

THE REGULAR GUYS

WGA#1708484

FADE IN:

EXT. A RURAL TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A car driven by LENNY, 30, black hair starting to thin, slightly chubby, with LARRY, 33, tall, trim, full head of black hair, as a passenger, speeds down a two-lane US highway. Soon it is pulled over by a police car. ANN SHELTON, 27, a pretty, blond, athletic officers exits the police car and, hand on her gun, approaches Lenny's car. Lenny rubs his forehead with a hand, while Larry can be seen laughing.

ANN

(Rather formally)

Good evening men. My name is Ann and I will be your citing officer this evening. May I see your drivers license, registration and proof of insurance, please?

LENNY

(Sarcastically)

May I see your drivers license, registration and proof of insurance? What if I said no? What if everybody said no? Your scam would be over! Over!

Larry is heard laughing. He smiles tolerantly at Lenny.

ANN

I'd have to arrest you then, sir. And that's more paperwork than either of us really wants.

LARRY

Uh-oh. Better do what she says then, Lenny.

Lenny, pretending to be peeved, looks at Larry.

LENNY

Why don't you shut-up?

Lenny finds his paperwork and hands them to Ann with both hands.

ANN

We clocked you at 92, sir. How come we're speeding today, Mr Lenny?

LENNY

We? Who's we? You on patrol with Reid and Malloy?

Lenny and Ann make eye contact and Lenny winks at Ann.

LARRY

We're heading to the next town. We're comedians. We're appearing at a world-class resort there.

ANN

The Ramada Inn? You're not playing the lounge off the lobby are you?

LENNY

(Slightly peeved.)

We're booked into the main show room, yes, Officer Shelton.

ANN

(Smiling warmly)

Well don't flee! I'm going to make sure you're not on the most wanted list.

Officer Shelton returns to her squad car.

LARRY

I think she likes you.

LENNY

Shut up. She does not.

Officer Shelton returns to Lenny's car and sticks her clipboard inside.

LENNY

Mr. Lenny, sign where the X is. Signing where the X is is not an admission of guilt.

LENNY

What the hell is it then, a declaration of innocence?

ANN

Actually, it means you'll appear in court or pay the fine beforehand.

LARRY

(As if instructing
a child)

Lenny, how about as a token of
your appreciation for Officer
Shelton not hauling you in you get
her comps for tonight's show at
the Ramada Inn's main showroom?

LENNY

(Pretending to be
peeved)

How about as a token of
appreciation for providing ground
transportation you shut your yap?

Both Officer Shelton and Larry laugh. Lenny sighs.

LENNY

Very well. Officer Shelton, if I
were to issue a comp - which I am
not prepared to do yet - would you
attend?

ANN

You charmer. OK I'll be there.

CUT TO:

INT. COMEDY CLUB AT RAMADA INN - NIGHT

Theme music plays over scenes from Lenny and Larry's
separate sets at the Ramada Inn's comedy club. Music fades
out to show Lenny and Larry sitting at bar with Ann Shelton.
The bar is moderately full.

ANN

(Drinking a glass
of wine)

You know, you two should really
work together. You'd make a nice
team.

Lenny and Larry look at each other dumbly. Plainly, the idea
had not occurred to them.

ANN

(Holding up both
hands)

I mean sure, you're both doing
great on your own...

Ann looks around, surveying the splendor of the comedy club at the Ramada Inn

ANN

...but your shtick in the car was really funny. You two have no clue what you'd accomplish.

Lenny and Larry both look at Ann. Larry, with one eyebrow raised, is intrigued by the idea. Lenny clearly is not.

LENNY

You've got to be kidding. Work together?

LARRY

Why not? What the hell?

Lenny looks at Larry, pretending to be cross, which makes Ann laugh.

LENNY

Because it's a stupid idea, that's why. Who the hell wants to see two comedians work together?

LARRY

Someone also wondered, once, who the hell would want to hear actors talk, Lenny.

ANN

(Waving a hand dismissively)

Well, even if you don't, you're still comedians hitting the road, on the edge at 92 miles per hour.

LENNY

(Shaking his head)

Actually, we're not really edgy people.

LARRY

No, we're just regular guys.

Ann stands up in front of them with her hands spread out to the side with an expectant look on her face.

ANN

Are you guys dense? There's your name!

LENNY

What name?

ANN

Your name when you're on stage,
silly goose: The Regular Guys!

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE BIG CITY COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Lenny and Larry are standing in the back of a big city comedy club. It's amateur night and this will be their first performance as a team. They are the first act and there is the general commotion of an arriving crowd taking their seats. The emcee is about to take the stage.

LENNY

This had better work. I'm only doing this because you said 'what the hell'.

LARRY

What the hell is a great reason to do something like this, partner. What've we got to lose?

LENNY

Oh, I don't know. Our careers?

Larry waves a hand.

LARRY

Our careers are going nowhere, anyway.

LENNY

(Rubbing his forehead)

I can't believe I don't have material prepared.

LARRY

Material's overrated. We'll do great winging it.

EMCEE (OS)

Good evening! Welcome to open mike night at Stacy's.

Larry takes a piece of paper out of a pocket and hands it to Lenny.

LENNY

What's this?

LARRY

It's a copy of my uncle's insurance license. It's what you have to look forward to if we fail.

Lenny takes the license and looks at it with a grim look on his face. He shakes his head.

LARRY

(Nodding head
solemnly)

I know.

Lenny sighs audibly before folding the license and putting it in his front suit coat pocket.

EMCEE

We've got some really funny comedians coming your way tonight, but before we get to them, let's bring out our first act...

The audience laughs. Larry laughs, too. Lenny pinches his nose.

LENNY

Fabulous. The emcee is funnier than us...

EMCEE

Seriously, they're really funny so give it up for Lenny and Larry!

Larry takes the stage first, leaping like a ballet dancer. Lenny came out taking pictures of the audience. Larry is bowing when Lenny nudges him out of the way so he can take more pictures.

The scene ends with The Regular Guys ad-libbing their act for a couple of minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. LENNY'S CAR. - DAY

Lenny and Larry are in Lenny's car, driving to their first paid gig as a comedy team.

LENNY

I really would've preferred a weekend gig. Who the hell's going to be there on a weeknight?

LARRY

(Waving hand
dismissively)

It doesn't matter. It's our first paying gig. There's no place to go but up.

LENNY

(Sarcastically)

Do you look on the bright side of everything? If you were on the Titanic you'd have been looking forward to the chance to ride a lifeboat.

LARRY

I had thirteen years of Lutheran schooling, partner. I know no other way. We'll take our two weeknights and put it to work for us.

LENNY

(Feigning anger)

I hate you. I want to whine and you hit me with logic.

Lenny and Larry drive in silence for a bit.

LENNY

So what did thirteen years of Lutheran schooling get you?

LARRY

I was a radio announcer for awhile. Really enjoyed it, too. It's what I wanted to do as a kid. I was a minor league baseball announcer for a few years, then got laid off when the team was sold and they brought in their own announcer.

Lenny looks quizzically at Larry.

LENNY

You didn't get back into radio?

LARRY
(Shaking his head)
No. I woke up the next morning and didn't miss it. I got into comedy at an amateur night. To impress a girl.

Lenny purses his lips and nods his head knowingly.

LENNY
Did it work?

Larry laughs and shakes his head.

LARRY
No. She probably would've been more impressed had I valeted her car well.

Lenny laughs and pulls his car into a gas station.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE A MINI-MART - DAY

Lenny and Larry are standing at the soda fountain in a mini-mart.

LENNY
So is this going to work, Larry?

Larry shrugs.

LARRY
I don't see why not. We put our cup under the dispenser, press the button and we get soda. We're pre-approved.

LENNY
(Exasperated)
No, wing nut. Not can we get a refreshing beverage, but will we work? Lenny and Larry?

LARRY
Who knows? It's the unknown that makes it fun. Let's just see what happens. Besides, we'll get to see Ann again.

LENNY

Ann! How do you know?

LARRY

Because I called her and warned her, that's why. She probably has the speed trap set for us right now. I think she likes you, Lenny. She asked about you.

Lenny and Larry approach the cashier and Larry pays for their sodas.

LENNY

Of course she did. She has quotas to meet!

CUT TO:

INT. WIDE SHOT - HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Scene opens with wide shot of hotel hallway. Larry turns a corner, walks down the hallway, stops in front of a room and knocks on the door.

Door is opened by Ann. Ann is wearing a bathrobe and her hair is mussed. She leans her head out the door, looks both ways, grabs Larry's hand and pulls him into the hotel room.

ANN

Get in here! I can't have people seeing me like this!

Larry recovers his balance and turns his head, as if looking for other people.

Larry and Ann enter the room. Larry takes a seat at a table near the window. Ann stands in the middle of the room.

LARRY

(Conspiratorially)

Looks like someone has spent some recent time on her back.

ANN

You will be pleased to note I got Lenny to agree to the name The Regular Guys.

LARRY

Really? How?

Ann cocks her head and smiles. Larry laughs and spreads his hands expansively.

LARRY

Hey, whatever it takes, baby!
Sometimes you've got to take one
for the team.

ANN

Oh, I took one for the team.
(Thoughtfully)
More than one, actually.

A key is heard entering a hotel room lock and Lenny enters the room, carrying a bag and cardboard holder with three coffee cups on it.

LENNY

Ah, partner, good morning.

Lenny heads to the table and takes out some bagels and muffins and hands Larry his coffee. Ann comes to the table, takes a cup and heads to the bathroom.

LENNY

You will be pleased to note we are
now The Regular Guys. I've alerted
the media!

LARRY

That's what Ann reported.
Evidently it took a lot of
persuading.

ANN (OS)

Larry!

LENNY

You were both right, I was, in the
upset of the year, wrong. The
Regular Guys will take the stage
for the first time tonight!

LARRY

We'll have a better crowd than
last night. I saw some people at
the front desk buying tickets.
They said they heard the two guys
last night were pretty funny.

LENNY

(Suspicious)
Really?

Larry nods his head emphatically.

LARRY

They're right, too. We did well last night.

ANN (OS)

You guys were fabulous. Really.

LENNY

Great! We'll be famous tomorrow!

LARRY

Tomorrow, next year, whenever. We keep doing a good show every night, good things will happen. Left to themselves things tend to work out.

LENNY

(Cocks his head towards Larry)

Really?

LARRY

(Shrugging and smiling)

Hell, I don't know. My resume is a litany of failure. I just said that to make you feel good.

CUT TO:

INT. A DARK, CROWDED COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

A Big City Comedy Club

MORTY KLINEMAN, early 50's, with evidence of both some hard miles and a below average toupee, wearing a dark suit and half glasses on the edge of his nose, enters comedy club, surveys the room and takes a seat at a table in the back. He is approached by a waiter who obviously knows him and already has his drink. The club is bustling as the waiter puts Morty's drink on the table.

WAITER

Morty, good evening. One of your clients here tonight?

MORTY

(Nodding)

Yeah. Who else we got tonight? Who are these misfits that are opening? The Regular Guys?

WAITER

(Smiling)

They're pretty funny. They've been here before. They get some good laughs.

Morty nods, hands the waiter some cash. The waiter leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Music over montage scene. Lenny and Larry take the stage. Lenny pulls out a wad of bills and starts handing them out to patrons in the first row. Larry enters stage with arms spread wide, then starts filming crowd with his phone. Lenny starts to give one man a bill, stops, then reaches into his pocket for some coins.

Montage scene continues with The Regular Guys performing, shots of crowd plainly enjoying themselves. Morty is plainly enthralled with The Regular Guys.

Music fades to shot of Lenny and Larry sitting at bar, with Morty approaching.

MORTY

(Extending a hand)

My name is Morty. Morty Klineman.
That was a hell of a show.

Lenny and Larry both mutter thanks. Lenny takes the card and everybody shakes hands.

MORTY

How long have you guys been together?

