

FIRST AVAILABLE

by

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EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA CAMPUS - DAY

Summer is in the air. The campus is filled with restless STUDENTS in shorts, flip-flops and midriff-baring tops.

EXT. BAILEY HALL - CONTINUOUS

A sign identifies BAILEY Hall as the residence of the English Department.

INT. BAILEY HALL, DENNIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DENNIS ENGERSOL, a nearly 30-year-old graduate student with dishwater blonde hair a little longer than it should be, a soft body wrapped in a too tight black T-shirt and jeans, is standing behind his very cluttered desk talking on the phone.

DENNIS

(exasperated)

Yes, Dr. Boeckmann, I've accounted for everything. The budget is quite thorough.

CHRIS knocks lightly on the office door and eases apprehensively in from the hallway. He starts to leave but Dennis motions to him to wait and continues his phone conversation.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. But Mr. Stark's research, while in depth, was done by appointment. The test subjects were very much aware that they were being interviewed and recorded. I plan to conduct my study using a hidden microphone.

Dennis gestures to Chris to sit in a chair already occupied by a stack of blue book essays.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

Just move that.

(to Dr. Boeckmann)

Yes, sir. I'll be visiting local Mom and Pop restaurants, interviewing the staff. The people in these positions are usually less educated, local residents who will provide a clearer picture of localisms, accents and phraseology than say, public workers, students or teachers.

Chris picks up the essays and tries to find a place for them. Failing that, he sits and holds them in his lap.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to Dr. Boeckmann)

A three-month rental of an RV, to allow for overnight travel and office space, and a broadband satellite connection so I can file reports from the road. Yes, sir. I have an associate who has agreed to assist me in this project and--

Dennis pulls a thick three-ring binder from under a pile of papers on his desk.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(To Dr. Boeckmann)

I have a copy with me now. I can be there in... five minutes. On my way! And thank you, sir.

Dennis hangs up the phone, pulls out his wallet and begins rummaging through it.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

What's your name, kid?

CHRIS

Chris Grantham. I was wondering--

Chris holds up a flyer that reads "TUTORING FOR ENGLISH FINALS, MR. ENGERSOL, BAILEY HALL, ROOM 324."

DENNIS

Sorry. No tutoring today. But...

Dennis pulls several bills from his wallet.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

...there's twenty-four dollars in it for you if you grade those essays sitting on your lap.

Dennis slips the three-ring binder into his briefcase.

CHRIS

But I've got a 'D.'

DENNIS

Who's your teacher?

CHRIS

Pribble.

DENNIS

He's a pushover. Give me that.

Chris hands the flyer to Dennis.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

This should help out.

Dennis begins writing on the back of the flyer.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Dear Eric, -- it was Chris, wasn't it?

Chris nods again.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(reading as he writes)

-- has been doing some extra credit work for me that has been distracting him from his studies,

(To Chris)

What class?

It takes Chris a moment to follow...

CHRIS

Oh - Comp Two.

DENNIS

You have a 'D' in Comp Two?

CHRIS

Yeah, barely.

DENNIS

Barely as in 'almost a 'C'?'

CHRIS

Barely as in 'almost an 'F.'

DENNIS

(reading as he writes)

His extra work should be worth an extra ten points on his semester grade.

(To Chris)

How about that?

CHRIS

How is this going to help me through finals?

Dennis digs into his stack of essays, pulls one out and hands it to Chris.

DENNIS

This guy is a guaranteed 'A' -  
there's a photocopier down the  
hall --

Chris starts to protest but Dennis cuts him off.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Did you come to me to get a better  
grade or not?

CHRIS

Yeah...

DENNIS

(indicating the essay  
in Chris' hand)

That's the ONLY way you're getting  
a better grade. I gotta go.

Dennis heads to the door.

CHRIS

You expect me to grade all of  
these? But YOU'RE the teacher!

DENNIS

Kid, I'm just a grad student  
trying to get out of here like  
everyone else.

CHRIS

But what if I don't understand  
what they're talking about?

DENNIS

Give 'em an 'A' -- it's what I do.

INT. THE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A body lies, completely covered by a tattered green  
afghan in the living room of a dark, disheveled  
apartment. "Judge Judy" blares from the TV.

The front door to the apartment crashes open as Dennis  
enters. Bright white light fills the apartment from  
outside.

DENNIS

Glen! Wake up! Wake up!

GLEN WOMACK, also a nearly 30 year old grad student bolts upright from under the blanket.

GLEN  
I'm up! Been up for a while now.

DENNIS  
I GOT IT! I GOT IT!

GLEN  
(waking up)  
What? You got what?

DENNIS  
The RV project! We're a go, man!  
Get ready to hit the road, pal!

Dennis grabs Glen by the shoulders and lifts him to his feet.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Boeckmann was being, well, Old Man Boeckmann. But I used my infinite power of persuasion on him, and he signed off on it!

GLEN  
(still groggy)  
Do you realize what this means?

DENNIS  
I'm finally going to get my Masters!

GLEN  
Oh, yeah, well that too - but more importantly, the University of Minnesota is going to fund OUR SUMMER VACATION ROAD TRIP!

DENNIS  
Oh nonononono!

GLEN  
If you'll excuse me...

Glen goes into the bathroom and closes the door. Dennis follows him to the doorway.

DENNIS  
Come on, Glen. I took your first shot at an MBA seriously - and I expect the same from you. This is going to be real work.

GLEN (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, real work.

DENNIS

I'm serious. This is my last chance to get my thesis done and get out of here.

GLEN (O.S.)

You'll get your research, buddy -- all while chatting up the hottest waitresses the country has to offer.

DENNIS

They've put me on a really tight schedule, Glen.

GLEN (O.S.)

We'll be fine! When do we leave?

DENNIS

Two weeks. We'll have a ninety-day rental on the RV.

He traces the route on a map on the wall. Push pins indicate all the cities he plans on visiting.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

That will give us just enough time to make a loop through the Midwest, New England, then down South and across and back north to Minnesota.

INT. THE APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Glen is seated on the toilet.

GLEN

That's a hell of a long haul in a camper, man.

DENNIS (O.S.)

Ninety-five hundred miles.

Glen whistles in disbelief.

DENNIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's only a hundred miles a night.

GLEN

Every NIGHT?

DENNIS (O.S.)

Well, not EVERY night. We've got some days off scheduled.

GLEN

Yippee. Summer vacation in podunk nowheresville.

INT. THE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AS BEFORE

Dennis consults the map again.

DENNIS

How about days off that sync up with Cubs games in Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, D.C., Atlanta and Kansas City?

The bathroom doors opens a bit.

GLEN (O.S.)

You have my attention.

DENNIS

Thought I might. Now, in order for me to interview as many locals as possible, we'll need to spend the entire day in each targeted town - that means we travel overnight to the next town. You'll drive while I sleep. Then I'll do more research while you sleep.

GLEN (O.S.)

But what about the hot waitresses?

DENNIS

There's not going to be time for horsing around.

Glen flushes. The door opens wider and Glen comes face to face with Dennis.

GLEN

Denny, I have every intention of hearing my name shouted out in the middle of the night in every regional dialect you can identify!

Glen slaps Dennis on the shoulder and heads to his room, leaving the bathroom door open. Dennis is suddenly aware of the odor coming from the bathroom, grabs a can of air freshener from a bookshelf, sprays into the bathroom and closes the door.

INT. THE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A dry-erase calendar hangs in the kitchen. The last Monday in May has been circled in red and every day leading up to it has been crossed off with a big black X. A handwritten list of things to do reads "Cancel the paper" "Office supplies" "Laundry" "Music" "Groceries" and "Toothpaste." Two more items have been added at the bottom of the list by someone else: "BEER" and "CONDOMS." All the items have been checked off.

Stacks of office supplies are piled across the kitchen counter. Grocery bags containing cheese puffs and boxes of cereal are at the end of the counter. A tall stack of several cases of beer reaches as high as the counter.

The HORN of an RV sounds.

EXT. THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

An enormous RV is parked in front of the boys' building.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Dennis is in the driver's seat. He honks the horn again. Glen peeks his head in and looks around.

DENNIS

Well, what do you think?

GLEN

Does the University know you've stolen the chancellor's camper? This thing is HUGE!

Glen steps up into the RV.

DENNIS

Okay, okay. THIS is the cab area.

Dennis indicates the large bucket seats in the cab. There is a flat panel screen in a cabinet above them. He grabs a remote control from the couch and turns on the TV.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And this is our TV, complete with satellite, wireless router, and a broadband internet connection.

GLEN

Oh sweet mother of - will you marry me?

DENNIS

Cut it out! I needed the broadband to file my nightly reports. No premium channels - but we do have pay per view.

GLEN

Sweet!

DENNIS

And you're paying for everything you view!

GLEN

Wouldn't have it any other way.

Glen indicates the table and couch.

DENNIS

Our dining area, and a large couch-like piece of furniture.

Glen sits.

GLEN

Not the comfiest in the world, but it'll do.

Glen stands and goes to the bathroom door, opens it and peeks in.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Oh, this will never do.

DENNIS

Why not?

GLEN

There's barely enough room in that shower for me, let alone me and two waitresses!

DENNIS

Moving along...

Dennis slides open a curtain at the end of the hallway.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

The master bedroom.

GLEN

Two singles? We have to room together?

DENNIS

If you don't like it, the couch folds out into a double bed.

GLEN

I'll keep that in mind. You snore, you know.

DENNIS

And you fart. Trust me, I've got the short end of the stick.

INT. THE RV - LATER

Glen enters the RV carrying two six-packs of beer. He opens the fridge to find it already full of beer. He opens the cabinets above the kitchen sink but they are also packed with beer. He tries a cabinet above the table, rearranges some boxes of Twinkies, forces the beer into the cabinet and shuts the door.

Dennis enters the RV carrying a small first aid kit. He opens the kitchen cabinets and finds them full of beer. He tries the cabinet above the table.

GLEN

Whatcha got there?

DENNIS

First aid kit.

GLEN

Hmmmmmm.

They both open several other cabinet doors to reveal more and more beer. Dennis tosses the kit into the sink.

DENNIS

We'll make room for it once we get to Eau Claire.

EXT. THE APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

The RV pulls away. Dennis is at the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV encounters light traffic as it goes down the interstate.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
You know, this thing handles  
remarkably well.

GLEN (V.O.)  
Yeah?

DENNIS (V.O.)  
And check out all the seat control  
buttons! See? I can go up...  
Down... Back...

GLEN (V.O.)  
All I've got is a lever.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
Ooh, look! This one tilts!

GLEN (V.O.)  
Careful there!

The RV wanders out of the lane and goes over the rumble strip in the shoulder of the highway.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
Oops! Sorry!

GLEN (V.O.)  
Don't whip it.

The RV eases back into the right lane.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
I got it. I got it.  
(LONG BEAT)  
You ready to drive?

GLEN (V.O.)  
Thought you'd never ask.

INT. THE RV - LATER

Glen is now driving. Dennis sits in the passenger seat studying his laptop and eating from a box of cereal.

GLEN

So Kenny asked me to take a look  
at it for him. And his business  
model was a train --

Dennis closes his laptop and goes to the back of the RV.

GLEN (CONT'D)

--wreck. Where are you going?

DENNIS (O.S.)

I'm listening.

Dennis returns with a couple of sheets of paper.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Kenny wrecked his model train, go  
on.

GLEN

For a guy who specializes in  
dissecting archaic speech  
patterns, you sure don't listen  
very well.

DENNIS

Huh?

GLEN

Never mind. What is that?

DENNIS

This? This is our first  
destination. Fall Creek,  
Wisconsin.

GLEN

Fall Creek? What happened to Eau  
Claire?

DENNIS

I want to go to the small towns  
just outside the bigger cities.  
Better chance of finding the sort  
of folks we're looking for.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV continues down the highway.

GLEN (V.O.)

Heading, sir?

DENNIS (V.O.)  
Lay in a course for Bill's  
Smokehouse. Highway 12.

GLEN (V.O.)  
Aye, aye, captain.

The RV passes a highway sign that reads EAU CLAIRE 22.

GLEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Could we get some dinner first?

DENNIS (V.O.)  
Dude, we're on our way to a  
restaurant!

