

WEEKEND AT BERNIE'S III

Screenplay by

Pete Johnson & Craig Douglas Miller

Based on characters by Robert Klane

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - EVENING

Open on archival footage of an Entertainment Tonight segment covering the red carpet premiere of Weekend at Bernie's.

ANDREW MCCARTHY and JONATHAN SILVERMAN are in their absolute primes. Two young, handsome heart throbs-rising stars who have the world by the tail. Their eyes twinkle with the innocence and excitement of newly minted Hollywood stars. They pose for photographers and sign autographs for smitten fans. We hear an Entertainment Tonight HOST voice over.

HOST (V.O.)

This week in Hollywood, the star-studded premiere of the new comedy Weekend at Bernie's. And no stars shined brighter than the film's two heartthrob co-stars, Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman.

Andrew answers a question from an off-camera INTERVIEWER.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

We're just so excited. The movie's amazing, and working with Jonathan, so much fun. Jonathan! Get over here!

Jonathan Silverman enters the frame, and Andrew puts his arm around him like they're the best friends on Earth.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

What did this guy tell you??

ANDREW MCCARTHY

That we're awesome!!

They both laugh. It's the happiest moment of their lives.

FADE TO:

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE IN SANTA MONICA - LATE AFTERNOON

Andrew McCarthy, present day. Eyes closed, stringy hair flapping in a hot gust of California fire-wind. He's old and disheveled, with big bags under his bloodshot eyes.

He's extremely high and extremely hungover. Cars streak by him, almost hitting him. We hear the faintest sounds of horns and the howls of angry motorists passing by.

We pull out to reveal Andrew is wearing a large, frilly Victorian collar. Eyes still closed, hair still flowing in the wind.

We pull even farther out to reveal that Andrew is riding a Bird scooter, very badly, zipping the wrong way down Ocean Avenue, wearing a full Shakespearian theatrical costume.

Super: Weekend at Bernie's III.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE COMMUNITY THEATER - EARLY EVENING

Andrew is doing his makeup for a production of MacBeth. He applies powder, then leans over to not-so-secretly hork a loooooong line of cocaine—leaving a glop on the tip of his nose.

He accidentally rubs some of the cocaine on his cheek, thinking it's makeup powder. Then, realizing his mistake, tries to rub that off and onto his gums.

The community theater DIRECTOR (60s) enters, looking decidedly unhappy.

DIRECTOR

Andrew.

Andrew looks up cock-eyed at him, sensing his disapproval.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Leave me alone. I can do this in my sleep.

DIRECTOR

No. What you *need* is some sleep.

Andrew is a fidgety mess. 1000 miles an hour.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What are you going to do? Put Gil on? That fucking twerp.

We see young GIL (21), his understudy, sitting in a chair far away backstage. All the other actors are watching this exchange intently.

DIRECTOR

Yes, that's exactly what I'm going to do.

Gil pumps his fist happily. He's youthful and innocent, and this is his moment to shine.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
He's a hack and so are you.

Andrew knocks his makeup to the floor.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)  
And so am I.

Andrew pulls a bottle of cheap whiskey out of his drawer and chugs it, then hands the empty bottle to Gil as he pushes his way out.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)  
Have at it, Gil. Break a leg.

Andrew ambles out from backstage through the curtain area, and onto the stage with the houselights still on.

INT. COMMUNITY THEATER FRONT OF HOUSE - EVENING

The crowd is confused. They start to clap. Andrew takes a deeply sarcastic bow, clumsily lights a cigarette and hops down into the seats.

He walks up the center aisle and out toward the parking lot.

FADE TO:

INT. JONATHAN SILVERMAN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Jonathan Silverman sits in his lovely home office, well-dressed, gracefully aged, but with a world weary, forced positive vibe. He hunches over his computer, using his webcam to record a personalized video greeting on Cameo.com, a website that sells personalized video greetings from B-list celebrities. He clicks through to see the prices, which are different for each celebrity. At \$50, he is among the lowest.

He starts to record, feigning enthusiasm.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Hi there, Mrs. Leibowitz. It's me, Jonathan Silverman. I just wanted to wish you, the happiest of 80th birthdays. Although you'll only get one 80th birthday, so I suppose it'll be the happiest by default.

Jonathan clumsily consults a page of notes about Mrs. Leibowitz, and what he's supposed to include in his greeting.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

I see here that, you're from Brighton Beach. That's nice. And I see you liked my film Brighton Beach Memoirs. Makes sense. And, oh, I wasn't actually in Saving Private Ryan. That was Adam Goldberg. Whatever. I guess I'm glad you liked that one too. Anyway, your grandkids Ruthie and Lee, wanted me to wish you a happy birthday. So, I guess congratulations on making it to eighty years young. I'm Jonathan Silverman, signing off.

Jonathan clicks to end his recording, then slumps in his chair, sighs and closes his eyes. The voice of his wife, actress JENNIFER FINNIGAN, rouses him.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN (O.S.)

Jonathan? Honey? You coming to bed?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

There in a minute.

Jonathan types his name into Google. An article pops up entitled "Whatever Happened to Jonathan Silverman?"

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET - 3 AM

A completely wasted Andrew McCarthy rides his Bird scooter through Santa Monica promenade. It's 3AM, so it's empty. He stumbles off the Bird scooter, and slumps down on a park bench for one last swig of cheap booze before passing out.

FADE OUT.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEXT TO YOUTH SOCCER FIELD - MORNING

Jonathan, Jennifer and their two boys, JACOB (11) and JEFFREY (13), all get out of a soccer dad SUV, ready for a full-day tournament. Jennifer is excited about this. Jonathan? Not so much.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

I almost forgot to tell you! We got invited to Caspian's birthday party next weekend

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 Caspian? What's a Caspian?

JENNIFER FINNIGAN  
 Caspian is your son's best friend.  
 And you're not backing out.

Jonathan hauls athletic gear out of the back as Jacob and Jeff take off towards the field.

ED (44, another dad) passes and waves.

ED  
 Yo! Hollywooooood! How's it hangin'?

Jonathan makes the minimal effort to smile and wave back. Ed pops open an insane soccer chair equipped with a side cooler, a sun parasol, retractable leg rest, etc.

ED (CONT'D)  
 Dude, check out my new ride.  
 Fucking baller.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 That's something.

EXT. YOUTH SOCCER FIELD SIDELINES - MORNING

Jonathan plops down in a folding cloth chair with a few other dads. It's the most normal, benign, boring thing in the history of the world. A very, very far cry from the Hollywood red carpet. Ed is kicked back and fully equipped for his dystopian suburban weekend. Jonathan tilts his head back with his eyes closed. This is not what he imagined all those years ago.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEZ JAY'S BAR IN SANTA MONICA - NOON

Andrew hunches over the bar nursing a drink, reading a local Santa Monica paper. He grimaces at The Arts Section headline under a picture of Gil acting his heart out:

*Upstart Delivers Flawless MacBeth Performance to Effusive Crowd.*

He pushes the paper away and gulps his drink. His phone starts buzzing. It says:

*Molly*

He declines the call.

He takes another big gulp.

Phone vibrates again.

*Molly*

He declines.

It vibrates again. *Molly*. He gets pissed and shuts the phone off.

MOLLY RINGWALD slides into the stool next to him holding her phone. She looks gorgeous and vibrant next to McCarthy's grubbiness.

MOLLY RINGWALD

Don't do that.

Andrew hangs his head.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What are you doing?

MOLLY RINGWALD

You don't answer your phone? You don't text me back?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'm busy.

Andrew grunts, finishes his drink, then points to his glass indicating to the BARTENDER (50s) to get him another.

MOLLY RINGWALD

I'm scared for you right now. You can't keep doing this.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I can't?

MOLLY RINGWALD

I can't be your sponsor if you're not even trying.

Andrew whips his head back and stares at the ceiling.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

(quoting MacBeth in a  
Shakespearean lilt)

(MORE)

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

*Nothing in his life became him/  
like that had been studied in his  
death/to throw away the dearest  
thing he loved, as't were a  
careless trifle.*

MOLLY RINGWALD

What are you talking about?

He points to the Arts page headline. Molly looks at it.

MOLLY RINGWALD (CONT'D)

You can't let stuff like this in.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Do you have any idea how many of  
those have gotten in? That  
headline, that's my life.

Andrew nods to the bartender as he takes a fresh whiskey.

MOLLY RINGWALD

You have a career most actors would  
kill for. So what? You peaked  
early. Boo hoo. Let it go.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Easy for you to say.

Molly's patience is wearing thin. A lowlife, PSYCHO BARFLY  
(40s, male) walks up to the bar. He notices Andrew.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Yo.

Andrew ignores him. Molly quickly averts her eyes, hoping to  
not be recognized in this shithole place.

PSYCHO BARFLY (CONT'D)

Yo, dawg. I know you, dawg.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

No, you don't.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Yeah, yeah I do, dawg. You're in  
movies. I remember you in...  
Breakfast Club. That's it, dawg!

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Wrong dawg, dawg.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Nah man, nah that's you. That's you. My fucking dad loved that movie, dawg.

(imitating Judd Nelson in  
The Breakfast Club)

Shut up, bitch! Make me a turkey pot pie! Hahaha.

Andrew tries to ignore him. Molly is forced to intervene and confronts him.

MOLLY RINGWALD

He wasn't in Breakfast Club. And you're interrupting our conversation.

Psycho Barfly recognizes Molly, and his demeanor changes to one of respect. This is after all, the girl from Sixteen Candles.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Aww, sorry, ma'am. I didn't know it was you. You're, you're awesome.

Molly gives Psycho Barfly a dismissive smile, and he saunters off, embarrassed. Andrew McCarthy gives her a little sarcastic shrug as if to say, "See what I mean?"

MOLLY RINGWALD

You need to go to a meeting.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'm done with that.

MOLLY RINGWALD

This is a better alternative?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

This is peak Andrew. As good as it gets.

He downs his drink and motions for another. Molly's had it.

MOLLY RINGWALD

Andrew, I hope you pull it together. I really do. But, I can't help you anymore. I'm done.

Molly gets up and walks to the door, calling to the bartender.

MOLLY RINGWALD (CONT'D)

Make sure he gets a cab, OK?

The bartender nods. Andrew downs another swig of his drink.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Wait, if you're not in Breakfast Club then who are you? Wait. You're Blaine! That's it!

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Congratulations, you figured it out.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Where's Duckie, dawg?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Licking Ashton Kutscher's balls for twelve million an episode?

PSYCHO BARFLY

'Course, the real Blaine wouldn't let Molly Ringwald leave. He'd run after her. Say something romantic.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I hate to break it to you, but there is no real Blaine.

PSYCHO BARFLY

(to the entire bar)

Hey, check it out! Blaine over here lost his celebrity girlfriend. I'm gonna follow her outside and see if I can fuck her.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I would not recommend that.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Why would I take advice from you? Blaaaaaine!

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I swear to Christ, if you call me Blaine one more time.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Blaine. Blaine. Blaine. Hahaha.

McCarthy hops up, grabs a beer bottle like a weapon and stalks towards Psycho Barfly like he's going to beat him to death.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I warned you, fuck face.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Whoa! Whoa! Calm down. I was just havin' a little fun with ya.

Andrew winds up to swing the bottle.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What's my name, motherfucker!

PSYCHO BARFLY

Andrew McCarthy, man. Andrew McCarthy. Just chill, dawg. It's cool. It's cool.

Andrew relaxes and lowers the bottle, gathering himself with a deep breath.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

She's not my girlfriend.

Psycho Barfly backs up and disappears into the darkness of the bar.

Andrew slumps back down, head in hands, staring at his drink. Psycho Barfly stalks over to the jukebox.

There's a beat, and then...The unmistakable first notes of O.M.D.'s "If You Leave" from Pretty in Pink blasts from the jukebox, sending electric rage into Andrew's drunk eyes.

PSYCHO BARFLY

Sing it for us, Blaine!

(singing along)

*I touch you once, I touch you  
twice, Molly's gone, real fuckin  
nice. Hahaha!*

Andrew breaks his beer bottle and stomps over to Psycho Barfly, ready to cut him. But Psycho Barfly is ready. He easily dodges Andrew's wild swing of the bottle and knocks him out cold with one vicious punch.

Andrew lays motionless, splayed out on the dirty barroom floor as O.M.D. plays us out.

OMD

*Oh oh oh, If you leave...*

FADE OUT.

EXT. SILVERMAN FAMILY SUV - AFTERNOON

The Silverman family drives in silence in their SUV. The kids look angry.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Tough loss, guys. But you know,  
it's not about winning or losing.  
You did your best. That's all that  
matters.

JEFFREY

Coach Quinonez says only losers say  
that. Winners fuck the prom queen.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

Language! Jeffrey!

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

He stole that line from Sean  
Connery. And it's bullshit, anyway.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

I give up.

Jonathan's phone rings. It's Molly Ringwald calling. His  
weary eyes light up.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Speaking of prom queens.

Jonathan goes to great lengths to take the call off bluetooth  
so it's private. Jennifer eyes him with disapproval.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

(excited)

Molly! Hey! Yeah?

(now disappointed)

Ugh. Ok. Right. Right. Ok.

He hangs up the phone and keeps driving. No response.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

Well?

Jonathan just looks at Jennifer. She can tell from his look  
what's happened, and she is not happy about the fact that it  
is happening once again.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN (CONT'D)

Great. Just fucking great.

JACOB  
Mom said the F word!!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEZ JAY'S BAR IN SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

The Santa Monica Cops have it locked down. Andrew McCarthy is sitting in the back of a police cruiser.

Andrew sees Jonathan Silverman's SUV pull in, noticing that the whole Silverman family is in the car, all staring at him.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Great.

Jonathan gets out and gingerly approaches a POLICE OFFICER (30s) who appears to be in charge.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Hello, Officer. I was told to come for him.

Jonathan points into the window where he sees his old friend slumped over with a nasty black eye.

POLICE OFFICER  
He's too drunk to leave on his own. Sign here. And here. And let me see your ID real quick.

The police officer looks at the ID, then looks back at Silverman. He recognizes him but not really.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
OK, just sign here.

Jonathan signs. The police officer opens the door to the cruiser to release Andrew. It's Silverman and McCarthy, buddy comedians in the least funny moment of their lives.

INT. SILVERMAN FAMILY SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew stuffs himself into the back of the SUV with Jacob and Jeffrey, his head hung low, barely squeezing in amidst the soccer equipment.

Jennifer smells Andrew's boozy stench and rolls down the windows. The kids can't stop staring at him.

Jennifer notices their interest and puts on a DVD of THE LION KING on the in-seat monitors to snap them out of staring at the alcoholic mess that is Andrew. Jacob and Jeffrey are too old to like THE LION KING anymore, and try to ignore it.

