHING

CARLA

Ok, ok, we're just messing with
you.

They near a small eclectic clothing store called "ROADKILL
311."

CARLA (CONT'D)

Oh, we're here.

She OPENS the door and USHERS Natalie inside, then she turns
and TALKS quietly to Jojo.

CARLA (CONT'D)

She so wants to fuck him.

JOJO

Like the referees did the Saints
against the Rams.

CARLA

Preach, sister. Who dat!

CUT TO:

INT. ROADKILL 311 CONTINUOUS

The ladies ENTER the shop and see JOHN (60) in his usual post
behind the register by the front door. He's DRESSED entirely
in Victorian clothing, complete with top hat. Natalie LOOKS
around in wonder. The building is narrow and long with high
ceilings, every inch COVERED in a wild array of different
period clothes. Top hats, crowns, Voodoo hats, gowns, capes,
royal jackets, Gothic jewelry: FILLED every crook and cranny.
He LIGHTS UP when the ladies come in.

JOHN

Carla! Jojo! Come here and give me
a hug.

He COMES out from his perch and they all EMBRACE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Who's the new girl?

CARLA

This is Natalie. Nat, this is John. Our pirate guy.

JOHN

Ah, now I know why you're here. The new girl doesn't have any proper clothing.

JOJO

You nailed it!

JOHN

Nice to meet you, Natalie. Come on back. I think we can find something that will work for you. So, pirates? Cool. What's the occasion.

They WALK to the middle of the store to the shoe area where wild and absurd platforms, heels and boots LINE the walls. Natalie LOOKS up and down in wonder.

NATALIE

Holy shit! Sorry, this is just wild.

JOHN (LAUGHING)

You're not the first to react that way.

NATALIE

But to answer your question, apparently me being off work and not having my son is all it takes.

JOHN

With those guys? Yeah, that's motivation enough. Well, congrats. Let's get you started with the boots. Once we get those, then you'll know what you want for the rest.

NATALIE

I'm in your hands. Show me the way!

FADE OUT:

INT. NATALIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie HEARS a knock on the door and WALKS through her den to the front. She opens it. There are TWIN BOYS (WHICHONE, WHICHTWO 17) STANDING in front of her. Their hair is long and slicked back. They're both WEARING different soccer jerseys from World cup teams.

WHICHTWO

Hi. Natalie?

NATALIE

Yeah.

WHICHTWO

We're Kevin and Kyle. Declan asked us to stop by and introduce ourselves.

NATALIE

Which one are you?

WHICHTWO

No, he's Whichone. I'm Whichtwo.

Natalie STARES in brief confusion before understanding DAWNS on her.

NATALIE

Ooooh, the "Whiches!" Now I get it!

WHICHONE

(In Italian to his twin) She's a serious milf!

WHICHTWO

(Responding in Italian) I agree. Decln should hit that.

WHICHONE

Agreed. (In English) He said you were looking for something?

NATALIE

Um, yeah. Just some pot to smoke after work.

WHICHTWO

No problem. If you'll hand me your phone?

She UNLOCKS it and HANDS it to him. He TAPS quickly on it and HANDS it back to her.

WHICHTWO (CONT'D)

I've downloaded our app. It list our current inventory and prices. We accept cash, clearly, Cashapp, Paypal, Venmo, Bitcoin. It also has a place to arrange for your delivery time. We look forward to doing business with you.

They TURN and WALK back to their jeep and get inside. The license plate READS "WHICHES" as they DRIVE OFF LISTENING to opera.

NATALIE

Holy shit! Things have really changed since I was in high school.

CLOSES door.

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE VAULT - DAY

Everyone is GATHERED underneath the house. Tables, chairs and trashcans have been SET-UP all over the place. All of the adults are DRESSED in pirate outfits. The kids are all in shorts and t-shirts. A local GARAGE BAND PLAYS in the background over the din of the different conversations among the forty or so present. Anthony is with several of the guys STANDING over a large boiling pot filled with crawfish, corn, sausage, onions, potatoes and lots of spice. The scent of pepper FILLS the air as the water CHURNS. Tables TOPPED with STEAMING mounds of freshly cooked crawfish.

Declan, Carla, Jojo, Jabar, the two Peters and Richard are STANDING in a group TALKING.

DECLAN

So the best male?

THE TWO PETERS

Yeah.

He PAUSES to THINK for a second.

DECLAN

Gotta go with Peter O'Toole.

CARLA

Good choice!

RICHARD

He never even crossed my mind, but yeah. Good pick.

DECLAN

Ok, what about you Jojo?

JOJO

I was going to go with Balzac, but your choice kind of blows it out of the water.