LENNY

(Glances at Larry)

A year or so, right? We met on the road.

LARRY

Yeah, it was love at first sight, wasn't it, partner?

LENNY

(Laughing)

Actually, I was pretty cold to the idea of working together.

MORTY

(Surprised)

Really?

LENNY

Yeah. I'm an idiot. I thought who'd want to see two guys on stage?

MORTY

I think you'd be surprised. Everyone here tonight did.

LARRY

(Solemnly, making the sign of the cross with right hand)

Bless you, my son.

MORTY

Seriously. There aren't many acts doing what you're doing. And they're not doing it as well.

LARRY

Thank you. We're still under construction, but we like where we're going.

MORTY

(Waving a hand)

You're an improv act, you'll always be under construction.

Lenny's phone rings. He takes it out of a pocket and looks at the screen.

LENNY

It's Officer Ann Shelton!

Lenny takes the call and walks away.

MORTY

Officer? Lenny's not on parole, is he?

LARRY

(Feigning
seriousness)

I don't think so. Probably more
like probation. He must've
forgotten his ankle bracelet.

(Morty laughs)

Actually, we met Officer Shelton
when she pulled us over heading to
a show. We were performing
individually then, and she
suggested we work together and
even suggested The Regular Guys
name.

MORTY

You're kidding? You met the person
who suggested you work together
and who gave you your name when
she pulled you over for speeding?

LARRY

(Laughing)

I never thought of it that way,
but yeah. Why, you've never run
into that before?

MORTY

What she calling now for? More
career advice? Does she have
material for you? Hell, you should
have her on the payroll!

LARRY

(Smiling)

She and Lenny became fast friends.
She calls from time to time to see
how we're doing.

Lenny returns to his seat.

LENNY

The fuzz says hi. She also
insisted I give you a hug and a
kiss.

(Looks at Morty,
then at Larry)

I'm not giving you a hug and a
kiss.

LARRY
 (Smiling and
 shrugging)
 Your loss.

MORTY
 Who's repping you right now?

Music up, as Morty, Lenny and Larry discuss their management situation. Scene fades in and out a couple of times as Morty buys a couple more rounds and ends with Lenny, Larry and Morty all shaking hands with each other, including Lenny and Larry getting confused and shaking hands with each other.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE MORTY'S OFFICE - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen as scene opens:

The Office of Morty Klineman
 Professional Talent Agent
 One Year Later

Morty, Lenny and Larry are sitting in Morty's office. They are discussing an offer Morty has for them to co-host a morning television program in New York City for one week.

MORTY
 I've negotiated a nice fee. So the only question is do you want to spend a week of your vacation hosting a morning TV show in New York? You'd have to wake up at 3am, but other than that, it's a pretty harmless gig.

LARRY
 (Feigning
 annoyance)
 Three AM? Are you high?

MORTY
 Larry, you hit the air at six, so you'd expect an appropriate wake-up time, right?

LARRY
 Don't they have something later? An afternoon movie, Dialing for Dollars, anything?

Morty and Lenny are laughing,

LARRY

Lenny, do something! You wake up even later than I do!

LENNY

(Solemnly)

Trust me, partner, I'm not any happier about this than you are.

(Turns towards

Morty)

Morty, isn't there something we can do? Tape it the night before? Air it in the afternoon and tell people it's morning? Do it live from Larry's hotel room?

MORTY

(Chuckles and holds up both hands plaintively)

I'll have to check. In the meantime, let's presume we are unable to get them to adjust the show's starting time.

LARRY

What do we have to do?

MORTY

The usual morning TV crap.

LARRY

Morty, I don't watch TV...

LENNY

Partner, it's almost mindless. We interview famous people plugging their latest show. They're famous people trying to stay famous.

LARRY

Really?

MORTY

There are even PR people there to provide questions. It will require virtually no thought whatsoever.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Music over montage scene of Lenny and Larry hosting a morning television show in New York City, conducting interviews, Larry doing the weather and almost burning the set down during a cooking segment. Lenny is plainly in his element on camera, while Larry is funny but equally plainly uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Morty and Lenny are in a hotel room, with the New York City skyline in the background. The mood is rather serious. Morty gets up from his chair and removes the half-glasses on the end of his nose.

MORTY

...the offer, though, is only for you. They're not interested in Larry.

LENNY

That's not surprising. Larry was not in his element.

MORTY

You, however, were. What do you want to do?

LENNY

(Waving a hand dismissively)

I'll pass. There was a time when this would've been all I ever wanted. But from the first time we walked on stage I felt this was what I was meant to be doing. I'd never felt that before, and Lord knows I'd tried.

MORTY

(Nodding knowingly)

I felt the same thing when I first saw you. That The Regular Guys were doing what they were meant to be doing.

LENNY

When I was a kid I wanted to be Johnny Carson and filthy rich.

MORTY

Wanting those things are the result of external factors. Those satisfactions are different than what comes from the inside.

LENNY

Ha! Now you're sounding like Larry.

A key is heard being used in the hotel room's lock and Larry enters the room. He senses something is going on.

LARRY

Uh-oh. What's up? You didn't get an offer from the station to host their morning show without me, did you?

Morty and Lenny look at each other.

LENNY

Actually I did, partner. Or rather Morty received it on my behalf. I turned it down, of course.

LARRY

I'm surprised they didn't fire me Tuesday. This whole week was one long disaster.

LENNY

Well, neither one of us could picture being anything other than a Regular Guy. We both know that.

LARRY

Not to mention the fact Ann would kill you if left The Regular Guys.

LENNY

Besides, who the hell wants to get up that early anyway?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Concourse C
Lindbergh Terminal

Minneapolis-St Paul International Airport
 Minneapolis, Minnesota
 A Few Months Later

Lenny and Larry, both with carry-on bags, are walking in an airport terminal.

LARRY

It'll be nice to get home.

Lenny is about to say something when his phone rings. He reaches into a pocket, retrieves his phone and looks at the screen.

LENNY

(To Larry)

It's Morty.

Lenny presses a button and puts the phone to his ear.

LENNY

(Feigning
 annoyance)

What do you want?

MORTY (OS)

How would you two like to wait two more hours, then take another plane to another city for another chance to sleep in another hotel?

LENNY

That's not as good as our current plan of going home and taking a few days off.

MORTY (OS)

You're opening at the Sahara in Las Vegas tomorrow night.

LENNY

(To Larry)

Get this, we're opening at the Sahara tomorrow night?

(Looks at phone,
 puts it back to
 his ear)

We're what?

MORTY

Now, it's not the main showroom. The Casbar Room is a lounge off the casino. Seven nights, one show a night. A hotel limo will pick

(MORE)

MORTY (cont'd)
 you up at the airport. Try not get
 your fingerprints on the window.
 Ask Larry what to do if any
 etiquette situations come up.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE, THE CASBAR ROOM, THE SAHARA HOTEL - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Backstage
 The Casbar Room
 The Sahara Hotel and Casino
 Las Vegas, Nevada

Morty is standing backstage. It is 15 minutes before show time and Morty is looking around for Lenny and Larry.

LENNY (OS)
 Anybody seen an old Jew with a cat
 on his head?

Morty turns around suddenly.

LARRY
 (Excitedly,
 pointing towards
 Morty)
 There he is!

Morty looks at his wrist where a watch would normally be, but the wrist is unadorned.

MORTY
 (Smiling)
 Yeah, it's only your Vegas debut.
 Show up whenever the hell you
 want.

Lenny removes the half-glasses from the end of Morty's nose and starts cleaning them with Morty's tie.

LENNY
 (Glances at Larry)
 I had to calm Larry down. Boy was
 he nervous!

Larry nods his head affirmatively, in a manner that makes it plain Lenny was the one who was actually nervous.

LENNY

I told him, when he wasn't
heaving, of course, that our seat
of the pants winging it will work
just as well here as it has every
place else...

Lenny hands Morty his glasses, straightens Morty's tie, pats
a cheek with a hand and glances at Larry.

LENNY

...and that our course has already
been charted...

(Lenny hitches up
his pants)

...that we had already created our
own destiny, so we might as well
take advantage of it.

Morty, sensing Lenny is pulling his leg, is smiling broadly.

MORTY

Yes, well, you certainly seem
ready to go.

RACHEL (OS)

Good. I need them ready to go!

RACHEL RACHMANINOV, early-50s, brunette, very pretty,
wearing a black suit, walks up and joins Morty, Lenny and
Larry. She gives the impression of a woman who has been on
the go all day.

Larry is immediately and obviously in love with Rachel.

MORTY

Men, this is the woman desperate
enough to hire you on short
notice. Rachel Rachmaninov, these
two reprobates are Lenny and
Larry, The Regular Guys.

Lenny and Rachel shake hands. Larry stands there dumbly,
staring at Rachel, unable to produce words.

MORTY

(Encouragingly)

Rachel is the Entertainment
Director here at the Sahara,
Larry...

LENNY
 (Encouragingly)
 Come on, Larry. Say hi. You can do
 it.

LARRY
 Oh, hi. My name's Larry.

Rachel and Larry shake hands, with Rachel tilting her head
 and giving Larry a smile she hadn't favored Lenny with.

RACHEL
 I'm glad you two were available.

LENNY
 We are, too! Too bad Bertie
 Higgins had to get eaten by an
 oyster while scuba diving, though.

RACHEL
 Well, Morty, we should probably
 let them get ready. Both of you,
 go break a leg.

MORTY
 Go ahead and break two legs. Do
 not munch it tonight. Munching it
 is not authorized.

Rachel and Morty turn and leave.

LENNY
 (Facing Larry)
 That was funny.

LARRY
 What was?

LENNY
 Your shy act. With Rachel there.

LARRY
 Who says it was an act? Do you
 think she'll go out with me?

LENNY
 That probably depends on how funny
 we are tonight.

LARRY
 (Resignedly)
 Fabulous. Me getting a date
 depends, in part, on you.

Music from the showroom comes up and an announcer begins to introduce The Regular Guys.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening
and welcome to the Casbar Room at
the Sahara! Tonight, straight
from...

(Pause...The
announcer
realizes he
doesn't know
where Lenny and
Larry are from)

...from someplace funny, Lenny and
Larry, The Regular Guys!

CUT TO:

INT. THE CASBAR ROOM - DAY

The Regular Guys are performing in the background and getting good laughs. Morty and Rachel are sitting in the back of the room watching the show.

RACHEL

These guys are good, Morty.
Where'd you find them?

MORTY

On the road. Either headlining
dives or opening for others. I saw
something. I'm not entirely sure
what, but I saw something.

RACHEL

Is Larry married? Seeing anyone?

MORTY

(Thinking it over.)
I don't know, really. Larry
doesn't share too much about
himself.

RACHEL

It doesn't matter. I'll find out.

Lenny and Larry finish their show, thank the audience, and head offstage.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE, THE CASBAR ROOM, THE SAHARA HOTEL - NIGHT

LENNY

(Breathing deeply.)

Oh, that was good, partner. Very, very good.

LARRY

(Smiling broadly)

Indeed it was. Our first Vegas show. Very well done.

Music up as Morty and Rachel enter backstage. Both are smiling broadly and obviously pleased and Morty takes cigars out of his suit coat pocket and passes them around, to include Rachel. Morty and Lenny light theirs, while Larry and Rachel talk. Morty's phone rings, he looks at it, motions good night to everyone, and leaves to take the call. Rachel touches Larry on the arm and leaves, and Lenny and Larry are together backstage.

LENNY

You know, maybe you could take Rachel out while we're here. Just to ingratiate yourself. You know, so she'll have us back.

LARRY

Oh, I'm way ahead of you, partner. We're meeting for a drink here in a bit.

LENNY

Really? So my career largely depends on how you do in the sack?

LARRY

Pretty much. You can still get your insurance license, can't you?

CUT TO:

INT. THE CASBAR ROOM - NIGHT

Music over montage scene showing Lenny and Larry performing another show at The Sahara. Afterwards, they are backstage with Morty when Lenny's phone rings. He fishes it out of a pocket and looks at the screen.