GLEN (V.O.)  
Yeah, but I'm not in the mood for  
barbecue.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
If you're good, I'll take you to  
McDonald's when we're done.

The RV continues down the highway, passing a sign reading  
"WELCOME TO EAU CLAIRE", turns onto a smaller road and  
passes a sign reading "FALL CREEK 9."

EXT. BILL'S SMOKEHOUSE - EVENING

A handful of dust-covered cars are parked near the  
restaurant. The RV comes to a stop in a vacant corner of  
the lot.

EXT. BILL'S SMOKEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dennis and Glen step out and make their way toward the  
restaurant.

GLEN  
Not the most popular place in  
town.

DENNIS  
Maybe we missed the rush.

GLEN  
Maybe this IS the rush.

Dennis pulls out his digital audio recorder and  
gesticulates with it.

DENNIS

Remember, it's extremely important  
that our subject doesn't know  
she's being recorded.

GLEN

You don't have to tell me twice. I  
listen when YOU talk.

Dennis talks into the recorder.

DENNIS

(whispering)

Location number one. Fall Creek,  
Wisconsin. Bill's Smokehouse.  
Dinner.

GLEN

(whispering)

Why are you whispering?

DENNIS

Why are you whispering? Stop  
goofing around, will you? Come on,  
it's dinner time.

Dennis drops the recorder into his shirt pocket, opens  
the door and goes in. The door closes on Glen.

GLEN

After you.

Glen opens the door and goes in.

INT. BILL'S SMOKEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two darkly tanned FARMERS in their sixties sit together  
in the back, drinking coffee.

A younger, dirtier fellow sits at the bar, swigging from  
a bottle. He wears dark blue mechanic's coveralls with a  
patch bearing the name MIKE. The boys have interrupted  
his conversation with DWAYNE, the very large bartender.

DWAYNE

Wherever you like.  
RACHEL! CUSTOMERS!

RACHEL (O.S.)

In a minute!

DWAYNE

NOW!

Dennis selects a booth. Glen reluctantly joins him.

GLEN

You're taking me somewhere nice to make up for this.

DENNIS

What?

GLEN

And a movie. You're taking me somewhere nice and then you're taking me to a movie.

DENNIS

What are you talking about?

GLEN

Fine, be that way. But if you think I'm putting out tonight, you are sorely mistaken.

Dennis tosses a menu card to Glen.

DENNIS

Shut up and read your menu.

Glen does so.

GLEN

Apparently we're having ribs.

DENNIS

It's a smokehouse, what did you expect?

GLEN

Oh I don't know, maybe a CHOICE.

Glen sinks behind the menu, until a glass of water lands on the table. Beyond it, all he can see is a tanned thigh hiding beneath a very short pink skirt.

Glen's eyes follow the thigh up to the name badge on the low-cut button top. It reads RACHEL. His eyes continue up to lock on Rachel's deep brown eyes. She is a knockout. She cracks a big, beautiful smile and speaks with an obvious SOUTHERN DRAWL.

RACHEL

Hi, hon.

GLEN

(quietly)  
Ribs, please?

RACHEL  
Half rack or full?

Glen's eyes dart to her chest, than back to her face.

GLEN  
I'm going to say...full?

RACHEL  
Thirsty?

His eyes return to the badge.

GLEN  
Large Coke?

Glen stares while Rachel turns her attention to Dennis.

RACHEL  
How about you, hon?

DENNIS  
I'll go with just the half rack.  
And a Coke.

RACHEL  
Right up.

She finishes writing down his order, then leaves.

GLEN  
Denny?

DENNIS  
Yeah?

GLEN  
Thank you.

DENNIS  
Did you hear her?

GLEN  
Did you SEE her?

DENNIS  
This bites. She's not from around  
here at all!

GLEN  
Did you SEE her? She's from  
heaven.

DENNIS  
This interview's gonna be useless.

Dennis snatches his recorder out of his pocket.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Crap! I forgot to set up the recorder.

He places the recorder at the edge of his seat as Rachel returns with their drinks. She places the glasses on the table and drops a pair of straws next to them. Dennis adjusts the position of his recorder.

GLEN

Thanks!

DENNIS

Could I ask you a couple--

RACHEL

What the hell is that?

DENNIS

This? It's just a digital--

RACHEL

Is that a camera?

DENNIS

No, it's--

RACHEL

(furious)

Oh my god - are you trying to take pictures up my skirt? You pervert!

DENNIS

What?! No!

RACHEL

Is that how you get your jollies?

DENNIS

You're mistaken--

RACHEL

Taking pictures of women's panties for the internet?

DENNIS

No, it's a recorder--

RACHEL

DWAYNE! MIKE!

DENNIS

No! Look - it's just a misunderstanding. I just want to talk to you--

Dwayne and Mike arrive on either side of Rachel. Mike, who is rather short, is eye to eye with Dennis. Dwayne moves Rachel away from Dennis.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to Dwayne)

I just want to talk to her.

RACHEL

(to Dwayne)

He's taking pictures up my skirt. I told you this damn thing was too short!

DENNIS

Please - let me explain--

GLEN

HEY!!

Everyone turns to Glen who speaks very calmly.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Thank you. I need everyone to listen to me for just a moment. My name is Glen Womack, and this is my associate Dennis Engersol. Rachel, Dwayne, and.. Mike, is it?

Mike nods, surprised that Glen knows his name. Then realizes his name is on his coveralls.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Mike, how are you doing?

MIKE

Good.

GLEN

Glad to hear that. There's been a small misunderstanding here, folks. This electronic device my friend has is not a camera or video recorder or anything that takes pictures.

Glen takes the recorder away from Dennis.

GLEN (CONT'D)

It's just a digital audio recorder, that's all. A twenty-first century version of a tape recorder.

Rachel takes it from Glen and examines it.

RACHEL

Well, how the hell you gonna take pictures of my panties with that?

She tosses it onto the table. Dennis grabs it.

DENNIS

(agitated)

I--

GLEN

I can assure you that my associate, Mr. Engersol, wasn't attempting to take any pictures of you, Miss....

RACHEL

MRS. Lawrence.

Dwayne puts his burly arm around her.

DENNIS

Yes, Mrs. Lawrence - I was just recording your voice.

DWAYNE

(still distrustful)

What for?

DENNIS

Research. You see, we're traveling the country--

GLEN

We're scouts, Mr. Lawrence.

DENNIS, RACHEL, DWAYNE & MIKE

Scouts?

GLEN

That's right, scouts. Mr. Engersol and I are traveling the country on behalf of... a new national chain of restaurants. I can't tell you the name - in fact, we could BOTH be fired for telling you this much.

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)  
But suffice to say this chain of  
restaurants will soon be  
everywhere.

DENNIS  
And we're scouting...?

GLEN  
Talent. We're talent scouts. You  
like sports there, Mike?

MIKE  
Sure.

GLEN  
Football? Baseball?

MIKE  
NASCAR.

GLEN  
NASCAR, good. How do you think  
NASCAR finds its young drivers?

MIKE  
(long beat)  
Scouts?

GLEN  
Exactly. And a company like  
Trafalgar's -- oops, there I've  
said it! Please pretend I didn't  
say that. But, a company that  
takes its customer service as  
seriously as ours, is always on  
the look out for promising new  
talent. So much so, that our  
company--

RACHEL  
Trafalgar's.

GLEN  
Tra--...yes. Our company is  
willing to invest large sums of  
money to find the best talent  
American has to offer.

RACHEL  
And you came here?

GLEN  
Mrs. Lawrence--

RACHEL  
Call me Rachel, hon.

GLEN

Rachel, then. Who hasn't heard of the service at Bill's Smokehouse?

Mike and Dwayne exchange puzzled looks.

GLEN (CONT'D)

We visit only the best of the best, in our search for customer experience facilitators.

RACHEL

Customer exp--

GLEN

... experience facilitators.

DENNIS

We feel the job you do is so much more than merely "waitress."

RACHEL

(to Dwayne)

You listening, Dwayne?

GLEN

Your position is critical to enhancing the customer's pleasurable experience. And if it's done well, the customer will return to relive that experience again and again.

DWAYNE

And you came HERE?

GLEN

The computer printed out precise directions to this very spot. Didn't it, Dennis?

DENNIS

I printed them out myself.

RACHEL

Dwayne, a secret shopper recommended us!

DWAYNE

What secret shopper? We haven't seen anybody in this place that doesn't live in Fall Creek in five years.

RACHEL

Well there was that salesman...

DWAYNE

What salesman?

RACHEL

Never you mind, baby. He must have been the secret shopper!

DWAYNE

And just what the hell kind of service did you give him?

RACHEL

I told you to never mind, baby!

(to Glen)

Does this mean Eau Claire's getting a Trafalgar's?

GLEN

Shh!

RACHEL

(whispering)

Does this mean Eau Claire's getting a.... "you know"?

GLEN

All I can say is, Eau Claire's chances are just as good as any other city.

Dwayne squeezes into the booth next to Dennis.

DWAYNE

Do they need bartenders?

EXT. BILL'S SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

Two cars and the RV remain in the parking lot.

The front door opens and Dennis and Glen exit into the parking lot.

DENNIS

YOU were brilliant man!

GLEN

I was, wasn't I!

DENNIS

You saved my life.

GLEN

I did.

DENNIS

Where did you come up with that restaurant thing?

GLEN

I have no idea. Not bad, though, huh?

DENNIS

Hell, no. It was fantastic. I thought Dwayne was going to be smoking MY rack of ribs there for a minute.

Glen pulls a Polaroid pictures from his shirt pocket.

GLEN

Instead, we've got a great Polaroid of his wife's rack!

They erupt in silly giggles as Dennis pulls a Polaroid picture from his shirt pocket.

DENNIS

And one of her panties!

Dennis opens the door and enter the RV.

GLEN

It gets better than that. Look what I got while you were in the restroom!

Glen pulls a pair of lacy panties from his pocket.

DENNIS

Oh, my God!

GLEN

That Dwayne is a generous, generous man.

The inside lights come on as Glen closes the door.

DENNIS (O.S.)

All the good stuff happens while I'm in the bathroom.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY/NIGHT INTERCUT

The RV travels down the open highway. It passes a variety of signs reading WELCOME TO WAUSAU, STINGER SHACK, APPLETON NEXT EXIT, IMMEL'S KITCHEN, MILWAUKEE 32 and JACKSON STREET CAFE.

The RV speeds down the highway in heavy morning traffic with the Chicago skyline in the background.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
 Congratulations, Mr. Womack.  
 You've made it to Chicago. Time  
 for a day off.

GLEN (V.O.)  
 Wrigley Field here we come!

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

Glen is alone in a sea of humanity in the stands. He is nursing an almost empty cup of beer. He leaps to his feet along with the rest of the crowd over a big play on the field, followed by a groan of disappointment. LORI, in the row directly in front of Glen gets overly excited and splashes him with beer. She is wearing tight cut-off denim shorts and a tight, form fitting low-cut top. She turns to apologize and he is smitten with her.

LORI  
 Oh, I'm sorry! Did I get you?

GLEN  
 That's quite all right.

Glen leans forward to strike up a conversation when LORI'S DATE arrives with a pair of hot dogs. He gives one to Lori.

LORI'S DATE  
 Hey! What did I miss?

Lori's Boyfriend notices Glen.

LORI'S DATE (CONT'D)  
 (suspiciously)  
 Hi.

Glen gives a small wave to Lori's Date who turns his attention to the game. Lori reaches out for Glen's hand with one hand and places her hot dog in it with the other. She holds his hand with both of hers for a moment.

LORI

Sorry.

She bores a look into his eyes. Glen smiles a disappointed, knowing smile. Lori's Date sees someone he knows in the next section.

LORI'S DATE

Mikey! Hey Mikey!

(To Lori)

Come on Mikey's saving us a seat.

Lori's Date takes her by the arm. As they leave she looks over her shoulder at Glen. Glen waves a puzzled goodbye to her.

Dennis arrives with a pair of beers and dogs. Glen is feeling sorry for himself.

DENNIS

What'd I miss?

GLEN

Shortstop bobbled an easy grounder.

Dennis looks for the scoreboard.

DENNIS

Did we score?

GLEN

Thrown out at the plate.

