HARRY SCHMERLER SEX TAPE

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OVER BLACK --

HARRY (O.S.)
(singing)
All the single ladies, all the single ladies, All the single ladies, All the single ladies --

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - MORNING

SHOTS of the city: the Foshay Tower, Uptown, Lake of the Isles. Then typical summer suburban scenery.

HARRY (O.S.)
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh --

EXT. HARRY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

An average mid-western neighborhood home. Tucked away in the back is a garage apartment.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - SHOWER - MORNING

HARRY SCHMERLER, 30's, boyish, nerdy, scrubs himself as he sings.

HARRY
If you liked it then you should have put a ring on it, if you liked it then you should have put a ring on it --

His cat, MR. PICKLES, sits in the sink LICKING himself.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Modest, but neat. Harry, now dressed, continues humming Beyonce as he sets a plate of cat food on the table. Mr. Pickles sits in a chair as he eats.

HARRY
Don't inhale it Mr. Pickles. Chew.

The TV in the background plays the local morning show.

BUBBLY HOST #1 (ON TV)
Look out Minneapolis, reality star Stacy Stone will be in town tonight to appear at the opening of the hot new club *Sage*.

They show VIDEO clips of STACY STONE (late 20's, Kim Kardashian-esque and **sex incarnate**) at red carpet events.

Harry's attention is drawn to the TV.

BUBBLY HOST #2
Rumor is she is getting paid $25,000 just to show up.

BUBBLY HOST #1
I heard she got $100,000 two years ago in Miami.

BUBBLY HOST #2
Still, $25,000 is not bad for an hour's work! Hello? Right here? Fifty year old single mother will do it for $10!

The BUBBLY HOSTS cackle.

The cat meows at the TV. Harry slowly nods.

HARRY
Yes, sir. She's one hot mamacita.

EXT. HARRY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Harry walks out, WORK BAG in hand.

As he passes by the house, he waves to his parents, TOM and CAROL, 60's, who are making breakfast in their kitchen.

HARRY
Bye mom, bye dad.

CAROL
Bye, Harry.

TOM
Bye, Harry.

They share a disappointed look when he's gone.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Harry steps up to order from the BARISTA.

HARRY
Good morning. A medium soy --

BARISTA
-- "green tea latte, please."

HARRY
-- green tea latte, please.

BARISTA
You order the same thing every day.

Harry smiles as the bored barista punches in the order.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Harry hops on and flashes his bus pass.

HARRY
Morning!

BUS DRIVER
Just get on the fucking bus.

Harry continues smiling as he maneuvers past the throngs of annoyed PASSENGERS.

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - SHOWROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Harry walks in to find RUSS (30's, uber-fratty) and BRYAN (30's, the straightest gay man you will ever meet) intently watching something on an IPAD.

HARRY
Morning Russ, Bryan!

RUSS
(without looking up)
Schmerple. (then) That one blew her hair back.

BRYAN
Supposed to be like whippets.

HARRY
What are you guys watching?

RUSS
Brazilian sniff porn.

HARRY
...I'm sorry?

BRYAN
This would be better with guys.

RUSS
Please.

HARRY
What is Brazilian sniff porn?

Russ turns the iPad around to show Harry.

RUSS
Hot Brazilian chicks take turns farting in each other's faces.

HARRY
Ew! That's gross.

RUSS
It's the next step in the evolution of porn. A guy and a girl banging is so 2009.

BRYAN
Or, in your case Schmerple, never.

RUSS
Yeah, be honest: you still a virgin?

HARRY
That's -- that's a personal question.

BRYAN
I'm gay and I think I've had more pussy than you.

HARRY
I've had sex, okay. With women.

RUSS
When? Gimme a date. You have three seconds or you're full of shit.

HARRY
Uh, the uh...

RUSS
2...1...

HARRY
The 90's!

Russ and Bryan laugh. Harry turns red, embarrassed.

BIG DAN (O.S.)
Gentlemen...

BIG DAN, bear of a man and owner of the dealership, walks in.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
Only three days left in the Corvette Stingray sales contest and it's still up for grabs. Better hop to it. Amanda's already got a new one on the hook.

They look outside and see AMANDA, 30's, talking with a CUSTOMER. She is "regular girl" cute. But for Harry, ANGELS SING as she moves in SLOW MOTION with WIND BLOWING HER HAIR --

RUSS
I want that Corvette so bad my dick is hard.

BRYAN
Charming. Let the best man win.

Russ, Bryan and Big Dan HIGH-FIVE. Harry raises his hand too--

HARRY
Yeah, let's do it guys!

-- But they just laugh and leave him hanging. Harry's smile fades as Russ and Bryan head outside.

Big Dan then tosses Harry a THICK FILE which he nearly drops.

BIG DAN
Get copies of all of this in sales binders. Also restock the brochures on the floor. And fill the water cooler.

HARRY
Yes sir, Big Dan, sir.

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - SHOWROOM - LATER

Harry carefully restocks the various BROCHURES for the cars. Russ, Bryan, Big Dan and Amanda are outside with CUSTOMERS.

MAN (O.S.)
Excuse me, what's the MPG on the Tahoe?

He turns to see none other than ADRIAN PETERSON, running back for the Vikings, but Harry doesn't recognize him.

HARRY
Um... I'm actually not a salesmen.

ADRIAN PETERSON
Can you answer the question at least? Please?

Harry looks for help but no one's around. He feels a rush of excitement: a customer is talking to him. Then, tentative --

HARRY
Well, Chevy says 22, but that's just in lab tests. It's actually only 14. Kind of a gas guzzler.

ADRIAN PETERSON
Huh. Good to know since my foundation gives a lot of money to environmental causes.

Harry smiles, gathering confidence.

OUTSIDE: Big Dan sees Harry with Adrian Peterson and PANICS.

BIG DAN
(muffled by the window)
NOOOOOOOOO!

HARRY
You know, the 2014 model is coming out in a couple months and is actually supposed to get 25 MPG. I'd suggest you wait until then.

ADRIAN PETERSON
Thanks. I appreciate your honesty.

HARRY
No problem!

Adrian Peterson leaves as Harry smiles proudly.

Big Dan FLIES into the showroom, but AD is gone.

BIG DAN
What the fuck did you say?!

HARRY
(beaming)
I told him to wait until the new models are out to get better gas mileage. That man cares about the environment.

BIG DAN
Are you fucking kidding me? Do you know who that was?

Harry stares blankly. Russ, Bryan and Amanda walk in.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
Adrian Peterson! Best running back in the NFL, future hall of famer and you just talked him <u>out</u> of a sale!

Big Dan attempts to calm himself as Harry turns bright red.

RUSS
Wow, Schmerple.

HARRY
I don't watch sports...

Bryan turns to Russ and mouths "*gay*."

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry. I thought I was being helpful --

BIG DAN
Yes, by telling him to <u>leave</u>. Very fucking helpful, Harry. Goddamn it!

Russ and Bryan try to not laugh as Amanda looks on, sympathetic. Harry stares down at his shoes in shame.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
No more talking to customers! You're gonna do a full inventory on the entire fleet, top to bottom. And I want it on my desk first thing in the morning. Got it?

Harry nods weakly.

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - HARRY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry slaves away surrounded by STACKS OF PAPER. Amanda knocks on the door frame. He brightens when he sees her.

HARRY
Hi, Amanda.

AMANDA
Sorry about what happened, Harry. But at least you can say you met "All Day" right?

HARRY
Yeah... I'm here all day.

She laughs. He does too. He has no idea why.

Her CELL rings: *LANCE*. She steps back into the hallway and answers. Harry watches her.

AMANDA
Hey, hon. Okay... Yeah, I'll be fine. Downton is on Netflix so I have plenty to keep me occupied. Of course... Alright, bye.

Amanda hangs up. She stares at her phone for a beat.

HARRY
Everything okay?

AMANDA
Yeah... My fiance just has to stay out of town another day for work.

RUSS (O.S.)
Mr. Dumbass-asaurus...

Harry looks up as Russ SLAPS a NIKE POSTER OF ADRIAN PETERSON on the window. At the bottom is a PICTURE of Harry with the THOUGHT BUBBLE: "*WE DON'T SELL CARS TO BLACK MEN*."

AMANDA
Russ, leave him alone.

Russ giggles and heads off. Harry goes back to work. Amanda watches for a beat feeling sorry for him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Hey. You wanna get a drink?

Harry looks up and tries to process what he just heard.

HARRY
You mean... with me?

AMANDA
You had a rough day and I could use a drink. Come on, the work will be here when you get back.

Harry tries to talk, but no words come out. Amanda just stares at him amused. Finally, he sputters --

HARRY
Jedz.

AMANDA
Is that a yes? (he manages a nod)
Great. I know just the place.

PRE-LAP: LOUD, RAUCOUS CHANTING: “UGGA BUGGA, UGGA BUGGA...”

INT. TIKI TOM’S BAR - NIGHT

A hole in the wall decorated to the max in Polynesian flair. It’s packed with drunken idiots chanting as a BARTENDER dramatically POURS rum into a fruity cocktail.

DRUNKEN IDIOTS
UGGA BUGGA, UGGA BUGGA...!

Amanda chants along. Harry smiles like a deer in headlights. She flags down another BARTENDER.

AMANDA
I’ll have the Red Scorpion. Harry?

Harry nervously scans the menu of various fruity drinks.

HARRY
Is there much alcohol in the Virgin’s Mistake?

BARTENDER
No.

HARRY
Virgin’s Mistake then, please!

Everyone shouts “MAHOLO!” as the other bartender hands the “Ugga Bugga” drink off to the thirsty PATRON.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Neat place.

AMANDA
I’ve always wanted to come here, but Lance says it’s not his scene.

HARRY
Reminds me of a Disney ride. But with alcoholics.

AMANDA
So. Harry. Why do you let the guys at work bag on you all the time?

HARRY
What? I don’t -- They’re funny.

AMANDA
They Dutch-ovened your office yesterday.

Behind them, we see the bartender pouring THREE BOTTLES OF ALCOHOL into Harry's drink.

HARRY
Oh, Bryan had some bad coffee.

AMANDA
Harry...

He shrugs, not sure what to say.

HARRY
I just want them to like me.

AMANDA
Trying to get people to like you is the best way to get them <u>not</u> to like you. You know what they say about nice guys.

The bartender now pours THREE <u>DIFFERENT</u> BOTTLES OF ALCOHOL into Harry's drink.

HARRY
Are you saying I shouldn't be nice?

AMANDA
I don't think that's possible. I'm saying you live with your parents, you're still doing admin work at the dealership and you have no girlfriend to speak of.

HARRY
I'm not gay.

AMANDA
I know.

HARRY
And I live at home because I had to after was I downsized from my previous job.

AMANDA
Five years ago, Harry.

The bartender drops a MASSIVE SHOT OF FLAMING 151 into Harry's drink.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You need to stop letting the world run roughshod over you. Russ and Bryan make fun of you, make fun of them right back. Big Dan treats you like a servant, tell him to stick it. There's a girl you want to talk to, go talk to her. Take a risk.

HARRY
Oh, I don't know if I can do that.

AMANDA
I think you'd be surprised what you're capable of, Harry.

The bartender sets down the DRINKS. Amanda raises hers.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
To taking a risk.

He reluctantly raises his drink. They cheers. He takes a sip.

HARRY
Oh, wow. So <u>good</u>.

AMANDA
I'd be careful with those --

HARRY
(another big swig)
What's in this?!

LATER...

Harry, HAMMERED, swings his jacket around his head chanting "TORO" along with all the drunken idiots as a small ROBOT BULL waddles down the bar with a DRINK on its back.

Harry plops down next to Amanda, also drunk. They cheers DRINKS and Harry takes a big gulp. They're a little more relaxed around each other.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh my god I'm having so much fun!