HAKUNA MATATA plays us out.

FADE TO:

INT. SILVERMAN KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Andrew McCarthy'S POV: Eyelids flutter open to see Jonathan Silverman standing over him, holding a bottle of sports drink and some Advil. Andrew's been sleeping on the couch.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Here.

Andrew rises like a nearly dead flower in the morning sun. First the drink and then the pills and then the recognition of the stinging hangover and the mushy bruise on his face.

He rises with the dizziness of a fighter just counted out, getting up off the mat. Jonathan looks clean shaven and professional, ready for a day middle-managing at the corporate office.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Don't say it.

JONATHAN

Molly's right.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Aaaaand, you said it anyway.

Jonathan puts expensive-looking, organic ingredients into a Ninja blender to make healthy smoothies for the kids.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

What are you gonna do now?

Andrew turns around without moving his neck, places dark sunglasses on.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'm not gonna "do" anything. But I am done.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

What happened to that Shakespeare gig?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
What happens to any gig?

He makes a poof sound and hand motion.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
How are you gonna eat, pay rent,  
live?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
You got me.

There's a long silence as Andrew stares out the window.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Look, you're my friend. One of my  
oldest friends, and I want to help  
you.

Jonathan motions to the mess that is Andrew.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
But this. It's not helping anyone.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
I never asked for help. I was fine  
with jail. Might have gotten a  
decent night's sleep at least.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
I'm just saying, you gotta try  
something because what you're  
doing...

Andrew doesn't answer. Jonathan presses "blend" on the blender, which makes a very loud grating noise, the worst thing possible for McCarthy's hangover. The blender finally stops after what seems like more than the normal few seconds. Jonathan has something he wants to say but isn't sure. He says it.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
What about? You know.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
I don't know. What?

Jonathan gives Andrew a look. McCarthy sees it and realizes what Jonathan meant by "You know."

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)  
You're really gonna bring that up  
again?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

You have a better option in mind?

The blender starts again. It's on an automatic cycle to stop and start every ten seconds. McCarthy waits for it to stop again, then speaks.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Look, Jon. I appreciate the help last night. I always appreciate it. But it's over for me.

Blender starts again.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Could you shut that thing off?

They wait. Blender stops.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

No. Jennifer and I give the kids kale smoothies every morning, even when we have drunken idiots staying over.

Blender starts. They both stand there staring at each other. It stops again, as the cycle is mercifully over. Jonathan pours smoothies into two expensive Yeti cups for the kids.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

That's not us anymore. You made your choice when you gave up and went into whatever it is you went into.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

It could be.

Andrew assumes one of the smoothies was for him. He grabs one, from Jonathan's hand, takes a sip and spits it out into the sink like a baby.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

Nice.

Annoyed, but not feeling like saying anything, Jonathan takes out a third Yeti cup and pours half the smoothie into it so there's one for each kid.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I think you've forgotten about part two. No one in their right mind is gonna finance that shit. It's time to move on.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Move on to what? Another day pushing pencils? I can't handle it anymore, man. Every time some fuckwit knows me but doesn't know me. Know what I mean?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

(pointing at black eye)  
People know me. Trust me. It's overrated. Besides, look around, man. You've got it good.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

It's just, nothing compares, you know?

Andrew looks at a photo on the mantle of a younger, glamorous Jonathan and Jennifer in formal dress at a red carpet film event.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Yeah, I do know.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I'm telling you. This could work. Ten years ago? No way. But now? Everything's a remake.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Look man, I know that movie was your moment in the sun. But it ruined my fucking career. I don't want any part of it. And neither will any director with any self-respect.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Do you realize what an asshole you are sometimes?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Yeah. I think I do.

Jonathan picks up and waves a script that's been lurking in a pile of papers in a basket on the side of the counter.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I worked hard on this. It's good.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

It's not good, Jonathan. I can guaran-fucking-tee you that.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Gee, Andrew. Tell me how you really feel.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

How I really feel? OK, I feel like getting a drink, spending my last few bucks on some fentanyl, and then passing out on the grass.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I just want to taste what it's like to not be a has-been anymore, even if it's only for a little while.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Has-been, never-was, it's better than being a laughing stock. And that's what you'll be if you go out there pitching that thing.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

You're scared. Scared that you're too fucked up now to pull it off.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Hey, I may have lost a step, but I think I can still out-act a dead guy?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Just hear me out, let me read you some of the script.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

No way. I'm not listening to this anymore. If you want to make an ass of yourself, do it alone.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Fine. How about get the hell out of my house then? Alone.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Fine by me. Just point me to the shitter first, unless you want me to spray your walls.

Jonathan points to the bathroom. Andrew goes in.

SFX: Andrew taking a truly disgusting dump in the bathroom.

Jonathan picks up the manuscript and gives it a long, sad look. The title page reads, "Weekend at Bernie's: Part III written by Jonathan Silverman."

Utterly defeated, Jonathan tosses the script aside and heads off to work.

FADE OUT.

INT. AA MEETING IN DINGY CHURCH - MORNING

Andrew slouches in a corner of a circle with a small Dunkin' Donuts coffee in hand. His long hair falls in his face as he listens to a SLOPPY-LOOKING WOMAN (35) sob about her coke habit.

SLOPPY-LOOKING WOMAN  
I was so high I couldn't open the  
bathroom stall, so I just sat  
there, for hours, eating out of  
that COSTCO tuna can.

Andrew zones out, staring blankly out the window at a billboard advertising an upcoming M.M.A. fight with CONOR MCGREGOR.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW MCCARTHY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Andrew stumbles in the front door lugging a big bottle of cheap booze in a brown paper bag. He slumps down at the kitchen table and takes a tug off it. He stares at his phone for a moment.

He works up his courage, then grabs the phone and dials.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
It's me. Yeah. Put me in for twenty  
thousand on McGregor tonight.

INT. BACK OFFICE OF MAFIA FRONT RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

NO GOOD DUDE (15), a young, punk ass, mafia kid, sits at a desk full of papers, cash, and a cash counting machine. There's a whiteboard with the latest betting lines behind him.

NO GOOD DUDE  
You sure about that? McGregor's old  
as fuck.

## INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

ANDREW MCCARTHY

He's thirty-one.

NO GOOD DUDE

Yeah. Thirty-one feet in the grave,  
bro. He's dead meat.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Just put me down for twenty.

NO GOOD DUDE

You already owe five.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'll cover. You know that.

NO GOOD DUDE

I don't know that.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Twenty.

NO GOOD DUDE

If you go in for twenty, because  
you owe me five, you go in for  
twenty-five, and the vig goes up to  
ten points. You can't cover ten  
points. So when you lose, and when  
you can't cover, someone from our  
organization will be paying you a  
visit, someone not nearly as  
friendly as I am.

Andrew takes a long beat. He contemplates. He looks around at his shithole apartment, his shithole life. What does he have to lose? Nothing. That's what.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Place the bet.

NO GOOD DUDE

OK. Stupid is as stupid does, bro.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What? What does that even mean?  
Place the fucking bet.

Andrew hangs up and turns the TV on to the McGregor fight coverage, then walks out to the bathroom to retrieve a couple of pills. He comes back in, slumps on the couch, washes the pills down with his booze bottle, and promptly passes out before the fight can even start.

Time lapse as a few hours pass and it gets dark outside. McCarthy doesn't budge.

Camera pans over McCarthy and focuses on the TV, which is playing the McGregor fight.

INT. MMA OCTAGON - EVENING

Sports broadcast of a big MMA Title Fight. SPORTSCASTER narrates.

SPORTSCASTER  
Finally. The fight we've all waited  
for is here.

INT. ANDREW MCCARTHY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Andrew hears the fight start, and manages to open one eye just enough to watch the screen.

INT. MMA OCTAGON - EVENING

CONOR MCGREGOR comes roaring out of his corner and jump kicks at an OPPONENT, badly missing.

The opponent throws one viciously skillful punch, instantaneously ending McGregor's career by shattering his jaw. Blood sprays everywhere. The sportscaster sounds like he's choking back vomit as he narrates.

SPORTSCASTER  
Oh, God! That's gonna do it for  
McGregor. Oh, Jesus.

The sportscaster goes ominously silent. Medics race into the ring.

INT. ANDREW MCCARTHY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

McCarthy's one open eye closes again in numb despair and he's immediately back asleep. His metronomic snoring takes us out.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBOR'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Jonathan and Jennifer mingle at the end of the year party for the kids' soccer team. They try to look pleasant as the kids splash in the pool outside. Jonathan pops open a Corona.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

How many of those are you gonna have?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Seriously?

Jonathan gives a fake smile and raises his bottle to Ed, who seems to be having the time of his life. However, Jonathan's fake smile gives way to actual excitement when he notices someone just behind Ed. It's SPIKE JONZE filming the party on a vintage 16mm film camera.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, That's Spike Jonze. Look.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

Really? Oh yeah. Wonder what he's doing here.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I should talk to him.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

Just take it easy. You know how you get.

Jonathan rolls his eyes a little, annoyed by Jennifer's unsolicited advice. He clumsily pushes his way through the crowd of parents to approach Spike.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Spike?

Spike looks up from his camera. He recognizes him...sort of.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

Jonathan. Silverman. We met once a long time ago. At the Three Kings premiere party.

SPIKE JONZE

Oh right. What's up, man? How are you?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

What are you doing here?

SPIKE JONZE

Tryin' out my new toy. Caspian's my Godson. Whatever that means.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Yeah, Caspian is a really stupid  
name.

SPIKE JONZE  
No, I mean having a Godson.

Jonathan, expertly deflecting.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
16 mil? Nice.

SPIKE JONZE  
What are you doing these days?  
Acting, right?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Not so much anymore.

There's something else Jonathan wants to say, but he's unsure. Spike seems as though he's just being polite. Jonathan looks over at Jennifer for support. The look she gives him pisses him off enough to make him move forward just to spite her.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
I am doing some writing though. A  
screenplay.

SPIKE JONZE  
What's the pitch?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
A sequel. To something I did back  
in the 80s.

SPIKE JONZE  
Hit me.

This is the moment.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
It's Weekend at Bernie's Part  
Three.

Spike stops casually ignoring Jonathan and turns seriously to him.

SPIKE JONZE  
That's where I know you from!  
Weekend at Bernie's. I fucking love  
that movie.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Really?

SPIKE JONZE

Oh yeah, I used to watch that thing over and over. You know they screen it now and then for cult night over at Laemmie's.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

No shit.

SPIKE JONZE

Yeah, I can't believe I didn't recognize you. So you wrote part three?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Yeah. I figured everything's a remake these days, so --

SPIKE JONZE

-- Tell me about it. I just got offered Look Who's Talking six or some shit. No, thanks.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Well, I've got a great idea for part three. My character and Andrew's character meet up again later in life, and --

SPIKE JONZE

-- Look, I gotta go, man.

Jonathan is crestfallen. He assumes Spike has been giving him the old Hollywood fake friendly treatment.

SPIKE JONZE (CONT'D)

But I'd love to hear more. It'd be hilarious to bring that back. You in touch with what's his face? The guy from Sixteen Candles?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Andrew? Yeah, I uh, hung out with him yesterday actually. We could maybe all get together.

Spike ignores him, pulls out his phone and makes a call.

SPIKE JONZE

Hey, I need you to set up a meeting. Jonathan Silverman and...

Spike tries to remember the name.

JONATHAN

Andrew.

SPIKE JONZE

Andrew. Andrew, ummm...

JONATHAN

McCarthy.

SPIKE JONZE

McCarthy. Monday first thing.

Spike hangs up. He hands him a card.

SPIKE JONZE (CONT'D)

Here's the address. I've been looking for another black comedy. Can't get much blacker than hauling a rotten corpse around.

Jonathan laughs nervously as Spike walks off and cranks up his camera again.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

See you Monday then!

Jonathan stands by himself, overwhelmed with joy and shock by this turn of events. He looks over at Jennifer, who gives him a curious, (perhaps jealous?) look.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW MCCARTHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andrew McCarthy walks into his apartment with a plastic 7/11 bag filled with junk food.

He walks to the window where he sees a car parked outside containing THE FIXER (47), a low-end, Eastern European hitman/cleaner type in a dogshit suit and dark sunglasses. He lurks in the car, loading a gun.

Andrew knows what's in store, but he doesn't give a fuck. He pulls the shades open, unlocks the door, and opens it slightly to make it easier for The Fixer to come in and do what he's going to do.

He takes a big tug off a bottle of cheap booze and collapses onto his couch. He's content to sit there and wait for The Fixer to come kill him.

His phone rings. The call is from CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY, HOLLYWOOD, CA. They haven't called in a decade.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Hello. Yes, this is Andrew. What?  
Fuck off. No, I'm sorry. I mean,  
seriously? You're serious. Monday?

He springs up off the couch manically and locks the door.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Yes, Monday's great. I'm excited to  
meet Spike too.

Andrew hangs up and stands there dumbstruck for a moment, then runs into the bedroom and stuffs some clothes in a backpack. We hear the ominous footsteps of The Fixer coming up the stairs.

Andrew dives out the back window onto a fire escape and scrambles down into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY/STREET - DAY

Thinking he's clear, he walks off, trying to hurry and be nonchalant at the same time. He looks back as The Fixer enters the alley. The Fixer sees him and fires two silenced gunshots at him, barely missing, sending Andrew into a full sprint.

Andrew darts across a busy street and dives into a dumpster in the nearest alley. The Fixer runs into the street, looking for any sign of Andrew.

Andrew, desperate to get away, pulls out his phone and opens his Uber App to order a car.

37 minute wait time. Tiny in the corner of his screen, Andrew's Uber rating is the lowest we've ever seen: 1.10.

The voice of A HOMELESS METH ADDICT (22) startles Andrew. He's foraging in the dumpster, now looking over Andrew's shoulder.

HOMELESS METH ADDICT

Dude, no Uber is gonna pick you up  
with a one point one rating.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Jesus Christ!

HOMELESS METH ADDICT  
 Yo, you gotta be a world-class  
 scumbag to have a one point one.  
 What's wrong with you, bro?

Homeless Meth Addict chomps down on some garbage lettuce and laughs.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 Shut the fuck up.

Andrew peeks out of the dumpster into the street and notices a Bird Scooter sitting on the sidewalk about 30 yards away. He ducks down as The Fixer appears and turns up the alley, pulling his gun and creeping closer and closer. The Fixer calls out in his thick, Russian accent.

THE FIXER  
 I know you are here. This can be  
 easier for both of us.

The Homeless Meth Addict climbs out of the dumpster.

HOMELESS METH ADDICT  
 Check it out, yo. That Uber driver  
 got here quick.

The Fixer drops his guard, thinking he's mistakenly let Andrew go and followed this meth addict by mistake.

THE FIXER  
 Son of bitch.