The crowd leaps to its feet.

DENNIS

(shouting)

Let's make some noise with those bats!

Glen shakes himself out of his funk.

GLEN

(shouting)

Come on Cubbies! We need some runs!

EXT. MISSION SQUARE CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

A small white building sits by the campground's entrance. Signs identify one side of it as "THE OFFICE" and the other side "LAUNDRY." The RV is in the third slot down the road. The lights are on.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Dennis is seated at the table with his laptop. He is listening to the audio recorder with a pair of ear bud headphones. He occasionally types a few words.

Glen has crashed on the couch and is playing a video game on the TV by way of a wireless controller. His game ends and he tosses the controller onto the empty seat at the table. He sighs a deep sigh, relocates to the table across from Dennis and stares at him. He tries to make eye contact with Dennis, but is unsuccessful. He waves to try to get Dennis' attention to no avail and finally reaches out and plucks an ear bud from Dennis' ear.

GLEN

Hey. Dip-thong boy. Is it dinner time yet?

DENNIS

Cut it out. I told you - I've got to submit this report tonight.

Dennis focuses back on the laptop.

GLEN

Can we eat now? I'm hungry.

DENNIS

And it's pronounced diph-thong, not dip-thong.

GLEN

Whatever. I'm hungry. Hung-gry.

DENNIS

What's your problem? You've been antsy ever since we got in from the game.

GLEN

Yeah. I suppose it didn't turn out quite like I wanted.

DENNIS

What are you talking about? The  
Cubs won.

GLEN

Yeah, but someone else went home  
with the trophy.

Glen takes the controller back to the couch and restarts  
his game. Dennis stops working and turns to him.

DENNIS

I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

GLEN

The beer girl.

DENNIS

What?

GLEN

The beer girl.

DENNIS

The beer girl.

GLEN

While you were getting hot dogs,  
this hot chick in front of us  
spilled beer on me.

DENNIS

How exciting for you.

GLEN

She gave me this look.

DENNIS

She looked at you. And that means  
she wanted you.

GLEN

No. She kind of apologized, but I  
don't think it was just about the  
beer.

DENNIS

What else would it be about?

GLEN

Look, I got a vibe from her that  
said 'if my boyfriend wasn't  
sitting next to me, I'd be sitting  
next to YOU.'

DENNIS

A vibe?

GLEN

I can't get her out of my mind...  
and I'm stuck in this damn camper.  
I need to get out!

DENNIS

Okay, okay. I can finish this up  
after dinner - IF you take care of  
the laundry and let me focus when  
we get back.

GLEN

Deal.

Dennis closes his laptop and puts the recorder in his  
shirt pocket.

DENNIS

Come on, there's a place about a  
half mile up the highway. We'll  
walk. Get you some fresh air.

GLEN

No work? No interviews?

DENNIS

Deal. Just guy stuff.

Dennis places the recorder back on the table.

GLEN

Thanks, man.

INT. CUBBY'S - LATER

The boys immerse themselves in their menus and their  
server arrives.

LORI

What will you gentlemen be  
drinking tonight?

The boys are still focused on their menus.

DENNIS

I'd like a Coke, please.

GLEN

I'm not driving tonight, I'll have  
a bee--

Dennis and Glen both fold away their menus. Glen makes eye contact with -- Lori????

GLEN (CONT'D)

Beer, please.

LORI

Oh, my God! It's you! The beer guy!

GLEN

It's Glen. And this is my partner in crime, Dennis. Say hi to the beer girl, Dennis.

DENNIS

Hi.

LORI

I'm Lori.

She holds out her hand to Dennis and he shakes it.

LORI (CONT'D)

Pleased to meet you.

She holds her hand out to Glen and he shakes it.

LORI (CONT'D)

Pleased to meet you - again. I'm really sorry about this afternoon.

GLEN

It's quite all right. I smell like beer most of time anyway.

LORI

That's not what I was talking about. Let me go get your drinks.

They watch her as she leaves. Dennis snaps away first.

DENNIS

I don't believe this.

GLEN

Did you hear what she said? My vibe was RIGHT. She wasn't just sorry about the beer.

DENNIS

I do NOT believe this.

GLEN

What do I do?

DENNIS

What do you mean 'what do you do?'

GLEN

I've GOT to talk to her.

DENNIS

So TALK to her.

GLEN

After work. We've got to close this place down.

DENNIS

What?

GLEN

The longer we're here, the more time I get with her.

Glen shoves a menu back into Dennis' hand.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Order up, man. Appetizers, salad, soup, dessert, the whole shebang.

DENNIS

YOU'RE the one who's hungry.

GLEN

Pick something. Here she comes.

He grabs a menu and scans it quickly.

LORI

One pitcher of Coke and one pitcher of beer. Two frosted glasses. This time it's on ME.

The boys are seated at a table in the middle of the room. There are couples and foursomes at each of the twenty tables in the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUBBY'S - LATER

The boys are now the only customers in the restaurant. Their table is covered in used dishes Lori delivers Glen's receipt. Dennis is finishing off a tall ice cream desert.

LORI  
Anything else? My shift is over.

GLEN  
No. We're good.

LORI  
Thanks a lot, fellas. Have a great night.

DENNIS  
If you'll excuse me, that second pitcher seems to have gone right through me. Where's the gents?

LORI  
(pointing)  
In that corner.

Dennis leaves in that direction.

GLEN  
You wouldn't have any plans for the rest of the night, would you?

LORI  
My calendar is wide open.

GLEN  
I see. Listen, I've got an idea.

LORI  
Yes?

GLEN  
First, could I buy a roll of quarters?

LORI  
Laundry night?

GLEN  
You read me like a book.

EXT. MISSION SQUARE ROAD - LATER

Lori's arm is in Glen's as they walk.

GLEN  
...then Dennis and I visit those restaurants looking for service staff that can meet Trafalgar's high standards.

LORI  
You're making this up!

GLEN  
Scout's honor.

LORI  
You're serious?

GLEN  
I think you may be hostess  
material.

EXT. MISSION SQUARE CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

They are at the RV. Glen opens the door.

GLEN  
Come on in, there are some  
documents you need to fill out.

LORI  
How do I know I can trust you?

GLEN  
Have I been anything other than a  
complete gentleman tonight? It's  
just a little paperwork.

LORI  
I can't believe I'm doing this.

He holds the door open and she enters. He follows her.

EXT. CUBBY'S - NIGHT

Dennis is shuffling across the vacant parking lot. The  
Cubby's sign goes dark.

EXT. MISSION SQUARE CAMPGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis stomps past the office and to the RV. On the  
ground next to the RV are his laptop, notebooks, recorder  
and a canvas laundry bag. A note pinned to the bag reads  
"THANKS FOR A WONDERFUL EVENING!"

A wire hanger dangles from the door handle and the camper  
is rocking in a gentle, yet noticeable rhythm.

Dennis discovers the door is locked, and pounds on it.

DENNIS  
WOMACK! OPEN THE DAMNED DOOR!

The RV stops rocking. Glen cracks open the door and peeks out.

GLEN  
Are you blind? The hanger is the universal sign for "Do Not Disturb." Pounding on the door like that is very disturbing.

DENNIS  
What are you doing?

GLEN  
The beer girl.

DENNIS  
What?

GLEN  
I'll explain in the morning. I made sure I got all your stuff stacked neatly outside. Now go away.

He closes the door, but Dennis pounds on it. Glen opens the door again.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
What?!!

DENNIS  
How am I supposed to go away? I live here!

GLEN  
Dude, the sun will be up in five hours. There's plenty of light in the laundry room. You can do your report while you do the whites. Good night!

Glen closes the door.

DENNIS  
But how am I supposed--

The door pops open again. Glen's hand emerges with a roll of quarters. Dennis takes it and the door slams shut.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
...pay for it.

Dennis picks up his books and equipment, and heads to the laundry building, dragging the laundry bag behind him.

INT. MISSION SQUARE CAMPGROUND LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Dennis using a washer as a desk, types away at his computer. A BUZZER sounds. He stops and pours fabric softener into the washer next to him. He opens a dryer and starts sorting socks.

INT. MISSION SQUARE CAMPGROUND LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Dennis has collapsed into an exhausted pile. He is slumped in a chair at the end of a folding table. He has arranged a pile of matched socks into a pillow and is deep asleep.

Lori taps on the glass with her car keys several times. Dennis jolts awake. Lori waves a hello to him then taps on her wrist watch.

DENNIS

Huh?

Dennis looks at the clock on the wall. It is almost eight o'clock. Lori taps on the window again and motions that it's time for him to go back to the RV.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Huh? Okay.

Dennis crams the clean laundry into the bag. Lori taps on the window again and blows Dennis a kiss. She over enunciates her silent words.

LORI

(silently)

Thank you!

DENNIS

I'm gonna kill him!

She waves a goodbye to him and leaves.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Yes, bye-bye, beer girl! Run along home. Be sure to tell your boyfriend about your one night stand in a camper!

He gathers up his equipment and drags the laundry bag behind him.

INT. THE RV - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis bursts into the camper.

DENNIS  
Womack! Where are you?!!

Glen is in the driver's seat starting the engine.

GLEN  
Right here, boss. Ready to hit the road!!

The laundry bag smacks him in the back of the head.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
Whoa! Take it easy!

DENNIS  
DON'T tell me to take it easy!

GLEN  
Okay, okay. I can tell you're a little stressed about last night--

DENNIS  
A little--!! Do you have any idea what you put me through last night? I slept on a folding table in a laundromat!

GLEN  
And I can't thank you enough!

DENNIS  
You better believe you can't thank me enough!

GLEN  
Denny - last night - it was INCREDIBLE! I am SO gonna make it up to you!

DENNIS  
How?

GLEN  
I don't know yet. But it is now my mission in life to make you as happy as I was last night.

DENNIS  
You wanna make me happy?

GLEN

I want to make you VERY happy.

DENNIS

Then get this bus to South Bend by eleven - and don't ever pull that crap again!

GLEN

Never again, yessir.

Dennis grabs Glen by the collar and pulls him very close.

DENNIS

If you hit ONE pothole, I will be very displeased.

GLEN

Smooth sailing all the way, captain. Like glass.

DENNIS

Like glass.

Dennis releases Glen.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And now, I am going to bed.

Dennis goes to the bedroom.

GLEN

You might want to change the sheets!

Glen ducks as an empty beer can flies over his head.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV speeds down the highway, passing a sign reading "Welcome to Indiana." The RV then passes another sign reading "SOUTH BEND 12" then exits off the highway into a rest area.

INT - THE RV - DAY

There is a large lump under a blanket on one of the beds. Glen peeks in.

GLEN

(softly)

Hey, buddy.

(louder)

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)  
 Denny, wake up. It's almost  
 eleven. We're just outside of  
 South Bend.

The lump rustles a bit.

DENNIS  
 Highway twenty-three. South to  
 Walkerton. Wake me after North  
 Liberty.

GLEN  
 You got it.

Glen pulls the curtain closed. The lump that is Dennis  
 rustles. After a beat Glen opens the curtain again.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
 Good morning, sir. This is your  
 wake up call. Walkerton in six  
 miles.

Dennis pulls the covers down from his face.

DENNIS  
 That's impossible.

GLEN  
 Just passed a billboard for a  
 place called DJ's. Looks  
 promising. And we should hit it  
 just at the end of the lunch rush.  
 Prime interview window.

DENNIS  
 We were just in South Bend.

GLEN  
 Time flies, sleeping beauty. Get a  
 shower. I'll make you some coffee.

EXT. DJ'S - DAY

Glen and Dennis are walking across the DJ's parking lot.

DENNIS  
 How is it we were both up all  
 night, but I'm the only one  
 struggling to breathe?

GLEN  
 I'm telling you, you've got to  
 give this scout bit a try.

DENNIS

It was a fluke, Glen. Beer girl already had the hots for you. You could have been a trial lawyer suing orphans and she would have followed you home.

GLEN

Bet you I can do it again.

DENNIS

You think you can waltz into any restaurant anywhere in the America and pick up a waitress at random?

GLEN

Pretty much. I can do it right now. Let's go.

DENNIS

Wait a minute. How confident are you?

GLEN

Supremely confident.

DENNIS

Confident enough to let me pick the when and where?

