

FADE IN

INT. MATHERS APARTMENT - DAY

The one bedroom apartment is richly furnished.

The latest and best electronic gadgets are displayed throughout.

Add to that the five hundred gallon fish aquarium that is used for a room divider, and the apartment screams: LOOK AT ME!

CARL MATHERS, late 20's, leans back on the couch.

His lap top computer is perched on the edge of the coffee table.

Carl's attire is like his apartment, only the best.

If Carl were crass enough to wear a tee shirt, his would say: I'M BIG AND BAD AND OUT-EARN DAD!

MUSIC is playing softly in the background as the doorbell RINGS.

Carl slowly makes his way to the front door.

The doorbell RINGS urgently.

CARL

All right, already! What's on
freaking fire -

As the door opens, EVAN LAMBERT, a Tasmanian Devil in the guise of a three year old bursts past Carl and into the bowels of the apartment.

KEITH LAMBERT, 30's, looking worn and haggard, shoves a small suitcase into Carl's unwilling arms as he spits out his request/demand rapidly.

Carl pushes the suitcase back and a 'shove-a-war' with the suitcase begins between the two men.

KEITH

Judy's in labor! There's no one -

CARL

Isn't it too early for -

KEITH

Three weeks. There are two sets of clothes, a list of his allergies and doctors -

CARL

Allergies - ?

KEITH

- his favorite book -

CARL

- favorite - ?

KEITH

I'll be back as soon as I can -

CARL

No. No way! I've got a presentation -

KEITH

Sorry to do this, but there's no one -

CARL

Yes there is. There's a whole world of some ones out there -

KEITH

I gotta hurry, I don't want her to have the baby in the car!

Keith abruptly shoves the suitcase firmly into Carl's arms before fleeing.

Carl yells at his brother-in-law's disappearing back.

CARL

You married my sister just so you could do this to me, didn't you?

Carl shuts the door, putting the case down.

Evan's not in sight.

CARL (cont'd)

Evan? Just hang out little buddy. I've got work to do.

Carl listens a moment before he returns to his lap top.

Evan appears at the fish aquarium.

He drops a palm pilot into the tank and watches it sink.

Amused, he takes off.

Carl looks over from his computer and sees nothing. His attention returns to the screen.

Evan sends Carl's cell phone after the palm pilot.

Enjoying that, he follows up with the BMW car keys, a calculator and an iPod.

Carl looks up.

CARL (cont'd)
What are you doing? You little
freak!

Evan bolts across the room as Carl arrives at the tank.

Carl wags his finger threateningly at Evan who's safely out of reach.

CARL (cont'd)
Knock it off, Cousteau, or you'll
be playing Finding Nemo without the
clown fish!

As Carl attempts to fish the items from the tank, Evan goes to the stereo equipment, turning every knob.

He finds the volume.

The music is DEAFENING.

Carl vaults to the stereo and Evan flees.

Getting the music switched off quickly, Carl sighs with relief.

He scans the area for Evan.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Carl finds Evan emptying the refrigerator contents onto the floor.

CARL
No, no, no, no! That's caviar! Do
you know what Beluga caviar is?
Well it's not lump fish, let me
tell you! Not at ninety-five
dollars an ounce it's not.

EVAN

Stupid!

CARL

Spoken like someone who doesn't
make his own money.

Carl quickly returns the items to the fridge.

EVAN

Poo poo head.

He hauls Evan up and tucks him under his arm at his side.

CARL

Alright you little hellion. Come
with me.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carl places the lap top on the bed.

There is a sex swing swung to one side of the room.

Carl unhooks the swing so it hangs straight down in the
middle of the room and straps Evan into it.

Evan GIGGLES and LAUGHS as Carl pushes the swing with one
hand, working the lap top with the other.

GIRLFRIEND

What do you think you're doing?

A beautiful young WOMAN, 20's, with a model-thin and "look at
me, I have breasts" body is standing in the doorway of the
bedroom.

CARL

Trying to finish my ad campaign. I
gotta present first thing in the
morning.

GIRLFRIEND

No you moron, the little boy.

She extricates Evan from the swing.

CARL

He was getting into everything. I
had to find a way to occupy him.

GIRLFRIEND
 (whispering)
 I can't believe you put him in...
 That thing. All the times we...

EVAN
 Drink!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She sets Evan on the counter and begins searching the cupboards over his head.