AMANDA
Me too! I haven't gone out like this in forever. Friday nights are usually reserved for Netflix.

HARRY
I usually play with Mr. Pickles.

AMANDA
Ew.

HARRY
My cat?

AMANDA
Oh! I thought you meant -- (she demonstrates).

HARRY
Oh no, no no no.

They laugh really hard. Their chemistry is building.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

AMANDA
You just did.

More laughter.

HARRY
You excited to get married?

Now Amanda is the one caught off guard.

AMANDA
Yeah... Totally.

HARRY
It's soon, isn't it?

AMANDA
Next month in Palm Beach.

HARRY
Nice! (suddenly nuts) THESE DRINKS MAKE ME FEEL CRAZY! TIKI-TI! TIKI-TI! <u>TORO</u>!

Some patrons cheer "TORO!" Harry shakes his head back and forth as Amanda laughs. He settles.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I bet your fiance is a great guy. He'd have to be to get someone as amazing as you.

AMANDA
Wow. (then) He is. He is. I mean, I wish he didn't have to work so much, but I understand.
(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)
It’s funny, we’ve known each other for so long we’re basically the same person.

HARRY
Like my parents. Mom grew a mustache and dad has boobs.

Amanda laughs. She then looks at her drink. Beat.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Hey. You’re very lucky to have someone who cares about you.

AMANDA
I know. You’ll find someone too.

HARRY
I hope so. ‘Cause Mr. Pickles ain’t gonna be havin’ my baby chile!

Amanda laughs some more.

HARRY (CONT’D)
I feel like the Master of the Universe right now! By the power of Greyskull - TORO!

The bar shouts “TORO”!

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda HAILS a cab. Harry leans against a LIGHT POST, no longer Master of the Universe.

AMANDA
You okay?

HARRY
Have you ever noticed how huge your tongue is?

A CAB stops in front of a HOTEL across the street. A COUPLE is in back.

AMANDA
Here we go. Come on Harry!

Amanda runs across the street. Harry stumbles after her. She gets up to the DRIVER’s side --

AMANDA (CONT’D)
Hey, we’re headed to --

Harry suddenly SLAMS into the cab, KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Jesus!

She laughs as she leans down to help Harry. Unseen by them, the other cab door opens and...

...*STACY STONE* steps out. She's with some MAN we can't quite see. Stacy and the guy are all over each other, kissing and giggling. They stumble into the hotel.

As Amanda helps Harry up the cab starts to pull away.

CAB DRIVER
Nope. Find another cab.

AMANDA
Wait -- Damn it...

HARRY
The street just leapt up and punched me in the face.

AMANDA
Let's go to my car til I sober up.

INT. AMANDA'S CAR - LATER

They're parked in a lot. Very drunk and very tired. Harry has a bag of ice on top of his head.

HARRY
Those Virgins Mistakes are like magic. I can't feel anything.

AMANDA
That's what all the college guys hope for anyway.

HARRY
(nodding)
Everyone loves magic.

She chuckles. His innocence is endearing.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I had a lot of fun tonight. Thank you for taking me out. I really appreciate all you said.

AMANDA
I had fun too. You're very sweet, Harry. I can't believe we haven't really hung out before...

They look at each other with goofy, drunk eyes. Beat. Amanda slowly leans over and starts to KISS Harry. His eyes go WIDE. She then sits back. They smile. Neither says a word.

...AND THEY PASS OUT.

INT. AMANDA'S CAR - DAWN

Harry is asleep in the passenger seat. A hand taps his face. He JOLTS awake.

HARRY
Nothing!

Amanda smiles, still behind the wheel. Harry grabs his head and looks around, disoriented and HUNGOVER.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Ow. Wait, this is my house.

AMANDA
Very good, Harry.

They are indeed parked outside his parent's house. He looks at her with wonder.

HARRY
You know where I live?

She holds up his wallet.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh. (then) Well... thanks again for a fun night. Maybe we could do it again some time. If you want.

AMANDA
Harry, last night was nice. Really nice... But, I'm engaged....

HARRY
Right! Of course... Of course.

AMANDA
Friends?

HARRY
Friends.

He laughs awkwardly as he staggers out of the car.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Whew, headache. (then) I guess I'll see you at work later?

AMANDA
Yeah. Thank god we don't have to go in till noon. See ya soon.

She drives away. Beat. She glances back at him in her rearview mirror...

Harry watches her go, a little broken on the inside.

HARRY
I love you.

He then VOMITS all over himself.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - SHOWER - LATER

Harry is showering with his eyes closed. He slumps over and FALLS out, TEARING the curtain down with him.

HARRY
GAGHH!

Mr. Pickles runs for cover.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harry checks himself in the mirror. He looks <u>awful</u>.

In the background the TV plays the local news as Harry slowly gets dressed. He is too hungover to pay attention.

BUBBLY HOST #2
Looks like Stacy Stone lit the candle at both ends. Haha!

BUBBLY HOST #1
That's right, she got a little frisky after she left the club last night. Apparently she was involved in a sex tape that has gone instantly viral on the web.

BUBBLY HOST #2
I wonder if that's the only thing that went viral...

Harry winces and lets out a WET FART. Beat. He closes his eyes in shame as he hobbles, BOW-LEGGED into the bathroom...

EXT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - MORNING

Harry, now in DIFFERENT PANTS, stumbles by his parent's house. Carol eyes him from the kitchen. He waves weakly.

CAROL
You think he's on drugs?

TOM
I wish.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Harry, pale and sweating, steps up to order from the same barista as before. The barista LIGHTS UP when he sees Harry.

HARRY
Can I get your largest coffee?

BARISTA
Need a little pick me up after last night, huh? I bet you do.

Harry cocks his head confused. Barista hands him the coffee.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
This one's on the house, Magic Man.

HARRY
Thanks... Coffee Man.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Harry fumbles for his bus pass.

HARRY
Sorry, it's in here somewhere.

BUS DRIVER
Don't worry about it! Take a load off. You could use the rest.

The bus driver flashes him a knowing smile.

HARRY
Thank you...

As Harry takes a seat. A WOMAN EYES him lasciviously. Harry nervously smiles back. What is going on?

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - OFFICE HALLWAY - LATER

Harry shuffles to his office. He looks at his watch: *12:32 pm*. Crap. An ARM suddenly reaches out and YANKS him into --

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - RUSS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harry SCREAMS as he is SLAMMED against a file cabinet.

RUSS
You fucking ANIMAL!!!

Russ and Bryan stare at Harry in awe.

BRYAN
Stacy Stone. Stacy-mother-fucking-Stone?!

HARRY
(dazed)
Ow. Yeah, what about her?

RUSS
Fuck you!

BRYAN
Tell us everything.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Guys, I don't know what you're talking about and I'm really hungover.

RUSS
Yeah, right. Why the fuck you been holding out on us all this time?!

Bryan opens up his computer.

BRYAN
Seriously Harry, I've been with men, women, animals - don't ask - and I honestly can say your performance made be blush.

RUSS
And you had the foresight and generosity to film it for all mankind to enjoy.

HARRY
You guys are scaring me.

Bryan turns the computer toward Harry and hits play. We hear the obvious SOUNDS of Level 10 freak-nasty SEX...

Harry watches, frozen in awe/fear/confusion.

HARRY (CONT'D)
That... that's...

Russ hits pause and ZOOMS in. The screen is filled with the grimaced sex face of a MAN WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE HARRY...

RUSS
Look at that face. "Unh, unh, gimme some."

He un-pauses and Harry continues to watch, mouth agape. We hear the sound of furniture SHATTERING and a woman MOAN.

STACY (O.S.)
Fuck that pussy, Magic Man!

BRYAN
You are one limber son of a bitch.

RUSS
Your dick already has its own twitter account. @MagicCock.

HARRY
Where did you find this...?

BRYAN
Find it? It's everywhere.

HARRY
It's -- It's not me.

They laugh.

BRYAN
Oh stop it with the choir boy routine. The jig is up.

RUSS
Can I smell your finger?

Dazed, Harry turns and stumbles out of the office.

BRYAN
Smell his finger? Really?

RUSS
I wanted to.

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - HARRY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry rushes in and closes the door. He gets on his computer and pulls up TMZ. The top headline: *"BREAKING: STACY STONE IN NEW VIRAL SEX TAPE WITH MYSTERY 'MAGIC' MAN."*

He CLICKS on a link and a VIDEO plays of Stacy Stone in over-sized sunglasses at the airport hurrying to her limo.

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)
Come on, who's the guy?

STACY
I don't know, okay? Someone I met at the club. Guys, seriously. I just had someone secretly tape me in a hotel room, gimme a little space here.

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)
We just wanna hear your side. Where is he now?

STACY
Told me he was leaving on a five week fishing trip or something. I don't know. Back off.

She quickly slips into the waiting limo.

Harry then nervously sifts through Perez Hilton, OMG Yahoo!, E! Online. The sex tape is everywhere -- *"Stone Secretly Taped in Wild Sex Romp in the Mini Apple," "Stone Bones Again with Unknown Fisherman," "Who Is the Magic Man?"....*

HARRY
Shi-take...

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - SHOWROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harry walks briskly to the exit to get some fresh air. He almost runs right into Amanda.

AMANDA
Hey, Harry --

HARRY
Amanda! Sex tape! It's not me!

AMANDA
What are you talking about?

HARRY
Stacy Stone and a guy that looks <u>just</u> like me made a sex tape. It's gone viral.

AMANDA
What? You mean, like, from last night?

HARRY
I don't know. I guess. But Russ and Bryan think I'm the guy. Come to think of it, people were being --

BIG DAN (O.S.)
SCHMERLER!

Harry whips around to see Big Dan, furious.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
Where's my fucking inventory?!

Whoops. Harry's insides liquefy.

HARRY
Oh... Mr. Big Dan Sir, I --

BIG DAN
You look like shit. Where is it?

HARRY
I uh, you see, well --

BIG DAN
Let me see if I got this right: yesterday you talked Adrian Peterson out of a sale, then to make up for it you go out and get blasted, come in late and don't do my goddamn inventory?

Harry is sweating bullets.

AMANDA
Big Dan, it's my fault --

BIG DAN
Amanda, give us a moment, please.

AMANDA
But Big Dan I took him out...

Big Dan just stares at her, unwavering. She finally mouths *"I'm sorry"* to Harry and walks out to the lot.

HARRY
I'm so sorry. I promise it'll --

BIG DAN
Never happen again? You're absolutely right, Harry. You're fired.

Harry can't move. He's about to cry. Then --

RUSS (O.S.)
Magic Man! Stop disappearing on us!

Bryan and Russ practically skip over to them.

BIG DAN
Not right now, guys.

RUSS
I know, we were pissed too. How could he keep this from us, right?! A vagina Jedi in our midst?

BRYAN
Darth Muff.

BIG DAN
What are you idiots talking about?

RUSS
He hasn't seen it. Oh, shit!

HARRY
Russ, Bryan, please don't.

RUSS
Bryan, show him. I'm gonna film his reaction like you did when I watched *Two Girls, One Cup*.

BRYAN
Though I doubt Big Dan will start crying.

RUSS
Those were tears of joy!

Bryan pulls the video up on his iPhone.

HARRY
Guys, I don't think...

Bryan hits play and Russ films Big Dan as he watches. LONG beat. Big Dan's face DROPS...

RUSS
Look at his face!

BRYAN
Goddamn electric, right?

Big Dan looks at Harry with new eyes. Harry nervously smiles.

BIG DAN
This is why you were out late last night? Why didn't you say something?!

HARRY
Guys, it's not --

BRYAN
What a gentleman. He doesn't even want to gloat.

RUSS
Fuck that! Gloat us right in the face.

BIG DAN
I had no idea you -- wow. I'm... Tell me, is she as hot in person as she is on camera?