GLEN

What? Not now?

DENNIS

No, not now.

GLEN

Okay, then when?

DENNIS

One month from today.

GLEN

A month?!!!

DENNIS

A month. You can flirt all you like between now and then, but no conjugal visits until Scranton.

GLEN

An entire month?!!

DENNIS

You owe me.

GLEN

Yeah, but--

DENNIS

That's my price.

GLEN

And if I win?

DENNIS

You get one weekly guest on our day off for the duration of the trip.

GLEN

And if I lose?

DENNIS

You take a vow of chastity that lasts until Minneapolis. Come on - what was last night worth to you?

GLEN

You drive a hard bargain. Deal.

They shake hands and go in.

INT. DJ'S - DAY

The boys approach the hostess station. The DJ'S HOSTESS is an moderately attractive woman in her fifties.

DJ'S HOSTESS

Two for lunch?

GLEN

Thanks.

DJ'S HOSTESS

Right this way.

GLEN

(to Dennis)

This may not be so hard after all.

DENNIS

Stay strong.

The boys sit at their table and study their menus.

GLEN

(to Dennis)

Want some coffee?

Glen looks up to lock eyes on PATTI, the most beautiful angel he has ever seen...

PATTI

Hi, I'm Patti--

INT. GENERIC SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

...and so is KELLY...

KELLY

--Kelly--

INT. GENERIC PUB - DAY

And SHERYL...

SHERYL

--Sheryl--

INT. GENERIC PIZZA RESTAURANT - DAY

And BECKY...

BECKY

--Becky. I'll be your server today. Can I get you a drink, honey?

INT. THE RV - NIGHT

Glen is driving. Dennis pops up next to him, drying his hair with a towel.

DENNIS

Hello, my name is Dennis. I'll be your server this evening. Can I get you a drink, honey?

GLEN

Ha ha. Very damn funny.

DENNIS

Take it easy. You can last for one more week, can't you? And besides, I saved you a lot of cold water for your shower.

GLEN

Thanks. You're a true pal.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The RV cruises down the highway and eventually passes a sign reading "WELCOME TO SCRANTON."

EXT. SILVER LEAF CAMPGROUNDS - NIGHT

The RV parks in a camping slip. After a moment, the boys come out. Glen opens an exterior storage bin and puts the laundry bag and a sleeping bag into it. Dennis has his laptop case thrown over his shoulder.

GLEN

Got everything you need?

DENNIS

Laptop, notes, roll of quarters, everything. How about you?

Glen pulls a pack of breath mints from his shirt pocket.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

At at least this time, I'm prepared. And to tell you the truth, I'm pulling for you.

GLEN

Yeah?

DENNIS

Yeah. You're incredibly hard to live with when you're horny.

INT. SILVER LEAF CAMPGROUND LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Dennis is sprawled out across four chairs in his sleeping bag. He is watching a movie on his laptop. His cell phone alarm goes off and he begins to pack up his stuff.

INT. THE RV - DAY

Dennis enters, hands Glen the laundry bag, the sleeping bag and his equipment.

DENNIS

Set a course for Newark, Mr. Womack.

INT. THE RV - ANOTHER DAY

Dennis enters and hands Glen the stuff.

DENNIS

Second star on the right, and  
straight on to Virginia Beach.

INT. THE RV - YET ANOTHER DAY

And again.

DENNIS

Charleston, West Virginia, and  
there's an extra dollar in it for  
you if you make all the lights.

Dennis heads to the bedroom and closes the curtain.

INT. THE RV - LATER

Glen is driving. Dennis is lounging in the passenger  
seat, feet up on the dash, munching from a box of cereal.

GLEN

I'm telling you, man - this chick  
was NOT right.

DENNIS

And yet, she spent the night.

GLEN

Every time things would heat up,  
she'd develop this bizarre twitch.

DENNIS

I don't want to know.

GLEN

I'm sorry. It's probably  
frustrating for you to hear about  
my adventures.

DENNIS

Thank you.

GLEN

You KNOW what the solution is,  
don't you?

DENNIS

No way! I am NOT about to pick up some waitress I've never met before for a quickie in a camper.

GLEN

Come on. You've got a lot going for you. You're smart. You're a reasonably attractive guy - and that's coming from a straight man.

DENNIS

Thanks.

GLEN

Seriously. Look, it's time I put my expertise in this department to work for you.

DENNIS

This is ridiculous.

GLEN

No, it's not. Tonight is going to be YOUR night, Denny boy. Tonight, YOU are picking up more than the check.

DENNIS

This is so wrong.

GLEN

He's in!

DENNIS

(beat)  
I'm in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV cruises down the highway.

INT. MARLENE'S - NIGHT

Glen and Dennis are at a table.

GLEN

Dude. Calm down. You look like you're expecting an assassination attempt.

DENNIS

I just want to see what material  
we're working with here.

GLEN

And there's your answer.

Glen discreetly points over his shoulder to a stunning woman in a powder blue waitress uniform. CAROL is tall and her long blonde hair is pulled back into a ponytail. She is poured into her outfit, her blouse unbuttoned one button more than it should be. She flirts with a CUSTOMER. Carol walks in the direction of the boys. Glen suddenly begins to talk with his hands, gesturing broadly.

GLEN (CONT'D)

So, I told him "You'll thank me  
later!"

Glen knocks his silverware off the table and into Carol's path.

CAROL

Oops!

GLEN

Sorry!

Carol bends at the knees and picks up the silverware. Dennis gets a full view of her cleavage.

CAROL

That's okay. Happens all the time.  
Of course usually it's me making  
the mess.

She stands and wrinkles her nose at Glen.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I'll bring you some more  
silverware in just a minute.

She notices Dennis.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Hi.

He reads her name badge.

DENNIS

Hi. Carol... Where's the men's  
room?

CAROL  
Right through there.

She leaves.

GLEN  
Oh. My. GOD. What is wrong with  
you?

DENNIS  
This is NEVER going to work.

GLEN  
Did you see the way she -- Carol --  
looked at you?

DENNIS  
I saw the way she crinkled up her  
cute little nose at YOU.

GLEN  
Dude, Carol totally checked you  
out! What more do you want?

DENNIS  
I think I'm going to be sick.

GLEN  
Calm down, everything's going to  
be okay. We're gonna get you fixed  
up, but good.

DENNIS  
No, I mean I really think I'm  
going to be sick. I told you that  
Thai place in Roanoke was a bad  
idea.

Dennis bolts to the restroom. Glen opens his menu and  
hears the sound of silverware being placed on the table.

GLEN  
Thanks, honey.

He lowers his menu and is surprised by the sight of  
GLORIA. Young, but scrawny and bony, her voice is  
screechy and crackles. Her shirt is as open as Carol's,  
but the effect is very different.

GLORIA  
Mind who you're calling 'honey,'  
sunshine.

GLEN  
Sorry.

GLORIA

You and your buddy need a little more time?

GLEN

Pitcher of light beer for now. I don't think my friend's ready to order quite yet.

GLORIA

All right. I'll check on you in a few minutes. If you need anything, ask for Gloria.

GLEN

Thank you. Gloria.

She leaves and a big mischievous smile appears on Glen's face. Dennis returns to the table but does not sit.

DENNIS

Dude, I'm done. I'm going back to the camper.

GLEN

What do I tell Carol?

DENNIS

Send my regrets. Tell her I'll look her up next time I'm in West Virginia. We'll go out for Thai and get food poisoning. I'm going home

Dennis leaves. Gloria returns with a pitcher of beer and two glasses.

GLORIA

Where did your buddy go?

GLEN

Oh, he's got... a lot of paperwork to tend to.

GLORIA

He one of them workaholics?

GLEN

(chuckling)  
Yeah, I guess you could say that.

GLORIA

Yeah, my Carl is like that, too. All work and no play, if you know what I mean.

She nudges him with her elbow.

GLEN  
Are you hitting on me?

GLORIA  
You think I work here for the  
tips?

She trails her finger down her nonexistent cleavage.

EXT. CHARLESTON CAMPGROUND - LATER

Glen and Gloria arrive at the RV. She wears an overcoat.

GLEN  
Remember, he has a couple of  
quirks. Keep the lights off. And  
tell him your name is Carol.

GLORIA  
Huh! We have a Carol at work.

GLEN  
Really! What a coincidence.

He opens the door for her.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
Go get 'em, tiger.

GLORIA  
Now, don't you go anywhere, you.  
You're next!

GLEN  
I'll be right here.

She goes up the steps, then stops.

GLORIA  
What's his name again?

GLEN  
Dennis.

GLORIA  
Dennis! Right!

She goes in and Glen silently closes the door.

GLEN  
I wouldn't miss this for the  
world.

INT - THE RV - THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gloria is silhouetted in the darkness as she crawls onto the bed.

GLORIA  
(in a sing song  
voice)  
Den-nis! Wake up, sweetie, it's  
Car-ol!

DENNIS  
Huh?

She pulls back the covers and straddles him.

GLORIA  
Shh! Hush now. Carol's gonna make  
it alllll better.

Dennis and Gloria both begin to moan and gyrate.

DENNIS  
(much more awake)  
Oh my God! What the--

GLORIA  
Shh!

DENNIS  
Carol?

GLORIA  
Yes, baby, it's Carol.

DENNIS  
Oh my God!

GLORIA  
Mmm, yes!

The moaning and gyrating escalate.

DENNIS  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

GLORIA  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

She screams. The motions come to an abrupt halt.

DENNIS  
Wow. That was amazing.

GLORIA

You're not bad, yourself Dennis.

Dennis sits up a bit.

DENNIS

Um, Carol?

GLORIA

Yes, sugar?

DENNIS

Where did your breasts go?

GLORIA

What?

EXT - THE RV - CONTINUOUS

The light comes on. Dennis screams. Gloria screams. Dennis bails out of the RV, wearing nothing but a sheet wrapped around his waist. Glen is doubled over in hysterical laughter and collapses to the ground.

DENNIS

What did you do to me?!!!

Glen can't respond. Gloria, naked, appears in the doorway.

GLORIA

I'm not done with you, mister!

She rushes to Dennis and wraps herself around him.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

It's been a very long time since anybody's taken care of Momma like that!

DENNIS

Momma?!!

GLEN

Momma!!!

DEEP VOICE (O.C.)

Momma?

There is the unmistakable sound of a shotgun cocking in the darkness. Dennis raises his hands, while Gloria remains wrapped around his torso. CARL steps forward from the shadows and into the light. He is a big, burly bear of a man - and he is pointing his shotgun at Dennis.

CARL

Momma?

GLORIA

(to Dennis)

Denny? Could you?

Gloria makes a circular motion with her hand.

DENNIS

Sure.

Dennis turns around with his back to Carl, but continues to hold his hands high. Gloria is now facing Carl. She continues to hold on tight with every bony limb she has.

GLORIA

Baby! What are you doing here?

CARL

Marlene said she saw you walking off with some good-looking fella. Don't guess she got a good look at him, though.

DENNIS

Who ARE you people??!!!

GLORIA

I'm Gloria.

DENNIS

Gloria. Dennis.

GLORIA

Pleased to meet you, Dennis. This here is my husband, Carl.

DENNIS

Pleased to meet -- your husband??!!!

Dennis spins to face Carl. Glen slips around to the front of the RV.

CARL

Where you from, Dennis?

DENNIS

I'm a grad student at the University of Minnesota.

CARL

What the hell you doing in Charleston, West Virginia?

DENNIS  
I'm conducting a study.

CARL  
This study require my wife to be  
nekkid in your camper?

DENNIS  
Not really. Sir. No.

Glen continues around the RV and very quietly opens the  
driver's side cab door.

CARL  
So you're doing my wife for extra  
credit?

DENNIS  
No - it's not like that at all!

CARL  
So, you're not doing my wife?

DENNIS  
Not on purpose! I thought--

Glen eases himself up and into the driver's seat.

CARL  
You thought WRONG!

DENNIS  
Yessir.

Glen fumbles to dig the keys out of his pants pocket.

GLORIA  
(to Dennis)  
One more time?

Dennis turns sideways so that both he and Gloria can see  
Carl.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
(to Carl)  
It's okay, baby. We were just  
getting started.

CARL  
Looked to me like he was leaving.