GIRLFRIEND
 You poor sweetie. What has that
 terrible man been doing to you?

EVAN
 Stupid!

GIRLFRIEND
 I couldn't agree more. That's why
 I left him.

CARL
 Yeah, so what are you doing back
 here?

GIRLFRIEND
 You said you wanted your key.
 Besides, I forgot my toothbrush.

She pours juice into a cup and gives it to Evan before helping him down.

CARL
 Maybe leaving your toothbrush
 behind was a sign that you really
 don't want to leave me.

Evan slips from the room with his juice.

GIRLFRIEND
 Dream on, Ad Man. If you'd paid as
 much attention to me as you do your
 career, we'd be married by now.

CARL
 I guess that's why work comes
 first.

She fires an "not amused" glare.

He pretends he's been torpedoed. He loudly imitates Titanic in its final moan.

She stalks from the room.

CARL (cont'd)
Kidding. I'm kidding!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carl follows his girlfriend in. Evan is introducing juice into the keyboard of the lap top computer.

GIRLFRIEND
Not spending time with me is just one of our problems. You didn't even remember my birthday.

CARL
I did too. I've got your present in the living room.

GIRLFRIEND
Must not be very big, because I didn't see it.

CARL
You little ass!

GIRLFRIEND
How dare you!

Carl rushes to the bed, but Evan gets away leaving Carl hovering over his lap top.

CARL
He poured the damned juice all -

GIRLFRIEND
Language! He's only, what? Three?

CARL
Three going on terminal if I get my hands on that little disaster!

GIRLFRIEND
I'll go look for my present.

She takes Evan with her for safety.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The girl moves around, looking. She lets go of Evan's hand and he bolts.

Carl comes in looking too.

CARL

I can't find my freaking cell phone
to call the tech people.

GIRLFRIEND

You're always bragging about how
much money you make, buy a new one.

The two of them face off in front of the aquarium.

CARL

That was another one of our
problems.

(Mimicking her)

Buy me this. Buy me that.

GIRLFRIEND

What do you expect when you're
always beating people to death with
your pay stub!

Just between them, in the tank, TWO FISH are bumping a small
box with a ribbon on it back and forth with their mouths in a
slow motion water ballet.

CARL

I'm proud of what I do and I won't
apologize for making good money!

GIRLFRIEND

Well, Mister Good Money, where's my
present? I knew you forgot.

Carl turns his head to scan the room, looking everywhere but
the tank.

CARL

I didn't this time, I swear! It's
here... somewhere.

GIRLFRIEND

Right.

She heads for the door.

CARL
No, really. Don't leave until I
can find it.

GIRLFRIEND
I think I've spent quite enough
time here.

She's out the front door with a SLAM.

CARL
That makes two of us!

Going to the big screen television, Carl turns it to
cartoons.

Instantly, Evan materializes in front of it.

CARL (cont'd)
All right. Now we're talking.

Like a zombie, Evan allows himself to be guided back by Carl
to the couch.

Carl watches for a moment and then waves his hand back and
forth in front of the kid's eyes.

Evan is entranced.

CARL (cont'd)
(kidding)
Hey, the house is on fire!
(Beat)
Look, it's SpongeBob!

Evan pays Carl no attention. Satisfied, Carl goes to his
desk and begins working on his desk top computer.

Evan grabs his crotch and holds it while watching cartoons.
After a few moments, Evan begins to bounce up and down
uncomfortably.

So involved is he with his cartoon experience, Evan stands up
and pees on the couch.

Carl lifts his head at the sound.

CARL (cont'd)
Hey! That's cashmere, you fire
hose!

Evan runs for his life as Carl chases him.

CARL (cont'd)
Do you know how many goats froze
their nuts off last winter so I
could have that couch?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carl corners Evan. The youngster has Carl's ten thousand dollar Rolex watch trained over the open toilet bowl.

CARL
Joke's on you kid, it's waterproof.

Evan drops the watch into the toilet and flushes.

CARL (cont'd)
No!

Carl runs and shoves his hand into the toilet bowl. Evan tries to make a break for it, but Carl grabs him.

CARL (cont'd)
You're gonna pay for that!

Rising, Carl turns Evan up side down, sticks his head in the toilet and flushes several times.