HARRY
I'm gonna go get my things.

He starts to leave when Big Dan STOPS him.

BIG DAN
No, no no no. Forget about that whole firing thing, Schmerler.

RUSS
You dared to fire the Magic Man?

BIG DAN
Just give us some details. How was she, really?

Harry is taken aback: Big Dan, Bryan, Russ all entranced, waiting for him to speak. He's never had this much positive attention in his life...

He looks outside and sees Amanda talking to a CUSTOMER. Her words from last night drift into his head... *Take a risk*...

RUSS
You're killing us, man...

Beat. Harry finally turns back to the guys.

HARRY
...She was <u>amazing</u>.

BRYAN/BIG DAN/RUSS
I knew it!/Holy shit!/I think I just came!

Big Dan gives Harry a BEAR HUG. Amanda walks back in.

AMANDA
What's going on?

RUSS
Schmerler made a sex tape with Stacy Sex-Goddess Stone!

Amanda turns to Harry who looks at her like "don't kill me."

BIG DAN
Harry, take the day to get some rest, sleep off the hangover.

RUSS
And ice that dick.

BIG DAN
Tomorrow we're gonna talk about getting you more involved here. Perhaps a sales position even.

HARRY
Sales position?! What about the whole Andy Peterson thing?

BIG DAN
Like you said, you were just trying to help. And I think you've proved you have <u>huge</u> potential.

Harry is speechless.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
You the man, Schmerler.

They all HIGH-FIVE Harry and head out to the lot. Harry smiles from ear to ear -- *they high-fived him*. He then grabs his stomach, still reeling from the hangover.

Amanda walks over.

AMANDA
What are you doing?!

HARRY
Can we talk somewhere else? I can't stop sweating and I think I'm gonna throw up or crap my pants again.

AMANDA
Okay, you're just hung over. Come on. (then) Did you just say crap your pants <u>again</u>?

INT. UPTOWN DINER - DAY - LATER

Harry has destroyed a plate of greasy eggs, bacon and a pot of coffee. Amanda just shakes her head.

HARRY
You told me to take a risk.

AMANDA
Not like <u>that</u>. Not pretend to be some greasy sleaze in a sex tape.

HARRY
(mumbling)
Stacy thought he was pretty cool.

AMANDA
Harry. What happens when they find out who the real guy is?

HARRY
(smiling)
He's on a month long fishing trip.

AMANDA
So?! He's gonna come <u>back</u>. Then what?

HARRY
Then I'll... I'll tell Big Dan the truth, okay? I'll show him that I can be a really good salesman and, I don't know, hope he keeps me on.

She's not convinced.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Did you see the way they looked at me? They thought I was... <u>cool</u>. I've never felt like that before. Like I was one of them. I just want to enjoy that for a little while.

His innocent face is too hard to resist. She relents.

AMANDA
Fine. But you have to tell Big Dan in a month. Or I will.

HARRY
Yes, I promise.

AMANDA
And just keep it as a prank with the guys at work.

HARRY
Okay. But, well... a few people may already think I'm the guy.

AMANDA
Who?

HARRY
The barista at Starbucks. The bus driver who takes me to work. A few of the passengers. And this woman looking at me right now.

Amanda turns and spots a cute-ish WOMAN in her mid-thirties eying Harry. She quickly glances away.

AMANDA
Okay, well maybe --

An ANNOYED WAITRESS walks over to their table.

ANNOYED WAITRESS
So, my boss wants you to know that the meal is on the house. And to tell you that you're awesome.

She gestures to her MANAGER who gives Harry two thumbs up.

AMANDA
And that's our cue to leave.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - EVENING

ON THE TV: VIDEO of an average-looking GUY, 20's, walking up to his apartment trying to avoid the CAMERAS.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
-- The bellman apparently drilled a hole behind the TV and put the camera there.
(MORE)

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The hotel dismissed him early today and has since issued an apology to Ms. Stone. No word yet on whether any charges will be filed --

Harry then pulls up TMZ: “WANTED: STACY’S STONE’S MAGIC MAN.”

Suddenly, the sound of a FLOWER POT BREAKING outside.

HARRY
Hello?

No response.

EXT. HARRY’S GARAGE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Harry leans out the door.

HARRY
Mom? Are you sleep-gardening again?

Suddenly a WOMAN steps out from the bushes. To Harry’s shock, it’s the CUTE-ISH WOMAN FROM THE DINER!

WOMAN
I’m sorry! Please don’t be alarmed.

HARRY
You... How did you -- ?

She slowly walks up the steps.

WOMAN
I followed you. I just couldn’t help myself. I’m not crazy, I promise.

Harry is at a loss. She never breaks eye contact as she holds out her hand. He gingerly takes it.

WOMAN (CONT’D)
I’m Sylvia.

HARRY
Harry.

WOMAN
Hi, Harry. (beat) Sorry, can I use your bathroom?

HARRY
Um... sure, okay.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amanda and her fiance LANCE (30's, looks good on paper) lie in bed. They both scan their iPads.

AMANDA
Can you imagine if someone secretly taped us?

LANCE
We'd actually have to be having sex for them to tape us.

AMANDA
Okay. You wanna?

LANCE
Eh, not right now. I have gas.

AMANDA
That's -- yeah.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Harry nervously sits petting Mr. Pickles. The bathroom door opens and Harry and Mr. Pickles' jaws drop...

...Sylvia struts out in only a THONG.

HARRY
W-what happened to your clothes?

SYLVIA
I want you to do me like you did Stacy, Magic Man.

HARRY
Oh my. I don't think --

SYLVIA
I haven't had sex in three years, Harry. I work as a bank teller. My life is so dull. I want to feel that wild abandon you had in the video...

Harry laughs nervously and crosses his legs (boner!)...

She slowly walks over to him.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Tell me what you first told Stacy.

HARRY
Uhhh... Get on the bed?

She squeals in excitement and LEAPS onto the bed.

She then grabs her PURSE and dumps it -- various oils, vibrators, a set of large yellow rubber gloves and a massive purple dildo tumble out.

SYLVIA
What did you say next?

HARRY
I don't really remember. Are those hazmat gloves?

SYLVIA
You said, "You want some cock, bitch? Then giddyup cowgirl and ride my fuck stick." Right?

HARRY
...Right.

SYLVIA
Do it.

HARRY
Sylvia, you're really nice but --

SYLVIA
DO IT!!!

HARRY
Okay, okay.

Harry stands up and slowly walks over to her, awkwardly trying to hide his boner. He takes a deep breath.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(super quiet)
You want some... cock... bitch?

SYLVIA
Whispering makes me so wet. Go on.

She scoots toward him and unbuckles his belt. Harry gulps.

HARRY
(even quieter)
Then giddyup cowgirl and... ride my...fuck stick. (then) I'm sorry --

But Sylvia DIVES forward and goes to town on his FUCK STICK.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Holy god -- bless America!

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amanda and Lance watch a home renovation show on TV as they continue to scan their iPads.

AMANDA
What do you feel like doing this weekend?

LANCE
(shrug)
Doesn't matter. What sounds good to you?

AMANDA
I don't know. Hmmm...

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Covers and sheets are FLAILING as Harry goes down on Sylvia.

SYLVIA
Say it again!

HARRY
"Pussy tastes like peaches! Like a fresh cobbler on the window sill!"

She moans and bucks, knocking a BOTTLE OF LUBE off the bed. It SPRAYS on Mr. Pickles who YELPS. Harry pulls up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Mr. Pickles?

SYLVIA
Not that pussy, this pussy!

She SHOVES his head back down.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
And some of this --

She tosses him the PURPLE DILDO. He catches it and with a look of pure panic in his eyes.

HARRY
Lord help me.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

AMANDA
We could try that new place on third for dinner tomorrow? We can go over the guest list then too.

LANCE
Sure, whatever. Your call.

AMANDA
Okay.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia SQUEALS in delight as she GRABS the headboard, shelves SHAKE, magazines SLIDE OFF the table.

Mr. Pickles cowers in his cat bed, unable to look away.

HARRY
(awkward)
"I'm gonna pound you so hard they'll need a putty knife to scrape you off the headboard!"

SYLVIA
Put it in! Put it in!

Harry fumbles around behind her -- she MOANS.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Oh! You naughty boy! I didn't know you wanted to go up that street.

HARRY
Wrong street! We're definitely going downtown, not uptown!

SYLVIA
Take me downtown then, Magic Man!

He tries again and his eyes light up -- Success!

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Ooo la la...

He makes ONE THRUST and FREEZES. We ZOOM into his EYES:

WE SEE THE BIRTH OF THE UNIVERSE. THE BIG BANG ERUPTS SENDING PARTICLES OF MATTER EVERYWHERE.

WE FOLLOW ONE MICROSCOPIC PARTICLE AS IT BECOMES PART OF A STAR, THE STAR EXPLODES, IT THEN BECOMES PART OF THE PRIMORDIAL EARTH, THEN ALGAE, THEN A PART OF A TYRANNOSAURUS REX, THEN A SQUIRREL, THEN NAPOLEON, THEN A TREE, THEN JIMI HENDRIX, THEN A MUSHROOM, THEN HARRY AS A BOY. WE ZOOM OUT --

HARRY
...I am the Magic Man.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Lance is asleep. Amanda stares at the ceiling. She looks over and studies him for a beat. She then turns the lamp off and closes her eyes.

EXT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

IN SLOW MOTION OVER SOME CLASSIC GEORGE CLINTON FUNK: Harry struts out sporting a shit-eating grin.

His parents curiously watch him pass by.

CAROL
Don't forget dinner tonight.

He gives them a "what up" nod. Carol turns to Tom --

CAROL (CONT'D)
Definitely on drugs.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

The barista hands Harry his drink. Harry WINKS and does a FINGER GUN as he casually tosses him a dollar tip.

INT. BUS - MORNING

Harry LOW-FIVES all of the passengers and the driver as he hops off.

EXT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - SHOWROOM - MORNING

Harry, Russ, Bryan, Amanda and a couple other SALESMEN all listen to Big Dan giving a speech.

BIG DAN
So let's give a hand to the newest salesmen at Big Dan's Chevy: Harry Schmerler.

Everyone claps. Harry is on Cloud Nine.

BIG DAN (CONT'D)
I still can't believe you've been holding out on us all these years. But I always knew there was something special about you.

RUSS
You always knew he had a huge dick?

BIG DAN
Not what I meant, Russ.

RUSS
What did you mean then?

BIG DAN
I meant -- just...

BRYAN
I always knew.

BIG DAN
Anyway -- (wink) -- your secret is safe with us. Right gang?

Everyone nods.

HARRY
Thank you, Big Dan, sir.

BIG DAN
Cut that "sir" shit. You're a salesmen now.

HARRY
Okie dokie... Big Dan.

BIG DAN
And remember: *keep the customer on the lot*. (then to everyone) Last day for the top salesperson to win the Stingray. Bryan has a one car lead, but it's anyone's for the taking. Get to it buckaroos!

Harry HIGH-FIVES with everyone. They all head outside while Harry goes to get some water. Amanda comes over.

AMANDA
Oh man, Harry, everyone is trying to figure out who the real guy is!

She pulls up her phone and shows him a Huffington Post article: “FACEBOOK AND TWITTER ABUZZ WITH ALLEGED MAGIC MAN SIGHTINGS; IDENTITY STILL A MYSTERY.”

AMANDA (CONT’D)
They’re interviewing fishing companies, the Coast Guard. You have to keep a low profile or you could have TMZ or some weirdo hiding in your bushes --

Harry laughs too hard. Coughs.

HARRY
Have you and Lance picked a florist for the wedding yet?

Amanda looks at him as he nervously smiles. Beat.

AMANDA
You had sex.

HARRY
Pssh. Where’d you -- No!

AMANDA
Oh my god. Who?!