Everyone LAUGHS. LIZA WALKS up joining them.

LIZA

Balzac? What in God's name are y'all talking about?

PYTOR

Famous people whose names could also be their porn names.

LIZA

Ok, I'm in. Who we got so far?

PETER ONE

Pytor opened with The Smothers Brothers, more pricelessly Dickie Smothers, but we all agreed that was a really dark interpretation of the assignment.

Pytor bows his head sheepishly.

JABAR

And then things shifted to Rutger Hauer.

LIZA

Carla's choice?

DECLAN

Yeah.

CARLA

I'm sorry, but that's a sexy ass name for a sexy ass man. Not necessarily porn, but who wouldn't want to sleep with a Rutger Hauer?

JABAR

Then there was . . .

PYTOR

Dick Butkis.

RICHARD

Then Dec came in with a double word score with Peter O'Toole.

LIZA

Oh my god, that's right!

PETER

And then Balzac.

LIZA

Seriously? No one's mentioned Dick Trickle?!

EVERYONE

Game over! Drop the mic!

LIZA

Not just a name, a condition!

Everyone laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VAULT - DAY

The music SHIFTS dramatically. A deep black leather boot STEPS on the pavement from inside the driver's side of the car. Its twin SETS next to it moments later. They shift as the driver steps out and CLOSES the car door. MOVING up the driveway through parked cars and golf carts, the leather buckled boots TRAVEL up to the knees, a hint of black lace stocking PEAKING over the top.

Anthony is the first to SEE her WALKING UP. He STOPS stirring the crawfish and STARES. Richard NOTICES him and LOOKS to what's got his attention. He SEES her MOVING up behind Declan about thirty feet away.

RICHARD

So Dec? You're absolutely sure you couldn't date someone in the hood?

DECLAN

Positive. Nothing good can come from it.

RICHARD

I mean, absolutely, 100%, no take backs certain you could never date someone in the hood?

DECLAN

Where are you going with this, Rich?

RICHARD

Oh me? No where. I was just wondering. Hi Natalie!

Declan TURNS around.

DECLAN

Fuck me!

Natalie is the very definition of SMOKING HOT PIRATE GIRL, complete with spiderweb hose, short ruffled skirt and tight leather bodice. Leather gloves and skull inlaid pirate hat finish the look.

NATALIE

Wow! You Hollywood types are really direct!

DECLAN

I'm so sorry! I didn't mean it like that. That's not what I meant! You caught me off . .

NATALIE

So you don't want to fuck me? That's what you didn't mean?

DECLAN

No!

NATALIE

So you do? Which is it?

DECLAN

For the love of God, will someone please save me!

Everyone LAUGHS as Natalie TORMENTS Declan. She GREETs everyone and JOINS the party.

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE VAULT-DAY

The group is GATHERED around the crawfish tables as the party continues.

NATALIE

Okay. How does one eat a crawfish?

LIZA

Suck the head and pinch the tail!

NATALIE

I'm sorry, what?

LIZA

Come on! I'll show you.

LIZA GRABS a crawfish off the table and RIPS it in half with a twisting motion, SEPARATING the head from the body. Natalie WINCES at the brutality and casualness of the act.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Once you've ripped him in half, you

. . .

She LIFTS the head to her mouth and SUCKS out the head of the crawfish, then casually TOSSES it into the trash.

LIZA (CONT'D)

You suck the head. That's where the spices hide out. Then you pinch the tail right about here.

She CLAMPS down on the end of the tail. The tail meat SLIDES forward out of the shell. She BRINGS it to her mouth and uses her front teeth to REMOVE the meat from the shell and starts EATING it. Again, casually THROWING the shell into the trash.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Then you eat it and repeat as many times as needed. You nibble the corn, potatoes and onions as you go.

NATALIE

Ok. Here goes.

She FUMBLES with the process but finally manages to get the meat into her mouth.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Oh damn! That's spicy! It's delicious.

Everyone CHEERS!

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE VAULT-DAY

The party CONTINUES as the band plays. Some are DANCING. Most are SITTING in various groups SCATTERED about the yard and patio. Several are PLAYING corn hole in the driveway while kids RUN around everywhere. Everyone is LAUGHING, smiles on every face.

Natalie is STANDING with Liza and Carla.

NATALIE

I don't know what it is, but something just felt off when I was talking to my ex last night about Nick. Nick sounded fine. He's having fun out there with his friends. I don't know what it is. Just off.

LIZA

Mothers learn to trust their gut. If you think something's wrong, it probably is.

CARLA

What did your ex say?

NATALIE

Nothing. Said I was imagining it all.

Liza nods her head knowingly.

CARLA

Ok. Clearly you don't agree.