LENNY

Hey, it's Ann!

CUT TO:

Shot of Ann being blocked from entering backstage by a rather serious looking security officer.

ANN

Will you tell these animals that
I'm sleeping with you and to let
me pass!

Lenny laughs and walks to the door leading outside. He opens it and nods to the officer.

LENNY

It's OK. She's one of our
groupies. I thought I had her on
the official groupie list.

The officer nods and lets her pass. Lenny and Ann had not seen each other for awhile and greet each other like two lovers who hadn't seen each other for awhile.

Lenny and Ann join Larry and Morty backstage.

LENNY

Honey, let me introduce Morty, our
agent.

Morty realizes Ann is the one who suggested Lenny and Larry work together and who suggested their stage name. He regards her with some interest before extending both his hands.

MORTY

Ah, the infamous Ann. It is a
pleasure, a word I do not throw
around lightly, to finally meet
you.

Ann smiles broadly, hugs Morty and kisses him on the cheek. She then hits Lenny on the arm in a very feminine manner.

ANN

I can't believe I missed your
first Vegas show!

LARRY

Yeah, we can't either. You're our
only groupie.

LENNY

(Looking at Larry)
No she's not. You're sleeping with
the entertainment director here.

Ann takes a step back, curls some hair behind an ear, and looks Larry over.

ANN
Reeeaaalllyyy?

LENNY
(Purses lips and
nods
significantly)
True story.

Larry smiles shyly and shrugs.

LARRY
Yeah, well, you know...

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM OF LAS VEGAS HERALD - DAY

In lower left corner of screen:

Newsroom
Las Vegas Herald
Las Vegas, Nevada

RAY EVANS, older, rumpled clothes, husky voice that betrays a lot of smoking and drinking over the years, is the gossip columnist at the Las Vegas Herald. He is sitting at his desk when his phone rings and he answers it.

RAY
Herald. Evans.

LARRY (OS)
Ray, Larry from The Regular Guys
here.

Instinctively Ray reaches for a notebook and pen.

RAY
Larry, good afternoon. How are
you?

LARRY (OS)
Hanging in there. Hey, I was in
your column Friday, having lunch
at the Stratosphere with a
ladyfriend. It wasn't my girl. It
was Lenny's.

Ray leans back in his chair and grunts something.

LARRY (OS)

(Laughing)

No, were not that interesting,
Ray. Lenny sleeps awfully late and
we were hungry so we went to
lunch.

RAY

Say, that's even better news.

LARRY (OS)

Well, I just want to make sure you
knew it wasn't my girlfriend. Her
name is Ann.

RAY

Good, cause I heard you were
seeing Rachel Rachmaninov.

LARRY (OS)

Oooh, good sources. Who told you
that?

RAY

Actually, Rachel told me.

LARRY (OS)

That's a pretty reliable source.
She would know who she's going out
with.

RAY

(Laughs a throaty
laugh)

Well, Rachel and I go way back.
We've both been knocking around
this town a long while. She's a
good girl. You enjoy her. She
wouldn't have mentioned seeing you
if she didn't like you.

LARRY (OS)

I will. And I categorically
confirm all rumors that have
sleeping with a woman. Maybe it
will spice up our image a bit.

CUT TO:

Spinning Newspaper:

Masthead is Las Vegas Herald and headline reads "Regular Guys In Second Sahara Gig".

Music over montage scene showing Lenny and Larry playing the Casbar Room at the Sahara, being joined backstage by an older couple that are plainly Lenny's parents, Lenny, his father and Larry playing blackjack and drinking in a casino, then the three of them in a cab with Lenny's dad asleep in the back seat then The Regular Guys performing then Lenny listening to a series of voicemails that are plainly bad news then Lenny, Larry, Ann and Rachel in a private home at what is plainly a memorial for Lenny's father.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTY'S OFFICE - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

The Office of Morty Klineman
Professional Talent Agent

Lenny and Larry are sitting waiting for Morty and their conversation is joined in progress.

LENNY

...it was a good way to see him
for the last time, drunk and
passed out in the back seat of a
taxi.

(Sips his drink
and considers the
matter for a
second)

Or maybe it wasn't. Maybe I
should've been there at the end,
holding his hand or something
instead of finding out via
voicemail after I'd gotten laid.

Lenny gets up from his seat and walks to a window.

LARRY

(Graciously)

You weren't, though. So don't
worry about it.

LENNY

Really?

LARRY

(Shrugs)

Life is where you live it, my friend and you were here. Or, rather, you were off getting laid. Either way, don't trouble yourself thinking about it.

LENNY

(Sighs)

I suppose you're right.

LARRY

(Nodding)

I speak from experience. My mom died in a car crash when I was nine. I was off at baseball practice. Dad told me when I got home and he told me the same thing I just told you: there was no way to be there, so don't spend too much time worrying about it.

LENNY

(Turns and faces
Larry)

Wow. I had no idea, partner. Did your dad's advice work?

LARRY

More or less. I was nine, so it took a few years, but yeah.

Lenny sips his drink.

LENNY

So what was your last memory of your mother?

LARRY

Hugging me and sending me off to school that morning.

LENNY

OK, so that's a wee bit different than pouring your dad into the back of a Vegas taxi at one in the morning.

LARRY

(Smiling broadly)

Same great memory, though.

LENNY

You have any idea what Morty wants?

Larry shakes his head, while Lenny goes and stands in front of a window.

LARRY

What's wrong, partner?

LENNY

(Shrugs)

I don't know. We've at this awhile. I thought we'd be famous now.

LARRY

Well, we're not the biggest stars in human history yet, but we're not doing too bad, either. We've work the Vegas Strip twice and we're doing funny stuff every night.

Lenny turns and faces Larry and considers the matter.

LENNY

(Smiling and waving a hand)

Yeah, I know, partner. We're comedians making people laugh, that should...

Lenny is interrupted by Morty opening the door and entering his office. He walks briskly to the chair behind his desk and sits down.

LENNY

Damn, Morty, you got a flea collar for that toupee?

Larry puts his hands on the armrests of his chair and starts to get up.

LARRY

I'll go get it a saucer of milk...

Morty smiles at Lenny and Larry and peers over the half-glasses on the edge of his nose. Larry sits back down.

MORTY

You know, if you misfits were this funny on stage, you might actually get somewhere

(MORE)

MORTY (cont'd)
 (Morty spreads his
 arms expansively)
 It's good to see both of you. How
 are your ladies?

LENNY
 (Nodding)
 Ann was recently promoted to
 patrol lieutenant.

Morty smiles and nods and turns his head to Larry.

LARRY
 (Waving a hand)
 Rachel, I suspect, would not
 violently object to getting
 married.

MORTY
 Do you?

LARRY
 Who the hell knows. Lenny and I
 still have to work to do. A wife
 would interfere with that.

LENNY
 Lots of people have wives and
 jobs, Larry.

LARRY
 (Laughs
 self-deprecatingly)
 Yeah, but you know what? I like
 the focus being a Regular Guy
 requires. There's no reason to be
 anything less than all in.

MORTY
 Well, to further the Vegas
 analogy, you're going to be all in
 New Year's Eve. You're playing the
 Fremont Street Experience.

Morty peers over his half-glass at Lenny and Larry, who look
 at each other, smile and give each other a high five.

LENNY
 It's about time you got us back in
 Vegas you old coot...

MORTY

You guys heard of Toby Flotsam?

Lenny and Larry look at each other as if everyone has heard of Toby Flotsam.

LARRY

Sure. Toby Flotsam and the Emoticons. Who hasn't?

MORTY

You're opening for him. Fremont Street is downtown Vegas, and they closed it off to cars years ago. There will be forty thousand people there, most drunker than lords, looking to have a good time...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FREMONT STREET EXPERIENCE - NIGHT

Music over montage scene of The Regular Guys playing Las Vegas New Year's Eve, including footage showing Lenny, Ann, Larry and Rachel together. Footage with Toby Flotsam includes JERRY WRIGHT, a groupie of Toby's who is seen introducing himself to Lenny and Larry. It is plain the audience is having a vary good time, as are Lenny and Larry.

CUT TO:

Las Vegas Herald newspaper spinning off press. Headline reads: Regular Guys Sign To Play Golden Nugget

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE, GOLDEN NUGGET SHOWROOM - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Backstage
Main Showroom
The Golden Nugget Hotel and Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada

Lenny, Larry and Ann are standing together a few minutes before The Regular Guys take the stage.

ANN
 (Excitedly. She
 hits Lenny on the
 arm with a
 girlish swing of
 her arm.)

You maniacs! Headlining Vegas!

Lenny and Larry smile broadly as Morty walks up.

MORTY
 All righty you two, don't munch it
 tonight. Any other night you can
 munch it, but not tonight.

LENNY
 That cat on top of your head will
 munch it before we do...

Morty smiles broadly, then turns and leaves.

Jerry The Groupie, with gorgeous young blond on his arm,
 then walks up to Lenny and Larry.

LARRY
 Oh, hey, Jerry, right?

Jerry nods and shakes hands with Lenny and Larry.

JERRY
 Lenny, Larry. Go get 'em tonight.
 I k now you'll do great.

Jerry nods affirmatively.

LARRY
 (Conspiratorially)
 I don't think you're supposed to
 be back here right now, Jer.

A rather large SECURITY OFFICER walks up.

SECURITY OFFICER
 You're not supposed to be back
 here, sir.

Larry taps his head forgetfully.

LARRY
 This is all my fault, officer. We
 got to talking. He's a friend of
 mine. Would you escort him to his
 seat?

The Security Officer nods his head and Jerry's smile is one of relief.

SECURITY OFFICER
Of course, Larry. If you'll come with me, sir?

LENNY
Who the hell's that?

LENNY
(Shrugging)
Beats me. I think we inherited him from Toby Flotsam.

Music plays in the background, and announcer begins to talk.

EMCEE
Ladies and gentlemen, good evening and welcome to the Golden Nugget Hotel and Casino. Please welcome our newest headliners, from someplace funny, Lenny and Larry, The Regular Guys!

Shot from side of stage, showing Lenny and Larry taking the stage and starting their show.

LENNY
Ah, yes, Vegas, everything's legal here...

LARRY
Yeah, who the hell's in jail?

CUT TO:

Montage scene of Lenny and Larry performing at the Golden Nugget with shots of Lenny, Ann, Larry and Rachel out together.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - NIGHT

Lenny and Larry, along with some others, are playing blackjack after a show. After a couple of losing hands Lenny bets for the next hand and looks at his cards, which aren't any good. He then leans over and looks at the hand of the PLAYER sitting next to him.

LENNY
 (Casually)
 Whadda you got?

The Player alternates suspicious glances between Lenny and VIC THE PIT BOSS, upper 50's, brown suit with a full head of brown hair combed back. Lenny gives the player a friendly, encouraging smile.

PLAYER
 Uh, pair of queens.

LENNY
 (Showing Player
 his hand)
 I've got an ace and a seven. We
 combine our hands, we've got
 blackjack.

Vic walks up to the table.

VIC
 (Almost apologetic)
 Lenny, every apology, however you
 can't share cards with another
 player, sir.

LENNY
 (Innocently)
 Really? Why not?

VIC
 (Firmly.)
 Because.

LENNY
 (Informatively)
 Look, it's not cheating. We're a
 team.

Lenny puts an arm around the Player's shoulder. Both smile winningly. Vic smiles, but says nothing. Lenny then takes a deck of cards used in the show out of a pocket, removes the cards, fans them, finds a king, puts it in his hand, puts the cards back in the box and returns the box to his pocket. He then takes out the seven and flings it at Vic, who stifles a smile.

VIC
 Again sir, every apology. But you
 cannot introduce your own cards
 into a hand.

LENNY

Oh, so I can use my own money, but not my own cards. Boy, talk about your house edge.