Harry is going to argue, but knows he’s caught.

HARRY
The um... The woman from the diner.

AMANDA
Gross!

HARRY
She was nice.

AMANDA
She thought you were the guy from the video, didn’t she?

HARRY
She... might have called me the Magic Man once or twice...

AMANDA
Harry!

HARRY
I couldn’t help it! I’ve never had sex before! (beat, quiet) ...And suddenly a woman wanted me.
(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)
So, yeah, I did it. And it was amazing. And you know what else, she thanked me for it. She thanked me!

AMANDA
Jesus. So you're now just going to tell everyone you're the guy?

HARRY
No, but if someone thinks I'm him and it's not hurting anyone, then why not play along? Please, just be happy for me. I know it's crazy, but the last 24 hours have been the best of my entire life.

She shakes her head.

AMANDA
Harry... (then) Fine.

He smiles and hugs her.

HARRY
You're the best! (beat) Well, whaddaya say we go sell some cars?!

AMANDA
Do you know how?

HARRY
Not a clue.

EXT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - CAR LOT - LATER

Amanda and Harry stand by a line of CHEVY VOLTS. Russ and Bryan chat with CUSTOMERS nearby.

AMANDA
-- And "just looking" is total bullshit. If they're here, they want to buy a car. Period.

HARRY
Got it.

AMANDA
But all you need to remember is rule number one: be yourself.

A CUSTOMER checks out a nearby Volt. Amanda motions for Harry to give it a shot. Harry struts over and smiles big.

HARRY
It's a beautiful day, isn't it?

CUSTOMER
(not looking up)
Yup.

HARRY
Hope it doesn't rain.

There isn't a cloud in sight.

CUSTOMER
Yeah.

HARRY
That Volt there, MSRP of 56 gallons per mile -- I mean MPG -- Gallons per mile -- Miles per gallon. Yes.

The customer just points to a huge STICKER covering the windshield that says "*56 MPG*." Amanda stifles a laugh.

Awkward silence. Harry looks to Amanda like "*What do I do*?" She mouths back "*Name*", still trying not to laugh. Harry nods and holds out his hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm Harry. What's your name?

The customer begrudgingly looks up. His annoyance turns to confusion. He slowly takes Harry's hand.

CUSTOMER
Wait. No. Are you -- the guy from the Stacy Stone video?

HARRY
I, uh --

CUSTOMER
You are!

Harry looks to Amanda. She rolls her eyes and shrugs: "*Might as well*." Harry turns back to the customer and smiles.

HARRY
Uh, y -- yes. I'm he, him. The guy.

CUSTOMER
Holy shit. You work here?

HARRY
Gotta pay the billz, ya know?

CUSTOMER
Wow. Well... Hey. You think a car like this will get me, you know...(sotto) some pussy?

Big Dan walks by, catching the exchange.

HARRY
It's eco-friendly. Most women care about the environment. So I guess --

CUSTOMER
I'll take it!

Harry is shocked. Amanda puts her hand to her mouth, floored. Big Dan smiles knowingly and heads off.

HARRY
Really? O-okay. Let's go inside and get you a movin' movin'...

CUSTOMER
Can't wait to tell my friends I bought a car from the Magic Man.

As Harry leads the customer inside, he looks back to Amanda who smiles back, impressed despite herself.

Russ walks over.

RUSS
Did he literally just fucking sell a car in 30 seconds?

AMANDA
Yep.

RUSS
Cocksucker. I love him.

AMANDA
You sure didn't love him two days ago. Before the video.

RUSS
Bullshit. I always did. I just didn't know it. Like you didn't know you have a crush on him.

AMANDA
W-what? Whoa! No. No I do not.

RUSS
Girlfriend, you betta recognize!

He walks off laughing. Amanda continues to protest, but we can see on her face that Russ hit pay dirt...

MONTAGE of Harry selling cars as if he were giving them away -- Contracts being signed. People in awe. High-fives. Fist bumps. A picture of Harry pretending to bang a customer DOGGY-STYLE. Amanda, Russ, Bryan watch amazed, unable to compete.

EXT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - LOT - EARLY EVENING

With the sales staff gathered around the gleaming Chevy Stingray, Big Dan TOSSES the keys to Harry. Everyone claps and pats Harry on the back.

BIG DAN
Goddamnit, son. A new single day sales record!

Russ and Bryan walk over as the others start to leave.

RUSS
Dude, you are like Gandalf, Jesus and Ron Jeremy all wrapped into one. A Voltron of badasses.

Harry stares at the keys in his hand, amazed. Then --

HARRY
We should go out tonight and celebrate!

RUSS
Motherfuck yes.

BRYAN
First round's on you though, big daddy.

RUSS
Is that gay code?

BRYAN
What the fuck is wrong with you?

HARRY
Amanda you want to come?

RUSS
(goading)
Yeah, wanna come out with Harry and us?

Amanda glares at Russ, then --

AMANDA
I can't. Sorry. Wedding stuff. Have fun though. Congrats again, Harry.

After she leaves, Russ grabs Harry, deadly serious --

RUSS
We're gonna crush some puss tonight. You're driving.

Off Harry's look...

EXT. HARRY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - LATER

We hear awkward engine REVVING as Harry haltingly pulls the Stingray into the driveway and SCREECHES to a stop.

HARRY
Whoa, Nelly!

He puts it in park, relieved, as Carol and Tom walk out to greet him. Carol stares at the car like it's an abomination.

CAROL
Harry, what is this?

HARRY
Pretty darned cool, right?

TOM
Damned fine piece of machinery.

CAROL
Okay. Are you selling drugs?

HARRY
What? No!

TOM
Carol --

CAROL
The book says to just ask, Tom.

HARRY
I got a promotion at work, mom. I'm a salesman now and Big Dan gave the top salesman of the week free use of the new Stingray.

Tom and Carol share an incredulous look.

TOM
When did this happen?

HARRY
Today actually.

CAROL
You got promoted and were the top salesman on your first day?

HARRY
Yep. Awesome, right?

CAROL
...And there are no drugs involved?

HARRY
No. Big Dan finally saw... my potential... and gave me a shot.

A look of relief washes over them.

CAROL
Oh my God, that's so great, Harry.

TOM
Congratulations, son!

They hug him excitedly.

CAROL
We've held out hope for so long that you'd make something out of yourself. I'm so proud.

Harry smiles, relishing his parent's praise.

HARRY
Thanks. I feel like I'm flying toward the second star to the right and straight on till happiness.

CAROL
Uh huh. Well come on in, dinner's ready.

As they walk inside, happy and proud --

TOM
You gotta take me for a ride in that beast later.

HARRY
Sure thing, dad.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The Stingray lurches into a parking spot. Russ, Bryan and Harry get out. Trendy club music THUMPS in the background.

RUSS
You may fuck like a god, but you drive like a blind Asian amputee. (then, pumped) I feel like Spartacus! Like a Roman emperor.

BRYAN
Spartacus was a slave, moron. And Greek. How are we friends?

HARRY
So what's this place --

Harry then sees the SIGN and freezes... SAGE... *The nightclub where Stacy had met the guy from the sex tape...*

RUSS
Stoked to be back, yeah?

Russ puts his arm around Harry and leads him to the front where a huge LINE snakes around the corner. Harry freaks.

HARRY
Hey, you guys wanna go somewhere else? You ever been to Tiki Tom's?

RUSS
Fuck that noise. This is hallowed ground and you're our good luck charm.

BRYAN
Not for me.

RUSS
Whatever. Use your Grindr app to radar the nearest available dick.

HARRY
Seriously, I'll buy all the drinks--

Suddenly a sleazeball in a cheap suit charges over. This is CHESTER, the club owner.

CHESTER
The prodigal maniac returns!

Harry gulps. Chester belly laughs and bear hugs Harry.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
Look at this shit. All because of you and Stacy.

Harry laughs maniacally. Fight or flight in overdrive.

HARRY
Happy to help.

CHESTER
Let's get you boys inside. I'm gonna hook it up Saudi Sheik style!

Russ and Bryan head in, psyched. Harry begrudgingly follows.

INT. SAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The guys sit at a fatty VIP table. Harry nervously fidgets. Russ grins like a kid.

RUSS
I'd be a fucking awesome famous person. Pretend to be vegan, bang hot chicks and occasionally throw a little cash to a burned kid charity or some shit. Harry, you want to start a vodka brand?

HARRY
(distracted)
I don't like vodka.

RUSS
Yeah, I guess that's been done.

A HOT WAITRESS comes up with a bottle service tray filled with top shelf liquor. She sets it on their table.

WAITRESS
Gentlemen, compliments of the house. (To Harry, sexy) Can I offer you something to enjoy?

Before Harry can respond, Chester glides over --

CHESTER
This beast enjoys my drink. Two Double Johnnie Black, neat.

She pours two HUGE glasses of SCOTCH. Harry stifles a gag. Chester holds his up and looks to Harry expectantly...

CHESTER (CONT'D)
You going to do the toast?

HARRY
...Toast?

CHESTER
Yeah, the hilarious one you said you always do before you drink.

Russ and Bryan raise their glasses. Harry turns pale.

HARRY
Oh... That one.

Chester continues staring. Harry stammers, panic-firing --

HARRY (CONT'D)
To... Four score... Friends, Romans...

Chester senses something is off. Harry can feel it. Crap. Then, suddenly like a man possessed --

HARRY (CONT'D)
I was so drunk that night, Chester, I don't know what I said.

Harry then raises his glass, takes a deep breath and slowly, painfully, gulps it down. He manages a smile. Boom.

Bryan and Russ can't believe their eyes.

CHESTER
There he is! Carry on, gentlemen. Mi casa, su casa. I gotta go fuck one of our new hires.

Chester leaves. Harry, relieved, takes a moment to hold back a puke. He then looks up to Bryan and Russ who haven't blinked. He shrugs.

BRYAN
What are you?!

RUSS
Spartacus!

BEGIN MONTAGE to crazy club music:

-- The waitress pours the guys drink after drink.

-- Bryan waves over some nearby HOTTIES who join them. A couple of the ladies fight over Harry.

HARRY
Carol. That's a nice name. My mom's name is Carol.

HOT CHICK
Sign my tit.

HARRY
Okay.

-- Bryan starts making out with a GIRL. Harry and Russ are shocked. Bryan shrugs and mouths, "Whatever." They freak.

-- The guys are on the dance floor, each with a BOTTLE of champagne. Harry is now really letting loose, grinning like an idiot, surrounded by WOMEN.

-- Harry accidentally spills some champagne on a WOMAN'S chest. He freezes, scared. She then JUMPS him and KISSES him hard. Russ sees this and sprays another WOMAN'S boobs with champagne. She SLAPS the ever-loving-shit out of him.

-- Harry, shitfaced, scales the DJ booth as the crowd cheers him on. At the top, he DANCES like a maniac to more cheers. He raises his arm to the crowd and the music stops. The DJ hands him a MICROPHONE.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Minneapolis! How you doing tonight?!

Wild cheering. Several PEOPLE are FILMING on their phones --

HARRY (CONT'D)
My name is Harry Schmerler and I had sex with Stacy Stone! I am the Magic Man!

The club ERUPTS. The music starts again. Russ tears up.

RUSS
Greatest night of my life!

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Harry sleeps on top of the covers fully clothed. Mr. Pickles is backwards on his chest, his BUTTHOLE is INCHES from Harry's nose which unconsciously TWITCHES.

Suddenly there is a SCREAM from outside. Harry quickly SITS UP, CATAPULTING Mr. Peppers into the bathroom -- RAAAAOW!

HARRY
I'm just checking for ticks!

But no one is there. Another SCREAM.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Mom!

He rushes out of the apartment --

EXT. HARRY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Harry runs to the house. The Stingray is parked on the lawn...