CARL (cont'd)
Like that? Feel like a Rolex yet?
Huh, kid?

Evan SCREAMS bloody murder.

Looking and feeling guilty, he lets the kid down. Grabbing a towel, he dries off Evan none too gently.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Carl rifles through the fridge while holding Evan. He discovers left-over cheese cake.

CARL
Here ya go, kid.

He puts Evan at the table and the kid downs the cheese cake.

CARL (cont'd)
Wait here. I'm going to see if I
can salvage my couch.

He leaves with a roll of paper towels.

Finished, Evan wipes off his hands on the table cloth. He spies a small kitchen step ladder. Pulling it over to the counter, Evan climbs up and goes through the cabinets.

He discovers a box of real Cuban cigars.

EVAN
Smoking poo-poo.

He empties the box into the garbage disposal and sits on the sink, flipping a nearby switch. The cigars shiver and whip around in tight circles as they sink into mouth of the disposal.

Carl comes rushing in.

CARL
What's that sound? What are you up
to?

He turns off the disposal and fishes the remnants of the cigars from the disposal.

CARL (cont'd)
If Castro knew about this, he put a
hit out on you. And I'd collect
the fee!

Evan runs from the room as Carl tries to salvage his cigars.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan arrives at the desk. He looks at the keyboard.

EVAN
Daddy delete.

He pushes the delete button. The screen clears.

Carl arrives to find his work gone.

EXT. WINDOWS OF MATHERS APT - CONTINUOUS

The SCREAM of a wounded animal rattles the glass.

INT. MATHERS APARTMENT - LATER

The SOUND of duct tape being pulled from its roll can be heard as Carl rises up from behind the chair Evan is in.

He has covered Evan's entire body and the chair until there is not one inch of duct tape is left on the roll.

Carl tosses the empty roll over his shoulder.

CARL

My campaign is gonna make the Nike deal look like a "B" movie. This will move me up to the executive suite. I'm landing this account and no piss-filled, anti-smoking brat is gonna stop me!

Carl returns to his computer and begins working furiously.

INT. MATHERS APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Carl's girlfriend comes through the door. She's carrying a tea cup-sized poodle in her arms. She stops in her tracks when she spies Evan taped to the chair.

GIRLFRIEND

I can't believe you - you - child abuser.

CARL

What are you doing here? I see you more now than when we were together!

GIRLFRIEND

I didn't take my toothbrush last time. Release that kid or I'm going to report you to child welfare.

CARL

You didn't mind being tied up.

She stomps off into the bathroom.

CARL (cont'd)

(to himself)

Child welfare? What about the abuse my apartment is taking? Or me?

Carl cuts Evan free.

His girlfriend returns with her toothbrush and sets the apartment key on the coffee table. She unhooks the dog's leash which is attached to a spooler and hands it over to Carl.

GIRLFRIEND

At least this is more humane than duct tape.

Carl hooks Evan up by his jeans loop in the back. Evan walks across the room as the tether spools out. Reaching the end, he strains to go further.

CARL

Listen, I've been under a lot of pressure lately. I need you. I don't want to lose you. Can't you stay so we can talk?

GIRLFRIEND

I'm not baby sitting the kid.

Evan 'snaps back' after reaching the end of the tether and takes out every breakable item in his path.

CARL

Jesus!

A giggling Evan is unhurt, but the same can't be said of the living room which is now littered with debris.

Carl's girlfriend tries to stifle a grin.

GIRLFRIEND

I think you'll grow from this experience. Good luck.

She's out the door again.

CARL

(to self)

I think if you fell down the elevator shaft, I'd grow from that experience too.

Evan and Carl stare at each other.

EVAN

Poo-poo head.

Carl grabs up Evan, takes him to the hall closet and opens the door. There is a hook on the inside of the door.

Carl hangs Evan on it by his clothes. Evan kicks his feet which causes the door to sway slightly. He likes it. He does it repeatedly.

Carl walks over to the desk and begins working again.

INT. MATHERS APARTMENT - LATER

Carl sits back triumphantly as he admires his work.

CARL

It's the best presentation of my
life. You should see it kid.

He looks up at the closet door but Evan is gone. Carl bolts up from his chair and starts searching the apartment.

CARL (cont'd)

Hey little buddy, where are you?

He does the circuit until he spies the open front door.

CARL (cont'd)

Christ on a cracker!