Gloria tickles Dennis under the chin.

GLORIA

Oh, that! That was just a silly little game Dennis likes to play.

CARL

Well, I think play time's over for now, don't you, Dennis?

DENNIS

Yessir.

CARL

Now get back in your little camper.

DENNIS

Yessir. Absolutely, sir.

Dennis backs toward the RV. Gloria is stuck to him like a horny piece of velcro.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to Gloria)

What are you doing? Are you trying to get me killed?

GLORIA

You heard him. He told us to get back in the camper.

DENNIS

No, he told ME to get back in the camper.

GLORIA

Carl, sugar, I think Dennis deserves an explanation.

DENNIS

Yes. Please.

CARL

Well, to be honest, it's a bit embarrassing.

DENNIS

Carl, with all due respect, sir -- I'm standing in a campground wearing only a sheet and another man's wife. How could it possibly be more embarrassing than that?

GLORIA

(to Carl)

Don't be embarrassed, sugar. It's not your fault.

CARL

All right, here goes. You heard of a thing called... E.D.?

DENNIS

Erectile disfunction? Sure. But that's nothing to be ashamed of - it happens to lots of guys.

GLORIA

A couple of years ago, Carl was the victim of a horrible and unfortunate accident.

CARL

Down on the farm.

GLORIA

Pig farm.

CARL

The end result left me a little less than a man.

GLORIA

Big sow bit his pecker plum off.

CARL

That unfortunate incident has left me unable to properly care for my wife in the way a husband ought.

DENNIS

I see.

CARL

It's my God-given duty to see to it that she is still properly cared for, even if it's not by me directly.

DENNIS

Oh. Ohhhhh!

CARL

Tonight. I'm seeing to it that you pleasure her. Right properly.

DENNIS

Oh, my God.

CARL

Now, get back in there.

GLORIA

See, Denny - it's okay. I'll even let you call me Carol some more, if you'd like. But can we leave the lights on this time? Is it okay if Carl comes inside? He likes to supervise.

DENNIS

Supervise?

The RV's engine roars to life. The HORN splits the air as the camper begins to roll forward. Dennis screams, detaches himself from Gloria, throws the sheet at Carl and runs up the camper steps.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go!

The RV accelerates. Gloria gives chase in her scrawny, naked glory. Carl gets rid of the sheet and fires, shattering a side window as the RV pulls away.

EXT. PARKERSBURG RV - DAY

Dennis and Glen are standing outside the RV in the parking lot of Parkersburg RV. VICK is inside, looking out the hole in the shattered window. He takes a couple of measurements. He comes out and heads to his shop. The boys follow Vick.

DENNIS

You can fix it?

VICK

Oh, hell no. But I CAN replace it.

DENNIS

How much?

VICK

You want it done today, I suppose.

DENNIS

Well, we are in a bit of a hurry to get back on the road.

INT. PARKERSBURG RV - CONTINUOUS

Vick goes around behind the counter. A sports highlight show drones away on a small black and white TV on the counter.

VICK

That's the problem, you see. I've got two customers in front of you. Course...there MIGHT be a way we could work something out.

INT. THE RV - LATER

Glen is driving and Dennis is in the passenger seat. Where the glorious plasma TV once lived sits Vick's small black and white TV.

Glen looks at the large empty space around the tiny TV.

GLEN

Highway robbery. Plain and simple.

EXT. AMY JO'S - NIGHT

The boys approach Amy Jo's from the parking lot which is about half full.

DENNIS

You know, I'm feeling lucky tonight.

GLEN

Didn't you get lucky last night?

DENNIS

Lucky I didn't get shot, yes. But tonight I'm gonna get LUCKY.

Dennis swings the front door open with confidence.

GLEN

Well, when you put it that way.

Glen follows Dennis in.

INT. AMY JO'S - CONTINUOUS

The boys are reading their menus.

DENNIS

You see, last night was supposed to be MY night. I get a do over.

GLEN

You are amazing.

DENNIS

How so?

GLEN

I couldn't have forced a woman on you last night.

DENNIS

But that's exactly what you did!

GLEN

And tonight, you're raring to go.

DENNIS

Yeah, I guess there's something about having a shotgun fired in the general direction of one's naked ass that reinvigorates one. You should try it some time.

GLEN

I'll pass.

DENNIS

Her.

Dennis indicates IRENE, a tall brunette who, while not overly buxom, is still very much shaped like a woman. She stacks dishes from a nearby table, turns to leave and the load shifts. The entire stack comes down in an enormous clatter of dishes, glass and silverware.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

A tad clumsy.

GLEN

But cute.

DENNIS

That, she is.

GLEN

You remember how this works?

DENNIS

Got your roll of quarters?

GLEN

Right here.

Glen pats his pocket.

DENNIS

Funny - I thought you were just happy to see me.

Irene arrives.

IRENE

What can I get for you gentlemen tonight?

DENNIS

I think I'd like the meat loaf and an iced tea.

GLEN

I'll go with the grilled chicken and water with lemon.

INT. AMY JO'S - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Dennis checks his watch.

DENNIS

What's taking so long?

GLEN

Patience, my boy. Patience.

Irene arrives and places their drinks on the table and leaves. The boys notice she has crossed their orders and swap glasses.

DENNIS

You had the water?

Glen takes a sip of his drink.

GLEN

No, apparently I have a Sprite.

Dennis tries to get Irene's attention. He makes eye contact with her and she comes to him...

DENNIS

Yes, I think--

...past him and on to CUSTOMER #2.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Umm, miss? Irene?

Irene is having an extended conversation Customer #2.

INT. AMY JO'S - MOMENTS LATER

Irene brings a platter and clunks the plates in front of the boys.

DENNIS

Umm. Yes? His drink is wrong.

IRENE

What's wrong?

DENNIS

No big deal. I like Sprite.

She pulls out her order pad and consults their order.

IRENE

Tea and...lymon.

The boys exchange a look - and she is gone. They study the plates in front of them. It's not what they ordered.

DENNIS

I ordered meat loaf, not an omelette, right?

GLEN

And I know I didn't order pancakes.

Dennis looks for Irene.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Breakfast IS the most important meal of the day.

DENNIS

Good thing she's cute.

The boys dig in.

EXT. PARKERSBERG HEIGHTS CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

Glen is carrying the laundry bag and a portable DVD player. He opens the RV door and goes in.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Glen plops the laundry bag on the couch and puts the DVD player away in a cabinet. The shower is running, and he knocks on the bathroom door, then opens it.

GLEN

Hey, sleeping beauty! You have a good night?

DENNIS (O.S.)

Is there a guy outside with a shotgun?

GLEN

Didn't notice one.

DENNIS (O.S.)

Then it was a fabulous night!

GLEN

Is the coast clear?

DENNIS (O.S.)

What?

GLEN

The coast! Is it clear?

DENNIS (O.S.)

Just try not to make any sharp turns for the next few minutes.

EXT. PARKERSBERG HEIGHTS CAMPGROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The RV pulls away and swerves sharply back and forth for a few seconds.

DENNIS (V.O.)

Jesus, Glen!

GLEN (V.O.)

Sorry!

Glen laughs as the RV straightens its course and heads down the road.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Glen is driving. Dennis wears a bathrobe and boxers as he flops into the passenger seat and begins to dry his hair.

DENNIS  
Need me to drive for a while?

GLEN  
Nah, I'm good. There was a very comfortable couch in the laundromat. How are YOU?

DENNIS  
I am wonderful.

GLEN  
Yeah?

DENNIS  
Yeah. I mean, this chick couldn't get anything right last night, remember?

GLEN  
Sure.

DENNIS  
But she couldn't get anything wrong once we got back here. Wow!

GLEN  
Go on!

DENNIS  
Let's just say she has many talents that should not be displayed in a family eating establishment.

GLEN  
Sweet!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV cruises down the highway.

DENNIS (V.O.)  
No, not so sweet. Almost nasty.

GLEN (V.O.)  
Sweet!

DENNIS (V.O.)  
Indeed!

The RV continues down the highway. Eventually, it passes a sign reading "Welcome to OHIO."

INT. THE RV - LATER

Glen is driving, Dennis is still lounging in his bathrobe while munching on dry cereal.

GLEN

Why are we back in Ohio?

DENNIS

Didn't want to retrace our steps,  
so we're making a loop north.  
We're back in West Virginia  
tomorrow, then on to D.C.

GLEN

Whatever, Mr. Sulu. You're the  
navigator.

IRENE is suddenly standing between the seats, sipping on a mug of coffee, wearing only a thin, long white T-shirt.

IRENE

Actually, Sulu was the helmsman.  
Chekov was the navigator.

DENNIS

Irene?!!

Glen turns his full attention to Irene, taking his eyes off the road and his hands off the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV swerves wildly in one direction, then in the other as Glen tries to regain control.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Glen finally gets control of the camper. Irene has a hot, large brown stain down the front of her thin T-shirt which she fans as she holds it away from her chest.

DENNIS

Here, let me help you.

IRENE

No, I'm okay.

She lets go of the shirt, which is now slightly brown, but very transparent.

GLEN

Sorry about that. There was a white dog. Sleep well?

IRENE

Not bad.

She drags her fingernails through Dennis's hair.

DENNIS

I'm surprised...to see you...so soon.

IRENE

Yeah, well I'm an early riser! Like to get a head start on the day! Mind if I get a shower?

DENNIS

No, go ahead. I saved you plenty of hot water.

IRENE

Thank you, Lover.

She plants a deep, wet kiss on Dennis' mouth.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a bit, lover.  
(to Glen)  
Glad to be part of the team.

She shakes his hand, then leaves. He listens until he hears water running.

GLEN

What the hell is WRONG with you? Part of the TEAM?!!! What is that? What did you tell her, Denny?

DENNIS

I don't know! I would've promised her a partnership for some of the things-- oh, no.

GLEN

What?!!

DENNIS

I may have offered her a scouting position at some point last night.

GLEN

Are you insane??!!!

DENNIS

You said the coast was clear! I thought she was gone!

GLEN

No, I asked you IF the coast was clear. I don't believe this. You've got a big problem here.

DENNIS

Me? Why is it just my problem?

GLEN

How are you going to continue to file your reports back to the school with Little Miss Tag-Along thinks we're restaurant scouts? We've got to ditch her.

DENNIS

We can't just ditch her.

GLEN

Why not? Let her try to sue Trafalgar's. It doesn't exist!

DENNIS

Glen, we crossed the state line a few miles back. She could file federal kidnapping charges.

GLEN

Then what do we do?

DENNIS

What if we tell her my research is part of the company's attempt to hire people who sound local?

GLEN

Okay, that's good. Might work.

DENNIS

That'll buy us some time. Tomorrow, we're back in West Virginia. Maybe we can give her the slip then.

GLEN

Then, life returns to normal and we go to see the Cubs in D.C.

Glen is shocked at the sight of Irene in the rear view mirror. She is naked and wet.

IRENE (O.S.)  
Where are the towels?

Dennis leaps to his feet, opens his towel and covers her.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
Did I hear something about a Cubs  
game? I LOVE the Cubs!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV cruises down the highway.

INT. THE RV - LATER

Irene comes out from the bedroom, wearing another T-shirt, refills her coffee mug and goes to the table.

IRENE  
I hope you don't mind - I borrowed  
one of your T-shirts.

DENNIS  
Actually, that shirt belongs to  
him.

She looks at Glen via the mirror and models his shirt for him.

GLEN  
Very nice. I'll never wash it  
again.

She opens a couple of cabinets above the table searching for something.

IRENE  
Where are the office supplies?

DENNIS  
On the left.

She finally finds a three-ring binder, some paper and a couple of pens.

IRENE  
I want you to tell me everything  
you can about Trafalgar's.

DENNIS  
Okay. So what do you want to know?

IRENE

Everything.

DENNIS

Everything? Glen, help me out here.

Dennis gives up the passenger seat to Irene and relocates to the table.

GLEN

Everything? That's a tall order.

IRENE

I'm a tall girl.

GLEN

Okay. Let's see... Trafalgar's Incorporated was launched about five years ago. The founder of the company had an extremely unpleasant dining experience in what was supposed to be a 'fine restaurant.'

Irene starts taking notes.

IRENE

Don't you just HATE it when that happens?