INT. HARRY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Harry bursts through the back door and races in --

HARRY
Mom, dad --

He STOPS dead in his tracks in the living room doorway: Carol and Tom sit on the couch with a LAPTOP in front of them. From the computer we hear --

STACY (V.O.)
Fuck that pussy, Magic Man...

Carol looks up at Harry, disgusted. Harry panics.

HARRY
Why are you watching that?!

CAROL
How could you?

TOM
How did you?

HARRY
Okay, it's not what you think --

STACY (V.O.)
Oh yeah, fill my pussy with your --

-- Tom SHUTS the laptop.

CAROL
50 million people have watched this, Harry!

HARRY
Mom --

CAROL
That salesman thing was a lie, wasn't it?! You <u>are</u> selling drugs.

HARRY
No, mom, I'm not, please --

CAROL
We're never gonna live this down.

HARRY
If you would just listen to me --

CAROL
You've always been such a disappointment!

OUCH. Beat. Harry can't believe what he just heard.

TOM
Jesus, Carol. Harry...

HARRY
You -- you really think that?

CAROL
I'm sorry, that was harsh. I didn't mean it.

But the damage is done. Harry shakes his head.

HARRY
Maybe it's time I got my own place.

TOM
Harry, come on --

Harry's cell RINGS -- Amanda. He answers.

AMANDA (O.S)
Are you watching OMG Yahoo?!

HARRY
Amanda, it's not a good time --

AMANDA (O.S.)
They think you're the guy!

HARRY
What?!

Harry quickly opens the laptop and pulls up OMG Yahoo. They play FOOTAGE from last night where Harry admits he's the Magic Man. Harry's jaw drops, remembering --

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh, right...

AMANDA (O.S.)
What are you going to do?

Before Harry can speak, they play a streaming FEED of the OUTSIDE OF HARRY'S PARENTS' HOUSE...

CAROL
Oh dear lord.

Harry looks at his disappointed mother. He takes a deep breath and steadies himself.

HARRY
Sorry, mom.

He turns and nervously walks to the front door.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Amanda, I'll call you back.

AMANDA (O.S.)
What are you doing?

HARRY
...What the Magic Man would do.

He opens the door --

EXT. HARRY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outside there is a MOB of REPORTERS and CAMERAS. They RUSH over as Harry walks out. He smiles broadly.

HARRY
Hi.

MONTAGE --

-- Harry's smiling mug is in a cover story in the Star Tribune: *"Local Car Dealer Is Sex Tape Mystery Man."* OMG Yahoo! and E! Online also run stories about Harry. *"Magic Man Identified; Fisherman Story False!," "Magic Harry."*

-- Bryan helps Harry shop for new clothes.

-- Big Dan pats Harry on the back. The dealership sign now says "*Buy a Chevy from the Magic Man.*"

-- Harry has 100,000 friend requests on Facebook; @MagicCock has over 500,000 followers.

-- There is a PHOTO of Harry in *In Touch* magazine pumping gas in the "*Stars: Just Like Us*" section.

-- Amanda lies in bed bored as Lance scans his iPad.

-- Harry sells a car to Adrian Peterson who asks to have a picture taken with Harry.

-- Harry opens his email to see 500 new messages filled with pictures of NAKED WOMEN and DICK PILL sponsorship offers.

-- Harry meets with an AGENT to look at condos.

-- Amanda skims Netflix as Lance sleeps.

INT. HARRY'S CONDO - EVENING

A HUGE pad perfect for a loaded bachelor. Amanda stares out the window admiring the view.

AMANDA
How the hell can you afford this place?

HARRY
The landlord gave me a discount on rent. Nice guy.

AMANDA
Unbelievable.

HARRY
Right? You'd think I had found the cure for cancer, not been secretly filmed having sex.

AMANDA
You didn't do that either.

Harry goes to grab something out of the fridge.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'm worried about you, Harry.

HARRY
Why? I'm having a blast.

AMANDA
I know. But... it's going to be really hard on you when you have to come clean in a couple weeks.

HARRY
Oh. Right. That...

AMANDA
Harry...

HARRY
Don't worry, I'm still doing it. I promise. And I'll be fine.

He then whips out a BOTTLE of champagne.

AMANDA
What's that for?

HARRY
Figured a 35 year old man moving out of his parent's house is something worth celebrating.

Harry tries to look cool as he strains to remove the cork. It finally SHOOTS out and NAILS Amanda in the forehead.

AMANDA
Oof!

Harry panics and runs over to her.

HARRY
Holy crap, I'm so sorry!

AMANDA
(almost laughing)
I'm okay.

He gently inspects her forehead. Their faces are very close. Amanda's heart beats a touch faster.

HARRY
I'm such an idiot.

AMANDA
It just scared me more than anything...

HARRY
I bet.

Beat. Neither one moves, enjoying the closeness. Then --

HARRY (CONT'D)
Um, we should drink!

AMANDA
Yes.

He pours two glasses and hands her one.

HARRY
To finally moving out. And to you getting married in a few weeks.

AMANDA
Oh, let's just drink to you moving out. (off his look) I don't want to spoil your moment. That's all.

HARRY
...Are you and Lance okay?

AMANDA
Yeah, you know. Just stress getting ready for the wedding. (raises glass) Hey, cheers.

They clink and sip. Awkward beat as Harry's mind churns. Neither has the courage to say what's on their minds...

Harry suddenly finds himself setting his glass down. His heart is pounding. *Take a risk*...

HARRY
Amanda... I --

A sharp KNOCK at the door.

AMANDA
...You what?

HARRY
Let me just get that.

Harry walks over and opens the door. A WOMAN stands there in a hoodie and sunglasses.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

She removes the sunglasses and pulls back the hoodie...

...*IT'S FUCKING STACY STONE!*

STACY
Hi, Harry.

Harry SCREAMS like a little girl and SLAMS the door shut. He turns back to Amanda, looking like he just saw a ghost.

AMANDA
Who was that?

HARRY
Stacy Stone!

AMANDA
Shut up!

Amanda tiptoes over and looks through the peephole --

HARRY
Oh my gosh, Oh my gosh...

STACY
(muffled)
Harry? Can I come in?

AMANDA
Holy shit.

HARRY
I'm so dead!

He takes several deep breaths to try to calm himself.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh man, I can't believe this! Okay. Okay. We knew this couldn't last forever. Darn it!

STACY (O.S.)
Harry? Hello?

AMANDA
I'm so sorry, Harry! I'm here for you. I can help.

HARRY
No, it's my problem. (beat) Can you maybe hide in another room? I'd rather you not watch me get humiliated.

AMANDA
Okay...

She kisses him on the cheek. Harry blushes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You're a good person, Harry.
Remember that.

He watches her as she heads to the bedroom. He then turns back to the door. Deep breath. He opens it --

STACY
What the fuck?

HARRY
Sorry, I... had to clean the place.

STACY
Can I come in?

HARRY
Yes! Sorry.

She walks in. Harry tries not to shit his pants. Beat.

STACY
(re: condo)
Not bad.

She looks back at Harry. He knows it's over. He winces, waiting for her to out him. Then --

STACY (CONT'D)
Are you hungry?

HARRY
...A-who-da-wanna?

STACY
I'm fucking starved. Why don't we go get dinner. What's good here?

HARRY
You wanna get dinner with me?

STACY
We had sex, Harry. I think we can handle dinner.

Harry can't believe his ears -- she thinks he's the guy!

HARRY
I...I, okay. Yeah. Dinner.

STACY
Bring your sunglasses.

HARRY
Sunglasses... Check.

In a daze, he walks out with her.

Beat. Amanda emerges from the bedroom, confused.

AMANDA
Harry -- ?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dimly lit, romantic, but bustling. Harry and Stacy sit at a corner table, both in SUNGLASSES. They get the occasional glance from a curious PATRON.

Harry nervously fidgets as Stacy eyes him. He reaches for his water, but KNOCKS it over SPILLING it onto his lap.

HARRY
Darn it.

STACY
Why did you tell me you were going on a fishing trip?

HARRY
I, um... was trying to be cool?

STACY
By lying to me?

HARRY
Hmm. Yeah. Sorry. It’s uh... car salesman thing. I guess.

STACY
Didn’t you also say you don’t like cars because they are destroying the environment?

Harry laughs hard, racking his brain for a response.

HARRY
I was... just trying to get some sex and... you were pretty drunk?

She watches him for a beat. Harry tenses. Oh no...

STACY
Yeah, I guess I was.

Phew. Harry raises his arm to flag a waiter and accidentally SMACKS the WAITER who was already there right in the face.

WAITER
Ow!

HARRY
Oh, sorry (points to glasses) didn't see you. Hi. Could I get some more water please?

The waiter heads off. Harry smiles nervously.

STACY
I remember you being a lot smoother.

HARRY
Oh. (trying to be smooth) I mean, ohhhhh.

STACY
Yeah, no. I don't remember you being like this at all...

Harry is flailing. He finally takes off his sunglasses, knowing the charade is up. But before he can say anything --

STACY (CONT'D)
I really should cut down on my drinking.

He's still in play! She takes off her sunglasses and shrugs.

STACY (CONT'D)
Solidarity.

A few patrons notice them. Phones pop up snapping PHOTOS.

STACY (CONT'D)
You know, I don't think I've eaten in a restaurant without sunglasses in five years.

HARRY
Really?

STACY
Not since my first sex tape with Jay-Z. Such a mistake. But at least that one wasn't some asshole secretly taping us.

HARRY
Seems like sex tapes have been kinda good for you.

STACY
Weird right? Hard to believe 5 years ago I was just a waitress living in a crappy apartment with two cats.

HARRY
I love cats.

STACY
Most men hate cats.

HARRY
(gaining confidence)
Did you <u>see</u> the tape? I ain't like most men.

STACY
You certainly aren't...

HARRY
What's your cat's name?

STACY
Captain Bang Bang.

HARRY
Mine is Mr. Pickles.

STACY
Oh my god I love that name!

HARRY
Weird names for cats are a must.

STACY
Totally. My childhood cat was named Sunny Summersunburst.

HARRY
And he was a sourpuss, right? Boom!

They both laugh. This thing just might work...

EXT. HARRY'S CONDO - LATER

A LIMO pulls up with Harry and Stacy.

STACY
I had a lot of fun, Harry.

HARRY
Me too. You wanna... hang out again?

STACY
Definitely. But let's take it slow. Hit the reset button. Maybe you can come out to LA sometime.

HARRY
G-great. Yeah.

Stacy leans over and kisses him on the cheek. He blushes.

STACY
Night, Harry.

HARRY
Night, Stacy.

He slides out and watches her drive off...

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - LOT - NEXT MORNING

Harry struts onto the lot. He FIST BUMPS Bryan and Russ.

HARRY
B-diggity. Roooooooooss!

RUSS
Hit up Sage again tonight?

HARRY
Maybe some other time.

Harry heads toward the showroom. Bryan cracks up.

BRYAN
Oh shit, you just got big-timed!

RUSS
Whatever. Eat a dick.

BRYAN
You do know that's not an insult for me, right?

RUSS
Eat a tiny dick.

INT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - SHOWROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda sees Harry walk in. She hurries over.

AMANDA
Are you okay? What happened? I never heard from you.

HARRY
She thinks I'm him.

AMANDA
Wait -- what? What? What?

HARRY
She was really drunk that night.

Amanda shakes her head in disbelief.

HARRY (CONT'D)
And I asked her if she wanted to hang out again and she said yes!

Now Amanda is really in shock. She's afraid to ask --

AMANDA
Did you...?

HARRY
Oh, no.

AMANDA
Thank god!

HARRY
You sound relieved.

AMANDA
Yeah. She's a walking petri dish.

HARRY
Hey. She's nice. And really down to earth.

AMANDA
The only time she's "down to earth" Harry is when she's getting fucked on it. Which is very, very often.