Andrew peeks out of the dumpster and sees The Fixer sending a text, trying to ignore the meth addict's ramblings.

HOMELESS METH ADDICT  
 Don't pick that motherfucker up  
 though, yo. He got a one point one.

Homeless meth addict once again bursts into uncontrollable laughter, falling to the ground. The Fixer looks up from his text, annoyed and distracted.

THE FIXER  
 Fuck off.

This distraction is the opening Andrew needs. He springs out from the dumpster like a wildcat and punches The Fixer repeatedly in the balls, taking him down, kicking his gun under the dumpster.

Andrew hops up and makes a run for the Bird Scooter. The Fixer struggles to his feet and gives a limp chase. He's way too slow. Andrew rides off.

The Fixer reaches the street and watches Andrew ride away. He sees another Bird Scooter and tries to ride it, but he doesn't understand the whole process of renting one, and he can't get it to move. So, he picks it up and hammer-tosses it at a parked car, shattering the windshield.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVERMAN HOME KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jonathan enters, holding the script, which is now filled with notes. He's getting ready for his big meeting. Jennifer makes lunches for the kids.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

I didn't know there was a Weekend at Bernie's Two.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

It was before we met.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

Was it any good?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I'd say it was unfairly panned.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

So for this new one, you'd get new young actors to be in it? Like a remake?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Not a remake, a sequel. Andrew and I are gonna play Larry and Richard, but it's years later and -- Wait, you didn't think I was gonna be in it?

JENNIFER FINNIGAN

No, I just, I guess I just misunderstood.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Is there something wrong with that?

Jennifer passes and gives Jonathan a patronizing little kiss on the cheek, pissing Jonathan off more.

JENNIFER FINNIGAN  
 No, no. Of course not. It's great,  
 honey. You're my big star.

The doorbell rings. Jonathan goes to answer it.

INT. SILVERMAN HOME ENTRYWAY - SAME TIME

Jonathan opens the door to reveal Andrew, who looks like  
 absolute hell. But he's urgently excited, on a mission.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 Hey, I was about to --

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 -- I know.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 Spike Jonze wants us to --

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 -- I know. Shut up. Just tell me.  
 Is the script any good?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 Well, I mean, Larry and Richard  
 find out --

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 -- Is. It. Any. Good?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 Yeah. I mean, I worked really hard  
 on it.

Andrew isn't sure he believes him, and gives him a  
 questioning look.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
 At the very least, it's a hell of a  
 lot better than Part Two.

Andrew gives Jonathan one final probing look and sees what he  
 was hoping to see in Jonathan's eyes.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 Let's do it.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 You're serious.

Andrew gives Jonathan a mischievous, wide-eyed smirk/smile. It's the exact same look that he had throughout the original Weekend at Bernie's.

Jonathan recognizes the look and beams back at him like he's just found his long lost best friend brought back from the dead.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
We're back, buddy!

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Fuck yeah, we are.

Jonathan ushers Andrew in, and they charge off toward Jonathan's office like two kids on Christmas morning, not acknowledging Jennifer at all. Jennifer watches them scamper off with the slightest hint of panic in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIKE JONZE'S OFFICE - EARLY MONDAY MORNING

Spike lounges on a plush leather couch in a giant office, with Jonathan across from him. They chit-chat over conference call hold music from the phone as they wait for someone to dial in to their call.

SPIKE JONZE  
It's just crazy that you guys are here. I mean, I grew up on Weekend at Bernie's. What a trip.

Andrew shuffles back in from the bathroom, sniffing and wiping his nose. He's wide-eyed and manic.

SPIKE JONZE (CONT'D)  
You ok?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Me? Oh yeah! Tip top. Tip Top!  
Let's do this.

The phone announces a participant joining the call. DONG!

SPIKE JONZE  
Cannon? You on?

INT. CANNON PORTER'S HOME OFFICE - SAME TIME

We're tight on the face of CANNON PORTER (62). He's an old, serious movie business type with the confidence and calm of someone with more money than God. He's wearing a bathrobe and sunglasses like he's come in from lounging by his pool.

CANNON PORTER

I am. Thanks for bringing me in on this, Spike.

INT. SPIKE JONZE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Spike, Andrew and Jonathan talk to Cannon on speaker phone.

SPIKE JONZE

Absolutely. Drew, Jon-O. I'm gonna call you Drew and Jon-O from now on. Cool?

Andrew and Jonathan are on their best behavior.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Sure.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

No problem.

SPIKE JONZE

Great. Drew, Jon-O, Cannon is a big swinging dick.

CANNON PORTER (V.O.)

No one's dick swings bigger than yours, Spike.

SPIKE JONZE

Cannon put the money up for Malkovich, and he's been looking to take a ride on the ol' reboot train. So here we are.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

That's terrific.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Fuckin'-a. Cannon. Pow! Boom! Fire at will!

Awkward beat as Spike tries to figure out what Andrew's manic state is all about. Jonathan looks mortified.

SPIKE JONZE

Right. Anyway, Cannon, the guys took me through the idea at a high level already. But, I wanted you to hear the full pitch.

Andrew and Jonathan smile at the phone. There's an awkward beat before Spike gestures to Jonathan to begin.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Oh. Right. Hello, Cannon. Um, Mr. Porter. This is Jonathan Silverman. So, the idea goes like this: Larry and Richard, the original protagonists from the original film are --

ANDREW MCCARTHY

-- This is a solid gold idea, man. Solid fucking gold.

Jonathan looks at Andrew quizzically. Andrew has barely read the script and was supposed to be letting Jonathan do the talking.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

There's Larry, me, Andrew, I mean, Drew, and Richard, him, Jonny-O.

SPIKE JONZE

Jon-O.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Right. We're back in business in 2021. Big bosses now, at the accounting firm from the original movie, and everything's going balls-to-the-wall perfect until --

Andrew grows more and more manic. Silverman tries to cut him out of the conversation.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

-- until Bernie Lomax, thought long dead, shows up again looking better than ever. He's been in the Caribbean, on the lam --

ANDREW MCCARTHY

-- and he's like, you cocksuckers fucked me good. Now I'm here for payback!

(MORE)

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Which sets off an intense  
roundhouse kick to the face into  
act two that blows the goddamned  
doors off this sucker! Pow!

Spike looks confused at what he's hearing. He and Jonathan sense this is going south. Spike tries to save the meeting.

SPIKE JONZE

There'll be rewrites of course. I'm  
thinking we could get Charlie  
involved.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Charlie! Yeah. All the way.

Jonathan whispers to correct Andrew, who clearly thinks Spike means "Charlie" as slang for cocaine.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Charlie Kaufman. The screenwriter.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Oh, right. He's great too. Totally.

SPIKE JONZE

Anyway, Cannon. I think you're  
getting the picture.

Jonathan stands up and goes into speech mode. He's practiced this last bit and wants to deliver it with gravitas.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I don't have to tell you that  
Hollywood these days is all about  
reboots. Franchise characters. And  
as one of the cornerstones of  
eighties studio cinema, Bernie's is  
ripe for --

ANDREW MCCARTHY

-- This could be a big dick, chain  
swangin', mother fuckin' moon shot  
to the nutsack of the American  
zeitgeist!

SPIKE JONZE

Umm, yes. Well said, Andrew. So,  
there it is.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Exactly. Put a huge ass dick in  
your hands, man.

SPIKE JONZE  
Cannon? Thoughts?

The phone is silent for a second. We hear Cannon grunt a little bit. It doesn't sound good. A matter-of-fact version of Cannon replies.

CANNON PORTER (V.O.)  
Thanks, I have to go.

Cannon hangs up. Jonathan sends a death stare through Andrew.

SPIKE JONZE  
Thanks for coming in, guys.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
We could take you through some more of the script, story beats, and --

SPIKE JONZE  
-- Great meeting, guys. I'll talk to Cannon, and we'll be in touch.

Spike stands up to leave for his next thing. As if by magic, Spike's ASSISTANT (24) enters and ushers Jonathan and Andrew out.

INT. SILVERMAN FAMILY SUV - AN HOUR LATER

Andrew and Jonathan ride in silence, driving down a crowded LA freeway. Jonathan is hopping mad. He breaks.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
How could you do that?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Do what?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Jump in like that. You barely read the fucking script. You had no idea what you were talking about.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Relax. Spike loved me.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
He didn't, and even if he did, that Cannon guy definitely did not.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Who cares what those guys think?  
Some hack director and his fat cat  
findom. Remember, we're the stars  
here.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Are you high right now?

Andrew unscrews the cap off a vial of blow from his pocket.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

Of course you are. Could you at  
least put that shit away in public?

Andrew ignores him and does a quick key bump.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Stop stressing man. We got this.  
They need us more than we need  
them.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

They do? Even if they did, you  
ruined it. That Cannon Porter guy  
is a serious man. And I guarantee  
you all he saw was a washed-up,  
coked-up baby playing Hollywood  
pretend.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AT CANNON PORTER'S MANSION - SAME TIME

We're wide on Cannon now to see he's standing by the pool at his massive mansion. He is still in his bathrobe and sunglasses with two white earbuds in, coked up out of his mind. He breaks up a fist fight between LIL' YACHTY and ZAC EFRON. An absolute rager unfolds around him. There's dudes on ATVs tearing up his lawn doing donuts. There's people blatantly doing drugs, fucking, fighting. One dude is chucking M80s into the pool. It's absolute chaos as Cannon tries to simultaneously stop the fight and have a serious phone conversation.

INT. SPIKE JONZE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Spike idly surfs Instagram. His assistant buzzes in.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Jonze, I have Cannon Porter on  
the line.

Spike puts Cannon on speaker.

SPIKE JONZE  
So what do you think?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

CANNON PORTER  
(yelling at party guests)  
Fucking cut it out! Cut it the fuck  
out!  
(to Spike on the phone)  
No. Not you, Spike. Hang on. Jesus.  
Hang on for one more fucking  
second. Yachty is on some kind of  
ayahuasca trip. He's losing his  
fucking mind.  
(yelling at party guests)  
CUT IT THE FUCK OUT!!!

Zac Efron darts by, but Cannon skillfully grabs him with one arm, puts him in a full nelson and walks him off the patio as he continues his conversation with Spike on his ear buds.

CANNON PORTER (CONT'D)  
(To Spike)  
Sorry, man. No one knows how to do  
drugs anymore.

Cannon releases the whinging Efron.

CANNON PORTER (CONT'D)  
(To Efron)  
Act your fucking age, man! And if  
you want, I have another eight-ball  
in the kitchen drawer, right next  
to the knives. Love you, dude.

Cannon has found a somewhat quiet place to talk to Spike.

CANNON PORTER (CONT'D)  
What was the question?

SPIKE JONZE  
What do you think of the pitch? Do  
you think they can pull this off?

CANNON PORTER  
Pull this off in terms of make a  
good movie? Fuck no. The whole idea  
is a piece of shit.

SPIKE JONZE  
So, we shouldn't do it?

CANNON PORTER  
Of course we should fucking do it.  
It's a remake. I could slap the  
title Weekend at Bernie's Three on  
ninety minutes of me jerking off in  
your mouth, and it'd still make  
fifty million.

SPIKE JONZE  
If it's gonna be a piece of shit, I  
don't want to work on it.

CANNON PORTER  
Yes, you do. Because A, it won't be  
a piece of shit if you're the one  
directing it. And B, this is your  
chance to resurrect two forgotten  
icons and shove it in Quentintino's  
fugly fucking face. These two  
dipshits are gonna be your Travolta  
and Willis.

SPIKE JONZE  
Fuck it. Let's do it.

CANNON PORTER  
There is one other issue we need to  
address first.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVERMAN FAMILY SUV - AFTERNOON

Jonathan and Andrew are just pulling up to Jonathan's house  
in the valley. A call comes in, and Spike's number pops up on  
the heads up display. Jonathan turns to Andrew and answers  
the phone.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
Hi Jonathan, I have Spike Jonez for  
you

Jonathan can't believe it.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Ok, thank you.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
Spike, I have Jonathan Silverman  
for you.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Hi, Spike.

SPIKE JONZE (V.O.)

Great news. Cannon's on board. He loves it.

Andrew looks at Jonathan as if to say, "See? I was right."

SPIKE JONZE (V.O.)

But only with the original cast.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

The original cast. Did you hear that, Jonathan?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

So we're a go, then?

SPIKE JONZE (V.O.)

Yep. You two and Terry.

Long awkward beat as the guys try to understand.

SPIKE JONZE (V.O.)

Terry Kiser. The guy who played Bernie? You have talked to him about this, right?

A panicked Jonathan starts to answer but is cut off by Andrew, smooth and confident.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Of course! Terry can't wait. When we told him he might get to put on his toupee again, well, we were worried he might die of excitement right there.

SPIKE JONZE (V.O.)

Cool cool cool. I want the three of you in the office Thursday to sign papers. We can't go higher than one million each on signing bonuses. We can negotiate the rest after. We cool with that?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Works for me.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Yes, yes of course. That's great.

SPIKE JONZE (V.O)  
Great. Thursday. Come in and get  
your money and let's crush this.

Spike hangs up.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
For fuck's sake Andrew! What is  
wrong with you? We don't even know  
if Terry's still ALIVE!!

Andrew pulls up IMDB on his phone and searches for something.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Will you calm the fuck down for one  
second? Here. He's alive. His  
manager's listed right here in Hyde  
Park.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Let me see that.

Jonathan snatches the phone from Andrew.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Terry hasn't been done anything in  
twenty years. He'll probably jump  
at the chance to work with us  
again. We'll go talk to this  
manager guy now and have this all  
locked up in time for happy hour.  
Which reminds me...

Andrew digs into his pocket and extricates a couple of  
airplane bottles of Jack Daniels, handing one to Jonathan.  
Andrew pops open his bottle and chugs happily. Jonathan at  
first looks at Andrew in disbelief, before opening and  
chugging his bottle too.

INT. DICK MCNAIR'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Andrew and Jonathan sit across from DICK MCNAIR (68), a  
washed up business manager operating out of a garbage office  
off a gross road in a gross neighborhood of LA.

McNair is psyched. It's like he hasn't talked to another  
human being in decades.

MCNAIR  
You know we met before.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
We have?

MCNAIR

Not you. You.

He points to Andrew.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

1986. Sardis. New York City. Right after the Less Than Zero premiere. Me, you, Doc Gooden and big ol' bag of tick-tock. Was a real humdinger.

Andrew stares blankly at McNair.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'm sorry. I don't remember.

MCNAIR

I bet you don't. You were flying real fucking high. Even Doc was impressed.

Jonathan is getting fed up with all the drug bullshit.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

So, you're Terry's agent, and we --

MCNAIR

-- Manager.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Manager. Right. Look, we need to talk to Terry.

MCNAIR

How'd you find me?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

IMDB.

