

TODD  
Okay...you sleep.

Todd gets up, kisses his finger and puts it on Jeremy's lips.

JEREMY  
Okay. Good enough.

Todd smiles and exits. Jeremy, shaken, looks upward.

JEREMY  
(continuing)  
Lord! How much more of this can I  
take?!

INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

John is at the breakfast table, eating some bacon, reading the newspaper, drinking coffee in a gargantuan kitchen. Jeremy stumbles, exhausted, into the kitchen. A COOK is making all kinds of breakfast things. He pours Jeremy some coffee and exits.

JOHN  
You know they'll make you anything  
you want here? Waffles, bacon,  
whatever....

JEREMY  
Oh that's swell, John.

JOHN  
What's your problem?

JEREMY  
What's my problem? Oh, I didn't  
sleep too well.

JOHN  
Why not?

JEREMY  
Well, besides the bone-crushing  
pain and the midnight rape, there  
was a nude gay art show at 4 a.m.

JOHN  
(ignoring Jeremy,  
reading paper)  
Phew. Red Sox are taking it in the  
shorts.

JEREMY  
I'm taking it in the shorts!

JOHN  
Have some toast.

JEREMY  
I'm too traumatized for toast!

JEREMY  
(continuing)  
Look, I'm going to say this as nicely as possible: if we don't get the fuck out of here right now I'm going to kill you.

JOHN  
Can't do it.

JEREMY  
Why not?!

JOHN  
I need another day.

JEREMY  
(loudly)  
For what?! She's got a boyfriend. Plus, her own mental hospital here to entertain him!

JOHN  
Sssh! Keep it down! I think Claire's into me. Plus, the boyfriend's a complete tool.

JEREMY  
Okay, we think the boyfriend's a tool. Maybe the whole world thinks the boyfriends a tool. But if she's doesn't think the boyfriend's a tool then the game's over.

JOHN  
The game's never over.

JEREMY  
John, the rules are really clear about boyfriends and--

JOHN  
Will you stop it with the rules,  
already?! Fuck the rules!

JEREMY  
(hurt)  
"Fuck the rules?" How can you say  
that?! You're a very insensitive  
man.

JOHN  
This isn't about the rules, okay?!  
This is about love!

JEREMY  
Love?!  
(deep breath)  
Well...okay. The rules do in fact  
make provisions for what we delude  
ourselves into thinking is love.

JOHN  
Oh Jesus....

JEREMY  
Come on! How can it be love?  
You've known her for a day.

JOHN  
I don't know, Jeremy. I can't  
explain it. Chemical? Fate? I  
don't know. I just know!

0 / Start

JEREMY  
Fine. I understand. I'm outta  
here. Good luck.

sk down  
JOHN  
No, no, no. You can't leave!

JEREMY  
Why not?!

JOHN  
Because that'll create a huge  
shitstorm with Gloria! It'll focus  
the attention there!

JEREMY  
I don't give a baker's fuck! I had  
my own sweat sock duct-taped into  
my mouth last night!  
(off John's look)  
Long story.

JOHN  
I need you to help me. I mean what  
do the rules say about abandonment?

JEREMY  
(grudgingly)  
"Never leave a fellow crasher  
stranded. Wedding crashers take  
care of their own."

JOHN  
That's right.

JEREMY  
I hate you...

JOHN  
Have some more toast.

JEREMY  
(sighs)  
I want a waffle.

JOHN  
Good! That's good.  
(calling out to the  
cook)  
Can we get this man a waffle?

John smiles and slaps Jeremy on the shoulder.

INT. SACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sack, looking haggard, reaches for the phone. He dials and it  
rings. We cut between he and his friend TRAP MITCHELL.

EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE/INT. SACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trap Mitchell, sipping a gin and tonic in a palatial Cape Cod  
backyard, picks up the phone.

TRAP  
Hello?

SACK  
Trapster, it's Sack.