HARRY
Are you... jealous?

AMANDA
Gimme a break. (then) You're making a mistake. Seriously.

HARRY
You know, you keep saying that. But has anything bad happened? Why can't you just be happy for me?

AMANDA
Because --

Russ BURSTS through the door, his face in a euphoric daze.

RUSS
Dude... Stacy Stone is here.

Harry looks to Amanda who just shakes her head. They'll have to finish this later.

EXT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - LOT - MOMENTS LATER

They all walk out. Stacy is standing there talking with Bryan and Big Dan. She smiles when she sees Harry.

STACY
Hey there, stranger.

HARRY
Hey. I see you met the guys. And, um, this is Amanda. Amanda, Stacy.

Stacy and Amanda eye each other, immediate enemies.

STACY
(bitch)
Pleasure.

AMANDA
(whore)
Big fan.

HARRY
So... you looking to get a car?

STACY
No, a friend's having a party and I thought you might want to come.

HARRY
You have a friend in Minneapolis?

STACY
Not exactly...

Stacy gives Amanda a smug grin. Off Harry's look --

EXT. STACY'S PRIVATE JET - DAY

A slick G-5 with Stacy's FACE painted on the TAIL FIN flies over the clouds.

INT. STACY'S PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Stacy smiles as a FLIGHT ATTENDANT sets a huge ICE CREAM SUNDAE in front of Harry.

HARRY
Best plane ride ever!

EXT. LOS ANGELES - SUNSET

Various iconic SHOTS of Los Angeles as the jet touches down.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

Harry and Stacy step out of a limo. A few random HOLLYWOOD DOUCHES hang out smoking, drinks in hand.

HARRY
So, who's house is this -- ?

MAN (O.S.)
There she is.

They turn to see BRAD PITT walk up with a HUGE JAR OF WEED.

STACY
Hey, Brad.

Brad and Stacy hug. Harry's jaw drops.

BRAD PITT
Dinklage smoked all my shit. Had to grab more from the garden. You must be the Magic Man. Brad. Nice to meet you.

HARRY
You know who I am?

Brad laughs and puts his arm around Harry.

BRAD PITT
Whoever does your dick's twitterfeed is a genius.

HARRY
Thanks...

Stacy pulls a star-struck Harry inside.

INT. BRAD PITT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is crowded with Hollywood's elite: HANDSOME MEN, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN and NERDY BALD DUDES.

HARRY
It's like the Justice League of famous people.

Stacy laughs, enjoying his reaction.

STACY
You want a drink?

HARRY
Yes, please. But I uh... I gotta use the bathroom.

STACY
Breathe, Harry. They're just people. Meet me at the bar.

She winks and smiles as she heads off.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harry opens the door. Inside a SMARMY GUY blabs on his cell as he does a line of COCAINE and gets BLOWN by a hot WOMAN.

HARRY
Oh god, I'm so sorry --

SMARMY GUY
(into cell ignoring Harry)
-- I got plenty of talentless waifs that could do that role better. One's with me right now in fact --

WOMAN
(mumbled, still blowing)
Thanks.

SMARMY GUY
Watch the teeth. (seeing Harry)
Magic Man! Hey, who's your rep? You
happy with him?

Harry quickly turns and stumbles off. He nearly runs right into DAVID BLAINE who is talking to ANNE HATHAWAY and a few of her friends.

DAVID BLAINE
I just made your nipple disappear.

ANNE HATHAWAY
Right...

David Blaine smiles. She pulls out her boob and, sure enough, there is NO NIPPLE. The folks around them gasp.

ANNE HATHAWAY
Oh my god!

HARRY
Oh my god!

DAVID BLAINE
And watch...

David Blaine grabs a PEPPERONI off a PIZZA and WHIPS it at Anne Hathaway like a frisbee. She looks down -- the nipple has RETURNED! Everyone cheers. David Blaine sees Harry.

DAVID BLAINE (CONT'D)
Hey, the real Magic Man.

Harry blushes and waves awkwardly as he walks away.

Growing unnerved, he scurries over to the bar looking for Stacy. She's not there. He sees Brad Pitt smoking a JOINT with PETER DINKLAGE whose eyes are popping out of his skull.

PETER DINKLAGE
And then he's like, "eat the dog"
and I'm like "Fuck no, I'll pop the
monkey." And then he shot her. I
fucking lost my shit!

Peter and Brad crack up.

Harry is overwhelmed. What is he doing here? Maybe he is in over his head. Maybe Amanda was right. Maybe --

BRAD PITT (O.S.)
Want some?

Harry snaps from his trance. Brad Pitt holds out the joint.

HARRY
No, thanks. I don't do pot.

PETER DINKLAGE
Eat the dog!

BRAD PITT
You alright, bro?

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER walks by and SLAPS Harry on the ASS.

SCHWARZENEGGER
You fuck like a true champion.

HARRY
Ah!

Harry turns back to Brad Pitt and Peter Dinklage, freaking.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Okay, I don't know what the heck I'm doing here. I've watched you all my entire life. And now I'm here and everything's weird and...

PETER DINKLAGE
My dad killed a man with an axe.

Harry just looks at Peter. Brad tries to calm him.

BRAD PITT
Henry --

HARRY
Harry --

BRAD PITT
Harry. Buddy. Half these people have no business being here. Everyone just got lucky in some way or another. Enjoy it.

The words come out before he can even think --

HARRY
Yeah, but you guys are -- I'm nothing. I'm... I'm a fraud.

BRAD PITT
Listen bro: Everyone's a fraud. Welcome to Hollywood.

Harry just stares at Brad Pitt as his words sink in. He's right. Harry relaxes.

BRAD PITT (CONT'D)
There you go. Now have some ganj.

He looks at the joint. Screw it. But before he takes it --

STACY
A-ha. There you are. I've got some people I want you to meet.

HARRY
Oh, okay. (then) Thanks for the advice Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dinklage.

PETER DINKLAGE
Winter is coming.

HARRY
Right.

Stacy takes Harry over to a couple of the BALD NERDY DUDES.

STACY
Dean, Kyle, this is Harry. Dean and Kyle produced my last reality series "Stone's Stilettoes." Now they are interested in doing a show with the two of us.

HARRY
<u>What</u>?

DEAN
A show with you and Stacy would be gold. LA girl, Midwest guy, brought together by chance. It's Entourage meets My Fair Lady.

KYLE
You'd be Audrey Hepburn. But a dude. Andrew Hepburn. Whatever.

DEAN
It could be a lot of money for you. And keep you from being just a flash in the pan.

Harry can hardly believe what he's hearing.

HARRY
Yeah, that -- sounds amazing.

DEAN
Great. We'll hash out the details with Stacy after your meeting with Glen tomorrow.

HARRY
Who?

STACY
Glen Chambers. He's my agent. You're going to love him.

DEAN
To "When Harry Met Stacy."

They all cheers. Life is good.

INT. AMANDA AND LANCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amanda and Lance finish dinner, quietly reading their iPads. Amanda looks up at Lance. Beat. She closes her iPad.

AMANDA
Hey. I have an idea...

She gets up and heads for the kitchen. She comes back with a BOTTLE of wine and her shirt UNBUTTONED two notches...

AMANDA (CONT'D)
How about for dessert we have some wine and, you know, whatever...

LANCE
Oh. I'm a little stressed with work and wedding planning stuff, so...

Amanda sits down, disappointed.

AMANDA
Don't you feel like it's been forever since we... let loose?

LANCE
We've been busy.

AMANDA
Have we? Yeah, you're out of town a lot, but when you aren't we're just reading our iPads or watching Netflix or HGTV. I love me some Property Brothers but, come on.

LANCE
Things'll be easier after the wedding, babe. Just a weird time.

Lance collects their plates. He kisses her forehead and goes to the kitchen.

AMANDA
...Thanks for cleaning up.

Amanda frowns. She pours herself a hefty glass of wine and opens up her iPad. She TAPS the "Netflix" app...

INT. STACY'S MANSION - LATER

Stacy leads Harry into a guest room that looks like it's cut out of a Roman Villa. Marble floors, silk drapes, and a lavish king bed. Harry's eyes go wide. Stacy smiles.

HARRY
Holy Hanna.

STACY
Make yourself at home. You can sleep in, too. We aren't meeting with Glen until 2.

HARRY
Great. Where do you sleep?

STACY
Wouldn't you like to know.

She flashes her famous, sexy smile and gives him a sensual kiss on his cheek. Then, deadly serious --

STACY (CONT'D)
You're gonna be a fucking star.

Harry's legs barely hold him up as Stacy struts out the door.

INT. HARRY'S GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Harry is fast asleep. He slowly opens his eyes and...

...There's a CAMERA LENS inches from his face. A ENTIRE FILM CREW stands behind the camera.

HARRY
AHHH! Who are you people?!

Suddenly the door BURSTS OPEN and Stacy storms in.

HARRY (CONT'D)
AHHHH!

STACY
What the fuck?! It's NOON you lazy shit. I didn't sign up to have Kevin Federline in my house!

HARRY
I -- Huh? Who are these people? And why are you yelling at me? You said I could sleep in...

STACY
No, Harry -- Shit. Guys, cut.

CAMERA GUY
That's a cut.

The film crew relaxes.

STACY
Harry, this is the show. "When Harry Met Stacy," remember? Dean and I agreed we should strike while the iron's hot.

HARRY
Ohhhh... Cool! But I don't understand why you're mad at me.

STACY
It's just for the cameras. Drama is what makes it entertaining. You need to play along or there's no drama and therefore, no show.

HARRY
But it's a reality show.

Stacy and the crew laugh.

STACY
Let's start again. And this time, think drama.

HARRY
Drama. Got it.

She leaves. Harry lays down and starts SNORING cartoonishly. The camera guy rolls his eyes. The door BURST OPEN again --

STACY
What the fuck?! It’s NOON you lazy shit.

HARRY
(soap opera melodramatic)
Hello... Stacy.

STACY
(laughs)
Okay, cut.

HARRY
Too much?

STACY
Eh. We’ll get there.

INT. CAA CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Several SUITS sit around a large glass table. At the helm is GLEN, 40’s, cloaked in Prada, standing in front of an 80-inch plasma SCREEN. Harry and Stacy sit at the other end with the reality crew filming everything.

GLEN
Harry, my name is Glen Chambers. You don’t know me. But when I say this, you better believe it: I love you. I love the shit out of you.

HARRY
Thanks. I... love you too.

GLEN
Harry, what do you do best?

HARRY
Jigsaw puzzles.

GLEN
If by jigsaw puzzles you mean “fucking,” then yes. And the internet has made you a legend. So we are going to harness your legendary status and make you shit tons of money. You like shit tons of money?

HARRY
Um. Yes.

GLEN
Good. I believe in riding this bronc where it wants to take us.

He TAPS his iPad and the plasma screen displays a PHOTO of Harry frozen mid-thrust from the sex tape with a flashy caption: ***Harry Schmerler How-To Sex Videos.***

STACY
You look so hot.

GLEN
We go with what and where your stardom is working and build momentum. YouTube, YouPorn, Pornhub, you name it.

Another TAP on the iPad and the screen switches to a PHOTO of Harry wearing Ed Hardy gear covered in sparkles, flames, and griffins. Caption: ***"Ed Hardy Presents the Harry Schmerler Line for Men."***

GLEN (CONT'D)
Men everywhere wanna be you, and Ed Hardy wants to help you, help them, be you. And if you thought this was baller, do I have a motherfucking surprise for you.

Another TAP on the iPad and Harry is now bare-chested and surrounded by HOT MODELS groping him. In the background a huge AXE BODY SPRAY BOTTLE reads, ***"Magic Man: The scent no woman can resist."***

GLEN (CONT'D)
This is the piece de resistance and the picture speaks for itself. With this fragrance, anyone can have your essence, your style, your swagger. This is how we introduce you to the world, as you were meant to be -- a superstar.

Another TAP, and the women all FADE away and Harry's image MOVES to the center with Stacy Stone appearing next to him. Behind Stacy is her own FRAGRANCE BOTTLE that reads, ***"Stacy Stone's 'Sex': Can YOU Handle It?"***

GLEN (CONT'D)
So what do you think, my friend?

HARRY
I think... wow. Like, wow.

STACY
It's perfect.

GLEN
I agree, but I came up with it.

STACY
Glen know's what he's doing, baby. He made me who I am today.

GLEN
That was all you, love. I just showed you the way. So, Harry, you gonna let me show you the way?

HARRY
...Let's do this!

Harry then LEAPS up on the table, PULLS his shirt off and starts SWINGING it over his head, howling like an animal.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Show me the way, baby! Let's ride this pony into the sunset like the caballeros we were meant to be!

Harry TOSSES his shirt and JUMPS off the table, grabs the nearest camera and looks directly into the lens.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You hear that world?! I'm a-coming and there ain't no stopping this train. So you best get ready!

Harry PUSHES the camera away and stands like a rock star who just dropped the mic on the stage. The room is stunned.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Was that good? More of what you are looking for?

Stacy smiles.

STACY
That was amazing.

Glen starts clapping and the room follows. Then --

GLEN
Excellent, Harry. So here's the capper: We're gonna have a fucking epic launch party next week at the W in Hollywood. It is going to be wild.
(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)
Firebreathers, lions, chicks with dicks, you name it. Get ready for the big time, Magic Man.

Off Harry beaming --

INT. HARRY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING

Carol and Tom watch *Entertainment Tonight* on TV. They are showing a VIDEO clip of Harry and Stacy exiting a club. Carol shakes her head.

CAROL
I feel bad about what I said to Harry.

TOM
(off TV)
Pretty sure he's over it.

CAROL
But he's my little baby boy.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Carol gets up and opens the door --

A slender WOMAN in a form-fitting red dress stands there facing the street. The woman slowly turns around and --

-- It's a TRANSVESTITE, replete with a penis bulge and five o'clock shadow! Carol gasps.

TRANNY
(deep voice)
Is Harry home?

Carol slams the door shut.

CAROL
Our son is the devil!

INT. DELTA AIRLINES FIRST CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

Harry is decked out in Ed Hardy: bandana under the flat brimmed cap, giant color tinted sunglasses and all. He looks like the ringleader of the Douchebag Circus.

Harry hits the call button. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches.

HARRY
Can I get a real pillow? There is no way I'm going to get any sleep with this rag.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I'm so sorry, sir. But these are the only pillows we have. I can bring you another if you'd like?

HARRY
Just, whatever. Yeah, bring me two more pillows.

The flight attendant hurries off to get his pillows.

Harry looks to the PASSENGER next to him.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You'd think first class would take better care of its customers.

PASSENGER
I've watched your video a hundred times. Will you sign my laptop?

Harry smiles.

PRELAP: The ROAR of an engine and the SCREECH of tires.

EXT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - LOT - MORNING

Big Dan is talking with Bryan and Russ as Harry FISH-TAILS the Stingray onto the lot.

He lays on the HORN as he WHIPS the car to a stop. A VAN speeds into the lot and parks behind him. The doors open and the REALITY FILM CREW scrambles out.

Harry gets out of the car and pulls off his sunglasses CARUSO-STYLE. He SPRITZES himself with his AXE BODY SPRAY.

HARRY
(to film crew)
Alright fellas, we got some great light so let's get the most out of it. Minnesota weather can be a fickle thang. (to Big Dan and the guys) Gentlemen! You ready to sell some flipping cars?!

The film crew scatters about the lot filming everything: the cars, the lobby, and the various CUSTOMERS looking around.

BIG DAN
What's all this?

HARRY
This is my new reality show. This is what's gonna make your dealership famous, babe.

BRYAN/RUSS
Babe?

HARRY
Where's Amanda?

BIG DAN
It's her day off. Harry --

A PA runs up.

PA
Mr. Schmerler, a couple said they won't sign our release form. Will you talk to them?

HARRY
Just tell them to leave. Plenty of people will be lining up.

The PA nods and runs off.

Russ and Bryan share a look. Big Dan takes a deep breath.

BIG DAN
Harry, you know I'm a fan, but this might be a little... much.

HARRY
Hey, you and I should figure out a fun scene where we go at it. Kinda like a cop movie where --

BIG DAN
Harry, I can't have these guys scaring away the customers.

Harry points to the poster of himself on the dealership sign.

HARRY
You mean the customers that came here to see me?

The camera crew has now surrounded them.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Listen, babe. If they go, I go.

BRYAN
Please stop saying, “babe.”

Big Dan shrugs, trying to be reasonable.

BIG DAN
I’m sorry, Harry. This isn’t LA. People here aren’t comfortable with this kind of attention. Just have the crew --

HARRY
Fine, you know what? Forget this place. You always treated me like crap. It wasn’t until good things started happening to me that you changed your tune. Well I don’t need you anymore. Schmerler out!

Harry storms off and the crew follows. Then --

HARRY (CONT’D)
You got all that right?

CAMERA GUY
Oh, yeah.

INT. HARRY’S CONDO - DAY

Harry sits at his kitchen table on his LAPTOP staring intently at the screen. His hand rhythmically MOVES back and forth. Then --

HARRY
Oh, that is a load of bull!

REVEAL that he is actually reading “Pop Sugar” about himself while his hand brushes through his Twitter feed on his phone.

The article shows a PICTURE of Harry and Stacy exiting a limo in Los Angeles. Caption: *“If Stacy is gonna dress her man, at least get rid of the Lee Jeans.”*

HARRY (CONT’D)
Those are totally coming back. Fashion philistines.

He SPRITZES himself with the AXE BODY SPRAY.

HARRY (CONT'D)
And how does my fake penis twitter account have more followers than me? I'm verified! That's just some fat housewife in Iowa.

Mr. Pickles ambles over and rubs himself on Harry's arm.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Stop it, Mr. Pickles. I'm working.

He SHOOS the cat away who gives Harry a withering look.

A KNOCK at the door. Harry groans.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I told you guys. I need an hour.

He leaps up and pulls the door open. It's Amanda.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Oh, hey!

AMANDA
Hi -- whoa, what's that smell?

HARRY
My new signature Axe Body Spray. Cool, right?

AMANDA
You have your own Axe Body Spray now?!

HARRY
How are you? Gosh I meant to text or call, I've just been slammed.

AMANDA
(eyeing devices on table)
Yeah, I can see that.

Harry quickly turns everything off. Laughs nervously.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You've had a crazy last few days. Saw a bunch of paparazzi photos of you in LA.

HARRY
Psh. They always get me from the worst angle.

AMANDA
(laughs)
Jesus, Harry.

HARRY
Yeah, sorry. But they do!

She laughs. Beat.

AMANDA
So... I have some big news for you.

HARRY
Me too. I'll go first: I quit Big Dan's and I figured out a way to continue being the Magic Man!

AMANDA
Wait -- what? What? What?

HARRY
Yeah! Whenever the real guy shows up, I'll say he's the impostor. Everyone'll believe me. Even Stacy thinks I'm him.

AMANDA
Are you nuts? You're gonna what -- just live the rest of your life pretending to be someone else?!

HARRY
Brad Pitt says everyone's a fraud.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The reality film crew hangs out on break. The camera guy looks up to see Amanda and Harry arguing in the window.

CAMERA GUY
Who the fuck is that?

PA
Oh, this girl I think he has a crush on --

CAMERA GUY
WHAT THE FUCK?! I told you to get the goddamn cameras put up there! Let's go! Go, go, go!

INT. HARRY'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

AMANDA
When in the hell did you talk to Brad Pitt?

HARRY
At his house in the hills. Whatever. Amanda, they're having a party for me this weekend at the W in Hollywood! After that it's official. I'll be a star! Can you believe it?!

Amanda is speechless. She sits down.

HARRY (CONT'D)
So, what were you going to tell me?

Silence as she continues processing what Harry said. She wonders if she should even say it. Then, quietly --

AMANDA
I'm thinking about leaving Lance.

HARRY
What? The wedding is next week.

AMANDA
Uh-huh. (then) I thought maybe it was just cold feet. But, I don't know anymore with Lance. We don't fight, we don't... do anything. We went from great to like an old married couple in the span of a year. And I don't laugh anymore. Ever... Except when I'm with you...

HARRY
Oh. I... Oh.

He goes to her, but she stands up and walks to the window.

AMANDA
But I can't support what you are doing, Harry. I just can't. It makes me sad.

Before he can respond, the door FLIES open and the film crew RUSHES in, cameras rolling.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
What the fuck?!

CAMERA GUY
Sorry, Mr. Schmerler. Just take it back from where you guys began.

AMANDA
Take what back?!

HARRY
It's uh... my reality show. Sorry. (then, gathering himself) Let's just start from where you say I'm the only one who makes you laugh.

AMANDA
You're joking.

HARRY
I know, it's weird. But it's all about drama. Here, we'll do one for the cameras and then we can talk. I'll start to help you get into it. Just edit into this, fellas.

Harry clears his throat and gets into "character."

HARRY (CONT'D)
So I'm the only one who makes you laugh? Does that mean you have feelings for me? When did this start?

AMANDA
What are you doing?

HARRY
I've always felt there was something between us, but I have to question your timing. I mean, when I was Big Dan's lackey you just wanted me to be your "friend" --

AMANDA
Harry, stop.

HARRY
But now that someone else has found me interesting and the world knows what kind of man I really am, you come to me with your feelings? You gotta admit, that's a little suspicious --

She rears back and CLOCKS Harry with a RIGHT HOOK. He SQUEALS and folds up like a chair.

AMANDA
Fuck you, Harry Schmerler!

She BARRELS through the crew and out the door. Harry scrambles to stop her, but trips on his own legs.

HARRY
Ow! Wait! Amanda, it was just for the drama -- !

CAMERA MAN
This show is a friggin' gold mine.

EXT. HARRY'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Harry races outside only to see Amanda's car speeding off.

HARRY
Amanda!

But she's gone. Beat. Harry's cell RINGS. "*STACYLICIOUS*." He reluctantly answers.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hey, Stacy.

INT. STACY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Stacy is in bed with a CREAM MASK on. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

STACY
How's my little superstar?

HARRY
Uh, I've been better...

STACY
Well snap out of it! Cause your debut is around the corner, baby! This party is going to be fucking amazeballs. Everyone in town is going to be jealous of you. I'm almost jealous.

HARRY
Right...

STACY
Hey. Who is my Magic Man?

HARRY
...I am.

STACY
Say it, you sexy fuck.

HARRY
...I am the Magic Man.

STACY
There you go.

Harry finally starts to smile.

EXT. W HOTEL HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Giant spotlights criss-cross the sky as we SWOOP DOWN to the crowded gala around the pool.

One side of the hotel is draped with a massive dictator-like POSTER of Harry and Stacy in a melodramatic embrace with their AXE fragrances behind them.

A TRUMPET sounds. A GOLDEN CARRIAGE is brought in on the shoulders of several shirtless BUFF DUDES. Harry and Stacy, dressed to the nines, sit on top. The crowd CHEERS as they toss out MINI BOTTLES of their fragrances.

HARRY
You're amazing.

STACY
No, you.

She leans over and KISSES him softly on the mouth. From Harry's reaction, it's clear it's the first time.

The buff dudes set the carriage down. White-coated WAITERS hand them champagne.

The reality show camera is nearby filming as Glen appears. He kisses Stacy on each cheek.

GLEN
Gorgeous. Just gorgeous.

HARRY
Glen-diggity.