MCNAIR

What the fuck is that?

Jonathan can't believe how low-end this operation is.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Listen, Dick. How do we get in touch with Terry?

McNair gets up and walks to the window showing off his oversized black pants with paisley suspenders over a ill-fitted white shirt. He adjusts his back with a loud CRACK as he stares out at the bleak landscape.

MCNAIR

Truth is, I haven't spoken with Terry in many years. Last time anyone asked about him was some Shanghai reality show producer wanted him for a cameo or something.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

So, do you represent him or not?

MCNAIR

I guess. Who knows? Who cares? He doesn't work anymore. I gotta step it up. Get a new stable of thoroughbreds. You know I managed Lee Arenberg and Bill Duke for a spell.

Jonathan and Andrew have no idea who those guys are and are getting frustrated.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

What do you guys want with Terry anyway?

Andrew and Jonathan look at each other, unsure if they should spill the beans.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Oh go ahead.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

We have a green-light to do Weekend at Bernie's Three with Spike Jonze. One million each at signing.

McNair snaps to attention and scribbles something on a piece of paper.

MCNAIR

You don't get to Terry without me. So that makes me your new business partner. And as your new partner, contractually, I get six percent of the gross. Here's his number, which he won't answer, his address in Ojai, and his personal email address which he checks once a week. Best bet is to just go to his house. He'll be there. Six percent. Do. Not. Fuck. Me. Deal?

Jonathan and Andrew share a look, then turn back. McNair hands him the note he's scribbled, containing an address.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

As long as you get us Terry, yeah.  
Deal.

MCNAIR

Great. I'll draft up the papers.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

(reading the note)

Are you sure you don't want to just  
call him?

MCNAIR

Trust me. Go to him. It'll be  
better. Here's my number too. If  
you can't get me, just leave a  
message on the answering service  
and I'll have my girl get back to  
you.

INT. SILVERMAN FAMILY SUV - LATE AFTERNOON

Jonathan drives, and Andrew rides as they cut through California in search of Terry's ranch.

McCarthy dances in his seat, twitchy, manic. Jonathan stares seriously ahead, wiping his forehead.

Andrew reaches into his pocket and pulls out a surprisingly large vial of cocaine and does a quick tootski.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Jesus Christ. Haven't you had  
enough?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Ummm, let's see? No.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Could you just stop that shit for  
one hot minute and concentrate. We  
need to be ready for this.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Concentrate? Fuck that shit. It's  
time to celebrate. We're back baby!

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Not without Terry we're not. And it's not exactly a sure thing. He's eighty years old, you know.

Andrew looks confused at the mention of '80 years old,' and attempts to count up Terry's age on his fingers.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

I mean, for all we know, the guy's in the throes of dementia, riding around on a fucking Jazzy, shitting himself.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

There it is.

EXT. TERRY KISER'S RANCH - NEAR SUNSET

Jonathan sees the sign for "Casa Kiser" and turns in to find the man himself, TERRY KISER, outside chopping firewood.

Terry cuts a very badass, masculine silhouette against the huge California setting Sun. A modern day Ronald Reagan. He's fit, lean, strong, chopping firewood with the skill of a much younger man, a much younger man's man.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Yeah, he looks terrible.

We cut to a sweeping drone shot of the entire ranch. It's gorgeous, perfect, a ranch home that should belong to a billionaire. Maybe it does.

Andrew and Jonathan pull up and spring out of the car to meet Terry. He greets them like long lost brothers, with big hugs for both of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE AT TERRY'S RANCH HOUSE - EVENING

Jonathan, Andrew and Terry cook thick, amazing steaks in a cast iron skillet held over a crackling campfire.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

And that was the last time Alfonso Ribiero ever did Circus of the Stars.

They all laugh. Jonathan and Terry each nurse a beer while Andrew keeps rubbing his nose and smacking his lips.

TERRY KISER  
That's quite a yarn.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Those were the days.

TERRY KISER  
They were indeed. But you know,  
I've put all that behind me now,  
ever since I found Him.

Awkward beat as Jonathan and Andrew look confused.

TERRY KISER (CONT'D)  
The Lord.

Jonathan and Andrew were not expecting this.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Ah. The Lord. Sure.

TERRY KISER  
You see, playing Bernie was great  
on the surface. The fame, the  
money. The WOMEN. Who knew women  
would want to sleep with a dead  
guy, eh?

They all laugh. Terry flips a steak, stokes the fire expertly  
with a hale and hearty lung gust that sizzles a perfect piece  
of hickory wood just so.

TERRY KISER (CONT'D)  
But the sequel. That was the end of  
anyone taking me seriously. A whole  
career killed by one terrible  
movie.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
I'd say it was unfairly panned.

TERRY KISER  
I was wandering the LA streets,  
broke, alone, desperate. Hooked on  
crack, smack, and anything else I  
could get my hands on. Getting my  
picture taken on Hollywood  
Boulevard for tourists for tips.

We scroll through a few of those tourist photos. Terry is  
dressed in his Bernie get-up, but he's completely a drunken  
wreck, and most of the tourists look slightly terrified.  
Then back to the campfire.

TERRY KISER (CONT'D)

I came close to the abyss many,  
many times. But then, it happened.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

It?

TERRY KISER

I was pondering an offer I had  
received to fellate a wealthy  
Japanese businessman for a mighty  
sum. And in the state I was in, I  
was ready to do it. But as I was  
driving to this gentleman's house,  
I heard the call of our Lord and  
savior.

Kiser pulls the steaks off the pan and plates them. He is  
excited for this delicious treat and rubs his hands together  
meatily.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What did he say?

TERRY KISER

It's not what he said. It's what he  
showed me. You see, I went to this  
man's residence, I sucked him to  
completion, collected my cash and  
left. And I was well on my way to  
find my dealer to squander every  
last cent of it on some Black  
Eagle.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Interesting.

TERRY KISER.

But as I sped down the 405, I  
noticed a strange, new billboard  
hovering over exit 13, glistening  
under the fluorescent lights like a  
holy miracle. With only one curious  
word: GOOGLE. I knew it was a sign.  
So, I took the money I made from  
satisfying Mr. Satomoto and bought  
as much Google stock as I could,  
checked myself into rehab and never  
looked back.

Terry bites into a big, juicy cut of sirloin.

TERRY KISER

And now I'm even richer than Bernie Lomax was! Hahaha. But I have something that Bernie Lomax never had.

He holds his hands up to the sky and looks up gratefully.

TERRY KISER (CONT'D)

The Lord! Have you boys found him yet?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Ummm, not really, no.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I'm Jewish actually, so...

TERRY KISER

Well, I've learned that The Lord does everything for a reason. And I think He's has brought you two here for something more than a visit to an old colleague, hasn't He?

Jonathan and Andrew look at each other. This is the moment of truth. Jonathan pulls out the script.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE SITE OUTSIDE TERRY'S RANCH HOUSE - 10 MINUTES LATER

Terry flips through the script, and Jonathan fills him in on the situation.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Spike's on board. Funding's secured. A million each at signing. But you are the missing piece. We need you to make it happen.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Terry. Will you play dead for us, just one more time?

Terry stands up and looks plaintively across the ranch.

TERRY KISER

Walk with me, gents.

EXT. TERRY'S POND - MOMENTS LATER

They walk down a beautifully groomed path and arrive at a gorgeous view overlooking a moonlit pond. There's something big floating in the middle, but we can't make out what it is.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Wow, this is some view.

TERRY KISER

Let me show you guys something. Do you guys see that out there? It's a buoy. Not just any buoy though. It's one of the buoys that Bernie bounced off in our little movie, remember? Dong! Dong! Dong!

ANDREW MCCARTHY

No fuckin' way. I mean, no way.

TERRY KISER

I bought it from the Hollywood Museum, to remind myself what that city almost did to me. It bounced me around, beat me up, nearly killed me. I bought that buoy to remind me to never ever go back to that life. No matter how tempted I might be. So, I'm afraid it's time for Bernie Lomax to truly rest in peace.

Jonathan wanders to the water's edge and stares at the buoy, contemplating what this all means. Andrew pleads with Terry.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

But, Terry. Don't you see? Without that buoy, without Bernie Lomax, you'd never have been famous. You'd never have lost it all. You'd never have met The Lord, and you'd never have gotten all this.

Seeing Andrew's passion, Terry's almost buying it. He's torn.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

The Lord works in mysterious ways. You said it yourself.

TERRY KISER

I don't think I said that.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Whatever. The point is, we're here for a reason. To be famous again.

TERRY KISER

I'm sorry. I really am.

Jonathan snaps out of it and turns to Terry and Andrew.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

We get it. Andrew, he's right. It's time for us to go back to our lives.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What lives? Our lives are shit.

TERRY KISER

It's time to retire for the evening, gentleman. You're welcome to stay the night if you'd like.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

No, no, I think we've taken up enough of your time.

McCarthy is stunned. Struck momentarily speechless. Terry hugs them both and walks off into the night.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

He was gonna do it.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

No way. Look at the life he's made. Why would he want to get into all that again?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Loyalty? Friendship? An actor's bond? We'd do it for him.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

You don't do shit for anyone but yourself.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What have you ever done for anyone?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Who got you the Weekend at Bernie's role in the first place? Me. Your whole career. St. Elmo's Fire? I went to the mat for you with Emilio. Mannequin?

(MORE)

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

How many calls did I make for you?  
Me. My doing. I got you into the  
business! I've also bailed you out  
of more --

Andrew has heard enough.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

-- Fine, fuck you. You're right. So  
now what? We just give up a million  
dollars?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Look at it from his perspective.  
He's eighty years-old. And Bernie  
Lomax is a physically demanding  
role.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Playing dead is physically  
demanding? Try doing Less Than Zero  
and snorting a pound of bleached  
cornstarch every two hours.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

He's right. We should be grateful  
for what we have. We're lucky we  
made it out of Hollywood unscathed.  
We could be like River Phoenix you  
know.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Yeah, well. Joaquin did OK.

They head back up the path towards their car.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Andrew McCarthy hunches over a table in a horseshoe-shaped  
booth in the back of an Oxnard, roadside diner.

A few locals eat sandwiches. A YOUNG MOTHER and her BABY sit  
a couple tables over. The baby fusses and squirms while the  
mom tries to stop her from crying.

Andrew doesn't look away from a half-finished glass of ice  
water. He says nothing. Just stares.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Outside, Jonathan is on the phone with McNair, pacing.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
No, but you said...

He waits a beat, getting angrier.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
Listen, you're his agent. Manager.  
Whatever. You told us to drive up  
here. You...

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Andrew McCarthy gulps down his water. Probably the first glass in a long while by the look of him. The baby a couple tables over begins to cry, and the young mother very dutifully pulls the baby into her lap and discreetly breastfeeds her.

Andrew barely notices, reaching underneath the booth for a hidden bottle of booze. He uncorks it and pours it into the diner glass.

A WAITER (55), filling up coffee cups notices Andrew pouring the booze. He's an older but muscular black man with a wise, world-worn look to him. He can't believe how brazen Andrew is. The bottle of booze just sitting on the table. He approaches Andrew and stares. After a long beat, Andrew finally looks up, giving zero fucks.

WAITER  
Son, what do you think are you  
doing?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
What do you mean?

WAITER  
No outside food or drinks allowed.

The waiter points to a sign that says just that. Andrew hammers back his big glass of booze like a pro and nods to the young mom.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
What about her?

WAITER  
What about her?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
You said no outside food.

The waiter puts his coffee pot down and leans into Andrew.

WAITER

That there, is not outside food.  
That there is the naturalness of  
life. Sacred life. A mother  
nurturing her child so it can grow  
and thrive.

Andrew stares at the mom.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

That there is a violation of your  
house rules, chief. So, if she can  
break 'em, so can I.

Andrew methodically and deliberately pours another giant  
glass of booze, glaring defiantly in the waiter's face. Glug-  
glug-glug FUCK YOU.

The waiter seats himself and settles in, staring Andrew right  
in the eye. Sternly. Authoritatively.

Andrew drinks the drink in one skillful gulp. Smiles.

WAITER

Yeah. You want me to put you on  
that floor. You'd like that.

Andrew pours another long one without breaking eye contact.  
The waiter doesn't look away.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Your problems are now my problems,  
right? That what you want? What if  
I make my problems your problems?

Once again, zero fucks given by Andrew. The waiter is growing  
in stature and anger.

WAITER (CONT'D)

How 'bout I tell you about  
Afghanistan. Or the pieces of  
roadside scrap stuck in here...

Waiter picks up his arm and shows a huge scar down his arm.

WAITER (CONT'D)

...or about the pain pills that  
made my wife take all my shit and  
leave me living in a motel by the  
motherfucking airport. How about I  
tell you all that?

Andrew stares. Any fucks given yet? No.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
Or how about you put a cork in that  
bottle, pay your bill, and get out  
of my diner before I make my  
problems your problems?

Andrew smiles the smile of a defiant prisoner about to go  
before a firing squad.

EXT. OUTSIDE DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Jonathan is trying unsuccessfully to call Jennifer on his  
cell phone, not getting any reception and getting really  
annoyed.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Hello? Jen? Fucking AT&T.

Andrew comes flying out of the front door. He SLAMS into a  
telephone pole just next to Jonathan. The Waiter throws out  
his jacket and slams the door.

Jonathan hangs up the phone in shock.

EXT. OXNARD CURB - NIGHT

Andrew and Jonathan sit beneath a street lamp as Andrew  
finishes the last of the bottle. He's bombed. Black eyes and  
a ripped lip.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
He's done! Hallelujah. Can we go  
now?

Jonathan gets up and helps Andrew to his feet. Andrew sways a  
little, as Jonathan pats him on the shoulder.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
We got close, pal. Let's go home.

Andrew sways like a skyscraper in a hurricane. Jonathan turns  
toward the car. Andrew doesn't move.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
You coming?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
No. I'm not coming.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Come on, man.

Andrew is teetering.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Why? I'm fucking dead. What's the point.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

What are you talking about?

Andrew is almost, but not quite, drunk enough to tell him about his visit from The Fixer.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'm not letting that dusty old fucker ruin my chance.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Terry isn't doing it. It's over.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Maybe you're right. Come here.

Andrew hugs Jonathan deeply. Jonathan awkwardly hugs back. When he's done, Andrew walks out into the street, nearly getting hit by a speeding car. He ambles his way to Jonathan's car, unlocks it and slides into the driver's seat.

Jonathan pats himself down, searching for his keys. SHIT. Andrew stole them.

Andrew revs Jonathan's SUV and zooms out into the night.

Jonathan tries to call an Uber. But he can't because AT&T fucking sucks. He notices an empty taxi parked outside the diner and runs inside to find the driver.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew stalks up towards the staircase leading up into Terry's ranch house. Passing where Terry's been chopping wood, he picks up a piece of firewood.