GLEN

Yeah...

Glen exchanges a look with Dennis via the mirror.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Nothing was right, his meal was undercooked, the waitress was snotty and then there was a big argument over the tip.

IRENE

Good service is very important.

Glen cuts another look to Dennis via the rear view mirror.

GLEN

So... he decided he could do better. He picked the name Trafalgar's because it was one his favorite places in London. The giant lions by the fountain, with all the pigeons?

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)  
There's one at the entrance to  
every Trafalgar's restaurant.

Dennis starts to protest, but Irene beats him to it.

IRENE  
But the lions are at Piccadilly  
Circus.

DENNIS  
One of the few mistakes our  
founder made. The American public  
doesn't seem to mind.

INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

Irene, Glen and Dennis are seated at a table continuing  
their discussion. Irene continues to take notes.

IRENE  
Why didn't he just call it  
Piccadilly's.

GLEN  
That name...was taken. But the  
point is, Trafalgar's number one  
mission is an exceptional customer  
experience.

IRENE  
Not good food?

DENNIS  
Ah, but the good food is PART of  
the exceptional customer  
experience.

INT. THE RV - THE LIVING AREA - DAY

Dennis and Irene are seated at the table, while Glen  
plays a video game on the couch.

DENNIS  
We invest tons of money in  
projects like this one, scouting  
for new talent.

IRENE  
How much money?

DENNIS  
How much money? Uh, Glen - how  
much money?

Glen continues to play his game.

GLEN

Lots.

DENNIS

See. Lots.

IRENE

But how do you make up for all this extra expense?

DENNIS

Glen?

(to Irene)

He's the money man. I'm research.

(to Glen)

Would you explain to Irene how Trafalgar's offsets the costs of our research?

Glen pauses his game and focuses his attention on the conversation.

GLEN

Now, that's a good question. It's actually one of the most interesting aspects of the company. We offer such a superior experience for our customers that we are actually able to charge a premium price on our meals. We lay it right out front - you're gonna pay more, but we're going to take such good care of you that it'll be worth it.

IRENE

So how do you make sure your staff lives up to your expectations?

GLEN

We pay top dollar. An aggressive hourly wage - plus a commission - instead of tips.

IRENE

Commission?

GLEN

Based on experience and merit. Tipping is strictly forbidden.

DENNIS

And there's a profit-sharing plan  
in place for every employee.

IRENE

And this actually works?

DENNIS

So far, so good!

EXT. SLOPPY JOE'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The trio exit the RV, Glen locks the door and they all  
begin crossing the lot.

IRENE

And what kind of research do you  
run beyond scouting?

DENNIS

Well, as I said - right now we're  
evaluating the local talent pool  
to determine the viability of this  
region as a potential location.

IRENE

And what else?

DENNIS

My personal speciality is in  
recognizing regional and sub-  
regional dialects. It's important  
to us that everyone sound local.  
If a server is from a different  
region, and they meet our  
standards, I can usually recruit  
them to relocate back home.

IRENE

Like me, for instance?

DENNIS

Like you?

IRENE

Sure. I'm not from around here,  
but you know that.

DENNIS

You grew up in... Georgia. Right?

IRENE

My sister still lives in Savannah!

DENNIS

There you go!

IRENE

So is Savannah on your list for potential expansion?

DENNIS

Not...yet.

GLEN

But we are considering something near Atlanta.

IRENE

You don't have a location in Atlanta?

DENNIS

Not...yet.

IRENE

Where are you based?

DENNIS

Minnesota.

GLEN

London.

Dennis opens the restaurant door for Irene and Glen.

DENNIS

Enough about work - who's hungry?

INT. THE RV - THE CAB - DAY

Glen is driving. Irene is in the passenger seat taking more notes. Dennis is at the table working on his laptop.

IRENE

So you have two headquarters?

GLEN

An American Division and a European Division. The U.S. branch is just beginning expansion beyond the original five locations.

DENNIS

Of course, it's a lot less complicated over here. The European locations have to alter their menu from location to location to a much larger degree than stateside.

IRENE

A different menu at each location?

DENNIS

Enhances that superior local experience.

IRENE

This company is unbelievable.

DENNIS

You're telling me!

GLEN

Guys, we're almost to Cumberland.  
What's my heading?

EXT. COSMO'S PIZZA AND BOWL - NIGHT

Irene pours herself out of the front door of the establishment. Glen and Dennis follow, very sober and very annoyed. Dennis hurries to catch up with Irene.

DENNIS

Irene? Honey?

IRENE

Hello, lover!

DENNIS

The man behind the counter wants his shoes back.

IRENE

Tell him to kiss my ass! He serves warm beer and then wants my shoes?!! HA!!

She tries to pull away from Dennis but falls.

DENNIS

Come on, Irene. Give me the shoes.

Dennis grabs her foot and starts unlacing the bowling shoe she is wearing.

IRENE

I'm not sleeping with you tonight.

DENNIS

Not going to be a problem.

She kicks at him just as he gets one shoe off. He grabs at the second foot, but she begins to kick more wildly.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Glen! A little help here?

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Glen enters from outside.

GLEN

Denny? IS the coast CLEAR?

Dennis comes out of the bedroom.

DENNIS

Shhhh. She's out - for now. So where are WE sleeping tonight?

GLEN

The bowling alley manager offered to let us camp out here for thirty bucks.

DENNIS

Okay. But where are WE sleeping? There's no way I'm spending the night in there.

GLEN

You're in a camper that's designed to sleep six. Didn't you say something about the couch converting into a double bed?

Dennis starts taking cushions off the couch.

INT. THE RV - DAY

Dennis and Glen are sharing a cramped version of a bed. Irene enters from the bedroom. She goes to get some coffee, but there is none.

IRENE

Hey, guys...guys. There's no coffee.

Dennis rustles.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Wake up, Lover. Make some coffee.

Dennis sits up. Irene goes into the bathroom. After a moment, Dennis can hear the water of the shower running.

He stumbles out of bed, then shambles over to the coffee maker. He fills the pot with water. Irene pounds on the bathroom wall.

IRENE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Turn off the cold water! I'm in  
the shower!

Dennis quickly turns off the water.

DENNIS  
Sorry. Lover.

He turns the water back on. She pounds the wall again.

IRENE (O.S.)  
Knock it off, asshole!

He fills the carafe, then slowly and deliberately turns off the tap.

DENNIS  
Just making your coffee. Lover.

He pours the water into the coffee maker and finishes setting it up. He moves to the bed and gently kicks Glen until Glen stirs.

GLEN  
What?

DENNIS  
West Virginia. And haul ass.

EXT. MOUNTAIN MAN BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

The RV is parked in a large gravel lot, among a wide array of pickup trucks.

INT. MOUNTAIN MAN BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Irene, Dennis and Glen are seated at the bar. HUGO, the bartender places two very large cheeseburgers in front of the boys. Glen slides an empty beer mug to Hugo, who refills it at the tap behind the bar. A couple of empty glasses are in front of Irene and she's nursing a third, filled with beer.

DENNIS  
You gonna eat tonight, lover?

IRENE  
Hey barkeep!

Hugo moves to Irene. He slides the mug of beer to Glen.

HUGO

Yes?

IRENE

What's the holdup on my order?

HUGO

It'll be right up, ma'am. I only have two hands.

IRENE

Don't you know ladies are supposed to be served first?

HUGO

I usually serve the plates as they come out of the kitchen. Cuts down on the complaints about cold food.

He leaves and goes into the kitchen.

IRENE

This is ridiculous.

GLEN

(under his breath)  
Boy, I'll say!

DENNIS

Easy, now. Easy.

IRENE

I don't see what in the world your advance team saw in this place.

DENNIS

Sometimes they get it wrong. That's why we're here. Have some fries. You need to eat something. You're going to pass out.

IRENE

Looks like a huge waste of resources to me. Why does it take two of you to figure out a place like this --

She slams down most of a glass of beer, then shouts in the direction of the kitchen

IRENE (CONT'D)

--SUCKS!

DENNIS

Calm down. I think maybe you've had enough to drink for tonight.

Dennis takes her glass away.

IRENE

Get your hands off me, fat boy!

GLEN

I'm not sure you've noticed, but Lover here, is one mean drunk.

DENNIS

I think she found your bedroom stash and got a head start on us.

IRENE

Where the hell is my Tuscany chicken? Did you have to go to France to kill the damned thing?

DENNIS

Irene, honey, Tuscany is in Italy.

IRENE

What the hell do you know? You work for a guy who thinks Trafalgar's Square is in London.

DENNIS

It is, honey. Irene?

She doesn't look well. Hugo brings her plate...

HUGO

Here you are ma'am. Sorry about the wait.

...and she pitches forward, planting her face in her Tuscany chicken.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Can I...

(to Dennis)

...get you anything else? Some ketchup for your fries?

GLEN

No. We're good now. Thanks.

INT. THE RV - LATER

The door opens and Dennis backs up the steps. He is carrying the top half of Irene.

DENNIS

Go slow, man.

Glen is carrying the bottom half. They drop her on the couch.

GLEN

She's heavier than she looks.

DENNIS

Now what do we do?

GLEN

We take her ass back to Parkersburg and dump her.

DENNIS

I don't know. We're already behind schedule. I haven't filed a report in three days - and there's the game in D.C. tomorrow.

GLEN

I'll skip the Cubs for the rest of the decade if it gets rid of Sister Mary Sunshine. Hell, I'll even root for the Yankees.

DENNIS

It's five hundred miles round trip.

GLEN

I can have you back in Parkersburg by dawn.

DENNIS

You had a couple of beers. Maybe you should sleep them off for a bit.

GLEN

Hmmm. A nap? On my old bed? Tempting. Who are we kidding? She'll sleep in until at least noon. Come on, let's grab some shut-eye.

The boys go to the bedroom.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV is cruising down the highway once again.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

The shades of the bedroom are drawn as Dennis stirs. He checks the time - 11:00 AM. He drags himself to his feet and shambles out to the hallway.

Dennis steadies himself against the wall as the RV wobbles a bit, then goes into the bathroom. We hear the shower running.

Glen pulls back the bedroom curtain and enters the hallway. He stops at the bathroom door, looks toward the front of the RV and tries to figure something out - he's just not quite sure what...yet. He looks at the bathroom door, places his hand on the knob, then realizes that Irene is no longer asleep on the couch where he left her.

He counts silently, pointing toward the driver, then to the spot where he last saw Irene. He draws a line in the air connecting the couch to the bathroom door tracing her path. He quickly takes his hand away from the doorknob as if its mere presence there was violating Irene's privacy. He heads to the front of the RV.

Glen arrives at the cab, flops down into the passenger seat.

GLEN

Got an early start without me, I see.

Glen bolts back to his feet. Irene is driving.

IRENE

I told you I was an early riser.

GLEN

Yeah, but--

IRENE

I thought I should make up for last night. This thing handles really well.

GLEN

You remember last night?

IRENE

Oh, hell no. But it must have been pretty bad. I passed out on the couch. You guys were so sweet to let me sleep on your bed.

GLEN

(shouting to the rear  
of the RV)

Dennis!

IRENE

He's in the shower.

GLEN

Yeah, I got that. Where exactly are we headed?

IRENE

D.C. The game starts in less than an hour. But we should make it there in time for the first pitch.

GLEN

D.C.? DENNY!

Glen runs to the back and pounds on the bathroom door.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Denny!

DENNIS (O.S.)

What?

GLEN

Open up, buddy!

DENNIS

What's the matter?

The door opens. Dennis pokes his lathered head out.

GLEN

We gotta talk, man!

DENNIS

What are you doing back here?  
Who's driving the bus?

Dennis leans out into the hallway to look toward the cab for himself. Irene sees him in the mirror.

IRENE

Welcome to Washington, D.C.,  
gentlemen!

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CONTINUOUS

The RV is on the Beltway.

IRENE (V.O.)

(singing)

Take me out to the ball game. Take  
me out to the crowd!

(speaking)

This is going to be one day you'll  
never forget, boys!

EXT. RFK STADIUM - DAY

The RV is parked in the massive lot outside the baseball stadium. Fans are making their way into the ballpark.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Irene is sitting on the bed drawing sketches of male and female wait staff uniforms in her three-ring binder. She finishes sketching, and closes the binder.

Dennis is at the table with his laptop open, listening to an interview and making notes. Glen is pacing back and forth. He pulls one of Dennis' ear buds out.

GLEN

Time to call it a day, Denny.

DENNIS

No way, man. I'm too far behind.

GLEN

Come on, I don't want to go to the  
game by myself.

Irene comes out of the bedroom carrying her binder and wearing Dennis' Cubs jersey and cap.

IRENE

Play ball!

DENNIS

Problem solved.

Dennis snatches his ear bud and stuffs it in his ear.

IRENE

Leave him alone, Glen. He's all  
work and no play.

Irene pulls Dennis' ear bud out again and slides her binder to him.

IRENE (CONT'D)

After the game, I want to go over some marketing ideas. I sketched out a really cute uniform that just screams London. Take a look when you come up for air.

Irene give Dennis his ear bud back and he stuffs it in his ear.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Get a move on, Womack!

She slaps Glen on the rear end and goes out the door.

GLEN

(to Dennis)

You WILL pay for this.

Glen goes out.

DENNIS

Hope it goes better than your last game date!

EXT. RFK STADIUM - LATER

The stadium is filled with crazed fans. Irene and Glen are in the grandstand in the middle of a tightly packed crowd. Irene has a cup of beer in one hand and a hot dog in the other.

IRENE

Let's go, Cubbies!

Irene screams. The crowd erupts in excitement over a play on the field. Irene gestures in frustration with the hand holding the beer. She dumps the entire cup on Glen.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Come on, pitcher - pay attention!

Glen glares at her, simmering in silence. Irene finally notices him.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry. Want my hot dog?

She pushes a half eaten hot dog into his hand and turns her attention back to the game.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Come on, Cubbies! Get your head in the game!

Glen steams and says nothing. He just turns and leaves.

INT. THE RV - LATER

Dennis is still at the table working on his report. The door bursts open, Glen storms in and slams the door shut.

DENNIS

Is the game over already?

Glen heads straight for the driver's seat and slides in behind the wheel.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Why do you smell like beer?

GLEN

We're leaving. Now.

DENNIS

Whoa! What happened? Why do you smell like beer?

GLEN

Remember that marvelous memory I have from Chicago? Beer girl?

DENNIS

Lori.

GLEN

She spilled her beer on me? Said "Sorry!" in that special way? And gave me a hot dog?

DENNIS

Yeah...

GLEN

Lover just ripped it all away. The beer. "Sorry." AND the hot dog! All gone! Replaced with... HER!

Glen fumbles around searching for something.

DENNIS

Irene spilled beer on you?

GLEN

It was a golden SHOWER, Dennis. It was freaking "Singing in the Rain" - only with beer. It's time to go! WHERE THE HELL ARE THE KEYS?!!

DENNIS

I don't know. Irene drove last.

GLEN

SHE'S got the keys?

Glen stands, pushes his way past Dennis and heads toward the rear of the RV and begins to pace.

GLEN (CONT'D)

How is this fair? There's no escaping this woman!

DENNIS

Glen. Take it easy.

GLEN

Don't tell me to take it easy!

DENNIS

Maybe you should get a shower. You really reek of beer.

GLEN

Of course I reek of beer! I've had a freaking beer BATH!

DENNIS

I'm going to get you a towel and a change of clothes.

Dennis goes to the bedroom. Glen continues to pace. The door to the RV opens and Irene enters. She flings her baseball cap and jersey onto the couch.

IRENE

Did you see it?

GLEN

See what?

IRENE

The triple play!

GLEN

Triple play?

IRENE

Bases loaded. No outs. Bottom of the ninth - and the Cubs get out of the jam with a TRIPLE PLAY!

Dennis enters from the bedroom with a towel and a shirt.

IRENE (CONT'D)

I'm exhausted. I think I'll grab a quick shower. Thanks, Lover!

She snatches the shirt and towel from Dennis.

IRENE (CONT'D)

(to Glen)

Dude, you seriously reek of beer.

She goes into the bathroom and locks the door.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - LATER

The RV is cruising down the Beltway again.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Irene is driving. She talks to the boys's reflections in the rearview mirror.

IRENE

Where do we have to be tomorrow?

Dennis is at the table working. Glen is on the couch playing a video game on the small black and white TV.

DENNIS

Richmond - about a hundred miles.

IRENE

Great! I know a great place just south of here on I-95.

GLEN

(to Dennis, under his breath)

I can't wait.

(to Irene)

You know your way around D.C.?

IRENE

What - you think you're the only person to ever take a road trip?

GLEN

Hmph.

Dennis slides over to sit next to Glen.

DENNIS

What's the matter, kemosabe?  
Feeling a little emasculated?

GLEN

She's taken everything! The keys!  
Beer girl!

DENNIS

Lori.

GLEN

And this TV sucks!

DENNIS

It ALL sucks, I know. But I think  
I have a plan.

GLEN

A plan?

DENNIS

Yeah, I think after dinner  
tonight, we're going to fire  
Irene.

GLEN

But what about the kidnapping  
thing?

DENNIS

She's driving, isn't she?

GLEN

Oh, yeah...

DENNIS

In fact, she drove US out of West  
Virginia on her own.

GLEN

You know, for an English major,  
you're pretty smart.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RV cruises down the highway.

EXT. KK'S - NIGHT

The RV is parked in a corner of the lot.

INT. KK'S - CONTINUOUS

Irene, Glen and Dennis are seated at a table.

IRENE

Did you have a chance to look at the interior design ideas I told you about?

GLEN

Sorry. Hard to think on an empty stomach.

IRENE

Would it kill you to look at a new idea once in a while?

GLEN

New ideas are not my department, sunshine.

PAUL approaches.

PAUL

Hello, my name is Paul. What can I get you to drink?

IRENE

We'll have three Big Daddy burgers. Throw on everything. And a bucket of fries and three Cokes.

PAUL

The lady knows what she wants!

IRENE

Speaking of what I want... what time is your shift over?

PAUL

We're not really supposed to fraternize with the customers.

IRENE

I promise this will be worth your while. You see, we're talent scouts for a huge international restaurant chain.

(MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)  
We're searching the area for the  
best customer experience  
facilitators in town - and your  
name was forwarded to us.

PAUL  
What? You think I'm one of the  
best waiters--

IRENE  
Customer Experience Facilitator.

PAUL  
And you want to, what - interview  
me?

IRENE  
Put one of those Big Daddy's in a  
To Go box and we can get started  
right away.

Paul hurries off.

GLEN  
Irene!

IRENE  
What, you honestly expect me to  
believe Dennis is the only  
Casanova on the team?

DENNIS  
Irene.

IRENE  
Don't take it the wrong way,  
Lover. I had a great time. But  
tonight, waiter boy is going to be  
the one scratching my itch.

DENNIS  
We're letting you go, Irene.

IRENE  
Try and stop me.

DENNIS  
No. You don't understand. We're  
firing you.

IRENE  
No, you're not.

GLEN

Don't tell us we can't fire you.  
I'm VP of Talent Recruitment for  
the Eastern Region. And he's the  
number three linguistics expert in  
the company.

DENNIS

(to Glen)  
Number three?

IRENE

You're not firing me.

DENNIS

Yes. Yes, we are.

IRENE

No. No, you're not.

DENNIS

And why not?

IRENE

Two words, Lover. Sexual  
harassment.

DENNIS

What?!!

IRENE

You heard me.

DENNIS

No one's harassed you.

IRENE

Do you deny our early relationship  
was sexual in nature?

DENNIS

Yeah, but--

IRENE

You just try to fire me - I'll own  
your little restaurant chain,  
mister.

(to Glen)

And you'll be the VP of Restroom  
Attendants for the Eastern Region.

GLEN

Wait a minute!

IRENE

No. YOU wait a minute. I've got the keys. And I've got a hottie of a waiter who is about to get the interview of his life.

She throws a twenty-dollar bill on the table.

IRENE (CONT'D)

There's a twin cinema about a mile down the road.

She pulls her three-ring binder from her bag and slides across the table to Glen.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Or, if you're in the mood for reading, try this. Either way, come back to the camper before midnight and I'll scream rape.

Paul arrives with two enormous burgers, a bucket of fries and one To Go box.

PAUL

Here you go. And I'm officially off the clock.

IRENE

See? Fast service like that is what gets noticed by our company.  
(to Glen and Dennis)  
Gentlemen.

Irene gets up and leaves with Paul.

DENNIS

Well, that went well.

GLEN

Better than I expected. Pass the ketchup.

INT. CAROLINA PINES CAMPGROUND LAUNDRY - NIGHT

The boys are folding laundry.

GLEN

This is ridiculous. Three nights in a row! I just want my crappy little foldaway bed back. Is that too much to ask?

DENNIS

It does suck. Now, maybe you'll understand why I was so pissed off at you.

GLEN

My eyes are open, my friend. They're wide open - and bloodshot.

A dryer buzzer goes off.

DENNIS

Your panties are dry.

Glen grabs a basket and goes to a dryer. He dumps the whites into the basket, returns to the folding table and places a stack of neatly folded items on top of the whites.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

What, you're not gonna fold her undies?

GLEN

She doesn't wear them long enough to see the wrinkles. God, I want her gone!

DENNIS

Be patient, we'll think of something.

GLEN

You know what I really want?

DENNIS

Irene gone. I got it.

GLEN

Beer girl.

DENNIS

Lori.

GLEN

Yeah, Lori. We had a connection.

DENNIS

Dude, you had a one night stand! It's no different than what Irene's doing.

GLEN

No, man. We made a connection. It wasn't just physical. We stayed up talking all night. Beer girl --

DENNIS

Lori.

GLEN

Lori -- she may be my soul mate.

DENNIS

What?

GLEN

When all of this is over, we're going back to Chicago. You'll see. She might be the one.

Dennis throws a towel at Glen.

DENNIS

Get some sleep. You're delirious.

Glen plops across a couple of chairs and makes a pillow out of the towel.

GLEN

I think I've fallen in love with beer girl...

DENNIS

Lori!

GLEN

Lori.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV cruises down the highway and past a sign reading "Welcome to Georgia."

INT. THE RV - DAY

Glen is driving. Dennis is riding in the passenger seat.

GLEN

Wonder whatever happened to Little Miss Early Riser?

DENNIS

Don't complain. At least you're driving again.

GLEN  
Her "Adventures in Table Settings"  
are lasting deeper and deeper into  
the night.

Dennis' cell phone beeps.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
I miss our old system. At least WE  
planned ahead.

DENNIS  
Have you heard my phone ring?

GLEN  
No.

DENNIS  
We must have hit a pocket with no  
service. Three missed calls?

Dennis starts to place a call.

GLEN  
Here she comes.

Irene comes to the cab, wearing a long T-shirt.

IRENE  
Morning, boys.

GLEN  
Afternoon.

IRENE  
Where are we? We need to talk.

GLEN  
Just crossed into Georgia. We're  
just outside of Savannah.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Savannah? Could we visit my  
grandmother?

FREDDY, has poked his head out from behind the bedroom  
curtain.

IRENE  
Guys, meet Freddy.

Freddy waves to the guys.

FREDDY  
Hi, y'all!

Dennis closes his phone, staring at Freddy in disbelief.

INT. THE RV - LATER

Irene and Freddy are seated on one side of the table across from Glen. Dennis is pacing.

GLEN

Freddy, I want you to know that we don't blame you for any of this.

FREDDY

Yessir.

GLEN

The blame rests squarely on Ms. Clark. What happened last night was wrong. And we want you to know that we are going to take steps to make sure that it will never happen again. Do you understand?

FREDDY

Yessir.

GLEN

Now, we have prepared a brief document that we'd like you to sign. It says that you don't hold our company or officers responsible for Ms. Clark's actions and release us from any liability in any legal matters you might take at a later date.

FREDDY

Oh, I'm not gonna sue anybody.  
(to Irene)  
I had a great time last night.

GLEN

That may be, Freddy. But you understand our company can't condone behavior like this on company time, in a company vehicle, et cetera.

FREDDY

Yeah, I guess.

GLEN

So if you'll just sign here.

Dennis slides a paper and pen to Freddy, who signs it.

GLEN (CONT'D)

And since you are legally a MINOR  
in the state of Georgia...

Irene sinks a bit in her seat.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Mr. Engersol will sign as a  
witness.

Dennis stops pacing and signs the paper.

DENNIS

Now, Freddy, if you'd be so kind  
to give Mr. Womack directions to  
your grandmother's house. We'll be  
glad to drop you off.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LATER

Freddy waves as the RV pulls away from a quaint  
craftsman's house.

FREDDY

Call me!

INT. THE RV - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis and Irene sit across the table.

DENNIS

Ms. Clark, you have exposed this  
company to unacceptable  
liabilities - transporting a minor  
across state lines, kidnapping,  
statutory rape - and you have  
behaved in a manner completely out  
of step with our corporate  
culture. I am very disappointed--

IRENE

Save it, Lover. You can't tell me  
you haven't pulled the same stunt  
yourself because you pulled it  
with me!

DENNIS

No, Irene. I genuinely cared for  
you. I really thought you were  
special. I can honestly say you  
are the ONLY waitress I have ever  
attempted to forge a relationship  
with. That is NOT a lie.

IRENE

Hmph.

DENNIS

It IS the truth. But it was also a big mistake.

He slides an envelope to her.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

That's your salary to date. You'll understand if we don't include any severance pay. Now, where would you like us to drop you off?

IRENE

My sister's house isn't far from here. Left on Ninth, then about ten blocks to Terry.

DENNIS

(to Glen)  
Got that?

GLEN (O.S.)

Left on Ninth, ten blocks to Terry.

DENNIS

(to Irene)  
Get packed.

EXT. TERRY STREET - LATER

The RV pulls to a stop in front of a large white house. The door opens and Irene steps down a couple of steps. Dennis stands at the top of the steps.

IRENE

Dennis?

DENNIS

Yes?

IRENE

If it helps, I AM sorry.

DENNIS

Do you have everything?

She hands him her three-ring binder.

IRENE

Here. You should keep this. I don't want to add corporate espionage to my rap sheet.

DENNIS

Do you need anything?

IRENE

No. I can call my husband from here. He's in Atlanta.

DENNIS

Your husband?!!!

IRENE

My ex. Don't get so excited.

A beat.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Denny?

DENNIS

Yeah?

IRENE

Stay sweet.

DENNIS

Yeah.

Irene watches as the RV drives away.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

Dennis flops into the passenger seat and grabs his box of cereal.

GLEN

What did she say?

DENNIS

Stay sweet.

EXT. SAVANNAH - CONTINUOUS

The RV navigates the neighborhood streets.

GLEN

You are sweet.

DENNIS

Thanks. That means a lot coming from you.

GLEN

Where'd you get the money you gave her.

DENNIS

It's the rest of our beer budget.

GLEN

A worthwhile investment. What now?

DENNIS

Find a campground and crash.

GLEN

See? That's a sweet plan!

DENNIS

Let it go, Lover.

GLEN

Sure thing, sweetie!

EXT. SAVANNAH SPRINGS CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

Morning has broken.

INT. THE RV - CONTINUOUS

The boys are enjoying their morning. Dennis is seated at the table, leaning against the wall reading the paper. Glen is on his stomach on the couch reading the sports page. Dennis finishes with his section.

DENNIS

What's going on in the world of sports?

GLEN

Despite the once-in-a millennium bottom-of-the-ninth triple play, the Cubbies are firmly entrenched in last place.

DENNIS

Nothing in the news section about pigs flying or hell freezing over.

GLEN

But Irene IS gone.

DENNIS  
And the world begins to feel  
normal again.

Dennis' cell phone beeps.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Six missed calls? What the hell?

GLEN  
Shhhh. Employees aren't allowed to  
swear on the job.

DENNIS  
Did Irene set my phone to silent  
mode?

GLEN  
Oh. Yeah. Couple days ago. You  
were in the shower. It kept  
ringing. Forgot to tell you.

Dennis throws the paper at Glen.

DENNIS  
Did you ever think maybe someone  
was trying to TALK to me?

Dennis presses some buttons and listens to the phone. He  
digs through the pile of newspaper on the table to find a  
notebook and starts making notes.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Oh, no.

He presses another button.

GLEN  
I'm trying to read here.

DENNIS  
Yeah, I get that it's hard for  
you.

He presses another button.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Oh, God, Glen. They know.

GLEN  
Shhh.

DENNIS  
Glen. Pay attention! They know!

Another button.

GLEN

WHO knows? What do they know?

DENNIS

The school. Old Man Boeckmann. The entire review board - they've all left me personal messages. They know about what we've been doing.

Another button, another message.

GLEN

How do they know what we've been doing? And what HAVE we been doing? They've been getting their reports - haven't they?

DENNIS

That's not it.

GLEN

Then what?

DENNIS

Someone called the university trying to contact us.

GLEN

Who in the world would ever want to contact us?

Dennis closes his phone with dread.

DENNIS

They've cut off our credit cards. We're dead in the water. We have to return to Minnesota immediately.

GLEN

That's crazy! Why would they cut us off?

DENNIS

I'm done. I'm never going to get my Master's. It's over. What am I going to do?

There is a pounding at the RV door.

GLEN

Who could that be?

DENNIS

Gloria.

GLEN

Gloria?

The door open and Gloria flies up the steps. She throws herself at Dennis, wrapping her scrawny legs and arms around him, while planting a big, wet kiss on his mouth.

GLORIA

Denny! I finally found you!

Glen jumps to his feet.

GLEN

Gloria!

GLORIA

You don't know how hard it was to track you down! All I had was the credit card receipt from the restaurant and your name, but that nice man at the University - Dr. Boeckmann - he helped me out! Sent me your schedule and everything!

She continues to smooch on him.

DENNIS

You talked to Old Man Boeckmann?

GLORIA

He was very helpful.

DENNIS

Gloria?

GLORIA

Yes, Denny?

DENNIS

Stop for a minute, would you?

She stops kissing him.

GLORIA

Just for a minute!

DENNIS

Where's Carl? Your husband?

Glen suddenly remembers Carl - and his gun. He drops low, climbs onto the couch and peeks out the window.

GLORIA

Carl's gone.

DENNIS

Gone?

GLORIA

Yeah, the sow that bit him...down there?

DENNIS

Yes?

GLORIA

Carl's therapist thought it would be a good idea for Carl to meet with the sow - you know, eye to eye - and forgive her. And... well apparently one taste of Carl wasn't enough.

DENNIS

What happened?

GLORIA

Bit off a whole lot more than his pecker this time. Killed him dead. It's sad, really. Carl was living his life long dream of being a pig farmer. At least I can take comfort in knowing he went out doing what he loved.

A beat.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

And that means now I can do what I love! You!

She navigates him toward the rear of the camper.

DENNIS

Wait, Gloria. I really don't think this is a good idea.

GLORIA

Momma's going to take good care of you, Denny.

DENNIS

Please, don't!

GLORIA

I'm a grieving widow. Hold me!

She throws herself at him with surprising force and they crash through the bedroom curtain.

Glen returns to the newspaper. He continues to read while Dennis' screams of protest echo from the back. Slowly those screams of protest transition to become howls of pleasure. They build to a climax, and then....silence.

Glen turns a page in the paper.

GLEN

You okay in there?

Dennis emerges, naked, wrapping himself in the bedroom curtain.

DENNIS

She's grieving.

GLEN

Yeah. I got that part. What do we do now?

DENNIS

Right now, I don't think I care.

Gloria's bony, skinny hand appears over Dennis' shoulder and starts to drag him back into the bedroom.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I have to go. You gonna be okay?

GLEN

Go. I have a twelve-inch TV and no beer. What more could I want?

Gloria pulls Dennis into the bedroom.

Glen finishes the sports page and tosses it onto a pile of newspapers at end of the couch. It causes the pile to shift, and fall to the floor, revealing Irene's "Trafalgar's" three-ring binder.

Glen picks up the binder and thumbs through it.

Irene has been very thorough in her note taking. Every concept that the boys threw at her is recorded in meticulous detail. There are hand drawn organizational charts, budgets, her uniform design, dining room plans and lots and lots of notes.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Irene, honey, what have you done?

Glen ponders for a moment, then looks back toward the bedroom and ponders again. He continues to thumb through the notes as he goes to the bedroom.

Glen knocks on the wall next to the curtain.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Guys? Hate to interrupt.

Dennis pokes his head out through the curtain.

DENNIS

Yeah?

GLEN

Got a question for Gloria.

Gloria, naked, comes out from behind the curtain.

GLORIA

Yes?

GLEN

Here, you might want this.

Glen grabs one corner of the curtain and hands it to her.

GLORIA

Thank you.

GLEN

By any chance, did Carl have any life insurance?

GLORIA

Oh, yes! That was one thing he believed in. Wouldn't go to church with me - because he thought his accident made him Jewish. But he believed in life insurance.

GLEN

May I ask how much he had?

GLORIA

A million dollars.

DENNIS

A million dollars?

GLORIA

(to Dennis)

Pig farming can be a lucrative venture.

GLEN

What about the farm itself?

GLORIA

I sold it.

(to Dennis)

Tired of everything smelling like pig shit.

GLEN

How much did you get for the farm?

GLORIA

The farm, the pigs, the house, the trucks, the whole thing. One million, two forty-five.

DENNIS

So, you're worth over two million?

GLORIA

More like six - after the settlement I got from the therapist. But the money doesn't matter, Denny. I'd give it all up if it meant I could have you.

Glen holds up the three-ring binder so Dennis can see it.

DENNIS

What's that?

GLEN

This? It's the thing dreams are made of.

TITLE CARD: "FIVE YEARS LATER..."

TITLE CARD: "SAVANNAH, GEORGIA"

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A small crowd of dignitaries has gathered for a ribbon-cutting ceremony. Dennis, Glen, Gloria and Lori stand proudly behind a big red ribbon. They are dressed in professional attire and are beaming with pride. Irene is at a nearby podium.

IRENE

Thank you all for coming today. I'm Irene Clark, Manager of Trafalgar's Family Restaurants, Savannah.

(MORE)

IRENE.(CONT'D)  
Welcome to our opening ceremonies  
for Trafalgar's number seven.

The crowd applauds.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
Now I'd like to introduce  
Trafalgar's CEO and co-founder,  
Mr. Dennis Engersol.

More applause as Dennis moves to the podium.

DENNIS  
Thank you, Irene. We know you'll  
work hard to make Trafalgar's as  
successful in Savannah as it has  
been in our other locations. I  
want to recognize my partners in  
crime, our CFO, Mr. Glen Womack...

Glen waves to a smattering of applause.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
...our VP of Employee Relations,  
my wife, the lovely Gloria  
Engersol...

Gloria steps forward a bit. She looks great, dressed in a  
smart, bright red business suit that compliments her new  
buxom shape.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
...and our VP of Customer  
Relations, Lori Womack.

Glen gives Lori a squeeze and a peck on the cheek.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
So, how did two grad school drop  
outs manage to build the fastest  
growing family restaurant chain in  
the country? I'll tell you how -  
with fantastic ideas no one should  
have ever believed in...

Glen smiles.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
... a driven team who took those  
ideas from sketches on napkins to  
reality...

Irene nods.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

... and for me and my partner, the support of two incredible women who came into our hearts when we least expected it...

Gloria beams. Lori blushes a bit.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Savannah represents an important turning point in the Trafalgar's story and we are proud to finally be able to return home to where it all almost ended, just before it all began.

Dennis joins the others at the ribbon as Irene distributes oversized scissors. Gloria kisses Dennis on the cheek.

GLEN

Everyone ready?

ALL

Ready!

GLEN

One...

DENNIS

Two...

ALL

Three!

They cut the ribbon as hundreds of balloons rise to sky. The crowd cheers and the big brass doors open. Dozens of dignitaries and customers enter the building.

A eight-foot tall replica of a lion from Picadilly Circus guards the entrance to the restaurant. A plaque on the statue reads "FOR CARL, WHO MADE IT ALL POSSIBLE."

Glen, Irene, Dennis, Lori and Gloria gather in front of the lion as photographers snap pictures of them. The boys shake hands. Cameras flash again.

The screen pops to a bright white, then...

FADE TO BLACK.