(Turns head towards Larry)

Sheesh! No wonder we're paid so well, partner.

LARRY

Look, Lenny, why don't you just get a Sharpie, cross out the offending value and write whatever number is to your advantage?

Lenny snaps his fingers.

LENNY

That's a great idea, partner!

(Looks around him)

Who here has a Sharpie?

Vic clears his throat, looks down and scratches his nose.

LENNY

(Sarcastically)

Oh, let me guess, this is illegal, too?

CUT TO:

Spinning newspaper. Las Vegas Herald headline: Regular Guys Back At Nugget In Two Year Deal

CUT TO:

INT. ROTATING BAR, HOTEL MONTELEONE, NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

The Carousel Bar and Lounge
The Hotel Monteleone
New Orleans, Louisiana

Larry and Rachel are seated at the bar. Larry is wearing a suit and Rachel is wearing a black dress and there is a bottle of champagne on the bar. Larry can tell something is not quite right.

LARRY

We're about to have a talk, aren't we?

RACHEL

(Nods and smiles)

Yes. An official talk, too. One that can be referred to at need later in our relationship.

(Sips her champagne)

I have news.

Larry's eyes get wide.

LARRY

Your pregnant!

Rachel laughs and shakes her head.

LENNY

(Tapping his chest with a forefinger)

I'm pregnant!

RACHEL

No, silly.

Rachel circles the rim of her champagne glass with a finger.

RACHEL

I've received a marriage proposal.

Larry is visibly moved by this news.

LARRY

That's hardly surprising. You're a wonderful woman. Who is it?

RACHEL

(Shakes her head)

I don't want to divulge his name until I say yes. If I say yes. But you'd recognize his name instantly.

LARRY

It's not Toby Flotsam, is it?

RACHEL

(Laughing)

No. And this if for informational purposes only right now. I don't expect you to drop everything. I am still yours for now.

CUT TO:

Scene fades into montage scene showing Larry, Rachel, Lenny and Ann having dinner together at a first-class restaurant, Lenny and Larry performing and Larry and Ann walking together in the French Quarter and Jackson Square.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Larry and Ann are sitting on a bench in Jackson Square, talking.

ANN

Something's up between you and Rachel.

(A beat)

That really wasn't a question, either.

Larry nods his head vigorously.

LARRY

You can tell?

ANN

Us women can always tell. She's all but wearing a sign saying 'something's wrong'.

LARRY

(Does not seem particularly concerned)

You're right. Rachel said she's received a marriage proposal.

ANN

Oooh, I am sorry to hear that, my friend. I take it said proposal isn't from you?

Larry shakes his head.

ANN

What do your instincts tell you?

LARRY

Well, I am still seeing her naked every night, but offhand, I'll probably let her go.

ANN

She's not bluffing. She doesn't have the guile for that. Did she say who it was?

LARRY

(Shakes his head)

No, only that he was in the public eye and I'd recognize him immediately.

ANN

It's not Toby Flotsam, is it?

Larry laughs.

LARRY

(Laughing)

She did say it wasn't him.

ANN

That narrows it down. I can see you not getting married. One day, yes, you'll make a good husband, but not now. You haven't gone around your circle yet. When you have, you'll be ready.

LARRY

Does that go for Lenny, too?

ANN

(Nodding head vigorously)

Especially Lenny! When he's ready I'll marry him. He doesn't have an exclusive on me and I've even turned down a couple of marriage proposals, and Lord knows I don't have an exclusive on him.

(A beat)

But you two still have things to accomplish.

LARRY

You do, too. How long till you're chief of police?

ANN

We'll see. I just got promoted to assistant chief. But the current chief is getting up there in years.

Spinning newspapers:

Washington Post headline: Vice President To Wed Vegas
Entertainment Exec.

Las Vegas Herald headline: Sahara VP To Wed Vice President

Las Vegas Herald: Regular Guys To Play New Year's Eve At MGM
With Toby Flotsam

Las Vegas Herald: Regular Guys To Headline Golden Nugget
Again!

Las Vegas Herald: Regular Guys To Headline At New Las
VegasUSA

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE, LAS VEGASUSA SHOWROOM - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Backstage
Opening Night
The All-American Theater
The Las VegasUSA Hotel and Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada

Larry and Jerry The Groupie are standing backstage.

JERRY

Well, thanks again for letting me
backstage.

LARRY

You're welcome.
(Scratches his
chin)
Hey, do you golf?

Jerry's eyes dart at Larry.

JERRY

Yeah, I golf. Pretty well, too.
Why? Do you?

Larry shakes his head.

LARRY

No, but I'd like to start. I have
a lot of free time.

JERRY

Piece of cake, Larry. I know the pro at Rio Vegas. Very exclusive. I can get you in, though. The pro will teach you well.

Larry sees Lenny, Morty and Ann approaching and takes his phone out.

LARRY

Gimme your number.

JERRY

seven oh two, five-five-five,
five-six-two-for.

Larry enters the numbers on his phone as Lenny, Morty and Ann walk up.

JERRY

Men, knock 'em dead tonight. As you always do.

Jerry bows towards Ann, turns and leaves.

MORTY

Who the hell's that?

LARRY

A friend we've made along the way. I think he's a refugee from Toby Flotsam.

Larry pats the top of Morty's head. Morty adjusts his toupee and looks at Larry stoically, tho warmly.

LARRY

Morty, did you get the kitten dry cleaned just for tonight?

MORTY

You know, if you wingnuts were half this funny on stage you'd might actually make something of yourselves.

(Morty holds up an
index finger and
looks around)

Look, everybody and their mother is out there tonight, celebrities, press, fellow headliners, you name it. Do not munch it tonight. You can munch it any other night but

(MORE)

MORTY (cont'd)
tonight.

The STAGE MANAGER approaches and casually puts a hand on Larry's back.

STAGE MANAGER
One minute, men.

The Stage Manager, Morty and Ann all walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS VEGASUSA SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Shot of audience as lights dim and audience quiets down.

ANNOUNCER (OS)
Good evening ladies and gentlemen
and welcome to the All-American
Theater at the brand new Las
VegasUSA Hotel and Casino...
(Audience cheers)
And now, from someplace funny,
please welcome the headliners here
at Las VegasUSA, Lenny and Larry,
the Regular Guys!

Shot of crowd applauding as Lenny and Larry enter stage. The ovation is long and warm. As it ends, Lenny is standing in the center of the stage, while Larry is on one end.

LENNY
Well? Did you bring the material,
partner?

LARRY
(Pointing towards
himself)
Me? I thought you were bringing
the material.

Shot of crowd laughing before returning to Lenny and Larry.

LENNY
Well, one of us is going to have
to produce material.

LARRY
All right, knock, knock...

More crowd laughter fades into wide shot of showroom with Lenny and Larry standing in the audience. Changes to close up of Lenny and Larry standing with a FAMOUS STRIP MAGICIAN.

LENNY

Famous Strip magician! I am the
Amazing Lenny!

Famous Strip Magician stands and bows regally to Lenny while Lenny takes three red foam balls from his pocket.

LARRY

Careful friends, this is the
Amazing Lenny! We implore you: do
not try this at home!

LENNY

(Looking at Larry)
Oh, you're doing this trick,
partner. This is far too dangerous
for me to attempt!

Lenny pulls a blindfold from another pocket and ties it around Larry's eyes.

LENNY

Now, Larry, extend your hands,
palms up!

Larry extends his arms out, palms up. He also looks away. Lenny hands the red balls to the magician.

LENNY

Now! Famous Strip Magician! Place
the red balls in the hands of my
lovely assistant and close your
eyes!

Plainly enjoying himself, the Famous Strip Magician smiles, puts the red balls in Larry's hands and closes his eyes. Lenny reaches out and places a hand on the magician's forehead.

Lenny then leans over towards Larry, as if he's whispering in his ear.

LENNY

(Whispering into
mic)

OK, put the balls in my hand.

Audience laughs as Larry opens his hands and Lenny removes the red balls.

LENNY
 (Whispering into
 mic)
 OK, close your hands again.

There is much general laughter, especially from the magician as Lenny removes Larry's blindfold.

LENNY
 (To the magician)
 Now! Open your eyes!

The magician opens his eyes.

LENNY
 At no time did the blindfold leave
 Larry's eyes! Now, Mr Strip
 Magician, where are the red foam
 balls?

The Magician smiles broadly, reaches behind Lenny's ear and produces two red foam balls. He then makes some motions with his hands and turns the balls into an egg. He pulls a multi-colored scarf from the egg, makes more magician motions, reproduces the egg, cracks it, deposits the yolk in a nearby martini glass, then puts the cracked shell in Lenny's hand.

Lenny is staring at the magician with a dumbfounded look.

LARRY
 Ladies and gentlemen! The Amazing
 Lenny!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM, 50TH FLOOR BAR AND GRILL - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

50th Floor Bar and Grill
 Las VegasUSA Hotel and Casino
 Las Vegas, Nevada
 Two years later.

Larry and Ray Evans, the gossip columnist from the Las Vegas Herald are having lunch together. The room is luxuriously appointed and a spectacular view of the Las Vegas Strip can be seen through a large open window.

RAY

So. You're playing Caesar's Palace. Another step up the ladder. And to think I knew you when you were playing free shows at the Sahara.

LARRY

(Waves a hand)

It's only temporary, Ray. You know that. They need someone for a couple of weeks on short notice. We were going to be on vacation anyway.

Ray points a fork at Larry.

RAY

You of all people should know what happens when someone needs you on short notice! That's been the story of your entire career! Somebody gets eaten by an oyster and boom! there's Morty circling like a vulture at a famine!

LARRY

That was back when we were still trying to knock doors down, Ray. There are no more to knock down. We're headliners on the Las Vegas Strip, which is what Lenny always wanted and significantly more than children of Lutheran ministers bother to dream of.

RAY

Humph. There's always someplace to go, my friend, always new doors to open. Besides, a full-time Caesar's gig would be major league bank.

LARRY

We make a lot of money right now, Ray. How much does someone need? I'll never be able to spend what I have now unless I buy a small country or a full tank of gas.

LARRY

You'll find something good to do with it. That's why it was given to you.

LARRY

(Thoughtfully)

You think so?

Ray nods while sipping his martini.

RAY

Yes. A long time from now when your time comes to die, this will have been but one part of your life. It will be your highest paying, but may not even be your favorite. You have a lot left to do.

LARRY

Perhaps. Lenny and I have always said we'll know when the time's come to call it a day. We have no intention of working our way back down to free shows at the Sahara.

RAY

Caesars owns Las VegasUSA. It would be a simple matter to transfer you.

LARRY

(Thoughtfully)

It would be funny if we got another offer. We're content now.

RAY

You were content after your first Golden Nugget gig, too. Had it all ended there you would not have had one regret. Now your headlining the newest hotel on the most famous street on the planet.

LARRY

(Waves a hand)

There's no place else to go, Ray. We fit like a glove here.

RAY

That is true. Just remember, there are a lot of gloves out there.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE, THE COLOSSEUM AT CAESARS PLACE - NIGHT

Morty is standing with Lenny and Larry before their first show at Caesars Palace.

MORTY

OK, you two, do NOT munch it tonight. Any other night you could've munched it, but not tonight. It's been a very long time since I've had someone play Caesars and even longer since I've had someone do it well. So don't munch it tonight. Munching is not authorized.

Lenny and Larry start laughing. Larry looks down and scratches his nose with a forefinger.

MORTY

(Feigning
annoyance)

What's so funny?

LENNY

You used 'munch it'...

LARRY

...or some variation thereof...

LENNY

...four times. Larry set the over/under on the number of times you would use 'munch it' at seven-and-a-half. I took the under, so I won my bet.

RAY

How much does Larry owe you?

LENNY

Ten million dollars.

Larry nods confirmation.

MORTY

You can afford it.

Morty turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

Montage scene of The Regular Guys performing at the Colosseum at Caesars Palace.

Spinning newspaper scene. Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
Headline: Celine Dion Slips In Freezer, Hits Head And Dies;
Regular Guys new permanent Caesars Headliners!

CUT TO:

INT. 19TH HOLE, RIO VEGAS GOLF CLUB - DAY

In lower left-hand portion of screen:

The 19th Hole
The Rio Vegas Golf Club
Las Vegas, Nevada

Lenny, Larry and Jerry are sitting at a table following a round of golf. Lenny is tabulating everyone's score.

LENNY

Larry...not too bad...85, better than last time.

JERRY

Actually, that's not too bad for someone who hasn't been playing that long.

Lenny glances at Jerry and nods.

LENNY

Indeed it is. Jerry, 71 today. One under. How come you're not playing for a living? You shoot crap like this all the time.

Jerry takes a long sip from his drink and shrugs.

JERRY

I could never muster a good round when it mattered. There were a couple of times when I was a good round, not a great round, but only a good round, away from qualifying for the US Mid-Amateur, but I was never good when it mattered.

Ray Evans walks up to the table, pulls out his chair and takes a seat.

LENNY

What's the Mid-Amateur, Jer?

JERRY

A national amateur tournament for those over 25. The winner gets an invitation to the Masters.

LENNY

The Masters? Damn.

JERRY

Yeah.

(Sips his drink)

I signed up for the qualifier a few times. A couple of times I did well, missing making the field by a few strokes.

Lenny nods and resumes consulting the scorecards.

LENNY

I went around in one-twelve.

(Lenny looks up at
takes in the
group)

...about average for yours truly.
The big story, though is Ray, who
shot a sixty-eight.

Oooh, aaahs and a round of applause for Ray.

RAY

Sixty-eight? I must've had a hell
of a handicap.

LENNY

Nah, you're too lousy for a
handicap, Ray. A NASA computer
couldn't figure out a handicap for
you. I just take your score, which
was one forty seven, divide by two
and subtract five.

LARRY

I think we all owe Ray money,
right, Lenny?

LENNY

I shot one-twelve. I owe our
caddies money.

A waiter arrives with more drinks. Ray pulls out a pen and a notebook.

RAY

All righty, men, The Regular Guys are the new full time headliners at Caesars Palace.

(Smiling wryly)

You are the new full time headliners at Caesars Palace because Celine Dion died after slipping in a walk-in freezer and hitting her head on a brisket. You got your part-time Caesars gig because Elton John wrecked his vocal chords recording a rap album. The Sahara needed an act on short notice because Bertie Higgins got eaten by an oyster. Question: are you two ever going to earn anything on your own?

Lenny and Larry laugh.

LARRY

(Waves a hand)

Nah. Earning your way is overrated. Like you said, it's easier to have Morty circle like vulture and move in when tragedy strikes.

RAY

Jesus is lucky Morty wasn't around when he was crucified. He would have had you playing the resurrection.

LENNY

The resurrection would've been a tough crowd. Those Romans could be murder.

RAY

Well, if I'm Wayne Newton, I'm watching my back.

LENNY

Oh, Ray, we're bigger than Wayne Newton. Don't doubt that.

LARRY

(Holds up a palm)
Careful, partner, that's Mister
Vegas we're talking about.

JERRY

I know Wayne. I don't think he'd
argue with the fact The Regular
Guys are bigger than he is.

RAY

When you guys started, did you
have any idea?

Lenny and Larry glance at each other and shake their heads.

LENNY

Of course not. How could we? We
may have hoped for this kind of
success, but no way we could've
known.

LARRY

This whole show business deal is
like winning the lottery. There
are a lot of funny people out
there. We happened to be the right
act in the right place at the
right time. If we're the wrong
act, or it's not our time or
place, we're still on the road.

RAY

Jerry, did you get a promotion to
Caesars Palace, too?

Larry laughs. Jerry nods his head significantly, which makes
Lenny laugh, too.

JERRY

I anticipate being there, yes. I'm
the closest thing these guys have
to an entourage.

RAY

Lenny, you've been making some
movies during the twelve weeks a
year you have off...

Lenny nods his head.

RAY

That's not going to interfere with this, is it?

LENNY

(Shaking his head)

No. Larry and I still have work to do, don't we partner?

LARRY

Yeah, two hundred nights a year of work. But Lenny's a good actor and we've got some money to start producing movies.

LENNY

We take twelve weeks off because Larry insists on it. That's three months and I only need a month off a year. So I keep busy for the other two months.

RAY

Yeah, but maybe one day you'll like being a movie star more than you like being a comedian?

LARRY

Oh, we'll know when to call it a day, Ray. We're not going to hang around till our time passes and we're shadows of our former selves.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIO VEGAS GOLF CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

Ray and Jerry are walking to their cars together.

RAY

So where do you know Larry from, Jerry?

Jerry looks suspicious, as if he's afraid of being exposed.

JERRY

We met when they were working with Toby Flotsam.

Ray nods his head.

RAY

I've seen you backstage before.
You're not a performer, though.

Jerry purses his lips and shakes his head.

JERRY

No, I'm just a guy with too much
time on his hands.

RAY

What do you do?

JERRY

Do?

RAY

(Chuckles)

Yeah, do. As in job.

(As if talking to
a child)

For example, I'm a newspaper
columnist, and Lenny and Larry are
comedians. My father sold cars.
What do you do?

JERRY

Oh, that do.

(Shakes his head)

I don't actually do anything. I
was born to money.

RAY

Really?

JERRY

(Nodding)

I'm not even sure what my social
security number is.

RAY

There's no family business for you
to run or anything like that?

JERRY

(Nods his head)

There is, but I have no part in
it. I see no reason to work and
earn money I don't need.

RAY

So you hang around backstage?

JERRY

Sure. Except for having money, I'm a nobody. Being backstage makes me feel like a somebody. A fairy tale in an ordinary life.

Ray and Jerry get to their cars, which are parked next to each other. Each opens their trunk, puts their clubs in, and closes their trunk. They meet in between their cars.

RAY

You're a hell of a golfer.

JERRY

Thank you. We were actually talking about that before you sat down. I could never muster a good round when I needed one.

RAY

I only asked where you knew Larry from because except for Ann your the only person I've heard Larry introduce as a friend. I was just curious.

Jerry appears visibly relieved he is not going to be identified as a hanger on.

JERRY

He's a private person.

Ray and Jerry shake hands, wave goodbye and get into their cars.

CUT TO:

INT. COLOSSEUM AT CAESARS PALACE - AFTERNOON

In lower left-hand portion of screen:

The Colosseum at Caesars Palace
Caesars Palace Hotel and Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada
A Few Hours Before The Regular Guys' First Show

Larry walks on stage at the Colosseum. It is several hours before their first show as Caesars Palace headliners. He sees Lenny sitting in the third row, slumped in his seat, his legs leaning on the chair in front, his fingertips bridged in front of him.

Larry walks across the stage, down some steps, and sits next to him.

LENNY

(After some
silence)

Well, here we are, partner.
Caesars Palace. And not to fill
in. This is our room now.

LARRY

Of course, it's our room because
Celine slipped in a freezer and
bumped her head on a brisket and
froze to death, but yeah, it's our
room.

Lenny chuckles.

LARRY

You know, for the first time in
our career I'm finding something
hard to believe. Look at us. Look
at this. Did you see our pictures
on the marquee?

LENNY

You? Finding something hard to
believe? Morty thinks you have ice
water in your veins.

LARRY

Morty is wrong.

LENNY

Larry, did you have any idea?
(Looks around and
takes in arena)
I mean, when we started, we
couldn't have known, could we?

Larry shakes his head.

LARRY

No. I thought we'd be pretty funny
together, but you can't expect
this. There's no way.

LENNY

Morty said he knew.

LARRY

Ann did, too.

There is some commotion on stage as Morty walks down the stairs to where Lenny and Larry are sitting, ending up standing in the row in front of them.

Morty is starting to show age.

LENNY

(Affectionately)

What in the hell do you want?

LARRY

You don't suppose he's going to tell us not to munch it, do you?

MORTY

(As if it's the first time he's ever said this)

Has it ever occurred to either of you that if you were this funny on stage you might actually get somewhere in this business?

LENNY

Morty, how many times have you told us not to munch it over the years?

LARRY

Ten thousand if he's done it once.

Morty smiles at the exaggeration.

LARRY

The first time was before our first New Year's Eve show with Toby Flotsam.

MORTY

No, actually it was before your first Sahara show. But your first New Year's Eve show merited it as well because if you'd have munched that? Ballgame. Point, set and career. You probably had no idea how big that show was for you that night.

LENNY

And tonight?

MORTY

(Waves a hand)

Ah, hell, you two could go out and fart for an hour and they'd still love you. But indulge an old man. This may well be your last opening night and your final chance to avail yourself of my wise counsel.

(Morty looks down, scratches his chin, looks up)

Ah, screw it. Go ahead and munch it tonight. What are they going to do, fire you?

Larry sighs, reaches into a pocket, removes a money clip, takes off a bill and hands it to Lenny.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF COLOSSEUM AT CAESARS PALACE - NIGHT

SOUVENIR WORKER 1, female, 40's, at a souvenir stand takes some CD's out of a box and places them on a rack in the back. The CD's cover has a silhouetted image of Lenny and Larry on stage. The CD is titled The Comedy Delivery System. SOUVENIR WORKER 2, also female and 40ish, watches, while setting up her part of the stand.

SOUVENIR WORKER 2

Whatcha got there?

Souvenir Worker 1 is stacking CD's and looks over her shoulder.

SOUVENIR WORKER 1

Lenny and Larry CD's. Larry brought them by himself. I think he made them.

LARRY (OS)

I did!

Larry enters the souvenir stand and gets hugs from both Souvenir Workers. It is plain this is not Larry's first visit to the stand.

SOUVENIR WORKER 1

You made these?

Larry nods.

LARRY

Yeah. Being a comedian isn't all that time consuming and I was looking for a project. We hired an artist to the CD cover, but I picked all the material.

SOUVENIR WORKER 2

You make comedian sound like a real job.

Larry tilts his head a bit and looks at Souvenir Worker 2 seriously.

LARRY

Well, in some ways it is. I mean, it's not a real day job, obviously. I don't punch a clock or, really, answer to anybody, but it is how I earn my living.

SOUVENIR WORKER 1

Can I be a comedian, too?

LARRY

That depends. Do you want to be a comedian?

Souvenir Worker 1 smiles.

SOUVENIR WORKER 1

No, not really.

LARRY

Good! We don't need the competition.

(Thoughtfully)

What do you want to do?

Souvenir Worker 1 shrugs.

SOUVENIR WORKER 1

I dunno.

(Shrugs and looks at ground)

I've never known, really. I got kids to raise.

Larry reaches out and pats Souvenir Worker 1's arm.

LARRY

Well, the first thing to do is find out what you were meant to do. We all have something we do

(MORE)

LARRY (cont'd)
 well, even if it's only making
 people laugh.

Souvenir Worker 1 shrugs again.

LARRY
 Give it some thought. What you're
 good at is probably something you
 enjoy.

(A beat)

Look, we're not really sure how
 these are going to sell, so we're
 giving a commission. Tonight only.
 I'll pay you tomorrow. If my
 credit's good.

Both souvenir workers laugh and wave as Larry leaves the
 souvenir stand.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUVENIR STAND, COLOSSEUM AT CAESARS PALACE - NIGHT

Music over montage scene of patrons at souvenir stand before
 the show. The Comedy Delivery System CD is selling fast.

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM, 50TH FLOOR BAR AND GRILL - DAY

In lower left-hand portion of screen:

The 50th Floor Bar and Grill
 Las VegasUSA Hotel and Casino
 Las Vegas, Nevada

Larry and Ray Evans are having lunch.

LARRY
 I thought it might sell a few
 copies. But who knew it would go
 platinum?

RAY
 Your agent, for one. How did he
 miss this? This was such a natural
 it isn't even funny. Whose idea
 was it

Larry raises a hand, like a kid in class.

LARRY

We get a lot of time off, Ray.
I've got time on my hands and
Lenny was off making a movie. It
kept me off the streets.

RAY

Well, not only did it go platinum
in about twenty minutes, it
surpassed that redneck album as
the biggest selling comedy album
ever. And you have a follow-up
coming out.

Larry sips a drink and nods.

RAY

That was a cue to talk about it,
ding dong.

Larry laughs.

LARRY

Yes, well, Cool Rockin' Daddies
will be released next month.

RAY

You produced The Comedy Delivery
System yourself. How involved were
you this time?

LARRY

(Making a face)

Not very. The first time I did
everything: selecting the
material, editing, engineering,
hiring the designer to do the
cover, you name it. This time I
only selected the material. Too
bad, too, because I rather enjoyed
it. But we have people to do
things like that for us now.

CUT TO:

Spinning Newspaper:
Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
Headline: Regular Guys Release Follow-Up CD

Spinning Newspaper:
Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
Headline: Cool Rockin' Daddies Goes #1

Spinning Newspaper:
 Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
 Headline: Cool Rockin' Daddies Eclipses Comedy Delivery System

Spinning Newspaper:
 Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
 Headline: Cool Rockin' Daddies Becomes Biggest Selling Album Ever

Spinning Newspaper:
 Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
 Headline: Third Regular Guy CD Released

Spinning Newspaper:
 Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
 Headline: No Place Left To Hide Goes Platinum In One Day

Spinning Newspaper:
 Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
 Headline: No Place Left To Hide Now Biggest Selling Album Ever

Spinning Newspaper:
 Masthead: Las Vegas Herald
 Headline: Regular Guys Embark On World Tour

Montage scene of Lenny and Larry on world tour in cities such as London, Rome, Paris, Amsterdam and the like. Tour finishes with a sold out show at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL COLISEUM - NIGHT

Aerial shot of a capacity crowd at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum showing stage in center of stadium.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL, LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL COLISEUM - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

The Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum
 Los Angeles California
 Final Show Regular Guys' World Tour

Lenny and Larry, accompanied by assorted security personnel,

exit a door and walk down the tunnel. As they approach the field the PA announcer starts to speak.

ANNOUNCER

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen
and welcome to the Los Angeles
Memorial Coliseum for the final
show on the Regular Guys' world
tour!

(A beat)

And now, from someplace funny,
let's welcome Lenny and Larry, the
Regular Guys!

Lenny and Larry exit the tunnel enter the Coliseum field to a thunderous ovation. They are waving to the crowd while walking briskly to the stage.

They reach the stage and continue to acknowledge the crowd until the applause dies down and they begin their show.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL COLISEUM - NIGHT

Lenny and Larry have completed their show and are walking up the steps of the peristyle end of the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. When they reach the top they turn and wave to the crowd, acknowledge their applause for a moment, then turn and walk under the Coliseum arches.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER COMPARTMENT, PRIVATE AIRPLANE - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen

Chartered Airplane
In Air Between Los Angeles and Las Vegas
Following Show

Lenny, Larry, Ann and Morty are sitting in comfortable chairs in a luxurious chartered airplane.

LENNY

Good God, a hundred thousand
people. Were we funny? I can't
even remember.

LARRY

I can. We were pretty good tonight, partner.

ANN

You were really good tonight. You've knocked them dead the whole tour, but tonight, tonight you were spectacular.

MORTY

The whole evening was spectacular. The energy from the crowd, the show, even the post-show traffic jam was, is, completely out of hand.

LARRY

Is?

MORTY

(Nodding)

Less than an hour ago you two were standing under the Olympic flame waving to the crowd. Some people are still in their seats.

Lenny gets up from his seat and stands up, before realizing there aren't too many places he can go. He sits back down.

LENNY

I can see why rock stars trash hotel rooms. This is one hell of a feeling. I want to go build a freeway overpass or something.

Larry is lounging in his chair, his legs stretched out and he is holding a drink on his stomach.

LARRY

Go ahead and trash the airplane, Lenny.

LENNY

How can you sit there like that! We just kept a hundred thousand people...

LARRY

A hundred and ten thousand people...

LENNY

...a hundred and ten thousand people, completely spellbound for ninety minutes and you're taking a nap.

Larry smiles, though his eyes are still closed.

LARRY

Well, trashing a hotel room wouldn't be very Lutheran, but I wouldn't mind building a freeway overpass or a new hospital wing somewhere. The feeling is incredible. I may not sleep for two weeks.

MORTY

At which time your vacation will be over and you'll be staring in on your latest contract headlining Caesars. So you better get your rest.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY AT COLOSSEUM AT CAESARS PALACE - DAY

In lower left-hand portion of screen:

Back of the House
The Colosseum at Caesars Palace
Las Vegas, Nevada
1:05pm
One Year Later

Larry is walking down the hallway, pushes the door open and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF COLOSSEUM EXIT - DAY

As soon as Larry is out the door, a van pulls in front of Larry and three men in clown masks exit. One puts a rag on Larry's face and two others wrap him in a blanket and put him the van. The van drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM, 50TH FLOOR BAR AND GRILL - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Private Dining Room
The 50th Floor Bar and Grill
The Las VegasUSA Hotel and Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada
2:00pm

Ray Evans is sitting alone at a table set for two. He checks his watch then takes out his phone, checks that, then makes a call.

LARRY
(Voicemail
greeting)
Hi, it's Larry. Leave a message
I'll call you back.

Ray takes phone from ear, scowls at it, then presses a button and puts phone on table. After a second he picks the phone back up and makes call. After a second he speaks into the phone.

RAY
Morty, I was supposed to have
lunch with Larry. He's not here.
You seen him?

CUT TO:

INT. LENNY'S OFFICE, THE COLOSSEUM AT CAESARS PALAE - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Lenny's Office
The Colosseum at Caesars Palace
Caesars Palace Hotel and Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada
2:15pm

Lenny is sitting at his desk reading fan mail. Morty walks in and sits down in a chair in front of Lenny's desk. Morty does not want to appear particularly worried and casually crosses his legs.

LENNY
(Glances up from
mail)
Hey Morty. What's up?

MORTY
You heard from Larry today?

LENNY
(Pursing lips
thoughtfully)
No. I think Ann talked with him
earlier today...

Lenny lets the sentence trail.

LENNY
Why, what's wrong?

MORTY
He was supposed to have lunch with
Ray Evans but never showed.

LENNY
Larry no-showed?

MORTY
(Nodding his head)
Didn't call, either. We have no
idea where Larry is.

Lenny reaches for the phone on his desk, picks up the
handset and dials a number.

ANN (OS)
Hi honey.

LENNY
Honey, no one's heard from Larry
since you talked to him today.

ANN (OS)
(Emphatically)
Oh shit.

LENNY
I know.

ANN (OS)
Where are you?

LENNY
Backstage office.

ANN (OS)
Don't move. I'm on the way.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM OF LAS VEGAS HERALD - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Newsroom
Las Vegas Herald
Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 2. 2:40pm

Ray Evans is walking back to his desk carrying a cup of coffee. His phone rings and he scurries to answer it.

RAY
Herald...Evans.

LARRY (OS)
Hey, what's up? Miss me?

Ray Evans looks shocked. A KIDNAPPER comes on the line.

KIDNAPPER (OS)
That's enough, funny guy. OK,
Woodward and Bernstein, listen up.
We have him. He's OK. We'll be in
touch.

The click of a phone hanging up is heard. Ray stares at his handset for a second before hanging up.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE LARGE TENT. - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Kidnapper's Safe House
Outside Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 2

Larry is seen laying on an air mattress. His hands and feet are bound. A zipper is heard opening and a flap to the tent is opened, revealing KIDNAPPER 1 dressed in black and wearing a clown mask. KIDNAPPER 2 also dressed in black and wearing a clown mask and carrying a gun, can also be seen.

KIDNAPPER
Hey funny guy. As you have guessed
you've been kidnapped. It is
probably not impossible for you to
break out of here, but if you can
you are better than us and we have
experience. As soon as the fat guy
pays us money we'll let you go.
(MORE)

KIDNAPPER (cont'd)

It's that simple.

LARRY

Lenny's not fat, he's big boned.

KIDNAPPER

We know you're funny, funny man.
We've seen your show many times.

LARRY

Have you bought our albums? Those
are good, too.

KIDNAPPER

You will be fed and watered on a
regular basis. You see this bell?

(Points to rope on
inside of tent)

Ring it when you have to go to the
bathroom. Do not ring it for any
other reason. Do not ring it
because you want to tell me a
joke. Here's another no-no: do not
exit this tent unless we are
taking you to the bathroom. If you
do, we will kill you. Do you
understand?

LARRY

Lenny has special powers. He'll
have me out of here by morning.
You're doomed. Surrender now.

KIDNAPPER

I said we know you're funny.
Further examples are not required.
Again, we do not desire to kill
you. All we want to do is exchange
you for money. It's that simple.

The kidnapper zips up the tent flap. Larry immediately rings
the bell. Kidnapper 2 opens the flap.

LARRY

I have to go to the can.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Pair-O-Dice Residential Hotel
Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 2, 3pm

FBI agents SAM RIDER and HAROLD CHAMPION exit an unmarked FBI car.

Sam is tall and very fit. Harold is a bit shorter, with fair skin and red hair.

Sam and Harold are walking to the hotel's office.

HAROLD

So this is our only clue?

SAM

(Nodding his head)

Yes, indeedy. A Caesars security officer who manned the VIP parking lot the day Larry was snatched and fled his post immediately after he let the van in.

HAROLD

No, that's not suspicious at all.

Sam shakes his head dismissively.

SAM

No, not at all. Probably just got an early out or something.

Sam and Harold arrive at the office door. Sam opens it and lets Harold go through first. A DESK CLERK is standing behind the desk. Sam and Harold walk up to the desk and both pull wallets out of their pockets and show the Desk Clerk their credentials.

SAM

I'm Rider, that mifit is Champion. We're F-B-I. We have a high level of interest in talking to somebody in charge.

The desk clerk looks at Sam and Harold numbly before shrugging and walking into a room behind the front desk. A few seconds later the HOTEL MANAGER, an older man in rumped clothes, walks out.

HOTEL MANAGER

Help you guys? If you're looking
for Larry, he's not here.

The manager laughs, pleased at his own joke.

SAM

You have a guest here named
Montalvo, Tommy Montalvo.

The Hotel Manager nods.

HOTEL MANAGER

Had. Left yesterday afternoon.

HAROLD

Left yesterday you say.

HOTEL MANAGER

Yeah. What's going on?

SAM

(Furrows eyebrows
sarcastically)

Oh, routine investigation. I don't
suppose he left a forwarding
address or a famous comedian tied
up in his room?

The Hotel Manager taps some keys on a keyboard while
consulting a screen. He shakes his head.

HOTEL MANAGER

He never got any mail here,
anyway.

HAROLD

We want to take a look at his
room.

SAM

And we're not too interested in
upholding anyone's constitutional
rights here, either.

The Hotel Manager smiles and produces a key.

HOTEL MANAGER

Room 235. Second floor.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 235, PAIR-O-DICE MOTEL - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Room 235
Pair-O-Dice Motel
Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 2. 2:07pm

Las Sam and Harold are searching room 235. Though not yet cleaned by a maid, there wasn't a whole lot in there. Harold is searching the bathroom when Sam is looking through dresser drawers.

HAROLD (OS)

Damn, he cleaned up pretty well.

SAM

Yeah, no kidding. Almost as if he knew when he would be leaving.

Sam goes to the bed and lifts the mattress. A piece of paper flutters out.

SAM

Oh, dear me, Harold, lookie here.

Sam reaches down and picks up the paper while Harold comes and stands next to him. There's a phone number written in a feminine hand on the paper.

HAROLD

(Pointing at paper)
Local area code and cell phone
prefix.

SAM

(Looking at Harold)
Thank you J. Edgar Hoover. Maybe
we should call it and tell whoever
answers just to come turn
themselves and to bring Larry with
them.

HAROLD

(Clinically, as if
discussing a
disease)
Number's written by a chick, too.
Could be a working girl.

SAM
 (Pretending to be
 shocked)

No!

Harold points to the paper.

HAROLD
 Let's call the number. See what
 happens.

SAM
 Sure, and F-B-I on caller ID won't
 be suspicious at all.

Sam and Harold look at each other.

SAM
 Actually, only our numbers show
 up.

Sam scratches his chin thoughtfully. Harold waits patiently.

SAM
 Let's see what we can find out
 about the number first.

Sam gets his phone and makes a call.

SAM
 Amy, Sam. I need you to look up a
 number for me...

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM OF LAS VEGAS HERALD - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Newsroom
 Las Vegas Herald
 Las Vegas, Nevada
 Kidnapping, Day 3
 9:30am

Ray Evans is going through his morning mail. He comes across a large manila envelope. Ray's address is handwritten. There is no return address. There is significantly more than the required postage on it. Ray looks at it with interest, then opens it. He pulls out a picture of Larry holding yesterday's newspaper and a single sheet of paper with the letters cut out of magazines. The ransom note reads:

Paperboy, have them get ten million dollars ready. We will be in touch.

Ray closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He opens his eyes, reads the ransom note and looks at Larry's pic again, then picks up his phone and dials a number.

ANN (OS)

Hi Ray.

RAY

I've heard from them. Got a letter today. A pic of Larry with yesterday's paper and a ransom note. Ten million dollars.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY, LENNY AND ANN'S MANSION - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Library
The Regular Guy Mansion
Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 3, 2:30pm

Lenny, Ann, LARRY'S FATHER, Morty, Sam Rider, Harold Champion, and FBI Special Agent In Charge TOM GRANT are sitting in Lenny's library. Lenny is seated behind a desk, Ann is sitting on a corner of Lenny's desk. The rest are seated on chairs.

LENNY

We've got ten million dollars. That's not a big deal. We don't keep that lying around, but we can get it.

SAM

The kidnapers know that. This isn't their first one.

LARRY'S FATHER

How do you know?

SAM

Several reasons, sir. One is a man named Tommy Montalvo. He's our only clue right now. He worked security at Caesars and was working the parking lot when your
(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)

son was taken. He fled his post right after the kidnapping. He was hired seventeen months ago. Presuming he's involved, which is reasonable, that means this has been in in the works for at least a year and a half and probably longer.

(Collects his thoughts)

Two, they know that kind of cash takes time to get. Three, they know to ask for an amount that won't cause too great a strain.

ANN

The phone number? Anything?

Sam nods his head.

SAM

Belongs to a girl named Hannah Smith. We've got her watched. Based solely on the number of men she takes to hotel rooms, we suspect she exchanges access to her body for a consideration. This consideration is usually cash.

ANN

Our only chance is that Montalvo sees her again.

HAROLD

We actually had some assets of ours pose as clients. They put her to sleep for a bit and searched her apartment. Her phone didn't have Montalvo's number on it, unfortunately.

TOM

Caesars has asked me to mention they would like to pay the ransom.

(Shifts in his chair)

They also asked me to make it appear as if there was little room for discussion here.

Lenny gets up, takes a drink, and walks to a window and stares outside for a bit before turning and facing the office.

LENNY

No. Ann and I will pay the ransom.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVADA HIGHWAY PATROL HELICOPTER - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Nevada Highway Patrol Helicopter
Above Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 4, 12:43pm

Sam Rider is in a helicopter with Pilot DAVE EMERY. They are flying above Las Vegas, trailing Tommy Montalvo's car, which is heading out of town on the highway heading towards Pahrump. Harold Champion is following in a vehicle well behind Montalvo.

DAVE

How'd you find this guy?

SAM

Got a break. He returned to a hooker we had under surveillance. We'd found her number in this guy's hotel room.

DAVE

You're sure he's involved?

SAM

Hardly. It wouldn't be surprising though. Hey, can you swoosh down and drive your skids through this windows? Then we could take him to headquarters for questioning.

The pilot laughs. Aerial footage of a car driving down a two-lane desert highway follows. The car eventually turns into a casino parking lot.

SAM

Champion, Rider.

HAROLD (OS)

Go ahead, Sam.

SAM

He's turned into the casino up on
the right.

HAROLD (OS)

I'll be there. I'll follow him in.
He has no clue who I am.

SAM

You're not wearing your Go F-B-I
shirt are you?

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Harold Champion is standing next to a bank of slot machines watching Tommy Montalvo and a EUROPEAN MALE being seated in the coffee shop. Champion then walks to a podium where a security officer is seated. The two talk for a bit before SECURITY SUPERVISOR TERRY NIPPER, wearing a suit, walks up to the podium. Harold shows the Security Supervisor his credential. The two talk for a moment before walking away together.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Harold Champion and Terry Nipper take seats in front of a bank of video monitors. Two of the monitors show Tommy and the European Man eating.

HAROLD

Thanks for seeing me. And for
keeping quiet. We're interested in
these two and we don't want the
whole goddamned world to know it,
either.

TERRY

That's why I told the operators in
here to scram. What can you tell
me?

HAROLD

As you may have heard, a famous
comedian's been taken.

Terry smiles and nods his head.

TERRY

Yeah, I think I saw something on that.

HAROLD

The guy on the right's new. We followed the guy on the left here. Name's Montalvo. He worked security at Caesars, but quit the day Larry was taken.

TERRY

Oooh, that'll hurt his chance to make supervisor.

HAROLD

(Looks at Terry significantly and nods)

Yeah. Big time.

Both Harold and Terry look at the monitors.

HAROLD

Looks like they're having the special.

TERRY

(Nodding)

Yeah. We put out a great prime rib here. Potato, trimmings, the works. Four ninety-nine.

HAROLD

Can you get pics of these two?

TERRY

Sure.

Terry fiddles around with a mouse and a keyboard and produces and prints out pics of both Tommy Montalvo and the European Man.

TERRY

You want their glasses and utensils, too? To send to the lab for analysis?

Tommy and the European Man get up to leave.

HAROLD

Oh, you are brilliant. Make that happen. Somebody will come by for them.

Harold gets up to leave. He faces Terry and makes the sign of the cross.

HAROLD

Go in peace! Serve Mr Hoover!

Music over montage scene showing Harold walking through casino following European Man who goes out a different exit than Tommy and gets into a Jeep Cherokee. Harold talks to Sam on phone and there is an aerial shot of Sam in helicopter following the Cherokee. The Cherokee pulls onto a dirt road a few miles out of town and pulls in front of a house at the end of the dirt road.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY, LENNY AND ANN'S MANSION - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen

Library
The Regular Guy Mansion
Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 6, 12:15pm

Lenny, Ann, Morty, Larry's Father, Sam, Harold and Tom are sitting in the library.

ANN

Is there any kind of surveillance possible on the house?

SAM

(Shaking his head)
No. It's too isolated. And it's desert. There isn't much to hide behind.

ANN

Well, at least we've established Larry's in there. That was very good work, finding the house and tapping the phone.

LENNY

Why don't we just invade the house and rescue Larry?

SAM

Well, we don't know much else besides the fact Larry's there. We don't know how many kidnapppers are in the house and we don't know the layout or how armed they are. A rescue operation, right now, would probably fail.

HAROLD

We do know Larry's alive as of this morning.

Ann looks at Lenny.

ANN

And until we know how many people are involved, we can't really do much.

LENNY

(Meets Ann's gaze)

I'm glad I married a cop. I just wanna go and do it myself.

(Looks at Sam and Harold)

So what's next?

SAM

We wait. We'll here from them again, tomorrow, probably. We'll keep an ear on their phone to see if we can fix the number of kidnapppers. We'll follow who we can.

ANN

They've given us a couple of days to raise the money. Details on how to deliver it should be coming,

SAM

Key, too, is they don't know we're on to them. Once we get instructions, we can coordinate a rescue because they probably won't have the house fully staffed. The others will be out collecting the ransom.

Ann looks at Larry's dad.

ANN

Dad, I think we're going to be all right. We'll get your son back.

LARRY'S FATHER

I thought it would work out. Most things do if you let them.

TOM

We'll see what the mail brings, but we'll be ready for anything.

LENNY

What if they say no cops at the ransom drop?

Lenny leans on his desk and rubs his forehead.

LENNY

I can't believe I'm involved in a ransom drop.

SAM

Lenny, you've seen, and been in, too many movies. You need a ransom dropped, you call the cops.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM OF LAS VEGAS HERALD - DAY

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Newsroom
Las Vegas Herald
Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 6, 2:30pm

Ray Evans is at his desk. He looks weary. His phone rings and he answers it.

RAY

Herald...Evans.

LARRY (OS)

Can you hit a decent tee shot yet?

RAY

Larry, how are you?

LARRY (OS)

I'm OK. Strong. A little bored.

KIDNAPPER (OS)

That's enough funny man. Watch
your mail tomorrow, Shakespeare.
The money should be ready. We'll
be in touch.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE KIDNAPPERS SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Desert Behind Kidnappers Safe House
Outside of Pahrump, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 7, 11:30pm

Sam and Harold, dressed all in black, including blackened faces, are sitting behind a small hill behind the kidnapper's safe house. They are armed and dressed for combat. There are a number of similarly clad agents behind them.

SAM

This is almost too easy.

HAROLD

Let's review then. We know, not
suspect, know, that Larry is in
that house.

Sam Rider nods.

HAROLD

And we know there are four
infidels in this ring and that
three of them are off thinking
they are going to collect a ransom
tonight.

Sam purses his lips and nods his head solemnly.

HAROLD

And the one remaining kidnapper
doesn't seem overly concerned with
security. We haven't seen him
patrolling or even looking out a
window.

Sam nods his head.

HAROLD

There does not appear to be a perimeter warning system, either. There are coyotes and whatnot out here and they haven't set it off yet.

SAM

You're right.

HAROLD

We've got comms with the drop site and they're ready, too. So let's knock this out.

SAM

(Preparing to move)

I wonder who's going to play us in the movie?

CUT TO:

EXT. IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE OF SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam and Harold, both armed and crouched, are on the front porch of the safe house. Other agents are mobilizing behind them. Through the window they can see KIDNAPPER #2 sitting on a chair with his back to them. Kidnapper 2 is watching TV. His gun is leaning against a wall, not within arms reach.

Harold slowly tries the knob on the front door. It is unlocked and Harold pushes the door open and Sam enters.

SAM

Hello there!

Kidnapper 2 turns around and starts to stand, but stops when he sees Sam and Harold are armed and pointing weapons at him.

SAM

Don't even blink.

HAROLD

Boy, you leave the door open like that and anyone can just walk in.

SAM

(Con conversationally)

Like, say, for example, oh, I don't know, armed agents of the F-B-I.

HAROLD

Thanks for leaving the door open though. Saved us from having to use our grenades.

Harold takes a grenade from his vest and fiddles with it in his hands for a bit before clipping back in its place.

SAM

Yeah, and thanks for not having your weapon in arms reach, too. Kinda saved us from having to shoot you.

(Looks at Harold)

Who the hell guards a kidnapped comedian with an open door and a guy watching TV?

Harold keeps his weapon pointed at Kidnapper #2, while Sam begins searching the house. Sam finds Larry lying on a bed in the second room he checks. Larry is sleeping and his arms and legs are bound. Sam checks to make sure Larry is alive and then walks back to the living room.

SAM

Found him. Bound and probably tranquilized, but alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANSOM DROP SITE - NIGHT

In lower left-hand corner of screen:

Ransom Drop Site
Industrial Area Near Las Vegas Strip
Las Vegas, Nevada
Kidnapping, Day 7/8, 12 midnight

A Jeep Cherokee carrying three men wearing clown masks enters the parking lot. It is immediately surrounded by unmarked police cars and taxis manned by undercover officers. One of the kidnappers can be seen trying to make a call. Officers exit their vehicles, draw their weapons and point them at the Jeep. A kidnapper exits the Jeep.

KIDNAPPER

Our guy doesn't hear from us,
funny guy's dead.

Unarmed, Special Agent in Charge Tom Grant approaches the kidnapper. He tosses Kidnapper a phone.

TOM

Go ahead. Call him.

Kidnapper catches the phone and looks at it.

TOM

Your guy's in custody. Just like
you. The pay window's closed
tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Larry wakes up and sees Sam and Harold standing next to the bed.

LARRY

(Worried)

Where are your masks?

SAM

Larry, we're F-B-I. My name's Sam
Rider, this misfit is Harold
Champion. You've been rescued.

Harold removes Larry's bindings. Larry sits up, takes a deep breath and lets it out.

LARRY

Thank you.

HAROLD

How you feel?

LARRY

Groggy. A bit tired. But not too
bad.

Harold takes a flask from a pocket and offers it to Larry.

HAROLD

Brandy.

Larry shakes his head.

SAM
 You don't appear to have been too
 mistreated.

LARRY
 (Solemnly)
 I was forced to listen to talk
 radio all day.

SAM
 (Feigning horror)
 My God!

HAROLD
 (Slams a hand
 against a wall)
 I'll kill him.

LARRY
 I would like to go for a walk.

SAM
 We've got a crack government
 physician who wouldn't mind
 looking at you.

LARRY
 Thank you, but no. I want to go
 for a walk.

Larry stands up and exits the bedroom. In the living room he sees his captor, who is handcuffed and under the guard of the backup crew. Larry sees a clown mask in the corner of the room, goes to pick it up, waves to Kidnapper, and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS - DAY

In lower left hand corner of screen:

Jackson Square
 New Orleans, Louisiana
 A Couple of Months Later

Larry and Ann are sitting together on a bench. It is the same bench they sat on when Larry told Ann about Rachel's marriage proposal. It is a gorgeous Southern morning and a couple of plainclothes bodyguards can be seen milling about in the background.

LARRY

I think it's time to call it a day, Ann.

Ann looks at Larry fondly.

ANN

I'm not surprised. Things changed after you were released.

LARRY

(Nodding)

It was inevitable, I suppose. You can't undo what's been done. All this fuss for me is not what I'm looking for. It's like I'm still captive, except now I'm captive to being free.

Ann nods and looks like she might weep.

LARRY

There's really nothing left to accomplish.

ANN

Lenny's said that once or twice, too.

(A beat)

It's still a good show, though.

LARRY

(Nodding)

It's still a great show. We're as strong and fresh as ever. But the next show isn't everything anymore. Getting through the next show so I can get home and be somewhat free again is.

Ann reaches for and takes Larry's hand.

ANN

Then it's time. There's a lot to be said for going out on top.

Larry smiles broadly.

LARRY

You retired as chief of police.

Larry lets go of Ann's hand and they both stand up and start walking.

ANN

Interesting we're having another significant conversation here.

LARRY

This is where we talked about Rachel's marriage proposal.

ANN

You regret letting her go.

LARRY

(Shrugs)

Maybe. I was looking for something back then and didn't really need a wife.

ANN

(Nods knowingly.)

Letting her go was best.

LARRY

Besides, she was born to be First Lady.

CUT TO:

INT. LENNY'S OFFICE - DAY

In lower left hand corner of screen:

Lenny's Office
The Colosseum at Caesars Palace
Las Vegas, Nevada

Larry walks into Lenny's office, tosses a movie script on Lenny's desk and sits down.

LARRY

Pretty good stuff there, partner.
I added some funny lines.

LENNY

Good, good. It's going to be a great movie.

Lenny and Larry sit quietly for a few seconds.

LARRY

I think I'm ready to call it a day, partner.

Lenny raises his eyebrows, takes off his glasses, leans forward and puts his arms on his desk.

LENNY

I'm not surprised. These have changed since your rescue.

LARRY

(Nodding)

I feel caged. This life is no longer being lived on my terms, so it's time to find some new terms.

LENNY

(Feigning
seriousness)

What are you going to do for work? You got to earn a living.

Larry smiles broadly and laughs.

LARRY

I'll do security here. I hear they have an opening.

Lenny leans back in his chair and sighs. After a moment he sits back up again.

LENNY

When it's time to quit it's time to quit. We've always said we'd know when that time was. If you think it's time, it's time. It's that simple.

LARRY

I hate it when people say things are that simple. My kidnappers said that.

(Lenny and Larry
laugh.)

But it is time.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM, 50TH FLOOR BAR AND GRILL - DAY

In lower left hand corner of screen:

Private Dining Room
The 50th Floor Bar and Grill
The Las VegasUSA Hotel and Casino

Las Vegas, Nevada

Larry and Ray Evans are having lunch.

LARRY
(Significantly)
I have news for you.

RAY
Can I use it? I have nothing for
tomorrow's column.

LARRY
You never have anything for
tomorrow's column. And even if you
did, it will trump anything you
have.

Ray sips his martini and makes a let's-have-it motion with
his free hand.

LARRY
Lenny and I are calling it a day.

Ray stops sipping his martini, stares at Larry and puts his
drink down. He looks surprised.

RAY
You're kidding.
(Still staring at
Larry)
You're not kidding! I can tell. I
know you! You're not kidding!
You're serious.

LARRY
You're right, you do know me and
I'm not kidding. You seem
surprised.

RAY
I am surprised. The world will be
surprised. I know you don't like
being followed everywhere, but for
Christ's sake, you're still
selling out and are funnier than
ever.

LARRY
(Smiling)
Thank you.

RAY

Then why?

LARRY

(Shrugs)

It feels right. We're still as good as we've ever been and we've accomplished all we care to.

RAY

What will you do?

LARRY

I don't know. Go out to lunch. Run for mayor. I'll think of something.

RAY

What will Lenny do? He's got a wife to support.

LARRY

(Waves a hand)

Oh, he's got movie projects. He'll stay as busy as he wants.

RAY

All right, to hell with both of you. What will I do? I've got a column four days a week.

LARRY

(Laughing)

Pester somebody else?

Ray sips his martini and regards Larry.

RAY

I told you The Regular Guys had no idea what they were going to accomplish.

LARRY

Indeed you did. More than once, if I recall correctly. I knew we'd be funny together, but success like this is a crap shoot.

RAY

(Nodding)

Yes, it is. There are a lot of talented people out there in tribute bands and small comedy clubs.

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

(A beat)

Why three months?

LARRY

(Shrugs)

Give us time to say goodbye. To let our fans see us one last time. To enjoy what we've accomplished.

RAY

Lord Caesar isn't going to pick up the paper in the morning and see this for the first time, are they?

LARRY

(Laughs)

No. He'll coordinate with you. Whenever you release it, he'll tell them.

RAY

How's Morty taking this, by the by.

LARRY

Like a champ. He was pleased to see we were going out on our terms.

RAY

(Nodding)

He would be. This town has not always been kind to him. He could've become completely insufferable with your success but he settled for graciously annoying.

A WAITER delivers more drinks and Morty reaches for his notebook. A montage scene with Ray interviewing Larry while having lunch is shown. At the end Larry is shown leaving with a bodyguard.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

An aerial shot of the Las Vegas Strip at night, closed to traffic with a large crowd roaming the street for The Regular Guys' final show.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE, THE COLOSSEUM AT CAESARS PLACE - NIGHT

In lower left hand corner of screen:

The Final Show
The Colosseum at Caesars Palace
Caesars Palace Hotel and Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada

Lenny, Larry and Morty are standing backstage. All are wearing black tie. Morty still has half-glasses on the edge of his nose and he now needs a cane.

MORTY

All right guys, I really mean it tonight. Do not munch it. Any other night you probably could've gotten away with munching it, but not tonight. History, not to mention a half million people on the Strip, will be listening tonight.

LARRY

I think we'll be OK, Morty. Just get that kitten on top of your head a saucer of milk.

Ann walks up and joins them.

ANN

There you are Morty. For a guy with a cane you move pretty good.

Morty regards Ann warmly, and kisses her cheek.

MORTY

You three have come a long way.

Music over montage scene showing the Regular Guys over the years. From Ann pulling them over to their first show together to Morty introducing himself to their first show at the Casbar Room up through Larry's kidnapping and rescue.

The montage ends and Lenny, Larry, Morty and Ann are standing backstage again.

ANN

(Starting to weep)
I...you...both of you...I knew
from the start...there was never a
(MORE)

ANN (cont'd)
doubt.

LENNY
Oh, hell, Larry, she's crying.

LARRY
She's your wife. You do something.

ANN
(Laughing)
Screw both of you. Come on, Morty,
let's go find our seats.

Ann and Morty turn and leave. From the opposite direction, Jerry the Groupie approaches. He has gorgeous young redhead, AMANDA, on one arm, and KIMBERLY, a gorgeous young brunette on the other.

JERRY
Hey guys.

Lenny holds his hands out expansively.

LENNY
What a surprise, it's Jerry.

LARRY
And who are these two lovelies?

JERRY
Amanda and Kimberly, these are The Regular Guys. Lenny and my friend Larry. You may have heard of them.

Lenny and Larry greet the girls warmly and give them pecks on the cheek.

JERRY
I just wanted to say, really, on behalf of the half million people out there, thank you. For everything over the years. We've enjoyed every minute.

LENNY
You and a half million others are entirely welcome. We've enjoyed every minute of it, too.

Jerry turns towards Larry.

JERRY

Larry, golf next week?

Larry smiles and nods. Jerry takes the hands of both his ladies.

JERRY

Then gentlemen, knock 'em dead. As always.

Jerry, Amanda and Kimberly turn and leave.

LENNY

(Faces Larry)

Well, it appears a career has come down to this, partner. We did well.

LARRY

Indeed we did. Hard earned and well done.

Lenny reaches inside the front pocket of his tuxedo coat and pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to Larry.

LARRY

What's this?

LENNY

Your uncle's insurance license.

Larry looks over the license, now creased and almost falling apart. Larry starts laughing.

LARRY

I had no clue...

LENNY

It was motivation early on, when I thought the idea of two comedians on stage was completely whack.

LARRY

Then it's work is done.

With a flourish, Larry rips the license up and tosses the pieces aside.

Music begins to play in the theater.

ANNOUNCER

Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to the Colosseum at Caesars Palace. Tonight welcome
(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
 for the last time, from someplace
 funny, Lenny and Larry, The
 Regular Guys!

Lenny and Larry walk through the curtain and enter the stage. The lights and crowd are visible and the ovation is warm and immense.

CUT TO:

INT. COLOSSEUM AT CAESARS PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Music over montage scene of the final show. In the montage are Ann and Morty, Larry's Father, Jerry, Amanda and Kimberly, Sam Rider and Harold Champion, plus Rachel Rachmaninov and the former president of the United States. The music fades as Lenny and Larry meet in the center of the stage.

LENNY

This appears to be it, partner.

Larry nods and smiles.

LENNY

Larry, from the start, when we were playing county fairs to right now, this has been the very best the human experience can offer.

LARRY

It was, wasn't it? I mean, except for the kidnapping. We all could've done without that.

Lenny turns and faces the audience.

LENNY

To all of you who came and laughed over the years, no matter where and no matter when, entertaining you has been our great pleasure. Thank you. From the bottom of our hearts, thank you, good night and goodbye.

The audience starts a very warm, very long ovation. Lenny and Larry are seen walking on stage acknowledging the applause and receiving flowers from the audience.

At the end of the ovation Lenny and Larry meet in the center

of the stage and wave one last time. They face each other and Larry bows and extends a hand toward the curtain behind them and Lenny and Larry both turn and exit the stage. They don't look back.

THE END