INT/EXT. TERRY'S GATE - SAME TIME

Jonathan's taxi pulls up to the gate at Terry's house, and he hops out. Jonathan's SUV is parked just off the side of the road where Andrew left it. Jonathan sees it and sneaks into the property.

EXT. BACK OF TERRY KISER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew begins to creep quietly up the staircase when Jonathan comes barreling around the corner.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (O.S.)  
Andrew! Goddamn it!

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Don't come near me.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
I can't let you do this.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
What are you gonna do, pussyboy?

Jonathan leaps up the stairs at Andrew's legs. They wrestle for a moment, but Andrew has the advantage of the high ground.

Jonathan tumbles down the stairs, cracking his head hard on the railing. He crash lands at the bottom and lays motionless, knocked out cold, glasses shattered. Is he dead? Could be. Andrew glares down at him, then storms up the stairs into Terry's house, clutching the stick of firewood like it's a medieval mace.

INT. TERRY KISER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew creeps down the upstairs hallway towards Terry's bedroom. The original "Weekend at Bernie's" playing on the TV, and Terry is laughing mightily at it. Andrew steps on a squeaky board, and Terry hears him. The TV clicks off.

TERRY KISER  
Hello?

Terry walks into the hallway and turns on the light to find an enraged Andrew brandishing the stick of firewood.

TERRY KISER (CONT'D)  
Andrew. What's wrong? What are you doing?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
You can't help us out by doing this one thing? You can't be bothered to save a friend's life? Let's go motherfucker!

TERRY KISER

Andrew, I don't understand. I won't fight you.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Let's see what you got! Do it!

Terry slowly and stoically kneels before Andrew, closing his eyes and raising his palms in the air.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

What's that? What are you doing?

TERRY KISER

I am giving myself to the hands of The Lord. The Lord will take care of me. I will not resist.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'll beat you into next dimension, old man. I'll do it. I'll fucking do it. I swear I will.

TERRY KISER

If that be the will of The Lord, let it be done.

Andrew winds up to swing but hesitates. Terry is entirely at peace, unmoving, resigned to whatever fate has in store for him.

Andrew winds up again, but something about the sight of this peaceful man rouses some long repressed, powerful emotion. He can't do it.

He tosses the stick of firewood harmlessly away and collapses on the floor, weeping with cocaine/booze comedown tears. Terry opens his eyes.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'm sorry, Terry. I'm so sorry.

Andrew hugs Terry, collapsing on him like a crying child to a parent.

TERRY KISER

It's going to be OK, son.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

No. You don't understand. I owe some very bad people a very large amount of money. When they find me, I'll be lucky if all they do is kill me.

TERRY KISER

If that be The Lord's will, then  
you must face it with humility and  
give yourself over. Only through  
The Lord can you be saved.

Andrew looks up hopefully.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

The Lord can save me?

TERRY KISER

Yes, of course. You need only  
repent, for The Lord to save your  
soul.

Andrew again collapses weeping and wailing into Terry's arms.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I've been a horrible person. I'm a  
sinner. I'm high as a goddamn hot  
air balloon right now.

TERRY KISER

Don't you see? None of that  
matters. You need only be baptized  
in the Lord's light to wash away  
all your sins.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'll do it. I'll be baptized. I'll  
do anything.

TERRY KISER

This is the reason The Lord brought  
you to me, to save your soul. It's  
all part of His plan. It's so  
clear.

Terry tenderly disengages from Andrew, stands up and stares  
out the window for a moment at his buoy on the pond.

TERRY KISER (CONT'D)

And yet, I sense something more  
happening here.

After some thought, Terry triumphantly turns back to Andrew.

TERRY KISER (CONT'D)

I'll do it.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Do what?

TERRY KISER  
I'll do the picture. I'm in.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
You... You are? But why?

TERRY KISER  
The Lord can save your soul,  
Andrew. But it appears he has  
tasked me with saving your life, by  
once again playing the part of a  
man who's lost his own life.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
I don't believe it.

TERRY KISER  
Wait here.

Terry darts into his bedroom for a moment. Andrew gets up,  
dusts himself off, rubs his eyes. He can't quite process yet.

Terry emerges from the bedroom in his full Bernie Lomax get  
up: Blue windbreaker, toupee, sunglasses, big Bernie smirk.

Terry falls into a chair and plays dead. Andrew laughs with  
joy.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Hahahhaaaaaaa. Yeeeeahhhhh!!!

TERRY KISER  
I still got it.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
We're gonna do it. We're actually  
gonna do this!

TERRY KISER  
Yes! But there's something we must  
do first. Come with me and be  
baptized in the Lord's heavenly  
light!

EXT. TERRY'S POND - NIGHT

Terry and Andrew stand in waist deep water in the pond, where  
Terry is preparing to baptize Andrew. Terry gets into  
position to dunk Andrew for his Baptism. The stick of  
firewood from before lies dormant on the water's edge.

TERRY KISER  
Are you ready, my son?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I think so.

TERRY KISER

Through the blood of Jesus Christ,  
I baptize this faithful servant,  
Andrew, what's your middle name?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Thomas.

TERRY KISER

Andrew Thomas McCarthy.

Terry dunks Andrew into the water dramatically, then pulls him back up. Both smile and hug.

TERRY KISER (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Reborn.

TERRY KISER

Now you do me.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Oh, I couldn't. I'm not a religious man, really.

TERRY KISER

You are now though, right?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Well, yes. I suppose, technically.  
But I really should --

TERRY KISER

-- Come now, I love being baptized  
in the Lord's light! I'll walk you  
through it.

EXT. BACK OF TERRY KISER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonathan lays completely motionless at the bottom of the stairs. He could be dead. It's deathly quiet. Until he takes a huge breath and springs up. He's got an enormous welt pulsating on his forehead, and wood chips smattered on his face.

He hears talking by the pond and looks over, but he can't see, as the pond is screened by a few wide, leafy trees.

He pulls on his very badly cracked glasses and staggers towards the light of the pond.

Andrew stands in position to give Terry a baptismal dunk. It's all smiles.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

And now, in the name of The Lord, I  
give you, Terrence Kiser, your  
faithful son.

Andrew dunks Terry. But Andrew's never done this before and clumsily drops Terry just as Jonathan staggers up to the pond.

SILVERMAN'S BLURRY POV: Through his cracked, scratched glasses, Jonathan sees Andrew leaning down over Terry, struggling as Terry flails in the water. It looks like Andrew is drowning him.

BACK TO SCENE.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Noooooo!!

Jonathan grabs the stick of firewood and leaps into the pond swinging it blindly, hoping to somehow stop Andrew from drowning Terry.

Kiser pops up out of the water just as Andrew ducks to avoid one of Jonathan's wild swings. Wood finally hits bone as Jonathan connects with Terry's skull with a gruesome CRUNCH. We know from the sound that Jonathan has just delivered a death blow to Terry.

Terry's body floats away into the deep waters of the pond as Jonathan and Andrew stand, slack-jawed watching Terry's blood pour into the moonlit water.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TERRY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Andrew and Jonathan stare at the waterlogged corpse of Terry Kiser. Terry's expression is one of absolute horror, locked into place.

They stare at him for a long, long beat, looking at each other, then looking at the body, then each other, then the body.

Andrew reaches down and takes Terry's sunglasses out of his jacket pocket and puts them on Terry's face to cover the terrified look in his eyes.

Andrew's expression changes as an idea creeps in his head. He looks curiously at Kiser's corpse, then reaches down to adjust Terry's mouth and cheeks, so that his expression resembles the famous "Bernie Smirk" from the original Weekend at Bernie's.

Jonathan studies Terry's face and corpse for a long moment, thinking hard. After a long beat, he turns and looks at Jonathan expectantly.

Jonathan sees Andrew's look, and his expression changes as well. To abject fear. Everything starts to close in on Jonathan. He realizes the gravity of what he's just done. It's like a bad dream. No, the worst dream ever. And it's real.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

No. No.

McCarthy looks back at the corpse.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

No. No. No. No. No. No.

Silverman is alternately emphatic, then pleading, then emphatic, then begging.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

No. NO. NO. NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!

Jonathan is having a panic attack. Full blown. Andrew is deep in thought, barely reacting to the hysterics, carefully considering Terry's corpse and what it might be capable of.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

NO  
NO NO.....NO.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Shut up, will you?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I'm calling the cops right now.  
This is a huge mistake. It's not good, but it isn't --

ANDREW MCCARTHY

-- It is.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Don't say it.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Say what? Murder?

Jonathan levels his eyes at Andrew.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)  
You didn't murder him? Because from where I was sitting, you picked up a nice piece of hickory, bum-rushed him and bludgeoned him to death.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
I was concussed. I lost my glasses, and I thought you were drowning him.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
So you wanted to murder me?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
No! I don't know what I wanted.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Think about how this looks. You know it was an accident. I know it was an accident, sort of. But the cops? They don't know that.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
You're gonna tell them what happened. That I wasn't trying to kill him, I was trying to save him.

Andrew gestures down at his horrid appearance.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Right. Look at me. I was high as fuck. I've probably still got enough drugs in my system to kill a warthog. Do you think they're gonna believe anything I say?

Silverman crash lands into an ottoman and puts his face in his hands.

JONATHAN  
We have to call the cops. We just... We have to.

Andrew slides up to Jonathan on his knees, real close. He holds him tenderly by the arm.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Jon. Listen, man. You killed him.  
You murdered him. We can't go to  
the cops. You don't understand.

JONATHAN

What don't I understand? Explain to  
me what I am missing from this  
situation, Andrew?

Andrew walks calmly to the wet bar and pours himself a tall  
glass of icy bourbon. He polishes it off in one professional  
gulp and speaks without looking back.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'm in deep to the mob. I owe them  
a hundred grand. Maybe more.

Jonathan doesn't believe his ears.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Are you joking?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

No. I'm not.

Andrew turns around with two glasses of booze, walks slowly  
to Jonathan and hands him one. He's a dark, different man  
now.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

I'm dead if I don't pay them. Dead.  
You want to know why I showed up at  
your house? Why I'm so suddenly  
interested in your stupid script?

Andrew hammers back the booze.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

That's why. And here's something  
else. I'm not going to die. So  
we're going to find a way out of  
this situation. We're going to take  
everything Terry has. That lamp,  
his gold watch, these fucking rugs.  
That stupid buoy. We're going to  
sell it all, make this look like a  
robbery, and I'm going to pay off  
these motherfuckers.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Are you high?

Andrew gives him a look.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
Never mind. Still, why in a million  
years would I go along with that?

Andrew jingle-jangles the ice in his booze glass.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Cuz if you don't. When you call the  
cops, I'm going to tell them you  
killed him.

A loud ocean gust blows the wind chimes outside. It's a  
beautiful sound that trails off into the ether.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERRY'S LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Jonathan and Andrew stand over Terry's corpse, still in  
Bernie costume.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
We need to dry him off, hide him  
somehow.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Let's put him out by the pool. He  
can air dry.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
You can't air dry a corpse. Air is  
what makes them deteriorate. We  
need to freeze him or pack him in  
salt or preserve him somehow.

Andrew gives Jonathan an incredulous look.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
I did one episode of Six Feet  
Under.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Oh, so you're an expert. I'm gonna  
google it.

Andrew reaches for his smartphone. Jonathan slaps it away.

JONATHAN  
Hey, stupid. You think that's a  
good idea?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
What?

JONATHAN

Give me that.

He snatches Andrew's phone.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

We shouldn't even have these on.  
These are homing devices, man.  
We're so fucking fucked.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

You're more fucked.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I can't believe you would do this  
to me. After all I've done for you.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What choice do I have? You call the  
cops? I'm dead. We leave here and  
pretend nothing happened? I'm dead.  
I take off and go hide in the  
wilderness without any money or  
survival skills? I'm dead. I'm  
dead, Jon. So, if you don't do  
this, you'll be murdering two  
people.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I didn't murder him!

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Yes, you did! I saw you. Like a  
goddamned psychopath Jewish Thor  
wielding a hickory hammer!

Jonathan lunges at Andrew, starting a clumsy wrestling fight.  
They're screaming, biting, kicking, pinching and rolling  
around on the ground. Fighting like guys who have never  
fought.

Winded, they both give up and scramble to opposite sides of  
the room, lying on the floor, desperate to catch their  
breath.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

He's going to start to leak. If he  
leaks in here, it's a mess we won't  
be able to clean up.

Andrew is a shell of a man, clinging on for survival.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Fine. Let's get him outside.

EXT. TERRY KISER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan struggle to carry the corpse out the front door, banging up against things, dropping him, doing all the things that you'd actually do if you had to carry a 200-pound, lifeless corpse 50 yards.

A car approaches from the distance.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Fuck Fuck fuck fuck fuck.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
We gotta get him back inside!

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
No time.

They drop Terry in the dirt and take off back into the house. The car approaches and parks. McNair gets out and walks into the pool area in the back, completely missing Terry's corpse as he approaches.

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jonathan hides behind a couch. Andrew calmly heads for the wet bar again. Hitting it hard.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Jesus. What is wrong with you?

Andrew's thinking. He's thought. And he knows what to do. Andrew grab Terry's shotgun from over the mantle

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, you don't know if that's loaded or not.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
I guess we'll see.

The two stare at each other for a moment before Andrew spins on his heel and walks to meet McNair.

EXT. TERRY'S KISER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

McNair calls out for Terry.

MCNAIR  
Terry!? Terry?!

McNair turns and sees Terry laying there in the dirt. He can't believe it. He doesn't know what to do or say. He hears a door open.

Andrew walks out of the house, ready for whatever grim fate awaits him. He sees Kiser's corpse and leans down to lovingly brush Kiser's face with his hand.

McNair stares in shock. Andrew stands and faces McNair with the shotgun.

DICK MCNAIR

What is this shit?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Come inside.

McNair stares at Andrew, wide-eyed with shock. He's not sure what's going on and not sure if he wants to know. But he plays along.

Jonathan stumbles out the front door. He sees McNair and collapses into a chair with relief. Andrew acts as though nothing's happened and strides past Jonathan back into the house.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Jonathan.

McNair and Jonathan reluctantly follow, leaving Kiser's body laying in the dirt.

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

McNair, Andrew and Jonathan sit in silence as Andrew, with the shotgun on his lap, reads the room, watching McNair and Jonathan with a bemused smile.

MCNAIR

You gonna tell me what the fuck is going on?

Jonathan is beyond nervous. Something inside Andrew has snapped, and he doesn't give a shit about anything anymore.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

You gonna kill me? Or are we going to talk turkey?

Andrew leans in.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

You're right. It's time to talk.

Andrew gets up and starts talking as he rummages through Terry's stuff. Drawers, boxes, nooks, crannies.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

You see Dick, we took your advice and paid a visit to our old friend, Terry. And like you said, he was here, and he was welcoming. We had a few beers a few laughs, ate some steaks, I got baptized into the light of the lord and Jonathan over here beat Bernie Lomax to death...

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

By mistake!

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Correction! Beat Bernie Lomax to death..by mistake. With a piece of firewood.

Andrew finds something: A case of shotgun shells.

He smiles and opens the box, loads the weapon with two bullets, clicks the shotgun loudly and returns to his seat.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

So that's where we are. TBD. In progress. On one hand, Jonathan says we should call the cops. On the other, I say we move forward, full blast. Loot this place blind.

There's a long pause as McNair thinks this over and formulates a plan.

MCNAIR

What kind of fuckin' greenhorn bullshit is this?

McNair gets mad and snaps his suspenders.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something. You don't need to rob this place. That's rinky-dink bullshit. You gonna fence a fucking butt plug you find in his dresser drawer? A goddamned centerpiece? Get a grip.

Jonathan and Andrew are shocked. McNair locks eyes with Andrew.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

You want that movie cheese, Hondo.  
That's the prize. So listen up.  
Because here's the straight shit!

McNair leans in and eyeballs the duo like he's closing a major deal.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

Nobody needs to know he's dead  
until we get our money.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

What about Spike? He's gonna want  
to talk to Terry, and he's gonna  
notice that he's not sayin' much.

McNair is exhausted. He sick of these monkey shines.

MCNAIR

Use your coconuts for a second.  
Think it through.

McNair squats a bit and gets real serious.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

Here's how it's gonna work. Our  
buddy Terry over here is gonna go  
full hog method. He's playin' dead,  
and he isn't breaking character for  
nothing or nobody. Spike will love  
it. Roger Ebert will shit himself.  
Done-zo.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Roger Ebert's dead.

MCNAIR

Shut the fuck up, if you please.  
Can you do that? Thank you. We'll  
prop him up for a few days, make  
some calls or whatever the fuck,  
and everyone will jerk themselves  
to sleep thinking Terry's the new  
Montgomery Clift. Then, we'll ditch  
him in the ocean, make a pit stop  
in LA, pick up our cash, cross the  
border and find our own ways to a  
new hacienda lifestyle where we'll  
never see each other's stupid faces  
ever again. That's fucking that.  
Bob's your uncle.

(MORE)

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

Now stop pointing that goddamned gun at me and pour me a fucking Cutty Sark, you has-been pretty boy prick. Time to get rambling.

Andrew smiles, gets up and hands McNair a drink. Strangely, this speech from McNair has brought him back to a semblance of sanity. Jonathan can't believe it.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

That's my agent.

McNair takes the booze.

MCNAIR

Manager, you fuckwit.

FADE OUT.

INT. SPIKE JONZE'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Spike types an email on his computer, when a Skype Chat alert pops up.

He accepts the video call, and it pops up on his big monitor. It's Andrew, Jonathan, McNair and Terry's Corpse in the middle, dressed in Bernie gear.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Hi Spike! It's Jonathan and Andrew.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

And Terry!

SPIKE JONZE

Haha. That's amazing you guys. I see Terry's fully onboard.

JONATHAN

Oh, he's on board alright.

INT. TERRY KISER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The guys do the Skype call, with Terry's corpse propped up by a big 2x4 board nailed into his back and neck. It's a bloody mess in back, but from the front, Terry looks OK.

SPIKE JONZE

Terry, it's great to finally chat. I can't wait to work together.

Terry does not answer. He's dead.

SPIKE JONZE (CONT'D)  
I said, I can't wait to work  
together.

INTERCUT - VIDEO PHONE CONVERSATION

MCNAIR  
(to Spike on Skype)  
Hey.  
(to Andrew and Jonathan)  
What's this guy's name again?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
(whispering to McNair)  
Spike Jonze.

MCNAIR  
Yeah, uhh. Spike. I'm Dick McNair,  
Terry's manager.

SPIKE JONZE  
Nice to meet you, Dick.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
Look, Spike. There's something we  
need to tell you.

SPIKE JONZE  
OK, shoot.

MCNAIR  
We were so excited about the script  
that a couple weeks before we even  
met with you, we pitched it to  
Terry, and he was so excit --

SPIKE JONZE  
-- Say, is Terry OK? He hasn't  
moved.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
That's just it. We pitched it to  
him, and he was so jazzed, that he  
got right into character. Method,  
baby.

SPIKE JONZE  
Terry's method? I had no idea.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
We didn't tell you, because we were  
worried it might be a problem.

(MORE)

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

You know, after all that Daniel Day-Lewis There Will Be Blood hoo-ha, we were worried you might not like it.

SPIKE JONZE

Like it? I fucking love love love love that, you guys. It's gonna help us drum up so much publicity. No one's ever done anything like it.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

That much is certain.

SPIKE JONZE

Do you think he can pull it off? Stay in character and be dead for an entire shoot?

Andrew, Jonathan and McNair look at each other, realizing the incredible irony of this question.

JONATHAN/ANDREW/MCNAIR

(talking over each other)

Oh yeah, absolutely. Sure. No question.

Spike is over the moon excited.

SPIKE JONZE

Wow. I had no idea Terry was a method actor. This is great news. Say, where are you guys?

MCNAIR

At Terry's ranch in Ojai.

SPIKE JONZE

Ojai??!! No way. Listen. Would you mind if I sent my buddy, Brad, out to meet you. I think he'd be great for a part in the film, and he's just a few miles away shooting a Western for me. They've got the afternoon off. I'll text him right now.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Brad?

SPIKE JONZE

Yeah. Good friend of mine.

Spike starts texting excitedly.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Spike, we wouldn't want to put anyone out.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Right. We wouldn't dare interrupt a big shoot of yours just for --

SPIKE JONZE

-- Great. Said he'll be there in two hours.

Jonathan goes ghost white.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Two hours. Terrific.

SPIKE JONZE

I'm getting more and more pumped! You guys getting pumped? Terry?

No answer.

SPIKE JONZE (CONT'D)

Haha. I forgot. He's in character! Bernie! I love it. Gotta run. Thursday is still on, right?

MCNAIR

Well, um, yes. But it'll just be me. I've power of attorney for all three of these gentlemen, and I'd hate to disrupt their preparation. It's going really great here.

SPIKE JONZE

Sure, whatever. Man, I can't wait to start this. Okay. Let me know how it goes with Brad. Talk soon!

Spike hangs up the Skype call. Jonathan and Andrew exchange terrified looks.

MCNAIR

Who the fuck is Brad?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Jonathan, Andrew and Terry's corpse sit on a couch, jammed in together, looking nervous as hell. Except Terry of course.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
This is never going to fucking  
work.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
You're right. We can't let him in.  
No matter what.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
No matter who it is, no matter what  
they say, we cannot let anyone come  
in here and see this.

The doorbell rings. Andrew gets up to answer it.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN (CONT'D)  
No matter what.

Andrew pulls open the door to find BRADLEY COOPER and JAMES CORDEN, looking happy as clams.

BRADLEY/JAMES  
Hey-O!!!

Andrew is so shocked that he just stands there and lets them walk right in.

BRADLEY COOPER  
What's up, dickbags? Spike told me  
you were out here, and I was like,  
I gots ta see this!

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
And you brought James Corden too.  
Wow.

JAMES CORDEN  
Hope I'm not putting you out.

BRADLEY COOPER  
Weekend at Bernie's Three? No way I  
was gonna let Cordo miss this.  
Fuck, man, it's so good to meet you  
guys.

(to Andrew)  
I saw you do *Side Man* on Broadway,  
back when I was studying at The  
Actor's Studio.

(MORE)

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)  
 I thought you should've gotten the  
 Tony for that performance, man.  
 Serious stuff.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 Really? Well, thanks. Thanks a lot.

BRADLEY COOPER  
 (to Jonathan)  
 And I loved you in.... What was it  
 you were in?

Bradley clearly can't think of anything Silverman was in.  
 Silverman looks miffed.

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)  
 Weekend at Bernie's! Haha! Yeeah!  
 Hilarious.

Bradley steps over towards Terry's corpse on the couch.

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)  
 (to Terry's corpse)  
 And you! Yooooou. Terry fuckin'  
 Kiser. The Method man! So much  
 respect, dude.

Bradley Cooper stares at him silently for an awkwardly long  
 beat. His expression grows serious.

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)  
 Ho-ly shit.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 What?

BRADLEY COOPER  
 He's really doing it! Full on  
 method actor. Fuckin' guy even  
 smells dead.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 Oh, I think that's me actually. I  
 haven't showered today.

Bradley leans in even closer to Terry and sniffs.

BRADLEY COOPER  
 Nah, it's him all right. Ooph.  
 Silverman, you could learn a thing  
 or two from this guy's acting  
 technique. Check it out. Full  
 method.

He abruptly CLAPS his hands as hard as he can right in Terry's face. No movement. He leans over to talk right in his ear.

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)  
 Terry. Terry. Terry.  
 (now screaming)  
 TEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRYYYYYYY!!!

Nothing.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 Yep, we've been trying all week to get him to break character. But that's Terry, a real pro's pro.

Cooper reaches out to tickle Terry under the armpits.

BRADLEY COOPER  
 Tickle tickle tickle...

No response. But Cooper recoils at the sight of blood on his hand.

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 Oh, oh! Right, we should have warned you. Fake blood. Terry insisted on it.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 See in the new movie, Bernie Lomax gets killed when he's knifed in the back several times. Very bloody.

Corden, with a curious expression on his face, chimes in from across the room.

JAMES CORDEN  
 Wait, if he's been dead since the first movie, why would anyone knife him in the back?

Cooper gets very serious as well.

BRADLEY COOPER  
 Yeah, and why would he still have liquid blood?

There's an extremely long, awkward pause, as no one has a good answer. The moment is broken by McNair's loud laugh!

MCNAIR

Plot holes!! Gotta love 'em. Hack writers. Who wrote this thing anyway?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I wrote it actually, and --

Cooper and Corden ignore Jonathan completely to shake hands with McNair. Corden continues to stare at the corpse curiously.

MCNAIR

Hiya, fellas. I'm Dick McNair. I represent these three.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Ok, guys. What can we do for you today?

JAMES CORDEN

Well, it just so happens, that Emma Stone had to drop out at the last minute. So, when Bradley got the text from Spike and told me about what you guys were doing, I thought that --

BRADLEY COOPER

-- Jesus, Cordo, spit it out for fuck's sake. We're doin' carpool fuckin' karaoke! All of us.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

I'm sorry, what?

JAMES CORDEN

Carpool Karaoke. Everything's ready to go.

Corden points them to the window where a camera crew waits with a big, badass, 1996 Ford Bronco, fully rigged up for camera and sound.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

No!

BRADLEY COOPER

What do you mean, no?

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

He just means, you're the big star. You should do it.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Right, Bradley. We couldn't take up  
your big moment.

BRADLEY COOPER

Are you kidding? Doing carpool  
karaoke with fuckin' Bernie Lomax?  
I'm not missing that.

Cooper can't wait to start.

MCNAIR

Yeah, good publicity for the movie!

Jonathan and Andrew stare at McNair. He shrugs. Old habits  
die hard.

INT. VINTAGE 1996 FORD BRONCO - DAYTIME

Corden drives. Cooper's in the front passenger seat. McCarthy  
and Silverman ride in the back with Terry's corpse in the  
middle. Corden fiddles with the stereo, looking for some  
music on his phone.

JAMES CORDEN

This is so great guys. I'm super  
psyched.

BRADLEY COOPER

Let's do this!

JAMES CORDEN

I thought we could do something  
from the original Weekend At  
Bernie's.

He clicks play. Paul Simon's "You Can Call Me Al" bursts from  
the speakers. They listen and get into the mood of the song.  
It's super catchy, and they begin to sing.

ALL TOGETHER

*A man walks down the street  
He says, "Why am I soft in the  
middle, now?..."*

They keep singing, but it all goes haywire since none of them  
know any more of the words.

Corden jumps in and changes his mind.

JAMES CORDEN

No no no.

BRADLEY COOPER

What are you doing? I love that song.

JAMES CORDEN

Maybe. But, how much do you love *this* song?

"Shallow" from A Star is Born pours out of the speakers.

BRADLEY COOPER

No fuckin' way dude! You think I actually like that shit? Seriously, turn it off. Turn it off!

Bradley reaches over and clicks the stop button.

JAMES CORDEN

But you sang it at the Oscars. You cried.

BRADLEY COOPER

It's called acting. Method acting? Exactly what Terry's doing right now. See?

They all look at Terry's corpse for a moment. Bradley reaches into the back and gives Terry a titty-twister.

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)

Terry gets it. Right Terry? Right Terry? Titty-twister, titty-twister...

No response.

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)

(to Terry)

You're an inspiration dude!

(to Corden)

Now, gimme that shit. It's time to rock.

Bradley snatches the phone out of Corden's hand and searches for a song. He finds it.

BRADLEY COOPER (CONT'D)

Now we're talkin'.

He clicks play, cranks up the volume, and Motörhead's "Ace of Spades" blasts from the speakers like a molten hammer of ass kicking rock majesty.

Corden feels it. Everyone feels it. Corden stomps on the gas. The engine roars, almost as loud as Motörhead. They race all over Terry's ranch, four wheeling it on the roughest terrain possible, through creeks, over logs and rocks, ridiculous slopes, etc.

McCarthy, Silverman and Terry's corpse bounce around like rag dolls in the back. Silverman still looks mortified, but McCarthy's having too much fun to think. They don't know the lyrics, but they know the song, and it's fucking Motörhead, so who cares. The gravelly voice of Motörhead's Lemmy Kilmister voice rips through the scene.

LEMMY

*If you like to gamble/  
I tell you I'm your man/  
You win some, lose some/  
It's all the same to me.*

They're all rocking out, and even Jonathan momentarily relaxes and gets into the spirit.

LEMMY (CONT'D)

*The pleasure is to play/  
Makes no difference what you say*

It's all fun, games and heavy metal madness until they go over a huge bump. Andrew inadvertently rips Terry's hand completely off his body, sending it flying into Silverman's lap. They both stare horrified for a moment.

LEMMY (CONT'D)

*I don't share your greed/  
The only card I need is/*

Corden swings around to sing the chorus just as Silverman snatches Kiser's hand and hides it in his pocket.

LEMMY (CONT'D)

*The Ace of Spades.  
The Ace of Spades.*

Corden looks concerned for a moment, not quite sure what he saw. Silverman notices this but acts like he doesn't. Corden goes back to singing.

LEMMY (CONT'D)

*You know I'm born to lose/  
And gambling's for fools/  
But that's the way I like it, baby  
I don't wanna live forever.*

EXT. DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF TERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

McNair watches from afar as the Bronco bounces and bobs and weaves around the ranch, kicking up huge clouds of dust, with the combination of Motörhead and the revving engine making a deafening racket that pierces the heretofore serene environment.

INT. VINTAGE 1996 FORD BRONCO - DAY

Corden and Cooper bang their heads in a full-on Motörhead frenzy in the front. Andrew and Jonathan struggle to sing along while keeping Terry's corpse from getting damaged in the back.

LEMMY

*Double up or quit/  
Double stake or split/  
The Ace of Spades.  
The Ace of Spades.*

EXT. TERRY KISER'S RANCH - DAYTIME

Wide look at the Bronco swerving wildly around the ranch as "Ace of Spades" plays us out.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WORKSHOP INSIDE TERRY KISER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Inside a workshop full of all sorts of carpentry tools, paint, paint thinners, cleaning chemicals. Terry has clearly done a lot of the work on this mansion by himself, and this has been ground zero.

Andrew, Jonathan and McNair stare at Terry's rapidly decomposing corpse, propped up on a sawhorse. His hand has fallen off completely. His skin is starting to crack and peel, he looks every bit a corpse.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Jesus. That Karaoke ride really took a lot out of him.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I think he looks sort of OK.

MCNAIR

(wiping sweat away)  
OK?

(MORE)

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

Yeah, OK for a guy that's been dead  
for three days playing rag doll.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

We can't keep this up.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What do you suggest we do?

MCNAIR

Let's get chemical. Something in  
here has to work.

Just then, some white paint starts to pour out of a tiny hole  
in a paint can just above Terry. It's a little too close to  
Terry for comfort. Jonathan rushes to plug the hole with his  
finger. McNair senses danger and slips unnoticed into the  
next room.

JONATHAN

What the?

Another hole, then another, sending paint thinner and red  
paint pouring out.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Oh no.

Andrew sees The Fixer through the window aiming a silenced  
pistol right at his head. He dives behind the workbench as a  
bullet whisks past his head. The Fixer stalks in, looking for  
Andrew again.

Jonathan, who has taken refuge behind a couch, motions at  
Andrew behind the workbench.

He points to a partially taxidermied moose head on the floor.  
Andrew sees this and suddenly realizes his plan.

THE FIXER'S POV: The Moose Head pops up from behind the  
couch. He turns fires four shots into it.

The Fixer stalks over to see what he's hit and finds Jonathan  
and Andrew groveling on the floor behind the couch. Their  
moose head gambit clearly did not work.

The Fixer kneels next to McCarthy, takes out a photo of him  
from Pretty in Pink and compares it to make sure this is his  
target. When he's satisfied, he places the cold steel of his  
silenced pistol on McCarthy's temple.

THE FIXER

Say prayers.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Wait wait wait!!!

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Hold on hold on hold on.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I can pay you. I can pay you. More than you're getting paid to kill me!

THE FIXER

You are deadbeat.

The Fixer is about to kill McCarthy and Silverman when he hears the distinctive sound of a shotgun being cocked. McNair has gotten the jump on him.

MCNAIR

Put it down, Hoss.

The Fixer considers his options.

THE FIXER

Who fucking is this guy?

MCNAIR

Who am I?? I'm the guy who's had a standing reservation at Dan Tana's, every Friday night for twenty-seven years.

Click clack goes the shotgun.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

I'm also the guy with a double barrel pointed right at your back. So drop the gun, cabbage eater.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

You're here for the money, right?

THE FIXER

No. I am here to kill you. Because you don't have money.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

I do have it. Plus way more. For you. Dick, tell him.

MCNAIR

I don't gotta tell this fuckin' guy anything. Drop the gun, and then we'll talk business.

The Fixer executes an acrobatic, military style dive at McNair skillfully taking him down and taking the shotgun away from him. The Fixer points the shotgun at McNair, keeping his pistol pointed at Jonathan and Andrew.

THE FIXER

You were saying?

MCNAIR

We got money. Studio money. This guy's got a million coming his way before the end of the week. And so does the other one.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

But we need your help.

THE FIXER

Why would I help you idiots?

MCNAIR

Because we'll pay twenty times as much as those scumbags are paying you.

THE FIXER

I'm listening.

MCNAIR

You have experience with dead bodies, no? It's your stock and trade.

THE FIXER

This is true.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Well, we got a dead body.

He motions to Terry's corpse. The Fixer lowers his gun. He knows he's in complete control of this situation, so he figures he might as well listen.

EXT. TERRY'S RANCH - DAY

Andrew, Jonathan and The Fixer stand by The Fixer's car. The Fixer opens the trunk, then opens a secret compartment inside revealing an array of incredibly disturbing torture and embalming equipment.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What the fuck?

## THE FIXER

Tricks of trade. Pump you full of this shit so you don't smell. Curl you up in that hole, drive you around so cops don't notice. And then by the time we get to desert or woods or wherever... One match and POOF!

## ANDREW MCCARTHY

We don't want to dispose of him. We want to keep him "alive."

## THE FIXER

You think I am funeral director?

## ANDREW MCCARTHY

I'm just saying, man. You have all the tools.

They both stare at The Fixer for a very long time. He gives them an expressionless shrug.

## BEGIN MONTAGE

A punkish 80s montage track, with some sort of medical or pharmaceutical theme, plays. (i.e. The Fall's "Mr. Pharmacist")

Andrew McCarthy, Jonathan and The Fixer do a number of increasingly disturbing and flat out gross things to Terry's corpse with the embalming and taxidermy equipment.

They gut him and pour his innards into a bucket, then stuff him with some sort of synthetic foam.

They inject his face with silicon gel, making it puff out disturbingly. Then remove some until he looks about right.

McNair pukes onto the floor.

They re-attach his hand using some sort of heat activated silicon glue and a blowtorch.

They strip him naked and hand paint him with flesh colored pigment, then coat him with spray cans of shellac.

They super glue his sunglasses tight on his face.

They douse him with cologne they found in his house.

Lastly, they hook him up to an IV with a pump on it and inject formaldehyde into his veins.

END MONTAGE

Jonathan, Andrew and The Fixer stand over Terry's corpse, admiring their handiwork. Despite everything, the corpse does look better, like it might pass muster at first glance.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

I gotta say. I really admire your craft.

THE FIXER

In my own way, I am artist. Now give me your wallets.

They reluctantly hand them over to The Fixer.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)

I have all personal information now. You wire money to these accounts. 72 hours.

He hands them a document with account numbers on it.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)

Otherwise, I kill all of you, then kill families.

JONATHAN/ANDREW MCCARTHY

Got it. Yes.

FIXER

But not just kill.

(to Jonathan)

I kill your fucking dog, slow and painful.

(to Andrew McCarthy)

And I find your girlfriend, Molly, and sell her taxidermied corpse to Yakuza.

The Fixer settles in on the couch.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

She's not my girlfriend.

FADE OUT.

INT. OFFICES OF THE LATE LATE SHOW WITH JAMES CORDEN - DAY

James strides with purpose down the florescent-lit hallway with his show manager, TOM (60s). They pass a few COWORKERS. Everyone whispers. Corden looks serious as he takes a right turn and enters the door of an edit suite.

INT. EDIT SUITE AT THE LATE LATE SHOW WITH JAMES CORDEN -  
SAME TIME

JANICE (50s), the editor, sits with MARK (27), the assistant editor. They are worried. A few other editorial staff linger around and sip coffee. It's a somber scene. James and Tom march in, and James takes a seat in front of the biggest monitor.

JAMES CORDEN  
Show it to me.

JANICE  
It's completely sick.

TOM  
Play it.

Janice gives Mark a look, and he reluctantly plays the clip for James to watch. The monitor shows a clip of raw footage from the Carpool Karaoke segment, looking into the backseat with Andrew, Jonathan, and Terry's corpse.

JAMES CORDEN  
I don't see anything.

JANICE  
Just wait. Mark, zoom in a little.

Mark zooms in closer. As the car goes over a big bump, Terry's hand violently rips completely off. Bone and rotting flesh pop out as it falls into Jonathan's lap, oozing grossness out of it.

JAMES CORDEN  
Oh my God.

JANICE  
(to Mark)  
Freeze it. Do the freeze frame.

Mark carefully clicks through a couple of frames, then freezes the picture on a frame of Andrew and Jonathan's utterly horrified faces looking down at Terry's hand in Jonathan's lap.

MARK  
Look at McCarthy's face. Look!

Mark zooms in. McCarthy's expression is one of pure culpability.

Corden is not amused.

JAMES CORDEN

Holy shit.

He places his face in his hands.

JAMES CORDEN (CONT'D)

He's really dead. Isn't he?

TOM

We don't know that.

James gets a bit hysterical.

JAMES CORDEN

We don't? How many not-dead people do you know whose hands snap off like twigs after going over a little bumpity bump?

Tom has no answer.

JAMES CORDEN (CONT'D)

I was driving around singing with a bloody corpse. This will ruin me. I'll never hear the end of it.

Corden gets up and whispers to Tom.

JAMES CORDEN (CONT'D)

What do we do? I mean, does this make me an accessory to a murder?

TOM

Maybe. I don't know.

JAMES CORDEN

Fuuuuuck.

Tom is old school and snaps into action.

TOM

Alright, listen up everybody. This is serious business. This tape? It's evidence. Evidence that has to go to the police. So no one, and I mean no one lets this thing out the door. Not today, not ever, not anyone. Capice?

James and Tom exit. Mark and Janice share a look.

Tom sticks his head back in the door and barks at them all.

TOM (CONT'D)

No one!

A YOUNG PRODUCTION ASSISTANT in the back lowers his phone surreptitiously. Has he been filming?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CNN STUDIOS - DAY

BEGIN CNN SEGMENT

ANDERSON COOPER narrates a news segment, reporting on how aforementioned clip of Kiser's hand coming off has been being leaked and has gone mega-viral.

ANDERSON COOPER

Some disturbing footage created a record-setting viral sensation today. The footage of Weekend at Bernie's co-stars Andrew McCarthy, Jonathan Silverman, and Terry Kiser, appears to show Kiser's hand completely detaching from his body, raising questions about his health, safety, and whether or not he's even still alive. I must warn viewers, some of this may be disturbing.

BEGIN MONTAGE

The video goes nuts on social media, television, every media platform known to man. It's bigger than OJ. Is Terry alive? Is he dead? Terry's address gets posted on Reddit and goes viral. Thousands of fans show up outside the gates, chanting, Terry, Terry, Terry!

Molly Ringwald sits backstage, doing her makeup before a performance of a play. She stares at her phone with a look of utter disbelief.

Bradley Cooper lounges in a spa getting massaged. Someone holds a phone for him, he is incredulous.

Cannon Porter wanders through a weird mask orgy, completely enraptured by the video playing on his tablet.

Bits of content covering the story fly across the screen. There's Twitter, Facebook, Reddit, Tumblr, Newsweek, CNN, NBC, TMZ, Fox News, MSNBC, Breitbart, Cat Fancy Magazine, Mad Magazine, every single media publication known to man seems to be covering the story.

END MONTAGE

EXT. GATE OF TERRY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

A massive crowd of fans, rubberneckers, and nut-jobs have congregated just outside Terry's gate. It's like when OJ got back to his house after the Bronco chase. People everywhere trying to get a glimpse. Signs, banners, impromptu BBQ grills, crowd grows larger and wilder. Groups of people dressed exactly like Bernie in a drum circle chanting.

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Andrew, Jonathan, and The Fixer peek out the windows to look out at the seething mass of fans gathering outside the gates of the estate. McNair can't figure out how to change the channel on the television.

Jonathan looks at his phone. The story is blowing up online. Millions, approaching billions of Twitter mentions. Endless texts. His phone is unusable, and he cracks a small, strange smile. He secretly loves it.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Well, you said you wanted to be famous again.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Check it out. We're a trending topic. Turn it to CNN!

McNair has no idea how to use the remote, he's been drinking all day. Jonathan snatches the remote out of his hand and takes command.

Aerial footage of the Ojai ranch is on nearly every channel. He stops on CNN, where ANDERSON COOPER is reporting on the story.

Jonathan, unable to help himself, looks dreamily out the window at the crowd, as Andrew looks at Jonathan like he's nuts. Reality is setting in on Andrew, just as Jonathan is starting to drift into a fantasy world of fame.

MCNAIR  
You can't buy this kind of  
publicity.

McCarthy staggers back from the window.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
Oh, fuck.

EXT. GATE OF TERRY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

An absolutely massive convoy of police vehicles arrives. S.W.A.T. team, hostage negotiation team, bomb squad. The police set up a perimeter.

LIVE CNN SEGMENT

Looking down from a helicopter camera, the entire scene unfolds below. The bloodthirsty horde lurches ever closer to the ranch house. But the police perimeter is holding them back.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O)  
You're watching a live feed now of  
actor Terry Kiser's ranch, where  
police have just arrived on the  
scene.

Throngs of onlookers crowd around the home. News outlets park trucks. Helicopters circle the normally quiet neighborhood. We see graphics overlaid on this scene with an endless Twitter stream going berserk.

EXT. POLICE BARRICADE OUTSIDE TERRY'S HOME - SAME TIME

The police have successfully set up a barricade, and controlled the crowd. They are pondering their options. CAPTAIN WILLIAMS (60s) a grizzled veteran cop, is in charge. With him is DOUG (21), a hot headed rookie cop with an itchy trigger finger.

DOUG  
When do we go in?

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
Hopefully we won't have to.

KIRKWOOD (30), an investigator in plain clothes approaches.

KIRKWOOD  
Sir, we located the number. It's a  
landline going into the house.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
Perfect. Dial it.

Kirkwood dials and hands the phone to Williams.

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The phone rings. This is a technology McNair can handle and he eagerly picks it up.

MCNAIR  
Kiser residence.

EXT. POLICE BARRICADE OUTSIDE TERRY'S HOME - SAME TIME

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
This is Captain Williams of the  
City of Ojai police department. We  
understand you have a hostage. We  
want to talk.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MCNAIR  
Talking, is what I do.

McNair walks to the window and stares at the throng of humanity surging at the gates. Andrew and Jonathan stare on in rapt attention.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
Is Mr. Kiser safe? We'd like you  
verify his well-being.

MCNAIR  
You would like that wouldn't you?  
This isn't my first hostage crisis,  
you know? Some half-cocked dooper  
once pulled a knife on Sally  
Kirkland at Moonshadows one  
Valentine's day and --

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS  
-- Who?  
(hand over phone, talking  
to other cops)  
Find out who Sally Kirkland is.

MCNAIR  
Doesn't matter. Look, Terry's not  
coming out.

(MORE)

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

He's gone full method, and he's in full character, which means he's not breaking character for you or anyone else. And not for nothing, but you know Terry is also a very generous patron of the Police Benevolent Association, the amount of money he's donated.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Sir, we can't leave until we know he's safe.

MCNAIR

Oh yeah? You want to talk? OK. Let's talk.

McNair is drunk and surging with old man bravado. He snaps his suspenders.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)

How 'bout this. How about you fuck yourself and when you're done fucking yourself, have one of your flunkies fuel up a twin engine Cessna and have it ready to fly south Mexico way in one hour. No more fucking games, compadre.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

I'm sorry, who is this I'm talking to?

MCNAIR

This is the guy who fucks your mother on the hood of his car outside Musso & Franks every Wednesday. Oh, and by the way...

McNair puts the phone down, picks up the shotgun, walks to the window and fires a single shot over the crowd. They all panic. He comes back in and yanks the phone cord out of the wall.

EXT. POLICE BARRICADE OUTSIDE TERRY'S HOME - SAME TIME

The police wait, guns still trained on the house. Unsure what their next move is.

ROOKIE COP

So now we go in?

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

We can't. We don't know who's in there. We don't know if Bernie, I mean, Terry Kiser is dead, alive, hostage, comatose, or just full-method, whatever the fuck that means.

ROOKIE COP

Fuck!

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

McNair looks very pleased with himself as he takes another sip of Cutty Sark. Jonathan is back to panic.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Great. Just fucking great! What do we do now?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

We wait.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Wait for what?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

What else can we do?

THE FIXER

Actor man is right. We wait until nightfall. I have plan.

Andrew takes a massive, obscenely expensive-looking, original painting off the wall and pushes it up against the window to block the light and the view of cameras. McNair follows quickly after with a gorgeous sculpture of a bucking horse. They add more expensive stuff until they've blocked the entire view, holing themselves up in the darkness of their own demise.

FADE TO:

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

On the couch, Terry slumps back, "Bernie Smirk" fully intact, next to McNair who is at the bottom of a Cutty Sark bottle. Jonathan paces like a lunatic. Andrew slides down a wall to a rest, lighting a cigarette.

The Fixer sits cross-legged, cocking his head to look at the sideways, obscenely expensive painting, studying it closely.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 (to McNair)  
 This is all your fault.

MCNAIR  
 No one told you to kill him.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 I wanted to go to the police. I  
 wanted to -- You know what? Fuck  
 this. I'm not talking or listening  
 to any of you anymore. I'm giving  
 myself up. I'm walking out there,  
 and I'm done.

MCNAIR  
 Suit yourself.

McNair stands up with some difficulty.

MCNAIR (CONT'D)  
 But if we're going to the clink, it  
 behooves us to get our stories  
 straight.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN  
 BEHOOVE this: GO FUCK YOURSELF.

A calm voice carries on the tense air along with a cock of a  
 glock. Jonathan sits down.

THE FIXER  
 Sit down.

The Fixer doesn't take his eyes off the painting.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)  
 What is this? This fucking  
 bullshit.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 That's a Basquiat.

THE FIXER  
 It is dogshit. Who would buy this  
 baby shit?

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
 That's worth millions.

THE FIXER  
 Millions of pieces of dogshit.

The Fixer spins his look back to Jonathan.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)

Old, fat fuck is right. You better get stories straight. Prison is no place for pussies.

MCNAIR

You're going too, you know.

THE FIXER

Me? No. I do not go to prison.

MCNAIR

The whole goddamned world is watching. Where do you think you're gonna go?

THE FIXER

The world is not watching me. No one knows I am here. They are watching you. This is big distraction. Big enough for me to escape. Poof! I am gone.

The Fixer has a point. Everyone is silent. Except of course, McNair.

MCNAIR

Yeah. You're a real savvy one. A real blue flame, hot rod motherfucker. How you gonna get out unnoticed? What makes you think you're not just as --

Out of absolutely nowhere, McNair's head explodes, as The Fixer has finally had enough of him and shot him dead. McNair crumples to the ground in a pool of blood.

THE FIXER

Remember. Once you are in jail being beaten by better, stronger men, you never saw me. Or very bad things happen.

The Fixer holds up Jonathan's wallet. Jonathan nods. Andrew nods. They're both shaking with fear.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)

One more thing.

The Fixer stands and opens up a menacing pocket knife. He approaches McCarthy.

## THE FIXER (CONT'D)

I need souvenir from this  
adventure.

At the last instant, The Fixer turns past Andrew and picks up the Basquiat. He cuts it at the frame, rolls it up, puts it in his bag, and confidently sneaks to the basement.

Jonathan Silverman and Andrew McCarthy now stand silently alone in the living room, listening to the sound of helicopters swarming overhead. Great big klieg lights shine through the hem of the windows. Police yell through megaphones. Huge roars surge up from the crowd.

## JONATHAN SILVERMAN

What have we done?

## INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

Andrew and Jonathan sit silently sharing the room with two dead bodies. Brains and blood spiderwebbed across the floor and furniture. Priceless works of art cut to pieces. The weight of it all pushes Andrew open, for the first time in many years. He searches his pants for his phone. He dials a number and waits.

Molly answers. She's in her home watching the news, in tears.

## INTERCUT BETWEEN MOLLY AND ANDREW

## MOLLY RINGWALD

What did you do?

## ANDREW MCCARTHY

I fucked up bad.

Jonathan looks up and notices.

## ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

I've pushed away everyone who's  
ever cared about me.

## MOLLY RINGWALD

You need to give yourself up. You  
need to surrender, Andrew!

Molly cries as Andrew talks to Molly on the phone but stares directly at Jonathan.

## ANDREW MCCARTHY

You've stuck by me though, through  
everything. I never thanked you.

(MORE)

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

No matter how fucked up I got. I'd  
have driven myself off a cliff  
years ago if it wasn't for you.

It's the first genuine thing Andrew has ever said to Jonathan  
even though he's saying it to Molly.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

And I know I fucked this all up,  
like I fucked everything else up.  
It's my fault.

MOLLY RINGWALD

You can still do the right thing.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

You know I got baptized?

MOLLY RINGWALD

What?

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Yeah, and for one single solitary  
second I felt something different  
than I've ever felt before. I felt  
like I was new.

Long silence as Jonathan starts to really feel the gravity of  
the moment.

MOLLY RINGWALD

Andrew, do the right thing. It's  
not too late.

Andrew closes his eyes.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

You're right, you're right. Thank  
you. For everything.

Andrew slowly hangs up and stares at his phone for a long  
beat. Jonathan starts to cry.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

It's all over. I'm going to jail  
for a very, very long time.

Andrew stares at him with a light in his eye.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

No, you're not.

Jonathan walks to Terry's corpse and grabs him by the shoulders, as if showing Andrew what he's done for the first time. Terry continues his eternal "Bernie Smirk."

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Do you not see this? I killed Ter --

ANDREW MCCARTHY

-- You didn't kill anyone.

Andrew goes over to Terry's corpse and slings Terry's arm around him, as though he's preparing to take Terry outside and try to pass him off as being alive, just like in the original movie.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

I did.

They look at each other, deeply. The sounds coming from outside get louder and more intense.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

We'll turn ourselves in, and I'll tell them I killed Terry. It's what I deserve.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

That's not the truth.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

It isn't? You wanted to go home. I wanted to... Do what I always do. And you didn't deserve any of this. All this is my fault. I'll face it with humility.

Jonathan doesn't argue. He just places his hand on Andrew's shoulder and sobs.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRY KISER'S RANCH - EVENING

The Fixer army-crawls down a scrubby, brush-covered hill in the darkness toward the property's edge. He rolls under a fence and disappears into the crowd.

BACK TO:

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Light pours through the window. Captain Williams' voice barks through a megaphone. The crowd roars. The helicopters shake the air.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

You hear that? We're as famous as it gets now. No matter what we do for the rest of our lives, everyone will remember us for this night. We might as well embrace it.

JONATHAN SILVERMAN

Andrew.

Andrew McCarthy waves him off.

ANDREW MCCARTHY

Whether or not you face the future, it happens.

They hug.

ANDREW MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

You go first. Take a bow.

Jonathan walks to the front door, moves the furniture and art, and slowly walks out with his hands raised.

EXT. TERRY KISER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonathan emerges from the front door of the house. The crowd thunders like they're cheering Freddie Mercury at Live Aid. Jonathan can't help but feel the adulation, secretly enjoying his final big moment in the sun.

At this moment, as he's being handcuffed and escorted into an awaiting squad car, he's the most famous person in the world. He gets into the squad car with the sad smile of a man who has given up on his dream, but is completely at peace with the new life in front of him.

INT. TERRY KISER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew watches as his friend is put inside a police car. There's no turning back. Captain Williams barks through a megaphone for McCarthy to give himself up.

Andrew steps over McNair's body and kneels in front of Terry.

ANDREW MCCARTHY  
One more? For old time's sake?

Andrew hoists Terry up and lugs him to the front door. The music fully takes over as Andrew McCarthy, star of *Pretty In Pink*, *St. Elmo's Fire*, and *Weekend at Bernie's*, walks outside to greet the thundering crowd along with Terry Kiser, the ultimate method actor, fully dead, and thus fully in character as Bernie Lomax.

EXT. TERRY KISER'S RANCH - NIGHT

The crowd explodes with a deafening, unhinged blast of cheering. The police draw their guns. Is Terry a hostage? Is he dead? What's going on? They can't hear each other.

Andrew's face lights up in the blinding validation of ultimate fame. He is awash in the lights and the glory like a man entering Heaven.

Jonathan looks out of the cop car at his friend, with a look of surprise and wonder. He clearly didn't expect Andrew to bring Terry out, and it's amazing.

Tears stream down Andrew's face as he and Terry make their way out.

But just then, at the absolute pinnacle of his happiness, Andrew's grip on Terry proves too tight. Terry's torso rips from both his arms and flops like a sack of rice onto the walkway, nasty, oozing liquid bursting through Terry's taut, decayed skin.

Andrew stands, clinging to the two severed arms in his hands, bile and blood and formaldehyde gushing everywhere.

The crowd gasps, and as loud as they just were, is how quiet they are now. Until...

BANG! ROOKIE COP's itchy trigger finger finally gets the best of him. He lets a single shot fly, which triggers an absolute maelstrom of bullets, lighting up Andrew McCarthy with a salvo of bullets.

We see Jonathan sadly avert his eyes in the squad car, as Andrew's lifeless body collapses into a puddle of blood, and embalming fluids draining from Terry's lifeless corpse.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - LATE MORNING

News coverage of the double funeral of Andrew McCarthy and Terry Kiser. A massive crowd has gathered, with thousands in attendance, spilling out into the street.

In front, the expected family and friends stand in solemnity: Jennifer Finnigan, Jacob, Jeffrey, Molly Ringwald, Spike Jonze, Cannon Porter, Bradley Cooper and James Corden. Also in attendance are CATHERINE MARY STEWART, JON CRYER, JAMES SPADER, ANNIE POTTS, EMILIO ESTEVEZ, ROB LOWE, JUDD NELSON, MARE WINNINGHAM, ALLY SHEEDY, DEMI MOORE, ROBERT DOWNEY JR., JAMIE GERTZ, MATTHEW BRODERICK, KIM CATTRALL, MATT DILLON, ANDY SUMMERS and for some reason, DANIEL DAY-LEWIS.

There is a huge flower arrangement in front of three caskets. Everyone's in tears.

The voice of the Host from the opening scene narrates coverage of the funeral.

HOST (V.O.)

A sad day at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery as a veritable who's who of eighties Hollywood gathered to mourn the loss of Weekend at Bernie's stars, Andrew McCarthy and Terry Kiser.

A BORN AGAIN PASTOR (60s) gives a eulogy.

BORN AGAIN PASTOR

Brother Terry's last act on this Earth was not to save himself but to baptize his killer into the light of The Lord. That was Terry.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

We see similar gatherings all over the world, London, Paris, Tokyo, Sydney, where people have gathered in public spaces to mourn, some dressed like characters from Weekend at Bernie's, some with movie posters and paraphernalia, others with banners expressing their fan-hood and grief. Kurt Cobain's funeral did not get half this much attention.

HOST (V.O.)

And the mourning didn't stop in Hollywood, as devotees of the 80's cult classic gathered around the world to pay their respects to both the film and its lost stars.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Back to the end of the funeral, where all the Brat Pack stars are hugging each other sadly. Bradley Cooper however, is smiling and happy as always.

HOST (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Conspicuously absent was the third star of the Weekend at Bernie's trio, Jonathan Silverman, who began his 20-year prison sentence last month at a federal penitentiary in Chino.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Various old and new clips play, all chronicling the entire Weekend at Bernie's phenomenon.

HOST (CONT'D) (V.O.)

The three actors were in talks to shoot a third installment of the Weekend at Bernie's saga with famed director Spike Jonze, before their untimely demise put an end to the project, and an end to the Weekend at Bernie's story for good. But good news, fans. Sony Films announced plans to develop a Terry Kiser Biopic rumored to be produced by Hollywood heavy, Bradley Cooper.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

Jonathan Silverman sits handcuffed to a table in a jumpsuit. His new Agent sits with Jennifer Finnigan, as they go over paper work with him. He has two black eyes. It doesn't look good for him.

AGENT

The distribution rights of your story are wholly owned by Sony while you retain ten percent of all domestic and international proceeds. Sign Here. Sign here. Initial here.

Jonathan mindlessly signs the papers.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
And one more here. Great.

The agent shuffles the papers into a tight pile. He looks at Jonathan tenderly.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
This will guarantee your family  
will be taken care of in perptuity.

Jonathan nods. A guard walks in to take him back to his cell. Jonathan gets up and dutifully turns to walk out. But then, his somber expression suddenly changes to excitement as he turns back to his agent on his way out the door.

SILVERMAN  
Any word who's going to play me? I  
have some ideas.

FADE TO CREDITS.

END CREDIT SCENE

INT. MOVIE SOUNDSTAGE - DAYTIME

Close up of a Clapper reading "Weekend at Bernie's III, Director Q. Tarantino, DP: R. Richardson Scene 1A." A SCRIPT SUPERVISOR calls out the scene and take.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR  
Weekend at Bernie's Three. Scene  
One, Take One.

The clapper claps, then pulls away to reveal a movie set designed to resemble the living room of Terry's ranch house. Bradley Cooper plays Andrew McCarthy. ADAM GOLDBERG plays Jonathan Silverman. James Corden plays The Fixer. Gil from the Shakespeare play is Dick McNair. Terry Kiser is played by famed method actor Daniel Day-Lewis. Day-Lewis will not break character and is completely limp in the arms of Cooper and Goldberg as they wait for the director to call action.

QUENTIN TARANTINO barks from the director's chair.

QUENTIN TARANTINO  
OK, here we go guys. Annnnd,  
action!

CUT TO BLACK.

END