Pytor comes RUNNING UP to them.

PYTOR

PUSSY GALORE!!! It's the perfect name! It works for both men and women! Think about it!

The three ladies STOP and THINK for a second.

CARLA

Holy shit! He's right.

Natalie SHAKES her worry off, LAUGHING.

NATALIE

You know what? Not today. I'm not going to worry about it today. I know Nick is having fun, that's all that matters. Who wants a shot?

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE VAULT-DAY

Everyone starts MOVING down to the water's edge. SCATTERING to the different docks where their boats are. Natalie GETS ON Richard and Liza's pontoon boat, along with the Two Peters. Declan, Carla and the Ashanis WALK down to Declan's house where he has a 16' JET BOAT and TWO JET SKIS. He and Jabar GET IN the boat. The ladies GET ON the jet skis.

They FORM a flotilla as Richard PULLS the pontoon out as lead ship. They MOVE through the bayou towards the more open water of the river. Other boaters PASS-BY and WAVE.

Declan and Jabar come FLYING UP on the party barge's starboard side and Jabar LAUNCHES a series of water balloons at the passengers, several making direct HITS.

RICHARD

Natalie! Red ice chest!

Natalie SCANS about until she SEES it. She JUMPS up and CROSSES to it. The Two Peters DODGE balloons as they move to join her. She FLIPS the lid and it's FILLED with water balloons.

NATALIE

I take it this happens a lot?

PETER

Only on pirate days!

Liza SCREAMS from behind her.

LIZA

I mean, come on, Nat! We're fucking pirates! To war!!!

The ladies on jet skis pull water guns out of their skis' storage compartments. An epic sea battle RAGES as they move down the river. The jet skis SPRAYING with their wakes. Water balloons SAILING through the air.

As PETER stands to THROW a balloon, he's HIT in the chest by one. PETER SEES the impact.

PYTOR

Nooooooooo!

Peter FALLS SLOWLY to the deck of boat CLUTCHING his chest where the balloon hit. Pytor KNEELS beside him and CATCHES him as he LAYS backward in his death scene.

PYTOR (CONT'D)

You crazy bastard! Why'd you have to do it? Why'd you have to go and get yourself shot?! I'll always love you!

PETER

I know. (cough, cough) I'm very lovable.

And he FEIGNS his last breath, eyes CLOSING in death.

PYTOR

Putz.

He drops him on the deck and rejoins the fight. Peter hits the deck.

PETER

Ow.

Everyone CONTINUES the battle.

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE CHIMES ON THE RIVER BAR - DAY

LAUGHING and SOAKING wet, they REACH the bar and TIE OFF their boats. They GRAB drinks from the bar and SIT around the tables in the sun. Natalie's phone RINGS as they sit. She ANSWERS it and WALKS away to the edge of the deck. All the guys WATCH her walk away.

CARLA

Sooo, Dec, watcha thinking?

All the guys turn back around.

DECLAN

Knock it off, Carla. We were all watching her. Watching OUT for her! We were watching OUT for her safety. Boots like that can be tricky.

RICHARD
Damn, right! Safety first.

JABAR
What are we? Animals? Would you
not have us be gentlemen?

LIZA
Oh fuck off with that bullshit.
Even I want to jump her bones.

Out of sight Natalie SCREAMS into her phone.

NATALIE
What the fuck are you talking
about? This is why we went to
court!

They all WATCH quietly as Natalie LISTENS on her end, before
finally.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
No, fuck you! This isn't over!

She ENDS the call and walks back to JOIN the others.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
My ex is keeping Nick in
California, says it's what he
wants.

LIZA
Oh Natalie, I'm so sorry.

NATALIE
I know he wants to be with me.
What the hell just happened?

CARLA
You know you've got a bad-ass
lawyer bitch sitting right beside
you, right?

POINTS at herself.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Don't let my sweet, demure exterior
fool you, I'll fuck a person up in
the courtroom.

She GRABS Carla's hand.

NATALIE

Thanks, guys. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to put a damper on the day.

LIZA

Bitch, we are soaking fucking wet, what the hell did you dampen?

They all LAUGH.

JOJO

We got you, girl. You're one of us.

The band together around Natalie.

FADE OUT:

EXT. GUS'S BOAT - NIGHT

Gus STUMBLES off his boat in the dark wee hours of the morning. He's still WEARING his pirate costume as he drunkenly WOBBLER to a tree and starts RELIEVING himself. The neighborhood is quiet, save for the BUZZ of night bugs and critters SCURRYING about. He SHAKES himself, ZIPS back up and turns around. His boat is GONE.

GUS

Son of a bitch!

FADE TO BLACK: