

**ANGER MANAGEMENT**

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OPEN ON:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL SHOP - DAY

CLOSE ON a hand, holding a dollar bill, hovering over a wide selection of candy. The hand selects a Mounds bar, and places it and the dollar on a tiny counter.

CLERK (O.C.)

One dollar.

A brown hand takes the money off the counter, and the original hand takes the Mounds bar. As the hand heads off, it opens up the candy bar wrapper - there's a bite missing.

CUT WIDE to see the hand belongs to DAVE KESSLER (mid 30s, average looking). Dave stares at the mounds for a beat, then returns to the clerk.

DAVE

Uh, excuse me. There's a bite missing.

Dave displays the truncated candy bar.

CLERK

Check your belly, I think you'll find it.

DAVE

No, I didn't take this bite. It was like this when I opened it.

CLERK

That is sickening! I've never seen that before.

DAVE

Could I just have that dollar back, please?

CLERK

No, no, no refunds. No returns.

Clerk points to plaque: "No Return Policy".

DAVE

But... someone had their mouth on this before me.

CLERK

So you're sloppy seconds. You buy candy, is crap shoot. Roll dice, no win each time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

What're you -- ? Look, I'd like a refund. Please.

CLERK

No refund. LEAVE STORE NOW!

DAVE

Leave store? But I --

GUY IN STORE

(to Clerk)

Sir, you want me to get a cop?

CLERK

Yes I do.

DAVE

Don't do that. I'll just go.

Dave walks out, still holding the candy bar and looking slightly ashamed.

INT. OUTSIDE OF STORE - CONTINUOUS

Waiting outside is LINDA, a very attractive, 30ish lady.

LINDA

Hey, honey, did you get me my candy bar?

DAVE

(hands it to her)

Yes.

LINDA

Did you eat some?

DAVE

Yes.

Linda pops the rest of it into her mouth and chews.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Spit it out. Spit it out right now.

Linda spits it out into Dave's cupped hands.

LINDA

Why'd I spit it out?

DAVE

Cause I wanted the rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave eats the chewed chocolate and coconut mess out of his hands.

LINDA

You're cute.

They start walking towards the gate area.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I'm so proud of you, going on a big business trip to headquarters. I feel like I'm dating Mr. Junior Executive or something.

DAVE

It's just a product safety seminar - no big deal. What are you gonna do when I'm gone?

LINDA

Well, I'm going to watch a video with Andrew tonight...

DAVE

(not thrilled)

Great. Now I can worry about that the whole trip.

LINDA

I promised him we'd remain best friends after we broke up nine years ago. Friends! That's it, Dave.

DAVE

Well then, that guy's got the nine year itch. I can tell by the way he looks at you: he wants back in.

Linda grabs Dave and hugs him.

LINDA

You're the only one who gets in, Dave. Don't be so jealous.

Linda kisses Dave. He looks uncomfortable, and ends it abruptly. Linda looks hurt.

DAVE

Sorry. So many people around.  
(walking towards jetway)  
Love ya. Tell Andrew that video better be rated G.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dave hands his ticket to the gate attendant and steps into the jetway. He goes down a couple of yards, and turns around. Linda is still standing there, waving. He waves back, smiling. We can tell by the way he's looking at her that he really loves her a lot.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Dave walks down the crowded aisle, finds his seat -- but sees someone seated there. He checks his ticket.

DAVE

Uh, excuse me, but you're sitting in my seat.

FAT MAN IN BICYCLE SHORTS

No, this is my seat.

DAVE

(displaying ticket)

32A. See?

FAT MAN IN BICYCLE SHORTS

C'mon, I'm already settled in here. Can't you just sit somewhere else?

DAVE

But... this is my seat.

FAT MAN IN BICYCLE SHORTS

You sure you wanna sit here after me?

Fat man stands up revealing huge sweat stains on his ass.

Dave looks like he's going to vomit.

VOICE

This seat's open.

Dave turns toward the voice - a man, BUDDY (30ish), is in a nearby row, at the window. Dave looks at him with gratitude - someone's finally treating him courteously.

DAVE

Thanks.

Dave sits down next to Buddy.

BUDDY

Didn't want you to have sit in that puddle. How's it going? I'm Buddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Hi, I'm Dave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANE - LATER

Dave's asleep. Suddenly he's woken by Buddy's LOUD SCREAMS.

BUDDY

Oh, my G-d. Watch out! That ghost  
is gonna kill you.

Dave turns and sees Buddy with his headset on, watching the movie - "13 Ghosts". Dave shuts his eyes. A few moments later, his head is falling to the side; he's back to sleep. Buddy's BOOMING VOICE wakes him again.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Don't you open that door. The  
fuckin' ghost is in there.

Buddy notices Dave is awake.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You gotta see this, man! It's the  
scariest shit I've ever seen.

DAVE

I really ought to get some sleep.

BUDDY

You can sleep when your dead, man!  
This movie will trip you out! I  
guarantee it.

Buddy starts screaming again. Dave decides to check out the movie. He sees a BLONDE STEWARDESS pass by.

DAVE

Excuse me, could I get a headset,  
please?

STEWARDESS

Certainly.

Dave watches her link up with a COLLEAGUE in the front of the cabin - they chat, laugh. Buddy continues screaming really hard. Dave has a look of annoyed impatience while observing the stewardess.

DAVE

Uh, Miss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEWARDESS

(terse)

I'll be right with you, sir.

Dave then observes as she continues to chat and laugh with her colleague. Buddy turns toward Dave.

BUDDY

How come you're not watching the movie?

DAVE

I can't get a headset. I keep asking her and...

BUDDY

Well you're missing important plot points. I'd get those headsets or you're gonna be lost.

The stewardess strolls by again, bringing a bottle of water to another PASSENGER nearby.

DAVE

Uh, Miss? The headset?

STEWARDESS

One second.

Buddy is staring at Dave.

BUDDY

You gonna let her treat you like that?

Buddy shakes his head, amazed, and returns his attention to the movie.

When the stewardess strolls by again, Dave grabs her arm. The stewardess looks at her arm as if she's been violated, then turns angrily toward Dave.

DAVE

Ma'am. I'm missing important plot points. Can I please have that headset?

STEWARDESS

Do not raise your voice at me, sir.

DAVE

I wasn't raising my voice.

(CONTINUED)

STEWARDESS

Just calm down.

DAVE

I am calm. I just want the headset I asked for.

The stewardess eyes a BLACK MAN seated a few rows behind Dave. The black man gets up and crosses over to Dave as the stewardess leaves, putting his face in Dave's face.

BLACK MAN

Is there a problem, sir?

DAVE

Uh, no. I just - who are you?

The Black Man opens his jacket and discreetly flashes a badge.

BLACK MAN

(non-nonsense)

C'mon. We know who I am. Now, can you come with me to the back of the plane so we can have a talk?

DAVE

What for? There's no problem. It's just that the stewardess --

BLACK MAN/AIR MARSHAL

(correcting him)

Flight attendant.

DAVE

The flight attendant keeps ignoring me when I --

AIR MARSHAL

Sir, calm down.

DAVE

I am calm. What's with you people?

AIR MARSHAL

(taking offense)

"You people"?

DAVE

I didn't mean "you people". I meant -  
(gesturing around)  
you people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AIR MARSHAL

Sir, I will not tolerate abusive or racist behavior on this plane.

DAVE

I wasn't being -

AIR MARSHAL

Don't make me taser you, sir. Are we clear?

DAVE

This is ridiculous! I just asked for a headset -

AIR MARSHAL

I'm only going to say this one more time, sir: calm down.

DAVE

I'M CALM!!!

The Air Marshal, not liking Dave's response, takes out his taser and zaps Dave, who starts jerking around spasmodically.

Buddy continues screaming at his movie.

BUDDY

It's under the bed!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A BAILIFF stands in front of a courtroom.

BAILIFF

Judge Daniels has reached a verdict.  
All rise.

JUDGE DANIELS, a 40ish black lady, enters and makes her way to the bench. Dave and his lawyer, SAM, at the defense table, whisper to each other as they stand.

DAVE

What do you think?

SAM

Not guilty. I'm absolutely sure.

Judge Daniels addresses Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE

Mr. Kessler, you've been found guilty of assault and battery against a flight attendant.

SAM

Hmmm. The plot thickens.

In the spectator section, the Stewardess moans and collapses with relief in her family's arms. Her family glares at Dave.

JUDGE

I'm ordering you to pay a fine of twenty-five hundred dollars. In addition, to prevent further acts of rage, the court hereby orders you to undergo twenty hours of anger management therapy.

DAVE

(nonplussed)

Anger management? Are you kidding me?

INT. ANGER MANAGEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Dave enters a room filled with SIX or SEVEN PATIENTS seated in a semi-circle. All have surly expressions. Dave sits down next to a 40ish Italian guy in a Sanitation Dept. uniform, WALT.

WALT

Can you believe this shit?

DAVE

Yeah. Anger management. This is creepy.

Walt stares at Dave for a beat.

WALT

I'm not talking about anger management. Anger management has been very helpful to me. I'm talking about this shit going on in Washington. With the Democrats and the Republicans.

DAVE

(not sure what he's talking about)

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

They can't agree on anything! It drives me nuts!

Walt waves a dog-eared hardcover book he has in his hand.

WALT (CONT'D)

Dr. Rydell should have done a chapter on politics in his book.

DAVE

Dr. Rydell - is that the guy who runs these sessions?

Walt stares at Dave again for a beat.

WALT

Yeah. And this is his book.

Walt hands Dave the book. Dave looks at the front cover. It reads, "Beat Anger The Buddy Rydell Way." Dave flips it over and looks at the back cover. His face explodes with astonishment.

DAVE'S POV - on the back cover is a picture of a smiling Buddy. Dave looks up and sees the real Buddy through the doorway to the reception area, talking to his secretary.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Buddy is flirting with his 20 year old SECRETARY.

BUDDY

You make my job so much easier.  
"Cause when angry people call and hear that cute voice they automatically calm down.

SECRETARY

(embarrassed)  
My voice sounds stupid.

BUDDY

No, no. Sometimes I call and hang up on you just to start my day right.

Dave enters.

DAVE

Dr. Rydell?

Buddy looks up, no recognition on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

Yeah?

DAVE

Don't you remember me?

BUDDY

(studies Dave's face)

Oh yeah! Dave! The headset guy!

Buddy shakes Dave's hand, slaps him on the back. Dave smiles.

DAVE

Can you believe they actually sentenced me to anger management because of that?

BUDDY

Really? Wow.

Buddy laughs. Dave laughs with him.

DAVE

This is great.

(takes out papers)

Could you sign these papers for me? So I can make the court happy and tell them I've done my time.

Buddy looks over the papers.

BUDDY

Says here you beat up a stewardess, Dave.

DAVE

What're you talking about? You were there! You saw what happened.

BUDDY

Oh, man. To tell you the truth, I was watching the movie, so...

DAVE

I didn't hit anyone!

BUDDY

I'm sure you didn't. But I can't just let you go. I could get in big trouble for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

But you know I didn't --

BUDDY

I'm not saying you have to sit through all twenty hours. Just hang for one session so I can at least say I checked you out. And then I'll sign your papers. All right?

DAVE

Okay. You got it.

INT. ANGER MANAGEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The various PATIENTS (including Dave) are seated in a semi-circle, all facing Buddy. One of the patients, an effeminate Puerto Rican named LOU, is speaking.

LOU

So my boss started talking about how many sick days I've taken, and I was like, "Don't go there." But he kept on about wanting to see a doctor's note or something and I was like, "Seriously. You do not want to go there."

Dave has a look on his face: What am I doing here?

LOU (CONT'D)

But he just kept talking and talking and talking, and I kind of blacked out a little. And when I woke up, he was lying on the floor and I was standing over him screaming, "I told you not to go there! I told you not to go there!"

Dave reacts.

BUDDY

And do you feel you handled that situation well?

LOU

No, I don't.

BUDDY

Okay. Remember that.  
(turns toward Dave)  
Now let's all welcome our newest member: Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALL

Hi, Dave.

DAVE

(awkwardly)

Hi. I don't know if I'm a member here. I'm just hanging for one session.

BUDDY

Dave beat up a female flight attendant.

Everyone stares at Dave.

DAVE

I didn't beat her up --

BUDDY

Don't worry, Dave. Everyone here has a story. Like Chuck...

(gesturing toward patient)

Chuck, tell Dave your story.

CHUCK (40s) is a tough-looking guy who chain-smokes.

CHUCK

I had an argument with my neighbor over a tree that I felt was hanging onto my property.

DAVE

You got sentenced to anger management for an argument?

CHUCK

That... and burning his house down.

BUDDY

Stacy, tell Dave why you're here.

STACY (20s) is a very hot young woman with large breasts.

STACY

I'm in the adult film industry, and so is my boyfriend. He was having sex with some other girl, which is cool, 'cause it's in the script. But when the Director called 'cut' my boyfriend kept going, which got me really, really mad... did you ever hear of that John Wayne Bobbit guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE  
(wincing)  
You... sliced your boyfriend's...

Stacy laughs.

STACY  
No! He has a dirty mind!

Everyone laughs. Dave is relieved.

STACY (CONT'D)  
I stabbed my boyfriend and John  
Wayne Bobbit drove us to the  
hospital.

Dave reacts.

BUDDY  
Thank you, Stacy. Walt?

WALT  
I better not get started, Dr. Rydell.  
I got a school of "anger sharks"  
swimming in my head.

BUDDY  
Well, we gotta get rid of them.  
Repeat this sound...

Buddy makes a strange but oddly calming noise.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Goooooo-frabba. Goooooo-frabba.

WALT  
Goofrabba.

BUDDY  
Slower.

WALT  
Gooooo-frabba. Goooooo-frabba.

BUDDY  
How do you feel?

WALT  
(surprised)  
Better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUDDY

It's an old Eskimo word that mothers use to calm their children. So, Dave... why don't you tell us who you are?

Dave looks ill at ease.

DAVE

Well, I work as an assistant for--

BUDDY

Dave, I don't want you to tell us what you do. I want you to tell us who you are.

DAVE

Uh... I guess I'm a fairly average guy. I like to play tennis, watch movies --

BUDDY

Not your hobbies, Dave. Just tell us who you are.

DAVE

(trying to figure out the question)  
I'm not sure exactly what you want me to say.

BUDDY

Don't tell me what you think I want to hear. Tell me who you are.

DAVE

I just don't -- can you give me an example of the kind of answer you want?

(to Lou)

What'd you say?

BUDDY

You want Lou to tell you who you are?

Everyone laughs.

DAVE

No, I just... don't understand what you're getting at.

BUDDY

This isn't a trick question, Dave. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DAVE  
 (pauses; struggling)  
 I'm a nice, easy-going guy. I might  
 be a bit indecisive at times...

BUDDY  
 You're describing your personality. I  
 want to know who you are.

DAVE  
 (frustrated)  
 I don't understand what the hell I'm  
 supposed to say!  
 (realizing he's coming  
 off angry)  
 I mean, I'm trying to answer the  
 question, but I'm just not sure what  
 it is you want.

BUDDY  
 Okay. We'll come back to this  
 question later, Dave. Let's move  
 on...

Lou interrupts.

LOU  
 Dr. Rydell, I would like to know  
 something; why does Chuck think he  
 has the right to smoke in here?

CHUCK  
 I'll smoke all I want, you half-a-  
 pansy.

LOU  
 At least I can get laid without a  
 visit to my ATM machine.

The various PATIENTS laugh at Lou's remark. Dave looks  
 around, sees everyone laughing and smiles.

CHUCK  
 (to Dave)  
 What're you laughing at?

DAVE  
 Me?... I wasn't -

CHUCK  
 Tell me what you're laughing at. Let  
 me know what's so funny!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DAVE

Nothing. I wasn't laughing... at you.

CHUCK

Were you laughing with me? Is that it? 'Cause I'm not laughing.

Dave doesn't know what to say.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(to Buddy)

Am I out of line, Dr. Rydell? Or is this guy pushing me?

BUDDY

What do you think, Chuck?

CHUCK

I think maybe him and I should step outside. Then we'll see who's laughing, huh, pretty boy?

DAVE

C'mon, I wasn't - "pretty boy"?

Chuck gets up, crosses to Dave.

CHUCK

How 'bout I toss you the beatin' of a lifetime, then let's see you laugh at me. Huh? C'mon, let's go, right here, right now, tough stuff!

Buddy steps between Chuck and Dave.

BUDDY

Is it worth going back to jail, Chuck? So he's laughing at you.

Dave gestures: "I wasn't laughing at him."

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Do not give in to anger, Chuck. Be secure in who you are.

Chuck continues to stare down Dave.

CHUCK

Gooooo-frabba! Gooooo-frabba!

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

All the patients are filing out. Dave walks over to Buddy. Dave smiles and speaks softly.

DAVE

Well, that was... interesting.

BUDDY

Oh, yeah. 20 hours of anger management would be pointless for you.

Dave hands him the papers to sign.

DAVE

Thanks alot. I appreciate this.

BUDDY

I'm going to recommend to the court that we double your time.

Dave looks like he couldn't have heard right.

DAVE

You're joking, right? I mean, you saw how I was in the session. I'm not an angry guy.

BUDDY

Dave, you may be the angriest guy I've ever met.

DAVE

(bewildered)

What're you talking about?

BUDDY

Let me explain something. There are two kinds of angry people: explosive and implosive. Explosive is the kind of guy you see screaming at a cashier for not taking his coupons. Implosive is what you have, Dave and it must be addressed or we might as well say goodbye to all those loved ones that you'll eventually kill.

DAVE

Come on, Buddy...

Buddy turns to Chuck, who's walking out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY  
Chuck? Could you come here?

Chuck comes over.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Dave, I assign everyone in my group  
an anger partner.

DAVE  
Anger partner?

BUDDY  
Right. When you're on your own and  
you feel like you're losing it, you  
call your anger partner and he helps  
calm you down.

DAVE  
I really don't think that's necessary

BUDDY  
I'm partnering you with Chuck.

CHUCK  
Don't hesitate to call me if you need  
me, Dave.

Dave looks at Chuck: no way I'm calling this guy.

INT. RALSTON PURINA OFFICES - DAY

Dave's boss, FRANK HEAD, is at his desk looking over some  
papers when there's a knock on the door.

HEAD  
Come in.

Dave enters. He's carrying a ten pound bag of Purina Ferret  
Chow.

DAVE  
Here's a mock up from marketing for  
your presentation on the "Ferret  
Chow" proposal.

HEAD  
(not looking up)  
Great.

Dave puts the bag on Head's desk, then lingers. There's an  
uncomfortable beat before Head finally looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEAD (CONT'D)

Is there something else?

DAVE

Well, uh... I heard there was an opening in sales...

HEAD

Dave, all you have is two years at a community college. We've got Harvard MBAs waiting for those positions.

DAVE

But I think I'd be really good -

HEAD

This is a three billion dollar a year operation, not a lemonade stand. You'd be out of your league.

Dave's clearly dejected.

HEAD (CONT'D)

Sorry to be so blunt, but I thought you'd appreciate it if I gave it to you straight.

DAVE

I do appreciate it, Mr. Head.

Dave starts heading out when Head says...

HEAD

How is that Ferret Chow?

DAVE

Well, the marketing results have been very positive.

HEAD

All the marketing in the world won't sell it if it doesn't taste good...

Head smiles. Dave looks nervous.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

The KNICKS are warming up before game time.

INT. SKY BOX - NIGHT

Linda, some friends from college and their significant others watch the warm-up from this corporate sky box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Linda is talking to ANDREW, her old college boyfriend and now best buddy.

ANDREW

These seats are amazing. Remember in college, when you and I drove to watch Duke kick Carolina's ass?

LINDA

They were unstoppable that year.

ANDREW

And so were we.

(sad)

And so were we.

LINDA

Andrew, don't do this, okay?

ANDREW

I know. It's just hard because I'll never find anyone as good as you again.

LINDA

You will too. And she'll be a very lucky girl.

ANDREW

You're my best friend.

He gives her a too-long hug, then pulls back and says...

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Your hair smells like raspberries.  
Did you switch shampoos?

Dave enters, still in his coat.

DAVE

Hey, baby... Andrew. Sorry I'm late.

LINDA

That's okay sweetheart, how was work?

Dave looks sad.

DREAMY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S CUBICLE - AN HOUR EARLIER

Dave at his desk, eating ferret chow, crying, humiliated.

DREAMY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SKY BOX - NIGHT

Dave snaps out of it.

DAVE

Great. I'm gonna go grab a beer.  
You want anything?

LINDA

I'm good.

ANDREW

I'll take a "Sex on the Beach"...

Dave looks at Andrew and Linda a little jealously and walks toward the bar, muttering to himself.

DAVE

I'll bury you on the beach.

At the bar, Dave encounters Linda's friends and their spouses, who are talking.

PAUL

...cause at these prices, I'm buying  
all the real estate I can.

ANN

Hey, Dave!

DAVE

Thanks for inviting us, Ann. What's  
you and Linda's sorority handshake  
again?

Dave goes to shake Ann's hand.

ANN

You know that's top secret.

DAVE

I wish I got into that sorority but I  
couldn't pick up a meatball with my  
butt.

Dave laughs.

STEVE

That's for fraternities not  
sororities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Hey, Steve. How's the brokerage business?

STEVE

Great. We're celebrating! They just made me a partner.

DAVE

Congratulations.

STEVE

This is my old frat brother Paul Sarloff. He's an attorney for Chrysler. This is actually his corporate box.

DAVE

It's great up here, Paul.

STEVE

And his wife Katie, who's a publicist at Miramax.

Dave shakes Katie's hand.

KATIE

So, what do you do, Dave?

DAVE

Oh, I, uh, work as an executive assistant for a senior VP at Ralston Purina.

KATIE

Oh, very nice.

DAVE

Chow, chow, chow. Nice meeting you.

Dave starts to walk away.

PAUL

Did he say he was a secretary?

STEVE

No. He said he was an executive assistant.

KATIE

That's what I'd say if I was a secretary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They all laugh. Dave overhears them and is hurt.

Dave turns back toward them.

DAVE

Katie. When you were in high school,  
how many pushups could you do?

KATIE

I don't know. Ten?

DAVE

I could do fifty. Sorry. Nice  
meeting you.

Everyone just stares at him.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dave and Linda walk in.

DAVE

That was pleasant. At least the  
Knicks won.

LINDA

My brother Michael's gonna be  
psyched.

DAVE

He's the landscaper, right?

LINDA

No, Patrick's the landscaper;  
Michael's the cop.

DAVE

You have more brothers and sisters  
than I have relatives.

LINDA

My Grandmother's 100th birthday party  
is next month. You gotta come and  
meet everybody. \*

Dave gets a little jumpy. \*

DAVE

Yeah, I'll try. Next month is gonna  
be kind of crazy at work, cause of  
the Ferret Chow launch. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA  
I hope you can find time. You would  
love them so much.

DAVE  
I know. Hey, if I can't make it,  
maybe Huggie Bear Andrew can go with  
you.

Linda gently takes Dave's hand and sits him down on the  
couch.

LINDA  
Let me try to explain this, one more  
time. Andrew is my friend. We have  
a lot of fun together. But he  
doesn't get to do this...

Linda kisses Dave, but passionately.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Or this...

Linda slides her hand up Dave's shirt.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Or this...

Linda climbs on top of Dave, who smiles.

DAVE  
What else doesn't he get to do?

LINDA  
Well, I'll show you...

Linda starts undoing Dave's pants. Then the intercom buzzes.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

DAVE  
Beats me...

Dave gets up.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dave walks over to the intercom.

DAVE  
(into intercom)  
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

It's me -- Chuck.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DAVE AND CHUCK, who's at the intercom downstairs.

DAVE

Chuck?

CHUCK

Your anger partner.

DAVE

What're you doing here?

CHUCK

I need to talk.

DAVE

Uh... could we talk tomorrow?

CHUCK

No, I need to talk now. I'm having a real problem. I'm ready to freaking explode.

Chuck kicks the front gate and starts to howl.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Dave exits his lobby, and goes over to Chuck.

DAVE

So, what's the problem?

CHUCK

I don't want to talk here. Let's get a drink.

DAVE

Chuck, I can't go to a bar with you. My girlfriend's upstairs.

CHUCK

So? Tell her you'll be back in half an hour. What're you, whipped?

(when Dave hesitates)

What kind of anger partner are you, man? I need help - now.

Dave thinks about it.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dave and Chuck are at a table in a seedy bar.

CHUCK

That war, man. Real freak show. To this day, I still get flashes of being in that jungle madness...

Dave checks his watch, glances impatiently at the PUERTO RICAN COCKTAIL WAITRESS at another table.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

What's the problem?

DAVE

We ordered drinks like fifteen minutes ago.

CHUCK

(snaps fingers; to waitress)

Miss? Is there some dopey Puerto Rican holiday we don't know about?

Although Dave seems uncomfortable, the cocktail waitress is not offended by this remark.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

I'm sorry, I'll be right with you.

Waitress exits.

CHUCK

Shit. Reminds me of those war-hoes who'd give you the old licky-licky then fry your banana.

(a beat)

I've seen some shit, man. I kid you not, I've seen some shit.

(looking off)

Wake up to the sound of gunfire. Kids screaming. Never know when your number's up.

(long pause)

Grenada, man.

DAVE

Grenada?

Two men are at the bar. One is big and burly, the other blind with dark glasses. The big guy glances over in Chuck's direction. Chuck takes notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

That guy. He just gave me a look.

DAVE

I didn't see anything.

CHUCK

He looked over at me, and I'm pretty sure I heard him mutter some kind of anti-Semitic remark.

Chuck doesn't look remotely Jewish.

DAVE

Are you Jewish?

CHUCK

What are you, an asshole?

DAVE

No, I just thought -

CHUCK

Forget it. Let's go over there and give those guys some tsuris.

DAVE

Chuck, did you notice that the one on the right is blind?

CHUCK

I hear you: he's yours.

DAVE

That wasn't my point -

Chuck quickly crosses to the tough-looking guy. He says something we can't hear. The big guy takes a swing at him. A brawl begins.

Dave tries to separate the two. The blind guy swings his cane at Dave, hitting him in the ribs.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Owww!

The blind guy hits him a second time. As he attempts a third swing, Dave grabs the cane and engages in a tug of war with the blind guy. As Dave yanks the cane free, he WHACKS THE COCKTAIL WAITRESS IN THE NOSE. She goes down in agony. Dave feels awful.

INT. NIGHT COURT - NIGHT

Among those we see present in the courtroom are Dave, his lawyer Sam, Chuck, Tough Guy, Blind Guy, and the cocktail waitress, who has a bandage over her nose.

JUDGE

Welcome back, Mr. Kessler. I see you've managed to brutalize a cocktail waitress this time. I guess beating up flight attendants gets old after a while.

DAVE

Your honor, I know this looks bad, but this was an accident -

The cocktail waitress approaches Dave.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

It wasn't his fault, your honor. I take full responsibility.

Everyone seems stunned by her defense of Dave.

JUDGE

You're taking responsibility for this guy hitting you in the nose?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Well... I was really slow bringing him his drinks. I can see why he was agitated. But it was my first night --

Dave looks like he wants to hide in a ditch.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS (CONT'D)

(to Dave)

Come back another night. I promise you much better service.

She returns to her seat.

JUDGE

Mr. Kessler?

DAVE

I didn't intend to hit her. I was being attacked, and, while trying to, uh, take away a... a...

Dave doesn't want to say "cane". Blind Guy rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLIND GUY

Trying to take away my cane!

Judge sees the blind man, then looks at Dave like he's the lowest scum on the planet.

JUDGE

(astonished)

You're saying you hit the waitress while attempting to seize a blind man's cane? That's your defense?

DAVE

Well, not my entire defense...

JUDGE

Mr. Kessler, you've beat up two women in less than a week. I don't know why you hate women, and maybe you don't know... but I'm going to give you the opportunity to think about it while you spend one year in a state correctional facility.

Dave looks at Sam for help.

SAM

Don't you think that's a bit harsh, your Honor.

JUDGE

No.

SAM

Just thought I'd ask.

Dave gives him a look: Are you crazy?

In the b.g. we see Buddy in the courtroom whispering to Chuck. Buddy makes his way toward the judge.

BUDDY

Can I approach the bench, your honor?

The Judge smiles.

JUDGE

You certainly may, Dr. Rydell. How are you?

BUDDY

Terrific. You look great. How are the boys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dave and Sam exchange a look.

JUDGE

Fantastic. Danny's finishing baseball camp and Teddy's in the school play.

BUDDY

You tell them when they're not so busy, I'd like to take them to Great Adventure again.

JUDGE

They'll be so excited. What's up with this Kessler guy?

Dave strains to hear what they're saying.

BUDDY

Obviously a rage-aholic with profound misogynistic tendencies. But I think jail will send him over the edge.

JUDGE

What are you proposing, Buddy?

BUDDY

Do you remember me telling you about my new, intensive anger management program to help hardcore rage-aholics?

JUDGE

Yes, at that party at Gracie Mansion. You were a naughty boy that night.

BUDDY

(smiling)

The Mayor and his daughters have forgiven me. Anyway, if Mr. Kessler were placed in my program for 30 days, I'm sure we could make great strides.

JUDGE

I don't know...

BUDDY

I'll be responsible for him, Theresa. And I promise there'll be no further incidents.

Judge contemplates this, then turns to Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JUDGE

Mr. Kessler, because I have such enormous respect for Dr. Rydell, I'm going to place you in his intensive anger management program..

Dave looks greatly relieved.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

But, if you give Dr. Rydell any trouble... If he tells me you're even the least bit uncooperative, you'll be spending the next year behind bars.

Dave is devastated.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dave's in his living room, on the phone.

DAVE

(into phone)

He says I don't let my anger out and I hold it all inside, which is bullcrap, 'cause I don't have any anger.

LINDA (O.S.)

It's true, Sweetie. Hey, you know that Yankees' sweatshirt you left at my place on Friday?

DAVE

The one I bought at the '74 World Series with Reggie Jackson's autograph?

LINDA (O.S.)

I kinda gave it to a homeless guy in front of my building because he looked cold. Is that okay?

DAVE

(through clenched teeth)

Yes. No. Good job.

There's a KNOCK at his door.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Someone's at the door... I'll call you tomorrow... I love you, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave hangs up, then opens the door and sees Buddy standing there with two big suitcases.

BUDDY

Hello, Dave. Ready to get it on?

DAVE

Get what on?

BUDDY

Where do you want me to put my stuff?

DAVE

What do you mean?

BUDDY

Well, I've got 30 days to help you get your anger under control. Only way to do that is to get to know you. And who knows each other better than bunk mates?

Buddy walks in and looks around.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Well, well, well... the homestead of a rage-aholic. I smell frustration and pain.

DAVE

Listen, Buddy, you can't move in with me!

BUDDY

Why? What are ya hiding?

DAVE

It's creepy. Isn't there some kind of facility we could go to?

BUDDY

In Canada. Can you get the next 30 days off of work?

DAVE

No, but there's gotta be another option. I'll meet you everyday at the pizza hut for an hour.

BUDDY

Well, I can't force you to let me live here.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Of course, if you pull out of the program, I'd have to inform Judge Daniels so she can have you serve out your sentence.

While Dave thinks about this prospect, Buddy goes over and starts pulling CD's out of the rack and putting them in the trash can.

DAVE

What're you doing?

BUDDY

Sorry, but I don't want you listening to any kind of "angry music".

DAVE

Are you gonna give me the money back for those cd's?

Buddy stops what he's doing and walks over to Dave.

BUDDY

Alright, I'm going to need you to lower the fury level a few notches and listen to me. Can you do that?

DAVE

Uh... yeah.

BUDDY

I mean you looked like you wanted to step this up to a physical thing.

DAVE

No. Heck no.

BUDDY

Good. Then we need to establish some ground rules. You're to refrain from any acts of violence, including verbal assault and vulgar hand gestures. You may not use rage-enhancing substances such as caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, crack cocaine or crystal meth. If you are unable to stop masturbating, please do so without the assistance of any pornographic images depicting quote/unquote angry sex. You may not watch any sporting events that are deemed violent - i.e., boxing, hockey, baseball, football, basketball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVE

That leaves, what, bowling?

BUDDY

And badminton - both under my supervision. However, that having been said, I'm a pretty good guy and I think you'll be surprised at how much fun we have together.

Buddy takes a VARGA GIRL PAINTING down. Dave looks very unhappy.

DAVE

You know, all I have is one bed.

BUDDY

Not a problem.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave is on top of his dresser, he looks miserable.

Buddy, in his pajamas, lies on Dave's king size bed, looking very comfortable.

Dave sighs and fluffs a tiny pillow, ready to sleep. Darkness. After a beat, Dave hears a strange buzzing sound. He turns on the light.

Buddy is sitting up in bed, with electrodes attached to his bare chest. They buzz, and his muscles quiver.

DAVE

What's that?

BUDDY

(strained)

Electric workout. I do it for an hour every night. Oh...

Dave turns out the light. The buzzing continues. Buddy moans occasionally in the dark.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Mmmmmmm... whoa...gotta get ripped... yeah...

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

It's pitch black. Dave is sound asleep. A hand grabs his shoulder and shakes it. A groggy Dave looks up and sees Buddy shaking him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Huh? What's the matter?

BUDDY

Top of the morning to you, sleepy head.

Dave starts to get up, looks confused, checks his clock: it's 5:30 A.M.

DAVE

What's going on? It's only 5:30. I don't have to be up till seven.

BUDDY

Well, you need time to make my breakfast. I want two eggs over easy, wheat toast, dry, and hash browns. And please tell me you have ketchup.

DAVE

Uh, Buddy, I may have some frozen waffles, but this ain't no IHOP.

BUDDY

Is that sarcasm? Sarcasm is anger's ugly cousin. From now on, it's unacceptable.

DAVE

I'm sorry. But, why am I supposed to make your breakfast?

BUDDY

For your benefit. Cooking is relaxing and therapeutic.

DAVE

How?

BUDDY

Dave, in a guru-disciple relationship, the disciple often has to accept instructions on faith.

DAVE

Okay. But I still don't understand why...

BUDDY

That's right. You don't understand. Have faith... make my breakfast.

INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

A surly Dave serves Buddy his eggs. Buddy starts to eat. After one bite of the eggs, Buddy picks up his plate and hurls it against the wall.

BUDDY  
I said OVER G-D DAMN EASY!

Dave stares at the shattered plate and splattered eggs in disbelief.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
(calmly)  
Why did I just do that?

DAVE  
Because the eggs weren't over easy?

BUDDY  
(shakes head)  
To show you how unpleasant it is to be around an angry person.

Buddy pulls a box of ALPHABITS out of his bag and pours some into a bowl as if nothing happened. Dave observes Buddy in stunned silence.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Mmmm. I don't care how old I get.  
Alphabits is simply delightful.  
(looks at Dave)  
Have a seat, Dave. Eat.

DAVE  
Nah, I'll just grab something on the way to work.

Dave starts to head out -- he can't wait to leave.

BUDDY  
Whatever. I'll be ready to leave in a little bit.

DAVE  
Leave for where?

BUDDY  
I'm coming with you to work.

Dave stops in his tracks, hoping he's heard wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Why?

BUDDY

I have to observe you, make sure you don't go off like a firecracker.

DAVE

How will I explain you being there?

BUDDY

The truth: I'm your anger management therapist.

DAVE

That doesn't make me look too good, Buddy.

BUDDY

You should never be ashamed to reveal your true self to people, Dave.

Dave looks extremely frustrated. He's about to protest, then...

DAVE

(sighs, checks watch)

Okay, but if you're coming with me, let's get going.

BUDDY

Easy, Dave. Easy. Stressing out over little things always leads to anger.

Dave takes a seat. Buddy plays with his cereal while eating his toast noisily.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(re: cereal)

Hey, Dave. Look what I spelled.

Dave looks into the bowl. The cereal spells; "Chill."

DAVE

I am chill. But I've gotta be at work by nine.

BUDDY

I'm done.

He eats the last piece of toast and rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

Great. Let's go.

BUDDY

Whoa, Guy. I've gotta shower.

DAVE

Shower? It's eight-fifteen.

BUDDY

I didn't say a bath. I'll be out in five, we're on the road in six.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - DAY

Dave and Buddy are in the car. According to the dashboard clock, it's 8:52.

DAVE

Why does it take you 40 minutes to take a shower?

BUDDY

That shampoo you had made my head feel good. I didn't wanna take it out. Sorry.

DAVE

Well now we've only got eight minutes!

BUDDY

Stop the car.

DAVE

What's wrong?

BUDDY

Pull over. Right now.

Dave pulls over.

DAVE

What's the problem?

BUDDY

You're not driving the car until you get calm. I'm not getting into an accident because you've got road rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Buddy, I don't have any rage in me.  
Can we get moving, please?

BUDDY

Not until you're calm.

DAVE

I'm calm. C'mon! Quit driving me  
nuts.

Buddy shakes his head, disappointed. He pulls out a notebook  
and writes something in it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What is that? What are you doing?  
Is that bad?

Buddy puts the notebook away.

BUDDY

Let's sing a song.

DAVE

I don't want to sing a song. I want  
to go to work.

BUDDY

Well, you're not going to work until  
you're calm. And you won't be calm  
until you sing a song.

DAVE

(sighs)

What song would you like to sing?

BUDDY

"I Honestly Love You".

DAVE

Uh, I'm not sure I know all the  
lyrics.

Buddy pulls out a sheet of paper with the lyrics, hands it to  
Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(sings, reluctantly)

*Maybe I hang around here, a little  
more than I should, we both know I  
got somewhere else to go...*

Buddy joins in, softly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE/BUDDY

*But I got something to tell you, that  
I never thought I would, but I  
believe you really ought to know...*

EXT. CAR - DAY

The car is parked on the side of the road.

DAVE/BUDDY (O.C.)

*I love you... I honestly love you...*

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Dave makes his way toward his office with Buddy by his side.  
As he's about to enter, he encounters Mr. Head.

HEAD

You're late.

DAVE

Mr. Head can I just...

HEAD

I don't want to hear any excuses.  
You're on my shit list. And you're  
gonna have to work your way off.

DAVE

But, I... you're right. I'm sorry.

BUDDY

Can I interject in a second. Now  
Dave, you were about to say something  
else before you said, "I'm sorry."  
You can't hold back. Tell this guy  
what you wanted to tell him.

This comment makes Head furious.

HEAD

(to Dave)

Who's this?

BUDDY

I'm Dave's anger management  
therapist.

HEAD

(looks at Dave oddly)

You're in anger management?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Well, see, what happened was, I --

BUDDY

Don't be apologetic.

(to Head)

Dave smacked around a stewardess.

DAVE

No, I didn't!

BUDDY

You broke her nose.

DAVE

That was the cocktail waitress.

Mr. Head looks at Dave like he can't believe this is the guy he's known all this time.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I mean, it was an accident...

BUDDY

You don't have to be defensive. You have a disease. Would you apologize for being a diabetic or a leper? Of course not. So why apologize for suffering from URS?

HEAD

URS?

BUDDY

Uncontrolled Rage Syndrome.

DAVE

I don't have "URS"!

BUDDY

He's angry. It's not a crime. It's a sickness.

DAVE

I'M NOT ANGRY!!!

Buddy pulls out his pad and makes more notes. Head observes this scene as if he's having a weird dream.

INT. DAVE'S DESK AREA - DAY

Dave works while Buddy sits in front of his desk and coolly observes him. Buddy watches while occasionally taking sips from a cup of coffee. Dave can't stand it.

DAVE

Are you just going to sit there and stare at me all day?

BUDDY

Not all day. In ten minutes, I'm gonna go down the hall and talk to that nice receptionist. But for now, yes, I will continue to stare at you.

Buddy continues to stare.

Suddenly Andrew shows up at Dave's desk, in an inter-office mail person's jacket, pushing a mail cart.

ANDREW

What's up, Dave?

DAVE

Andrew - what are you doing here?

ANDREW

The temp agency sent me over. I'm working in your mail room.  
(turns to Buddy)

Hi.

Buddy, sizing up Andrew, nods coolly.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(a little unnerved)  
So Dave, how's the anger management going?

DAVE

(annoyed)  
Great. How did you know about that?

ANDREW

Linda's my best friend. We don't keep secrets.

BUDDY

(to Dave)  
This guy is your girl's best friend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Yep. Old college boyfriend.

Buddy leans back in his chair, rolling his eyes and exhaling.

ANDREW

I have a favor to ask, Dave. I'd love to work at a company like this full-time. Could you put in a good word for me with the hiring office?

DAVE

There's not much opportunity here right now, Andrew.

ANDREW

I'm willing to start at the bottom. Anything. Even a job like yours would be okay.

DAVE

(stung)

I'll do what I can.

ANDREW

Thanks, Dave. See you later.

(to Buddy)

Bye.

Buddy stares and holds his middle finger up. Andrew leaves baffled.

BUDDY

How long have you been sharing your girlfriend with that guy?

DAVE

I ain't sharing nothing with him.

BUDDY

(notices photo on desk)

This her?

DAVE

Yeah.

Buddy picks up the photo and checks it out.

BUDDY

She's a killer, Dave. Funny, I'd never put you two together. What does she do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

She teaches poetry.

BUDDY

(scoffs)

Teaches poetry. "If you want to learn poetry come to my class... But don't get distracted by my tasty, sweet ass."

DAVE

Hey, watch yourself, Buddy!

BUDDY

(smiles ironically)

See? Notice the way you interpreted a compliment as an insult. Classic URS.

DAVE

That was a compliment? Saying my girlfriend has a, "tasty sweet ass."

BUDDY

Of course that was a compliment. But your anger wouldn't let you see it.

(shouting like lunatic)

LOSS OF PERSPECTIVE!!!

Buddy's shouting almost causes Dave to fall off his chair. People throughout the office turn and look.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

That's what makes a person angry. Losing perspective. Twisting things in your head.

DAVE

I don't twist anything.

BUDDY

Alright, I'm gonna go talk to that receptionist. You keep your mind tranquil and focused on work, not your girlfriend's juicy jugs.

Dave looks pissed. He's about to say something.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

LOSS OF PERSPECTIVE!!!

Buddy winks, then walks off toward the lobby.

INT. SAM COLDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave sits before the desk of his lawyer, Sam.

DAVE

Can't I get rid of this guy? Isn't he infringing on my rights?

SAM

I just don't know that you have much of a case.

DAVE

What're you talking about? He's getting me up at 5:30 A.M. to make him breakfast, he harasses me at work...

SAM

Has he asked you to do anything illegal?

DAVE

Well... no.

Sam shrugs: What can I do?

DAVE (CONT'D)

But none of the stuff he's having me do is even therapy!

SAM

Maybe it is. Maybe we just don't understand the therapeutic value his techniques offer. Maybe he's like Miyagi in "Karate Kid".

DAVE

Actually, I think the guy might be insane.

SAM

If you can prove that...

DAVE

Prove it how?

SAM

Audio tapes, video, whatever. Bring me something that proves he's nuts and I'll arrange a hearing with Judge Daniels.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave is working on his computer trying to come up with a good Ferret Chow logo. He is being distracted by voices from his bedroom.

LOU (O.S.)  
I just can't stand being talked to  
that way!

BUDDY (O.S.)  
Why are you telling me that? Why  
didn't you tell her?

LOU (O.S.)  
Because I'm AFRAID OF HER.

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE  
(to himself)  
You gotta be kidding me.

BUDDY (O.S.)  
Scream this sound - BAYOWHIP.

LOU (O.S.)  
BAYOWHIP!

BUDDY (O.S.)  
Again!

LOU (O.S.)  
BAYOWHIP!

BUDDY (O.S.)  
Now cry!

LOU (O.S.)  
(immediately crying)  
AHHH! AHHH! I miss my Grandma!

BUDDY (O.S.)  
Of course you do.

Buddy and Lou come out of the bedroom. Lou looks very relieved.

Dave reaches into his desk and takes out a mini tape recorder, sliding it into his pocket without Buddy seeing him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOU  
 (to Dave)  
 You're living with a great man.

DAVE  
 Yeah. He's the best.

BUDDY  
 Lou, here's our phone number. I  
 Don't care what time it is. You need  
 me, you call.

Lou exits.

DAVE  
 You gave that lunatic my number.

BUDDY  
 Yes sir.

DAVE  
 Look, I've got a lot of work to do.  
 I can't have psychos running in and  
 out of here.

BUDDY  
 So, because I'm helping you, I'm not  
 allowed to help other people. I'd be  
 a ball of rage too if I had to live  
 with the guilt of being so self  
 centered.

DAVE  
 Gimme a break!

BUDDY  
 Time for a little stress-reduction  
 therapy, my man. Take off your  
 clothes.

DAVE  
 What?

Dave surreptitiously clicks on his tape recorder.

BUDDY  
 Take off your clothes. I wanna show  
 you a technique that'll really help  
 you.

DAVE  
 Take off my clothes? You want to see  
 me naked, Buddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY

C'mon, Dave. Are you a homophobe?

DAVE

No. I'm a pulling my penis out in front of you-a-phobe.

BUDDY

One thing I can't stand is a homophobe. Go on, get in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Buddy drives Dave to a shady area. Dave's in the back seat.

DAVE

What're we doing here? And why do I have to sit in the back?

Buddy pulls over near a black TRANSVESTITE prostitute.

BUDDY

You know what the main cause of homophobia is? Ignorance. I just want you to talk to a gay person, get to know one. Then you'll see that they're no different than you or I.

DAVE

I know that. I have like five friends who are gay. My favorite cousin is gay. My lawyer is gay. His boyfriend is gay...

BUDDY

Do they all know that you hate them?

Buddy gestures for the Transvestite to approach car.

TRANSVESTITE

Looking for a date?

BUDDY

You know what, Honey? I'd like you to get into the backseat of the car with my friend Dave here and simply talk with him.

The Transvestite is suspicious.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I've got fifty bucks for ya. All he needs is a little conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Transvestite gets into back seat.

TRANVESTITE

So, David, where are you originally from?

DAVE

Brooklyn, New York. Uh...where are you from?

TRANVESTITE

Just a little town called Dicksville. Care to visit?

The Transvestite starts shimmying off his skirt.

DAVE

You know what, you don't have to do that...

TRANVESTITE

There's nothing to be afraid of baby.

DAVE

I'm not afraid. I just think you're setting yourself up to get hurt because I Don't like you that kinda way.

BUDDY

You don't have to like someone to receive pleasure from them. Do what you gotta do. I'll keep my eyes straight ahead.

DAVE

(flustered)

You can look wherever you want--

TRANVESTITE

Actually, it's ten bucks extra if he wants to watch.

DAVE

There's nothing to watch! Nothing's going to happen! I'm not interested in men!

TRANVESTITE

Don't worry, baby; because I am a woman.

(looks in his lap)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRANVESTITE (CONT'D)

Whoops! No, I'm not. Whoooo... I  
feel like dancin'.

The Transvestite starts gyrating in his/her seat. Dave  
surreptitiously clicks on his tape recorder.

DAVE

(playing to the mic)

Buddy, are you suggesting I have sex  
with this gay prostitute as part of  
my anger management therapy?

BUDDY

Hate causes anger, and I want to cure  
you of your hate. But I ain't paying  
no extra ten bucks to watch you get  
cured!

TRANVESTITE

Then you gots to get out of the car,  
baby...

As they bicker, Dave reaches the breaking point:

DAVE

Listen guys... girls... you... I am  
NOT having sex with a she-male!

There's a pause. Buddy smiles enigmatically.

BUDDY

Congratulations. You've just made it  
to level two!

DAVE

"Level two"?

BUDDY

You've learned the difference between  
unhealthy anger and righteous anger.  
You were right to refuse to do this.

(to Transvestite)

Thanks, Galaxia.

TRANVESTITE

(putting skirt on)

No problem, Dr. Rydell.

DAVE

You know this... person?

TRANVESTITE

I was Dr. Rydell's patient for two  
years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRANVESTITE (CONT'D)

He taught me to let go of my anger  
and be who I wanted to be; I owe him  
my life.

(to Buddy)

I'm all paid for. You sure you don't  
want a groin massage or somethin'?

BUDDY

Nah, I'm good sweetheart, thanks.

The Transvestite exits. Buddy looks at Dave.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I'm proud of ya, pal.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave's on the phone with Sam. (We hear Buddy in the shower,  
O.S.). Dave plays his transvestite tape for Sam.

BUDDY'S RECORDED VOICE

You don't have to like someone to  
receive pleasure from them. Do what  
you gotta do. I'll keep my eyes  
straight ahead.

DAVE

(into phone)

What do you think?

SAM (O.C.)

I didn't know you don't like gay  
people.

DAVE

I do to like gay people.

SAM (O.C.)

Then why wouldn't you have sex with  
that guy if he wanted it so bad?

DAVE

Cause I'm not gay.

SAM

Anyways, You need more evidence.

BEEP!

DAVE

Alright, there's someone on the other  
line. If he doesn't kill me I'll get  
more evidence. See ya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave hits a button on the phone and returns it to his ear.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hello?

BUDDY'S MOM (O.C.)

Is Buddy there?

DAVE

He's in the shower. Who's this?

BUDDY'S MOM (O.C.)

His mother. Who are you? One of the psychotics he works with?

DAVE

Uh... yes. Can I give him a message?

BUDDY'S MOM (O.C.)

Yes. I need you to calm your fevered brain long enough to tell him that I'm going into the hospital to have minor surgery. It's nothing serious, but I'll be in Boston General for the next two days...

Dave's face lights up: he's struck with an idea.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Buddy exits the bathroom, he's shirtless with the electric muscle zappers going full tilt. He approaches Dave, who has a grim look.

BUDDY

Can you believe this shit, I'm working out and brushing my teeth at the same time.

(noticing grimness)

What's wrong?

DAVE

It's your Mom, Buddy. She called and told me to tell you she's being taken to the hospital...

BUDDY

What's wrong?

DAVE

She's having surgery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

Surgery? Is it serious?

DAVE

It sounded pretty serious, I mean when is surgery not serious? Especially for a woman your mom's age.

Buddy thinks about this.

BUDDY

I'd better get up to Boston...

Facing away from Buddy, Dave betrays a self-satisfied grin and pumps his fist in the air in victory. Then Dave turns and sees Buddy become an emotional wreck.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Oh God! Please, mom, don't die!  
You're all I got.

Buddy looks like he's about to cry. Dave feels like shit. A tear falls from Buddy's eye. Dave can't take it.

DAVE

Buddy?

Buddy turns toward Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I've gotta be honest. Your mom's not having serious surgery.

BUDDY

But I thought you said...

DAVE

Yeah, well... I was, uh...  
(weakly)  
...joking.

BUDDY

Joking?

Buddy has a stunned look.

DAVE

I guess it wasn't very funny.

Suddenly Buddy starts laughing hysterically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY  
I can't believe I fell for that!

DAVE  
I'm sorry. That was a real dumb thing  
to do.

BUDDY  
Don't be sorry. That was a damn good  
joke. Humor's a great stress buster,  
pal.  
(laughs)  
I really thought my mother was having  
surgery! Man, I'm gonna get you back  
for that!

DAVE  
Actually, she is having surgery.

Buddy stops laughing.

BUDDY  
I thought you said it was a joke.

Dave wants to crawl under a rock.

DAVE  
The "serious" part was the joke. She  
really is going in for surgery,  
though. Minor surgery.

Buddy just stares at him, hurt and confused, for a beat.

BUDDY  
(slowly)  
Maybe I should head up to Boston to  
see what's really going on.

DAVE  
(loving this)  
Okay. You should, I'm sure she'll be  
glad to see you.

BUDDY  
Alright then. Pack your bags; we're  
heading to Beantown.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Linda and Dave pull up in her car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Well, this is the garage where we're supposed to meet.

LINDA

How come you're not flying to Boston?

DAVE

He says it's more relaxing for me to drive.

They sit silently for a beat.

LINDA

I'm really sorry that all this is happening. But it'll be over before you know it.

DAVE

Yeah. 28 more days.

Linda leans over for a kiss.

LINDA

Say, 'hi' to Fenway Park for me.

Just as they are about to kiss, Dave's eyes open and he sees an old lady looking at him. Instead Dave gives Linda a "good buddy" hug.

DAVE

Gotta go, Big Guy. See you later.

LINDA

Big guy?

He gets out of the car and looks at the Old Lady.

DAVE

Sorry about the lovey-dovey stuff.

OLD LADY

Should've made out with her. She looked horny.

Linda is understanding, but disappointed.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Buddy is just inside the opening of the garage, reading "Hustler". He stands and smiles when he sees Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

Ready to rock and roll?

Dave and Buddy haul their bags toward Buddy's car.

DAVE

I don't know why I have to go with you?

BUDDY

C'mon, the court placed you in my care. What if you snap and go on a mutilation rampage? I would be responsible.

DAVE

Well, I wasn't planning on that, but okay.

They get to his car, a Range Rover.

BUDDY

Uh-oh.

DAVE

What's wrong?

BUDDY

Someone parked right behind me.

Behind the Range Rover is a BMW.

DAVE

Well, then, I guess we gotta stay..

BUDDY

No, I can get out.

They get in the car. Because no one's parked to the side of Buddy, he's able to maneuver out of the space. After he does so, he stops his car before pulling out of the garage.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Dave watches as Buddy calmly exits his car and heads to his trunk to retrieve something. Dave then sees Buddy stroll over to the BMW and WHACK THE WINDSHIELD HARD WITH A BASEBALL BAT. Dave is shocked.

After giving the BMW a few whacks, Buddy calmly returns the bat to this trunk and gets back in his car. Dave looks at him like he's not sure he just saw what he saw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

The guy boxed me in.

DAVE

Wow you'd think an anger management therapist would set a better example than that.

BUDDY

Actually, that was a great demonstration of controlled anger.

DAVE

That looked more like controlled insanity to me.

BUDDY

I teach anger management, Dave, not anger elimination. Controlled anger can be a very healthy thing.

DAVE

Didn't look to healthy to me, Mr. vein poppin' way too far outta your head guy.

Buddy smiles and pulls out of the lot.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Dave is a bit unnerved by Buddy's driving: he has a tendency to tailgate, getting within an inch of the car in front of him.

DAVE

Don't you think you're getting a little close to that guy? I don't feel like dying today.

BUDDY

Your hostile attitude is what's gonna kill you. Which is why you need to ease up on the pedal --

(slows car)

of your mind.

Dave snakes his head.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

How come you're not married to Linda? You think you can do better?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

What does that have to do with you?

BUDDY

We've got a six hour trip. Maybe we could spend ten minutes of it talking.

After a beat...

DAVE

I'm very in love with Linda; I'm just taking it one step at a time.

BUDDY

Well you're taking awfully small steps. You're not shacking up with her. No engagement ring. How do you get along with her family?

DAVE

I haven't met them yet. She wants me to go to her grandmother's 100th birthday party next month but I'm probably gonna be busy with work.

BUDDY

Sounds like you don't want to go. Do you hate old people or something?

DAVE

No. I just... if I get to know Linda's family, and things don't work out with me and her, not only will I end up losing her but I'll be losing a bunch of other people I care about. I don't want to deal with that.

BUDDY

Already visualizing exit scenarios. All you "afraid-of-commitment" pansies are the same. You wanna know why you haven't asked Linda to marry you?

Dave listens.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You're afraid she'll say no. That she doesn't like you that much.

DAVE

Oh, okay, that's what it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY

I mean, you don't like yourself. How could you expect someone else to like you?

DAVE

I like myself. I like myself very much. See.

(Dave starts kissing his own hand)

BUDDY

Why are you a secretary then?

DAVE

Because I can't get a promotion.

BUDDY

Because deep down, you don't think you deserve one, do ya?

DAVE

(thinks about it)

Ahhh, gimme a break.

BUDDY

Let me ask you something: your dad was an alcoholic, right?

DAVE

There was a time when he had a slight drinking problem. How'd you know?

BUDDY

Almost everyone with non-existent self-esteem grew up with an alcoholic parent.

(a beat)

And your mom? Let me guess: she was a whore?

DAVE

No!

BUDDY

Not a whore whore, Just a get drunk at parties. can't keep her skirt on. Dad sitting in the car crying type of thing. I don't mean like Galaxia.

DAVE

Oh that's very nice of you. Actually She was a great lady. A bookkeeper.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVE (CONT'D)

A little over-protective. But the sweetest woman that ever was. My dad was a good guy too, despite his drinking problem.

BUDDY

An alcoholic dad and an over-protective mom, huh?... It's amazing you're not a queer.

Dave gives him a look.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Buddy fuels up. Dave tries to work.

BUDDY

When you were little, did you get picked on much by other kids?

DAVE

Not really.

BUDDY

C'mon, everyone's been bullied by someone. Tell me who bullied you and I'll stop bothering you.

DAVE

(thinks about it)

Peter Shankman picked on me in the sixth grade. But it was no big deal.

BUDDY

Shankman beat you up did he?

DAVE

He didn't beat me up. He just picked on me from time to time. Pushed me around once, but I wouldn't fight him.

BUDDY

You never stood up to him?

DAVE

Well, I eventually came to feel sorry for him. He had a really tough situation at home. His sister was retarded and his parents didn't spend any time with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

So he's excused for beating you?  
That's just like a URS guy. Always  
finding excuses and letting stuff get  
bottled up inside.

DAVE

Who cares? That was a long time ago.

INT. CAR - DAY

As Buddy continues to drive, Dave sleeps. Buddy's pensive;  
appears to be getting angry while lost in thought.

BUDDY

(slams steering wheel)  
YOU GOTTA FIGHT HIM!

DAVE

(waking up, startled)  
What?

BUDDY

You gotta fight Shankman and give him  
a good old fashion beating. It's the  
only way to get closure.

DAVE

I don't need closure. I barely  
remember the guy.

Buddy takes out his cel phone and dials.

BUDDY

(into phone)  
Hey, Walter, how's it going?  
(listens for awhile)  
Okay then repeat after me. Biyama...  
Biyama... how you feeling?... Good,  
now I have a favor to ask: I need you  
to track down a guy named Peter  
Shankman... good enough.

(hangs up)

Walter used to work for a private  
investigator. If Shankman's  
breathing, Walter will find him. And  
then you can kick his ass.

DAVE

But I don't wanna kick his ass.

Buddy sees something O.S and gets overly excited.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

Hey! We're here. Boston General.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Dave and Buddy are in a hospital room with Buddy's mom, who's lying in a bed.

MOM

Buddy! How nice of you to visit.

(re Dave)

This one of those nut jobs you work with?

BUDDY

They're called *patients*, Mom. Dave, this is my mom, Rose.

DAVE

(extending his hand)

Nice to meet you, Rose.

Mom pulls away frantically.

MOM

What'd I tell you, Buddy? You can bring your maniacs around, but don't let them touch me!

Mom, upset, coughs, choking.

BUDDY

You okay, Ma?

MOM

Yes. Though I wouldn't mind a glass of water.

BUDDY

I'll get you some water. Stay with my mom, Dave, I'll be right back.

There's an awkward silence between Dave and Buddy's mom.

DAVE

So, you're Buddy's mom, huh?

Mom gives Dave a dirty look: "Is that the best you can do?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave sees some family photos on the nightstand. He focuses on one in particular: a photo of Buddy and a young woman who looks almost exactly like Linda, except she's a blonde. Dave is stunned.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(pointing to photo)

Mrs. Rydell, the woman in this picture...

MOM

That's Buddy's ex-wife, Charlene. Lovely girl.

DAVE

She looks just like my girlfriend...

MOM

Don't get all stalkery on us, Looney Tunes. Charlene is a nice girl. A little rude perhaps, but nice.

DAVE

Rude?

MOM

Well, she just up and left Buddy without a note or anything. He tried desperately to talk to her: calling her, visiting her at work, following her, even breaking into her house. Then she goes and takes out a restraining order, as if it's Buddy's fault or something.

DAVE

(stunned)

Wow, how dare she.

MOM

Well, that was years ago. She moved to Utah, and Buddy's calmed down quite a bit since then.

Buddy enters with the water.

BUDDY

Here you go, Mom.

DAVE

(pointing to photo)

Buddy, your ex-wife looks just like Linda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Buddy takes the photo and looks at it.

BUDDY  
Yeah, I guess there is a slight  
resemblance.

DAVE  
Are you kidding? They could be  
twins...

BUDDY  
Shhhhh!

He points to Mom, who is fast asleep.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Water makes her very sleepy.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

Dave and Buddy eat dinner at a small table. Dave clicks on his tape recorder before asking the following..

DAVE  
Buddy, let me ask you a question. Why  
did Charlene slap you with a  
restraining order?

BUDDY  
Charlene pushed me to a point where I  
had no choice but to deliver an  
extreme yet measured response.

DAVE  
What did you do?

BUDDY  
I drove my car into her house.

DAVE  
You should read Dr. Buddy Rydell's  
book on anger management?

Buddy smiles.

Dave notices as a GORGEOUS WOMAN walks by and takes a seat at the bar. Buddy notices Dave noticing her.

BUDDY  
You could have her, you know.

DAVE  
Yeah, right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

See, that's your problem. You feel inadequate. That's where your anger stems from.

DAVE

(disinterested)

Is that right?

BUDDY

You're not a bad looking guy, Dave. You've got more going for you than you think.

(a beat)

I want you to go over to that woman and ask her out.

DAVE

I can't ask her out. You know I have a girlfriend.

BUDDY

I'm not telling you to bang her. Just pretend you're single for a few minutes and ask her out. Say "I think you're beautiful. Can I buy you a drink?"

Dave's look says no way.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

C'mon, Dave! And I don't want you to do this just because I'll put you in jail if you don't. I want you to do this because you'll grow from this.

Dave glares at Buddy, then ambles over toward the bar, approaching the attractive woman with great trepidation.

DAVE

Excuse me...

The woman looks his way. Dave looks at Buddy as if to say "I hate this".

DAVE (CONT'D)

I think you're beautiful. Can I buy you a drink?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Drop dead, asshole.

Ashamed, Dave heads back to Buddy's table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY

What'd she say?

DAVE

Drop dead, asshole.

Buddy pulls out his pad and starts writing.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I wasn't telling you to drop dead!  
That's what she said to me.

BUDDY

Oh.

(erases writing)

You know why she didn't respond to  
you?

DAVE

Because she thinks I'm an asshole?

BUDDY

(shakes head)

Because she senses the hostility in  
you.

DAVE

Give me a break!

BUDDY

You want me to prove it to you?

(a beat)

Close your eyes and breathe deeply  
and slowly.

Reluctantly, Dave does as requested.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Hum that Olivia Newton John song.

Dave tentatively hums "I Honestly Love You".

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Good. Now go back to that woman and  
ask her out again.

DAVE

Now you're just trying to humiliate  
me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUDDY

Dave, if you ask her out again and she says no, I'll admit I'm a fraud as a therapist and I'll release you from my program.

DAVE

Are you serious?

BUDDY

When you approach her without anger, she'll respond to you differently.

Dave sighs, rises, and gets ready for round two.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Just go back to her, put your hand on her arm and say the following words, verbatim: "I'm sorry I was so rude before, but I find it difficult to express myself when I'm on the verge of exploding in my pants".

DAVE

I'm not saying that.

BUDDY

If you're calm, as well as witty, she'll respond to you.

DAVE

"I'm on the verge of exploding in my pants" is witty?

BUDDY

You heard my offer.

DAVE

I ask her, she says no, I'm out of anger management, right?

Buddy nods.

Dave hates this, but knows he's got to do it. As he's about to head over to the woman...

BUDDY

If you hit it off with her and want me to leave, just give me the signal.

Dave gives Buddy a look and starts to head toward the bar. He takes the long walk down the plank, feeling his heart pounding as he has to do this most unpleasant task.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The woman at the bar is smoking a cigarette as Dave approaches her in a state of dread. He places his hand on her arm, getting her attention. She looks over at him.

DAVE

I'm sorry I was so rude before...

Dave hesitates, searching for the courage to say the rest.

DAVE (CONT'D)

...But I find it difficult to express myself...

(swallows hard)

...when I'm on the verge of exploding in my pants.

The woman stares at him, saying nothing for a second or two -- which seems like an eternity to Dave. Then she smiles and chuckles.

WOMAN

You're too cute...

DAVE

I'm sorry, I --

Dave is apologizing before he realizes, to his shock, that this woman has found his line to be charming.

WOMAN

Have a seat.

As Dave takes a seat next to her, he looks over at Buddy, who has an "I told you so" grin. Dave gives Buddy a little self-deprecating thumbs-up sign, as if he can't believe Buddy's line actually worked.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(introducing herself)

Kendra.

DAVE

Dave.

INT. BAR - LATER

Dave's still talking to Kendra, who's laughing at something Dave said. Dave's having a great time, enjoying flirting with this beautiful woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENDRA

I'm sorry you're not going to be in Boston longer. I'd really like to get to know you, Dave.

DAVE

I'd like to get to know you too...  
Kendra.

Kendra puts her hand on Dave's thigh, which seems to snap him out of it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But unfortunately, I'm going home tomorrow.

: (checks watch)

In fact, I should be getting back to my hotel -

Dave looks over at Buddy's table. A YOUNG COUPLE is eating there, with Buddy nowhere in sight. Dave looks puzzled.

KENDRA

What's wrong?

DAVE

Excuse me one second..

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dave looks for Buddy's car. It's gone.

DAVE

Son of a bitch!

Suddenly Dave notices that Kendra is right behind him.

KENDRA

Is something wrong?

DAVE

My friend ditched me.

KENDRA

I can give you a ride home.

DAVE

Uh, well, I'm not really sure where my friend's home is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENDRA

If you want, you can hang out at my place until you get in touch with him.

INT. KENDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave and Kendra are seated on her sofa. Kendra eats a chocolate from a box, offering the box to Dave.

KENDRA

I shouldn't eat these. I'm getting so fat.

Kendra is model-thin, probably anorexic.

DAVE

Fat? C'mon, you're not fat.

KENDRA

I'm telling you, my dress hides it. I used to go out with this guy who wouldn't sleep with me. Finally I asked him why. He said that when he saw me without my clothes on, he thought I looked like a hog.

DAVE

Was your friend on acid. You could be a model.

KENDRA

You're very sweet, Dave.

DAVE

Thanks, Kendra. Uh, do you have a phone book? I just want to see if I can find my friend's address.

Kendra brings him a phonebook. Dave flips through the phone book, going to the name Rydell. Lots of Rydells. Sees Rose Rydell: 679 Independence Ave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hey, I think that's it!

Dave shuts the phone book. Then he looks up and sees Kendra standing before him, almost completely naked, wearing only her bra and panties.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(nervously)

Uh... Kendra...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kendra starts to take off her bra.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Don't do that.

KENDRA  
Is something wrong?

DAVE  
No, it's just that...  
(sighs)  
I've gotta level with you, Kendra.  
I've got a girlfriend.

Kendra looks hurt, as if she sees through Dave's "excuse".

KENDRA  
I'm not a child, Dave. If you think  
I'm a Heifer, just come right out and  
say it.

DAVE  
I don't think you're a Heifer -

Kendra starts to cry.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
C'mon, don't cry. You're not a  
Heifer. If anything you're too thin.

KENDRA  
You think I'm too thin?  
(very offended)  
So my skinnyness repulses you so  
much, you have to invent a  
"girlfriend" to avoid having sex with  
me?

DAVE  
No, I wasn't saying - I just meant-

She starts shoving chocolates into her mouth.

KENDRA  
(chewing)  
Is this better, Dave? If I put a  
little meat on my bones, could you  
stifle your vomit long enough to  
sleep with me? Is that what you  
want? Is it?

She throws the rest of the box of chocolates at Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KENDRA (CONT'D)  
 (screaming, enraged)  
 GET OUT!

Dave runs out.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Dave is alone on a suburban street, in the middle of nowhere. Making matters worse, it starts to rain.

EXT. BUDDY'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave exits a pickup truck soaking wet, having apparently hitched a ride, and jogs to the front door.

INT. BUDDY'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Buddy lets Dave in.

BUDDY  
 So, how'd it go, Romeo?  
 (sees Dave is soaked)  
 It must've been wet and wild, huh?

DAVE  
 You ditched me.

BUDDY  
 Ditched you? What're you talking about? You gave me the thumbs-up sign. I thought that meant you wanted me to amscray.

DAVE  
 I wasn't signaling you to leave! I was just telling you that your gross pick-up line actually worked.

BUDDY  
 It looked to me like you two were hitting it off.

DAVE  
 She was nice. But I wasn't going to cheat on Linda.

BUDDY  
 Speaking of Linda, she called earlier. She seemed kind of upset.

DAVE  
 Upset about what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

About you being out with another woman.

Dave looks shocked, appalled.

DAVE

You mean you told her...?

BUDDY

What else could I do?

DAVE

What else could you do? You could've told her ANYTHING! I was at the bank, I was at the store, I was shitting. Any of those would've worked.

BUDDY

Sorry, Dave, I don't lie for my patients. If you go off chasing skirts, don't expect me to cover for you.

DAVE

I was doing what you told me to do... you sick, demented liar.

Then Buddy breaks out laughing, confusing the hell out of Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

BUDDY

I've been yanking your chain. Kendra's a former patient of mine, an actress, damn good one. I arranged for her to be at the bar so you could pick her up.

Dave looks confused.

DAVE

You arranged -- you mean...?

BUDDY

It was all a joke. You know, like the one you pulled on me with my "dying mother". I told you I'd get you back!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

This whole thing was a joke?  
 (irritated but relieved)  
 So you didn't really speak to Linda?

BUDDY

Of course I did. That's what makes it  
 so funny!

Buddy laughs. Dave looks at him, stunned.

DAVE

That's not funny. You're not funny.  
 You're out of your mind.

BUDDY

Dave, you look a little angry. C'mon,  
 breathe deeply... Hum the Newton John  
 song.

DAVE

(seething)  
 No! You hum the "I'm a crazy  
 asshole" song and take me home you  
 psychotic piece of whacko.

Buddy stands perfectly still for a beat, then shrugs.

BUDDY

We're gone at the crack of dawn.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We see Buddy's car heading down the highway.

INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY

Buddy's driving. Dave pulls out a jewelry box from his  
 briefcase, and admires the silver bracelet inside.

BUDDY

What's that?

Dave says nothing.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Aren't we going to talk at all?

No answer.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Look, if you want me to apologize, I  
 apologize.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I thought it was a good joke. I guess  
I've got a really bad sense of humor.  
I was just trying to help us bond.  
I'm sorry.

After a pause...

DAVE

(re bracelet)

It's a gift for Linda. I found it at  
a jewelry store near your mom's  
house. It looks exactly like a  
bracelet Linda once told me she  
loved.

BUDDY

You can't give that to her.

Buddy grabs the bracelet, shoves it into his glove  
compartment, and locks it.

DAVE

Give me that!

BUDDY

Dave, that bracelet is an implication  
of guilt. Think about it: it's like,  
"Honey, here's a little trinket to  
make you forget that broad I boned in  
Boston."

DAVE

(thinks it over)

Maybe you've got a point.

Buddy's cell phone rings.

BUDDY

(into phone)

Hello?... How's it going... Yeah? Great!...  
Well then give it to me.

Buddy pulls out a pen and writes down an address.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Good work, my man.

Buddy hangs up.

DAVE

Who was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY

Nobody. Another patient. Why don't you catch some shut eye? We still got a lot of road ahead.

INT. BUDDY'S CAR - DAY

Buddy wakes Dave up.

BUDDY

We're here, Sir Snore A Lot.

DAVE

We're where?

BUDDY

Time to pay a visit to that prick Peter Shankman, your childhood nemesis.

DAVE

Aw, come on!

BUDDY

Dave, I think a confrontation with Shankman could be a turning point for you. A potential breakthrough.

Dave sees something off-screen and is stunned.

DAVE

This is where Peter Shankman lives?

We see Dave and Buddy are outside the entrance to a Buddhist monastery.

EXT. MONASTERY GROUNDS - DAY

We see Dave and Buddy talking to an ELDERLY MONK, who points them in the direction of a YOUNG MONK who's sitting on the grass, meditating. As they walk over, Buddy observes various statues and Buddhist artifacts.

BUDDY

(shakes head sadly)

What a pretentious religion.

Dave and Buddy get closer to the YOUNG MONK, whom Dave scrutinizes, taking in the shaved head, saffron robe, etc.

DAVE

I don't know. This seems kind of wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

It's not wrong. It's justice.

Dave surreptitiously clicks on his tape recorder.

DAVE

So, Buddy, just to clarify, you're ordering me to beat up a monk as part of my therapy?

BUDDY

Don't let the robe fool you. That's the guy who stands between you and emotional health. Deal with it.

Dave hesitates; then approaches the monk, taps him on his shoulder...

DAVE

Excuse me... Peter Shankman?

MONK

My name is Pana Kamananda. But, yes, I used to be Peter Shankman.

DAVE

Peter - uh, Pana - it's Dave Kessler. From junior high.

Peter stares at Dave a second, then betrays a beaming smile, rises and gives Dave a big hug.

PETER

David Kessler! How are you?

DAVE

Good, good. I have to say, I never thought I'd find you in a monastery.

PETER

I guess you could say I've gone through a rather dramatic transformation. It took me years to find inner peace and tranquility. Is that why you came here? To find inner peace?

DAVE

Uh, in a manner of speaking.

BUDDY

(to Peter)

Could you excuse him for one second?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Buddy pulls Dave aside.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing - an Oprah segment?

DAVE

What do you want me to do? He's a monk, for God's sake!

BUDDY

This isn't about you two kissing and making up. Confront him already!

DAVE

Okay, okay.

Dave returns to Peter.

PETER

So, tell me, Dave, what made you decide to pay me a visit?

DAVE

To be honest, Pana, you were kind of a bully to me as a kid.

PETER

Yes, I was a real cretin back then. I apologize to you, my friend, for all the disgraceful behavior of my past.

Dave looks at Buddy.

BUDDY

Not good enough, man.

Buddy holds up his fist and mouths "stay strong".

PETER

I did a lot of horrible things when I was a kid. I pushed you around, I called you nasty names...

DAVE

(recalling all this)  
And there was the time you yanked my gym shorts down in front of Sara Plowman.

PETER

That...was actually kind of funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Peter chuckles. Dave starts to look pissed.

DAVE  
I don't think it was.

BUDDY  
(sotto)  
He's laughing at you...

Some surrounding MONKS take notice of the discussion.

PETER  
Come, David, humor is the spice of  
life. The look on your face was  
priceless.

Peter imitates Dave's stricken expression and laughs. Dave fumes.

BUDDY  
Hey, Dave, Pana's right. That sounds  
pretty funny.  
(a beat)  
It was also kind of funny the way  
you were joking about Buddha earlier.

Peter reacts. Some other monks react as well.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Remember? Saying "How does a guy who  
weighs over 600 pounds have the balls  
to teach people about self-  
discipline?"

Some of the other monks glare at Dave. It also angers Peter.

PETER  
(to Dave)  
Hey, don't make fun of Buddha!

BUDDY  
You know what else really makes Dave  
laugh? Thinking about your retarded  
sister.

Buddy laughs. Peter exhibits a look of intense rage.

PETER  
You think that's funny?

DAVE  
No I --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BUDDY

He used to make your sister take her shirt off so he could give her a "cooties exam"...

DAVE

That's not --

BUDDY

Then he'd pull out his pecker and tell her it was an ice cream cone.

PETER

You did that to my sister?

Peter gives Dave a shove. Some monks rise as a fight brews.

DAVE

No! And don't you shove me again.

BUDDY

(sotto)

He's pushing you around again, just like junior high.

Responding to Buddy, Dave shoves Peter back. Peter gets in his face.

PETER

Answer me, Kessler: did you molest my sister?

Peter shoves him again. Dave looks enraged.

DAVE

Every chance I got! And she howled like a hound dog in heat.

Peter's lip quivers. There's a few seconds of unsettling silence. Then Peter charges Dave like a linebacker. The two men roll around in a pile of mud. Dave head-butts Peter in the face hard. Then a second time.

BUDDY

That's the way. Give him one for Moses!

Peter extricates himself. The two rise. Peter picks up a large stick and takes a swipe at Dave's head. Dave ducks. Another swipe. Dave evades the swipe again.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

DAVE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Dave looks toward Buddy, who tosses him an empty beer bottle he pulled from a trash can.

Dave and Peter circle one another with their weapons. After Dave evades another one of Peter's swipes, he pounds him on the head with the beer bottle. Peter falls to the ground.

FIVE MONKS watching this attempt to come to the aid of their fallen comrade. As they pack approach, Buddy gets into a fighting stance and stops them from moving forward.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Stop right there! This party's invitation only.

Dave pulls Shankman's robe up and yanks his underwear down. The other Monks start laughing uncontrollably.

Buddy and Dave share a moment.

INT. CAR - DAY

Dave and Buddy hop inside. Buddy LAUGHS JOYOUSLY, grabs Dave's neck playfully.

BUDDY

Holy shit! We were like Butch and Sundance back there, huh?

DAVE

Thanks for the beer bottle!

BUDDY

You kicked some serious monk ass, baby! How do you feel?

DAVE

I feel great. I feel bad about molesting his sister all those times...

BUDDY

You really did molest a retarded girl?

DAVE

No. Gotcha.

Buddy laughs his ass off and massages Dave's shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

I'm proud of you, Dave. You're starting to confront your demons and you're becoming more enjoyable to hang out with.

Dave smiles, and nods.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Now let's go home.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Range Rover pulls up outside Dave's place.

INT. CAR - DAY

Dave is grabbing his stuff.

BUDDY

I've got a surprise for you.

Dave is nervous.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I've already squared things between you and Linda.

DAVE

When -- ?

BUDDY

While you were whizzing at the truck stop... I explained it was my fault - all is forgiven, pal.

DAVE

Wow. Thanks.

BUDDY

No, thank you. Watching you beat that monk... it's moments like that that make me realize I picked the right career.

DAVE

That's nice of you to say, Buddy.

BUDDY

I think we really bonded on this trip, Dave; I now consider you a friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave is gratified by these warm sentiments.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I've gotta admit: I didn't like you at first... I thought you were a real snotty little weasel.

Dave reacts.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

But now, after all this, I have to say...

(almost tearful)

You're my best friend.

Dave doesn't; know what to say. \_\_\_\_\_

EXT. WEST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Dave's taking a stroll with Linda near Washington Square.

DAVE

Believe me, I had no intention of doing anything with that girl.

LINDA

Don't worry: Buddy explained everything. He said it was all his doing; he felt really bad about it.

DAVE

Yeah, Buddy's an okay guy. A little eccentric, but he's got some real insight. I think I'm actually learning from him.

LINDA

He's given me some valuable advice, too.

(stops walking, turns to Dave)

I think he's right. I don't think we should see each other for a while.

DAVE

Yeah, that sounds -  
(it hits him)  
WHAT?! Buddy said...?

LINDA

That a trial separation would ultimately strengthen our relationship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave is floored by this, looking darker than ever before.

INT. ANGER MANAGEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The group is all assembled (except for Dave), with Buddy at the head of the semi-circle.

LOU

I really love her, and I'm sure she loves me, and I want to be with her forever... but her stupid agent won't give me her number!

BUDDY

Maybe the fact that Jennifer Lopez married someone else and never even met you, should tell you it's time to let that go.

LOU

Damn. That's cold, Dr. Rydell.

Dave barges in.

BUDDY

You're late, Dave.

DAVE

Can I speak to you alone, please?

Dave grabs Buddy's arm and hauls him out of the office.

INT. OUTSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dave's with Buddy.

DAVE

You told Linda we should try a trial separation?

BUDDY

(nods)

As a favor to you. See, now that we've identified the cause of your rage - that old devil, low self-esteem - we need to attack it. Separating from Linda is part of our strategy.

DAVE

No, that's your strategy. My strategy is to keep my girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

Alright, I'm going to tell you something in confidence - strictly as a friend. Linda's been thinking about leaving you.

Dave is taken aback.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

She loves you, but realizes you're a neurotic, insecure mess: You're jealous, self-loathing, resentful... and a sexual failure.

DAVE

(horrified)

She said I was a sexual failure?

BUDDY

(shrugs)

That part I was just assuming. Anyway, I think a trial separation will make you both gain a greater appreciation for Dave Kessler. After she dates a couple of losers, she'll be begging you to take her back.

Dave thinks about this.

DAVE

What if she dates a guy who's a winner. Who's not a sexual failure. Who's actually very good at sex. Who does sex all the time because he's so g-d damn good at it. I'll break that guy's neck right now. Where is he?

BUDDY

Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. You see what your mind's doing. Linda hasn't even gone for a cup of coffee with another guy and your head's already got her with her legs in the air, screaming: "Shaq, give it to me one more time..."

DAVE

Shaq? Where'd she meet Shaq?

BUDDY

Look. The key is you have to be supportive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

If, Linda says she wants to see other people, make her believe you think it's a good idea. This is the only way to convince her that you have enough self-esteem not to be jealous...

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave's at his desk, on the phone with Linda. He's trying to act nonchalant.

DAVE

(into phone)

Well, I've been thinking about it and, yeah, a trial separation's exactly what we need. If you want to see other people, feel free.

Dave angrily tosses a calculator against the wall.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Let's talk again in a couple of days... Me toc... Bye.

Dave hangs up. He puts his head on his desk.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Please don't bone anyone else.

INT. OUTSIDE DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The elevator opens, and Dave walks out. He sees Walt pacing furiously back and forth in front of the door to his apartment.

WALT

(too fast)

Goo-frabba goo-frabba goo-frabba goo-frabba goo-frabba-- this shit ain't working, man!

Dave tries to jump back in the elevator, but Walt sees him.

WALT (CONT'D)

Dave! Where's Dr. Rydell? I got to see him immediately. My head is like... a tornado inside a hurricane... with knives raining down, and construction equipment...

DAVE

I have no idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Damn!

(remembering)

Oh, and your girlfriend stopped by.  
She wanted to give you this.

Walt fishes something out of his pocket and hands it to Dave.  
It's a key.

DAVE

(hurt)

It's a key to my apartment...

WALT

I been standing out here for an hour  
and a half with a key to your  
apartment in my pocket? Dammit!

Walt punches the wall.

WALT (CONT'D)

Goo-frabba goo-frabba goo-frabba--  
(suddenly turns to Dave)

Oh, and I think she's cheating on  
you. I heard her making a date with  
some guy on her cel phone as she was  
waiting for the elevator. And it  
sounded like they knew each other  
pretty well.

DAVE

(stung, to himself)

Andrew. That little weasel.

(to Walt)

She's not cheating on me. We took a  
break.

WALT

Well, looks like she ain't taking a  
break from getting some nice sau-  
seech, heh-heh-heh. She's meeting  
this Andrew at Bruno's at 8 if you  
wanna watch.

DAVE

No, I can't do that...

EXT. BRUNO'S - NIGHT

Dave peers through the restaurant window, but can't find  
Linda, unable to get the proper vantage point. Suddenly he's  
startled by a tap on his shoulder. He turns and sees Stacy,  
the porn actress from his anger group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACY

Dave! What're you doing here?

DAVE

Uh, just trying to check out the menu... and see how my girlfriend's date is going.

STACY

Well, have fun.

Stacy starts to head off. Then Dave gets an idea.

DAVE

Hold on a second, Stacy...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dave strolls into the restaurant, arm-in-arm with Stacy. When she takes off her coat, she reveals the sluttiest dress imaginable. She's practically topless.

Dave looks around the restaurant. Spots Linda at a table on the other side. The maitre'd approaches.

MAITRE'D

Would you like a booth?

DAVE

Actually, could you give me a table overlooking that couple over there?

Dave points to Linda's table. The Maitre'd gives Dave an odd look and takes him over to the requested table.

While being seated, Dave intentionally looks away from Linda, focused on his "lover", Stacy. He noisily moves a chair to get Linda's attention. Linda turns and sees Dave.

LINDA

Dave!

DAVE

("surprised")

Linda?! Oh my God! Can you believe this?

Dave laughs at the "coincidence". Linda looks at Stacy.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Where are my manners? Stacy, this is Linda. Linda, Stacy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Nice to meet you, Stacy.

STACY

You look familiar. Have you ever  
been in "Hustler"?

LINDA

Not that I know of.  
(gesturing towards her  
date)

And, Stacy, this is...

Her date turns toward Dave and Stacy. WE NOW SEE THAT LINDA'S  
DATE IS BUDDY. Dave's eyes practically pop out of his head.

LINDA (CONT'D)

..Buddy Rydell.

STACY

Buddy! Hey, Dave, it's Buddy!

DAVE

Yes, I see.

LINDA

(to Buddy)  
You know Stacy?

STACY

I'm in Dave's anger group.

BUDDY

Gee, this is kind of awkward.  
(eyeing Dave and Stacy)  
You know, group members aren't  
supposed to date one another.

DAVE

Uh, Buddy, can I talk to you in  
private for a second? I need advice  
on a fury control technique.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dave's with Buddy.

BUDDY

Try the veal scallopini, Dave.  
Perfecto.

Dave shoves Buddy against the wall, ready to explode.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

What are you doing with Linda?

BUDDY

What I've been doing for the last five days: helping you get your life straightened out.

DAVE

By trying to bang my girlfriend?

BUDDY

By trying to prevent Andrew from banging her.

This gets Dave's attention.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

That's right. Linda was telling me how Andrew has been aggressively going after her, and how she was considering going out with him - but not just as "friends".

DAVE

That sneaky shit...

BUDDY

Damn right. So I launched a pre-emptive strike. Now the situation is contained; you and I control the game.

Dave contemplates this.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

So all I have to do is act like a jerk, Linda sees what the dating world is really like, and guess who's smelling like a rose?

Dave's starting to feel better.

DAVE

You think?

BUDDY

I've already begun. I keep talking about myself, acting arrogant and obnoxious. Check her out. She's miserable. She wants to go home.

Dave peeks out and sees Linda. She does look pretty mad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

(thinks about it)

Okay. But you better make sure she hates you.

BUDDY

I'm just hoping to get through dinner without her tossing a drink in my face.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Dave's at his table with Stacy. His attention is fully focused on Buddy and Linda. What's bugging him is that they are laughing, seeming to be having a great time.

:

STACY

I've never done anal on camera. It's just not classy. In fact, not to sound like a prude, but even off-camera, I only do anal with guys I think are really special.

(smiles coyly)

You know something, Dave? I think you're kind of special.

(noticing Dave staring at Linda)

You know, that's very rude!

DAVE

What?

STACY

You take me out on a date, and all you do is watch your ex.

DAVE

Stacy, our "date" isn't real, remember? I just wanted you to help me spy on Linda.

STACY

I'm well aware of how this began. But I thought we were genuinely starting to fall for one another.

DAVE

(battled)

You're very nice, but that's my girlfriend over there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACY

Screw you! You're like every guy I've ever known. Just a user.

Stacy gets up to leave.

DAVE

(sotto, grabs her)  
Stacy! C'mon, don't make a scene.

STACY

Don't touch me!  
(after he lets go;  
loudly)  
And to think, I was gonna let you do me in the bee-hind!

Everyone turns toward them, including Linda and Buddy. Dave offers an embarrassed shrug. The MANAGER approaches Dave.

MANAGER

Sir, I'm gonna need you to leave now.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dave checks his clock: it's 1:00 A.M. He looks furious.

Suddenly Dave hears a key entering the lock. Buddy enters the apartment. Dave glares at him.

DAVE

Where the hell were you?

BUDDY

I was out with Linda.

DAVE

You said you were being obnoxious, that the date was almost over at dinner - six hours ago!

BUDDY

Hey, cool it. When you hear what happened, you're gonna bow down to me and worship me like a god.

Dave changes his tone, curious.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Okay. So we're at dinner. And I'm acting like a jerk..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

I saw you two laughing.

BUDDY

Oh, we were laughing because I kept mispronouncing a word. It was a silly thing.

(dismissing it with a wave)

Anyway, I order dessert for myself, and tell her she should avoid dessert until she gets that big ass under control. That did not go over well.

Dave likes that.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

So then we go to a club, and I completely ignore her and dance with this hot Latina babe I met...

Dave smiles at this.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

And when I finally head back to Linda, she tells me how I need some manner lessons.

DAVE

She said that?

BUDDY

Yeah. "Dave would never treat me like that". And I say, "Hey, if you'd rather be with Dave..."

Dave's really loving this.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Anyway, we're sitting at the bar for like an hour, not saying a word to each other. We have a few more drinks in stony silence. Finally, Linda insists on heading home. Now, I'm a little tipsy, so I take her back home on the bus...

DAVE

(amused)

The bus?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY

(laughing)

The bus. We get off at her stop, I escort her back to her place. Then we get into some kind of weird argument over the flat tax or something, she tells me to leave, we kiss, and I head back home.

DAVE

Uh, wait. What do you mean you kissed?

BUDDY

Oh, nothing. Just like a five second kiss.

DAVE

(baffled, disturbed)

Wait. You're having this horrible evening, you get into a big fight, then how do you end up kissing?

BUDDY

I wish I knew. Both of us were kind of drunk... And, you know, we're fighting one second, then the next we're laughing, then...

(shrugs)

Just a quick ten second kiss.

DAVE

I thought it was a five second kiss.

BUDDY

There was a five second one, then a little break, then a ten second one. But the bottom line is the date, overall, was a debacle. We're supposed to go out again tomorrow night, and trust me, I'll make sure that's an even bigger disaster.

(yawns)

Anyways, I'm beat. I'm gonna hit the hay.

Buddy heads to the bedroom. Dave waits, then dials his phone.

DAVE

(into phone)

Sam? Dave Kessler... I've got the evidence. Schedule a hearing. This prick is going down.

INT. LINDA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Linda's in front of the room, teaching her class.

LINDA

So, in essence, the albatross in the  
"Ancient Mariner" represented--

Linda notices Dave at the door entrance, gesturing for her to  
come over.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Linda's with Dave in the hallway.

LINDA

What're you doing here? I thought we  
weren't supposed to see each other.

DAVE

I just wanted to tell you that-

He notices the bracelet she's wearing -- it's the one he  
bought for her in Boston -- the one Buddy seized.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that?

LINDA

Buddy gave it to me. Isn't it nice?

This really pisses Dave off.

DAVE

I bought you that! Buddy took it from  
me!

Linda doesn't look like she's buying this story.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Look, Linda, you've got to stay away  
from Buddy.

LINDA

I thought you wanted us to see other  
people.

DAVE

That was all part of Buddy's head  
games. He wants to drive us apart so  
he can divide and conquer. He's  
obsessed with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA  
He's obsessed with me?

DAVE  
Yes!

Linda rolls her eyes: This is pathetic.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
And Buddy is not trying to cure me of my anger problem, since he knows damn well I don't have an anger problem!

LINDA  
Are you kidding? You know how hostile you've been in recent weeks?

DAVE  
Yeah -- SINCE I STARTED THIS STUPID ANGER MANAGEMENT PROGRAM!!!! WHICH I NEVER NEEDED IN THE FIRST PLACE!!!

LINDA  
(patronizing)  
Okay, calm down. I was mistaken. You're not angry.

DAVE  
(calming himself)  
I'm telling you for your own good. Don't see Buddy anymore. He's an evil, manipulative bastard. Listen to this...

Dave takes out his tape recorder, pushes play.

DAVE'S VOICE ON TAPE  
(singing)  
*I'm not trying to make you feel uncomfortable...*

Dave fast-forwards.

DAVE'S VOICE ON TAPE (CONT'D)  
I like myself very much. See?

*Kissing noises. Embarrassed, Dave stops the tape.*

DAVE  
Whoops, wrong part. Hold on, I'll find it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He starts to fast-forward again. Linda gives him a look of disgust.

LINDA

Excuse me, but I have a class to teach.

Linda exits, leaving Dave angry and frustrated.

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Dave's working at the office when Mr. Head enters.

HEAD

Dave, I'm gonna need you to summarize all the data we've got on Ferret Chow for a presentation I'm giving to the board Thursday.

DAVE

Thursday? I'll have to work like 48 hours straight to finish that.

HEAD

I'd imagine so.  
(smirking)  
And don't forget to include the results of your taste test.

DAVE

I just can't do it, Mr. Head. I've got, uh... I've got an all-day anger management session tomorrow. Court-ordered.

HEAD

That's not what Buddy said. He said you were free the next couple of days. In fact, he said it would be a good idea to give you extra work, keep your mind occupied.

DAVE

You talked to Buddy?

HEAD

I had a long talk with Buddy. He's got a lot of insightful things to say... especially about you. I didn't know I had a ticking time bomb right outside my office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave looks pissed. Behind Dave, an exec crosses to Head, his back toward us. Head greets him warmly.

HEAD (CONT'D)

There he is! Did they assign you an office yet?

EXEC

A very nice one. I'm all settled in, Frank.

HEAD

Great.

(turns to Dave)

Dave, we finally filled the opening in Sales...

The exec turns and reveals himself to be Andrew.

HEAD (CONT'D)

Meet Andrew Hudson.

Dave looks at Andrew as if he must be having a hallucination.

ANDREW

Actually, Frank, I know Dave. In fact, he's the one who recommended me to your personnel office.

HEAD

That's kind of ironic, cause Dave wanted to be considered for your job.

ANDREW

Wow... That is ironic...

Andrew turns to Dave.

Dave, who has a crazy look on his face, picks up the phone and begins dialing.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

No congratulations, man. Who're you calling that's so important?

DAVE

(thru clenched teeth)

My anger partner.

INT. POOL HALL/BAR - NIGHT

Dave shoots pool with Lou.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

So there's this guy... Fred, who convinced me that a trial separation would help my relationship with my girlfriend. Then this guy Fred ends up going out with my girlfriend himself, and bad-mouthing me to my boss.

LOU

Whoa. That sounds like a justifiable anger situation. But it's kinda out of my league. Maybe we should call Buddy.

At the mention of Buddy's name, Dave slams the cue ball hard. It goes flying off the table, rolling by a 12 YEAR-OLD BOY who's shooting pool at another table.

BOY

Keep your balls on your table?

Itching for a fight, Dave races over to the kid and, while brandishing his pool cue as a weapon, says...

DAVE

How 'bout I put your balls on my table, brat?

BOY

I'm not scared of you.

DAVE

Oh no?

Dave shoves the kid, ready to fight; Lou gets between them.

LOU

Bayowhip! Bayowhip! Bayowhip!

KID

I'm gonna get my mom on you!

DAVE

I've already had your mom on me, punk!

AS LOU drags Dave over to the corner of the room

Dave's cel phone rings. He collects himself and answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?... Yeah, what is it, Buddy?

BUDDY'S VOICE

Dave. I just dropped Linda off at her place...

DAVE

Your date's over already? It's only nine o'clock.

BUDDY'S VOICE

Yeah, it's over. Anyway, I need to see you right away. And bring your court documents.

Dave looks puzzled.

INT. ANGER MANAGEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Dave is waiting in the darkened room. Buddy enters, all business.

BUDDY

Thanks for meeting me, Dave. Hope I didn't interrupt anything important.

DAVE

How'd it go tonight with Linda?

BUDDY

Well, first the good news: your anger management sentence is over. I'm going to sign your court documents - you brought them, right?

Dave happily hands Buddy the documents.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Good. Now here is the not necessarily bad but potentially upsetting news: I've fallen for Linda. Fallen for her hard.

Dave reacts.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

We were only out a couple of hours tonight. I did not lay a hand on her, I give you my word. But as a friend, I can't lie to you, Dave.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Yes, I set out to act like a jerk and piss her off. Then...

Buddy makes a fireworks gesture with his hands. Dave is stony, silent.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

But I told Linda I wouldn't get involved with her without your blessing. Since you're my best friend.

(a beat)

So, Dave. What do you say? Is it okay if I date your ex?

Dave looks strangely calm, as if he's amused by the question. Then, suddenly, he lunges at Buddy and starts to throttle him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(while being choked)

Clearly my attempt to teach you anger management skills has been a dismal failure. I'm going to have to recommend to the court that you serve another sixty days...

Dave looks furious. Angry beyond words. Twitching.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Dave's at his hearing, standing before Judge Daniels, next to Sam. Buddy, in a neck brace, is with his lawyer in the b.g.

SAM

Your Honor. I think we can let this tape speak for itself.

Sam brings Daniels the tape. She places it in a recorder and pushes play.

Buddy's voice comes out, but sounding slow and stagey, like the "Moviefone" guy.

BUDDY'S VOICE

David, I hear weird noises coming from the bathroom that you are in. Are you alright in there?

DAVE'S VOICE

You want to see me naked, Buddy?

Dave looks perplexed, not remembering this exchange.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY'S VOICE

That would be inappropriate, Dave.  
What's going on in there?

DAVE'S VOICE

I am...

(brief silence)

...having sex with a she-male.

Dave looks at Buddy, realizing he spliced the tape.

SAM

You had sex with a she-male? I  
thought you weren't gay?

DAVE

I never said that!

JUDGE

Quiet. Let me listen.

The tape continues...

BUDDY'S VOICE

How do you feel about your childhood  
best friend?

DAVE'S VOICE

I feel bad about molesting his sister  
all those times.

Everyone in the courtroom gasps.

DAVE

He tampered with the tape!

JUDGE

Shhh!

The tape continues...

BUDDY'S VOICE

Dave, black people have the same  
rights as citizens that you and I do.

DAVE'S VOICE

Give me a break!

Dave gets glares from Daniels and others.

BUDDY'S VOICE

No, Dave, black people deserve to  
live in peace and harmony, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE'S VOICE

You're out of your mind!

Judge Daniels stands, furious.

JUDGE

Turn off that tape! I've heard enough! David Kessler, I am ordering you to serve an additional year of anger management therapy, a year of race sensitivity-thing classes, psychiatric evaluation for possible pedophilic tendencies, and... well, I guess I can't punish you for having sex with a she-male, but it grosses me out big time. Court is adjourned!

Buddy walks over at Dave, sadly shaking his head.

BUDDY

Linda and I are going to grandma's 100th birthday bash this weekend and we are gonna party our asses off. But come Monday me and you've got a lot of work to do. I thought we were friends. I guess I was wrong.

Then Buddy walks toward the back door, where Linda is waiting. Linda, hurt and concerned, looks at Dave and mouths, "A she-male?" Buddy wraps an arm around her, and they walk off. Soon everyone walks out, and Dave is alone.

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave's with Chuck in his den, looking over a large assortment of weapons. Dave has a .44 magnum in his hands.

CHUCK

Why the hell would you want to use a .44 magnum for deer hunting?

DAVE

I'm after some really big deer. By the way, do you have hollow points?

CHUCK

You want hollow points to kill a deer?

DAVE

Yeah, well, I'd just kind of like to see the deer in a little pain before he dies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chuck opens up a drawer and removes a carton of hollow point bullets.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Do you know where I could get a mace?

CHUCK

You want to spray the deer in the eyes?

DAVE

No, not mace/spray. Those medieval spiked balls. You know, to crush the deer's head.

CHUCK

(nods, with respect)

Me and you should go hunting sometime.

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Dave enters the complex, unshaven, wearing jeans and a white t-shirt.

INT. MR. HEAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Head is on the phone when Dave barges in. Dave tosses a folder on his desk.

HEAD

What the hell -- ?

DAVE

Here's the data on Ferret Chow for your presentation, all summarized and whatnot.

Head flips through the report. It's four pages written in crayon. One word on each page:

You. Suck. Donkey. Dong.

HEAD

I suck donkey dong?

DAVE

That's all I could think of. Now I'm off to go stalk Buddy, my ex-girlfriend and her 100 year old grandmother.

Andrew walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Frank, I just--  
 (noticing Dave)  
 Dave, are you alright?

DAVE

No.  
 (back to Head)  
 So I'm gonna take a few vacation days  
 or sick days or something and just  
 try to get my head straight.  
 (starts backing out)  
 Good luck with your presentation;  
 Andrew, good luck with being a dick,  
 and I will see you both when I see  
 you.

HEAD

This is unacceptable.

Dave stops walking backward.

DAVE

Unacceptable?

Dave starts advancing toward Head.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(snarling)  
 I've been getting you coffee and  
 doing half your work for four years  
 now, and when I ask about a promotion  
 you laugh at me and give it to some  
 horny goon off the street--

ANDREW

I'm not a horny goon...

Dave punches Andrew in the face.

DAVE

When I started here, you promised me  
 that there would be advancement  
 opportunities...

Mr. Head is suddenly intimidated by Dave, backing away.

DAVE (CONT'D)

... and breaking that promise... is  
unacceptable.

Dave shoves everything off of Head's desk and sits down on it  
 in a very relaxed manner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now, when I get back, you're gonna do the right thing and give me a position in sales.

HEAD

But the position's already been filled. By Andrew.

Dave smiles and gestures to Andrew lying on the floor.

DAVE

Andrew looks a little lazy for this company. I'll be taking over his duties.

HEAD

( meekly)

Okay.

DAVE

Great. See your dumbass Monday.

Dave takes off.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - DAY

Dave speeds down the highway.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Groups of people are arriving for a celebration.

A few yards away, Dave slowly rises from what appears to be a row of bushes. He looks like Deniro in "Taxi Driver", strapped with guns, ammo, hunting knife, etc.

We CLOSE IN ON THE MADNESS IN HIS EYES.

Dave hears a small noise and turns his head quickly, levelling his weapon in that direction -- toward a EIGHT YEAR-OLD BOY staring at him like he's a nut case.

We pull back to reveal that he was hiding behind a single bush in a neighbor's front yard.

Dave looks at all his weapons and suddenly realizes he's ~~doing the wrong thing.~~

DAVE

What am I, nuts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He removes his rifle and guns and hands all his weapons to the young boy. He also hands him a hand grenade.

Dave starts to head off across the street leaving the kid in his driveway.

We hear a huge EXPLOSION.

Dave turns to see a mini van fly straight up into the air and come crashing right back down in a ball of flames.

The eight year old is smiling. Dave runs back to the kid grabs the remaining weapons and locks them in his car.

EIGHT YEAR OLD BOY  
I hated that mini van. Thanks,  
Mister'.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave slowly opens the front door and enters. He quietly moves through the entrance hall, listening.

Dave hears some noise coming from the back yard, and heads that way to investigate.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Dave slowly opens the front door and enters. He quietly moves through the entrance hall, listening.

Dave hears some noise coming from the back yard, and heads that way to investigate.

EXT. GRANDMA'S BACK YARD - DAY

Slowly, Dave pokes his head out the back door and sees lots of PEOPLE seated before a stage. Having a great time.

On the stage is an ancient old lady in a wheelchair, GRANDMA, surrounded by little kids adoring her.

DAVE  
(to himself)  
There's Grandma. Now where's the  
dead man?

Dave frantically scans the crowd for Buddy and Linda. Suddenly, Linda's UNCLE PETE taps Dave on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNCLE PETE

She looks good for a woman who's been around for eighteen different presidents, don't she?

DAVE

Yes, she looks amazing.

UNCLE PETE

It's so nice the whole family could get together for her. Aunt Barbara, cousin Roger, the angry twins.

We see Aunt Barbara, cousin Roger and two identical redheaded boys over on the lawn trading punches to each other's foreheads.

UNCLE PETE (CONT'D)

But I can't wait to see the look on Grandma's face when she finds out Linda and Buddy made it up for the party. She's gonna crap her wheelchair.

DAVE

That's so sweet. Do you know where Buddy and Linda are?

UNCLE PETE

(pointing to the stage)

Stepping up on the stage right now.

DAVE'S POV IN SLO-MO: Buddy and Linda, laughing up a storm, are on their way up to Grandma. Grandma can't believe what she sees. Buddy, arms spread wide going to greet her for a big kiss.

DAVE

Noooo!

Everybody turns their heads to look at Dave. The party has stopped dead.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Grandma, don't you dare let that asshole put his lips on you!

THERE'S A CROWD from the crowd. Dave makes his way through the crowd toward Buddy.

UNCLE PETE

(re: Dave)

Somebody's been drinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY

Dave? Aren't you supposed to be summarizing the Ferret Chow data?

Dave points to the necklace around Linda's neck.

DAVE

You stole that necklace, my self-respect and my girlfriend, and I want them all back. Now.

BUDDY

Well, I can see you're in pain, Dave, but this is my personal time. We're going to have to wait til Monday to talk about this.

DAVE

You're not going to be alive on Monday if you don't give me what I want.

Buddy looks genuinely disappointed. Shaking his head, he takes out his notebook and begins writing in it.

Dave calmly takes the notebook out of Buddy's hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Writing in notebook no more.

Dave violently shreds it. The onlookers gasp as Dave frantically rips the pages. Then he calmly hands the remains back to Buddy.

The crowd is quiet. Dave turns around and addresses them.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I have an anger management problem, folks. Recently, I've been convicted of two violent crimes against women, beat a highly pious monk unconscious, and aided a minor in the destruction of his parent's mini-van. I wouldn't get too close if I were you.

Everyone in the crowd takes a few steps back.

LINDA

Just take it easy, Dave.

DAVE

I'm done taking it easy, Linda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRANDMA

Who is this man, Sweetie?

DAVE

You know something, Grandma? This man to your left asked me that very same question a week ago, and I didn't have a good answer. But now I think I do. I am a fool. I'm a fool because I used to think I had a pretty ok life, but after hanging out with this so-called "therapist", I realize that my life has really been sucking. I'm a pussy, an angry pussy...

Uncle Pete, confused, mouths "angry pussy?"

The angry twins turn and take notice.

DAVE (CONT'D)

...angry at myself for letting people push me around, for staying at a job I despised, for being rendered dysfunctional. And, saddest of all, I'm a loser, cause I lost a girl who I loved more than anything on this earth. I lost her to a guy who, even though he's the biggest prick I've ever met, had the balls to show her how much she meant to him. But guess what? My foolish angry-pussy loser days are over. Cause Linda, I want to marry you and show you, everyday, for the rest of your life, that you can be with a man who speaks his mind and would tell you that he would absolutely die without you by his side. You are, and you will always be, my girl. MY GIRL! So Grandma, if you let Buddy Rydell kiss your cheek as a welcoming to your family instead of me, I swear to g-d, I've got a rifle in my car and I will start shooting everyone at this party immediately. Who's is it gonna be? My name's Dave by the way.

Dave shakes Grandma's hand.

Grandma looks at Buddy who smiles. Looks at Linda who looks amazed by what she just heard and then turns to Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GRANDMA

Well I'm sorry, but I have to let  
Buddy kiss me.

BUDDY

Thanks Grandma.

Buddy leans in and kisses Grandma. Dave looks devastated.

GRANDMA

I let him kiss me because he's my  
favorite grandchild.

DAVE

What do you mean your grandchild?

BUDDY

This lady's my grandma and this  
lady's also Linda's grandma.

Dave looks confused.

LINDA

Because Buddy is my older brother.

DAVE

You left me for your brother?

LINDA

I'd never leave you. Buddy and I set  
this up to help you.

Dave looks more confused.

BUDDY

I rigged everything to force you into  
action. To rid yourself of your  
passivity, and thus, purge you of  
your anger.

DAVE

But you have different last names.

BUDDY

Rydell is my middle name, I thought  
it looked better on a book jacket.

DAVE

Wait a minute. So, that woman in the  
hospital was Linda's mother?

A nice woman steps out from the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

REAL MOM

No. Actually I'm Linda and Buddy's mother. Good to meet you Dave. I've heard very nice things about you.

LINDA

Isn't he cute, Mom?

REAL MOM

He's adorable, honey.

DAVE

Then who was that other lady?

Buddy's "Fake Mom" stands up in the crowd.

BUDDY'S MOM

I'm a former patient of Buddies. Faith Collins. Congratulations on reaching level three.

DAVE

What's level three?

LOU

When you're finally able to express your anger in a healthy manner, like you did in that speech about loving Linda so much. That was some heavy shit.

All the party goers agree. Which includes everyone we've met throughout the movie. (Buddy's patients, the airport sales clerk, Dave's lawyer Sam...)

JUDGE DANIELS

I could get thrown off the bench for what I did Mr. Kessler. But I believe so passionately in Buddy's techniques, I was willing to risk it.

Dave is stunned.

DAVE

Wait. You've been playing head games with me from day one. Tell me why I shouldn't be pissed at every one of you. Tell me why I should forgive Linda for almost giving me a nervous breakdown. And most of all, tell me why I'd want to be brother-in-law's with a guy who I think is criminally insane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BUDDY

Because it made you a man.

Dave punches Buddy in the face. The crowd gasps. Buddy smiles.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Welcome to the family.

Everyone cheers. Buddy and Dave hug.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I love you, Dave.

DAVE

I love you too, Buddy.

GRANDMA

Now get up here and give me a kiss, sweetheart.

DAVE

Be right with you, Grandma. I've gotta kiss someone else first.

LINDA

You're gonna kiss me in front of all these people.

DAVE

I'll have sex with you in front of all these people if you want me to.

LINDA

Let's just go with the kiss.

Dave kisses Linda passionately. Everyone applauds again as we pull out and...

FADE TO BLACK.