INT. HALLWAY OF APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Carl's head swings back and forth several times as he surveys the hallway. He notices the elevator doors are closing.

CARL

Evan!

Carl sprints to the doors but they are closed and punching the elevator call button several times does not open them.

He watches the LED read-out above the door spell out: Lobby.

CARL (cont'd)

No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no!

INT. STAIRWELL OF APT - CONTINUOUS

Carl slams into the stairwell and takes the stairs down three at a time, holding onto the side rail to keep his balance.

INT. LOBBY OF APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Carl spills into the lobby from the stairwell.

He races to the elevator but finds it empty.

CARL

This can't be happening to me!

He frantically searches the lobby.

CARL (cont'd)
 Doorman? Doorman? Where the
 hell's is the doorman? What am I
 paying four grand a month for?

EXT. CARL'S APT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Carl starts grabbing passing PEDESTRIANS.

CARL
 Have you seen a small boy? Have
 you seen a kid run this way? Have
 you seen a kid go by? Have you
 seen my nephew, he's about this
 high?

He makes the mistake of grabbing an ELDERLY WOMAN waiting for
 the light to change at the corner.

CARL (cont'd)
 Hey! Lady, have you seen -

The startled old woman maces him in the face.

CARL (cont'd)
 Arggggggggggggggggggggggggggg!

He's blinded.

His hands instantly go to his eyes as he stumbles around.

He bumps into people and things.

He knocks over trash cans, sends fruit rolling off of stands,
 and stumbles into traffic.

Cars SQUEAL their brakes or swerve around him.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

His eyes still burning and closed, Carl feels his way along
 the wall of a building.

A young MAN walking through the alley notices him.

YOUNG MAN
 Hey, dude, what's wrong with you?

CARL
 Oh, thank God! Help me! Please!
 Some old lady maced me and I can't
 see a thing!

YOUNG MAN

Really?

The young man instantly grabs Carl's back pant pockets and tries to wrestle his wallet out.

CARL

Hey! What are you doing?

Carl tries to run away but winds up being swung around in circles by the young man.

The two struggle and the young man winds up ripping off the pockets and shredding the pant legs.

The waistband of the pants is useless and pool around Carl's ankles.

The young man runs off with the wallet.

Completely disoriented, Carl stumbles out of the alley, his pants still around his ankles.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

People are shocked by Carl's appearance and hurry away from him.

He walks with his arms stretched out in front of himself to keep from taking a header.

At another corner, his hands smash into a woman's rather large bust.

She SCREAMS and begins hitting him with her purse.

CARL

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I can't
freakin' see, alright!

A POLICE OFFICER is lured by the ruckus.

BUXOM WOMAN

Officer! Officer! This - this
flasher grabbed my breasts!

CARL

Calm down lady, it wasn't that
damned exciting, alright?

The police officer grabs his microphone from his shoulder.

POLICE OFFICER
Charles fourteen to dispatch.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Charles fourteen, go.

POLICE OFFICER
Yeah, I got a flasher Sixth and
Lawrence. Send a car will ya?

CARL
No, officer! You don't understand!
I was looking for a little boy when
this woman -

POLICE OFFICER
Oh, a pedophile, huh?

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

The cell door slides closed behind Carl with a CLANGING sound of metal on metal.

Carl's tattered pants are now tucked into the waistband of his underwear to keep them up.

His eyes are now open but scarlet red in and around the eyes.

There are other MEN in the cell but Carl avoids them and settles down into a corner on a bench against the wall.

He lolls his head back against the wall and closes his eyes.

He lets a tired sign escape.

A rather large INMATE rises from his bench and saunters over toward Carl.

LARGE INMATE
Well, looky what we got here.

Carl's eyes fly open and big like round saucers.

The large inmate gives him a lop-sided grin.

LARGE INMATE (cont'd)
Yer a cute little feller, aint ya.

INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE SERGEANT looks up from his crossword puzzle for a moment.

POLICE SERGEANT
Six letter word for death throe...

Carl's SCREAM is heard from the cell.

CARL
Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

POLICE SERGEANT
Oh, yeah, "scream".

He goes back to his puzzle.

INT. JAIL FRONT DESK - LATER

Carl's girlfriend stops in front of the POLICE OFFICER sitting at the front desk.

GIRLFRIEND
I'm here for Carl Mathers.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

The cell has been transformed into a class room with the benches lined up in rows and the inmates are listening raptly to Carl speak.

CARL
...and that's the difference
between Hedge funds and Annuities.

An INMATE raises his hand.

CARL (cont'd)
Yes, you in the back.

INMATE #2
Could you go over the difference
between gross and net profits
again?

A JAIL OFFICER comes up to the cell door and unlocks it.

JAIL OFFICER
Okay Mathers, you've been bailed.

A collective groan rises from the inmates.

CARL
Hey! Hey! Look at the bright
side.

(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)
You've all learned to double your profits from the sale of your stolen goods, so our time together was not wasted.

The Inmates nod and seem placated.

INT. MATHERS APARTMENT - LATER

Carl comes in followed by his girlfriend.

He looks completely exhausted and beaten down.

GIRLFRIEND
Okay, we're here. Now what is it you want to say - besides thank you, by the way.

CARL
Natalie, I said thank you three times.

GIRLFRIEND
Four never hurts.

CARL
Natalie, thank you. You are the most wonderful woman I have ever known. And I lost my nephew Evan.

GIRLFRIEND
You what? Why are you telling me this now? We were at the police station we should have told them!

CARL
And wind up in prison the rest of my life? No-thank-you. The way my luck's been going today, they would've thrown away the key!

Carl makes his way to his desk and pulls out a check book from one of the drawers.

GIRLFRIEND
What are you going to do now?

CARL
I'm going to write you a check for the bail money - unless you're going to insist on cash.

She moves to the back of the couch and puts her purse down.

GIRLFRIEND

What about Evan? Aren't you even concerned about where - oh, um, Carl...

CARL

Yeah, babe?

GIRLFRIEND

Look what I found.

Carl rips the check from the book as he rises.

CARL

What?

He moves toward her and notices her looking down. Evan is curled up fast asleep on the dry section of the couch.

GIRLFRIEND

How cute, he's been here the entire time.

CARL

Damnably harpy from hell!

He hands her the check.

GIRLFRIEND

You'd better be referring to him.

CARL

Of course. Will you do me one last favor?

GIRLFRIEND

I'm not taking him home with me.

CARL

No, will you watch him while I take a shower and change? Please.

GIRLFRIEND

All right. I'll do that much.

Carl kisses her briefly on the cheek.

CARL

Thank you five times.

INT. MATHERS APARTMENT - LATER

Carl waves goodbye to Natalie and shuts the front door.

He looks refreshed from his shower and with his clean clothes.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Arriving at the fridge, Carl pulls out a bottle of champagne.

He takes off the foil and aims the bottle at a little basketball net on the far wall.

He pushes the top off with his thumbs and the cork bullets its way across the room and goes through the hoop.

CARL

Yes!

He does a little spin before going to a cupboard and pulling out a champagne flute.

EVAN

Drink!

CARL

Hey little buddy, you're up, huh?
Too bad, was kinda hoping you'd
stay out longer.

EVAN

Drink!

CARL

No, this is grown up juice. Not
meant for little kids.

EVAN

Juice.

Carl pulls a small glass from the cupboard.

CARL

On second thought, this just might
put you back to sleep.

INT. MATHERS APARTMENT - LATER

Carl is sitting on the dry end of the couch with Evan as they share the bottle of champagne.

CARL

I could teach you the business, you
know.

(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)
Hey, maybe even go into our own
business and be partners. Like
that champagne, do you?

EVAN
No!

Evan up ends the bottle with Carl's help and drinks more.

CARL
Take it easy there son. The good
life's addictive, isn't it?

INT. MATHERS APARTMENT - LATER

The brother-in-law arrives to find the two of them passed out
on the couch.

There is no wall, piece of furniture or object in Carl's
apartment that has not been assaulted, slimed, dunked or
violated.

He tries to slip Evan out of his uncle's arms.

Carl speaks without moving or opening his eyes.

CARL
Boy or girl?

KEITH
Twins actually.

CARL
You get my sister pregnant again
and I'll kill you.

Carl gets up and escorts his brother-in-law and nephew to the
door.

Smiling, Keith carries Evan out and Carl closes the door,
locking every lock.

KEITH (O.S.)
Is that alcohol I smell?

Carl grins and does a silent "touch down" dance.

FADE TO BLACK.

--- END ---