GLEN
Superstar.

HARRY
This party's fab, babe.

Stacy puts her hand on Harry's back and rubs it sensually.

GLEN
Sky's the limit, Harry. Or the galaxy even...

MAN (O.S.)
That's right.

Harry turns to see GEORGE LUCAS standing there.

GEORGE LUCAS
Hello, Harry. George Lucas.

Harry smiles easily as he shakes George Lucas' hand.

GEORGE LUCAS (CONT'D)
Big fan.

HARRY
Likewise.

Stacy's hand slips to Harry's BUTT which she now caresses.

GEORGE LUCAS
Listen. We're about to start the next Star Wars and I thought it would be fun to have you do a cameo as a Jedi. Give us some edginess we've been lacking. Interested?

HARRY
Only if Stacy can be involved too.

GEORGE LUCAS
Well, I can't promise anything.

Harry gives him a look...

HARRY
George...

GEORGE LUCAS
...Okay. I'll see what I can do.

HARRY
You're the best.

George heads off. Glen claps Harry on the back.

GLEN
Jesus Christ, you just Jedi mind-tricked George Lucas!

STACY
(lustfully to Harry)
Can I talk to you for a second?

HARRY
Sure.

GLEN
Oooh. (like a cat) Raow!

She takes Harry's hand and leads him through the crowd. Various PEOPLE say hello as they pass.

HARRY
Where are we going?

She just smiles. They pass Brad Pitt and Peter Dinklage who look high, again. They all HIGH-FIVE.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Brad, Peter.

PETER DINKLAGE
Don't drink the snake blood.

Harry and Stacy approach a POOL CABANA. She opens the curtains -- empty. She turns back to the reality camera crew.

STACY
Give us a few minutes, guys.

The camera crew hangs back as Stacy leads Harry into --

INT. POOL CABANA - CONTINUOUS

Typical pool cabana with a couple deck chairs and a day bed. Harry looks around uncertain as Stacy walks into the center.

HARRY
So...

She reaches to her shoulder and SLIPS OFF her dress strap. The gown SLIDES down to her waist. She slowly turns back to Harry, her perfect breasts exposed.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Jiminy Cricket...

STACY
I want you to fuck me, Magic Man.

Harry stammers as she comes to him. She gives him a long, passionate KISS. He nervously glances at the curtains. A CAMERA LENS from the reality crew pokes through --

HARRY
Whoa, hey. They're filming this.

STACY
It's okay...

She kisses him again. But Harry pulls back, weirded out.

HARRY
I-- I'm sorry, this is -- Can we maybe wait and do this without the cameras and a thousand people standing outside?

STACY
(devilish smirk)
Come on, Harry. Take a risk.

That stops Harry cold.

HARRY
What did you say?

STACY
Take a risk. (beat) What?

HARRY
...Just -- That's something Amanda told me once.

STACY
Oh forget that bitch.

HARRY
Hey, she's not a bitch.

STACY
She's a <u>nobody</u>, Harry.

She goes to kiss him, but Harry stops her.

HARRY
She's not a nobody.

STACY
You're with me now. And you're gonna be huge. Come play with me and you'll forget you ever hung out with those losers...

Stacy's words strike Harry. Beat... Suddenly it all becomes clear. What the hell is he doing? He steps away from her.

HARRY
I can't do this anymore.

STACY
Do what?

HARRY
Stacy, I'm sorry. But I'm... not the guy from the video. Everyone thought I was him so I played along. It was a mistake.

STACY
...What the fuck are you talking about, Harry?

HARRY
I just wanted the guys at work to like me and it got out of hand...

She quickly pulls up her dress as the camera crew comes in.

STACY
Oh my god.

HARRY
I didn't mean to hurt you.

He takes a step toward her.

STACY
Get away from me!

HARRY
Okay. I'm sorry. (beat) I think I should go home.

Harry walks out and Stacy follows, irate.

EXT. W HOTEL HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

The party rages as Harry and Stacy come out of the cabana. She gets in front of Harry and SLAPS him, hard --

STACY
ASSHOLE!

PEOPLE turn to see what's going on. Stacy shouts to the crowd as they hush down.

STACY (CONT'D)
This creep is an impostor! He not the real Magic Man! He's just some loser car salesman taking advantage of me to get attention!

A smattering of GASPS. The crowd looks to Harry. He shrugs.

HARRY
I didn't intend for it to go this far. I'm sorry --

Stacy SLAPS him again. The crowd is unsettled.

STACY
You're gonna hear from my lawyer you sick fuck!

She storms off. Harry stands there trying not to fall apart.

The shocked guests start to leave.

Brad Pitt and Peter Dinklage walk by --

BRAD PITT
You weren't lying.

Peter suddenly stops. He turns to Harry, totally lucid --

PETER DINKLAGE
When one door closes, another opens...

Harry looks at Peter, touched. Peter then smiles, fatherly --

PETER DINKLAGE (CONT'D)
You're a good girl, Sansa. I <u>will</u> protect you from Joffrey, for a Lannister always pays his debts.

Brad and Peter leave. The mass exodus continues.

Harry sits down at a table. He pulls out his cell and calls Amanda. Voicemail.

HARRY
(broken)
Amanda, please call me.

He sets the phone down and takes a deep breath.

LATER --

Harry still sits at the table. The party is now empty, just cleaning crew. A WAITER approaches with a HUGE RECEIPT.

WAITER
I was told you'd be taking care of this.

As we PULL BACK from Harry, the garish decorations look even more absurd in the now empty space.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Harry is sardined between two GIGANTIC FAT PEOPLE in coach. They've taken over both arm rests and LAUGH hysterically at each other's jokes.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - LATER

Harry drags his luggage though the lot. He stops in front of a parking space. It's empty. He looks around confused.

INT. AIRPORT PARKING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Harry stands at the counter when a CLERK approaches and hands him a note. It reads, "*This car is for Big Dan's Salesman of the Month. Not Asshole of the Year, asshole*." Harry sighs.

EXT. AIRPORT BUS STATION - LATER

Harry waits to get on a bus. When he gets to the front, the doors SLAM SHUT. He looks up, confused: it's his usual morning BUS DRIVER. He sneers at Harry and drives away.

EXT. HARRY'S CONDO - MUCH LATER

It's RAINING now as Harry gets out of a cab.

He walks up the steps and slips in his keycard. It doesn't work. He tries again -- no luck. He pushes the buzzer.

INT. PROPERTY MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry sits opposite the stone-faced PROPERTY MANAGER.

HARRY
Evicted? That has to be illegal. You can't just kick me out.

PROPERTY MANAGER
You've been receiving an 80% "celebrity" discount. The owner has since revoked said discount for obvious reasons. But if you can pay the balance owing, you're welcome to stay.

HARRY
Fine, what do I owe?

PROPERTY MANAGER
$8,642.

HARRY
I'll get my things.

INT. HARRY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Tom and Carol, equal parts shock and sadness, watch Access Hollywood on TV. The VIDEO of Harry getting slapped by Stacy at the party repeats on a loop.

HOST (V.O.)
...Ouch! Once more -- ouch! And again -- Ouch! A shocking twist to be sure. And there is still no word on who the real "Magic Man" is.

The doorbell rings. Tom gets up and opens the door. It's Harry, still looking like hell.

HARRY
Hi, dad.

TOM
Son...

Beat. Tom gives Harry a hug. Harry gets emotional.

HARRY
I'm so sorry.

TOM
It's okay.

CAROL
Who is it? If it's those Lucha Libre freaks again, call the pol--

She sees them embracing. Harry looks at her.

HARRY
Mom...

Carol stands there a beat. She then goes and hugs him.

CAROL
We love you so much. I'm sorry for what I said before. You are my son and I will always love you. No matter what.

HARRY
Thanks mom. I love you too.

A quiet moment between the three of them. Then --

CAROL
I just don't get why you would pretend to be a guy who was in a sex tape.

HARRY
I -- I don't know. I thought it would be nice to be somebody for a little while. To have people look at me with respect, not walk all over me.

CAROL
By pretending to be in a sex tape?

Harry can only laugh at the absurdity.

HARRY
Yeah... And now I'm a laughingstock. Amanda was right.

Beat. Harry then turns to the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm still gonna make you proud.

TOM
Wait, you're leaving? You just got here.

HARRY
I know, but I gotta go convince a woman who's about to get married that she should be with me instead.

CAROL
I'm sorry -- what? Harry --

HARRY
Bye!

Before they can question him further, he heads out.

MONTAGE:

-- Harry knocks on the door of Amanda's house. No response. He hears a GROWL. Harry turns and sees the neighbor's DOBERMAN is SPRINTING right for him. He screams and runs off.

-- Harry calls Amanda. Voicemail. He texts. No response. He sends multiple emails. No response. He tries to post on her Facebook page -- Blocked. Direct twitter message -- Blocked.

-- The various GOSSIP WEB SITES all have articles blasting Harry. A papparazzi PHOTO shows Stacy crying on a FRIEND'S shoulder at Urth Cafe. Caption: ***"Duped!"***

-- Harry writes Amanda a postcard and mails it.

-- Amanda opens her door and notices a huge bouquet of flowers with an adorable stuffed puppy. She TOSSES the gifts in the trash.

-- Amanda gets an email from someone named LARRY NOTSCHMERLERO: *"Please talk to me!"* She deletes it.

-- Amanda opens her door again and this time there's a GIANT CLOWN SINGING Adele's *I'll Be Waiting.* She shuts the door.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Amanda sits at the table going over the seating chart.

Behind her the MAIL slips through the chute in the door. She walks over and grabs it, sifting through bills, coupon mailers and then stops on...

A PICTURE POSTCARD of Harry and Amanda from Tom's Tiki Bar. Harry is pretending to LICK the miniature BULL'S butt as Amanda CHUGS a massive fruity drink, both laughing hard.

Amanda, despite herself, lets out the tiniest of smiles. She turns the card over: *"I just made a Virgin's Mistake! I'm sorry!"*...

LANCE (O.S.)
Anything interesting?

AMANDA
(jumps)
Jesus!

Amanda quickly slips the card into the rest of the mail.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You scared me. No, just junk mail.

She walks back over to the seating chart.

LANCE
Well, I'm all packed so I'm gonna go meet up with Dean and Jeff to watch the Twins game.

AMANDA
Wait, what? I thought we said we were going out tonight. You know, celebrate our last night before we head off to get married.

LANCE
Yeah, I was hoping to just go hang with the guys before things get crazy.

AMANDA
O-kay. Why didn't you tell me before?

LANCE
I didn't think it was a big deal.

AMANDA
(under her breath)
Of course.

She sighs. A million thoughts race through her mind.

LANCE
What?

AMANDA
...Nothing. Forget it. Go ahead.

LANCE
Cool. Thanks, babe.

He leaves. Beat. Amanda pulls out the postcard again. She looks at her phone. Considers, then decides against it...

EXT. BIG DAN'S DEALERSHIP - LOT - MORNING

Harry walks onto the lot, pumping himself up.

HARRY
There's nothing to be scared of. Just be you. Not the Magic Man. The new, new you --

BIG DAN (O.S.)
Well, look who it is!

Big Dan, Russ and Bryan come strutting over.

RUSS
The Cock Clown!

BRYAN
(to Russ)
You can do better than that.

RUSS
...The Phony Philanderer?

BRYAN
You're just using alliteration.

BIG DAN
I don't see the camera crew, your highness. Or is this visit off the books?

HARRY
Russ, Bryan, Big Dan -- I'm so sorry. I screwed up. I looked up to you for so many years and so badly wanted to be your friend. It's no excuse, I know. But, I'm really, really, really sorry.

The guys look at each other. Beat.

RUSS
No one likes being treated like a bitch Harry. Except for Bryan.

Bryan SMACKS Russ in the balls. Russ goes down.

HARRY
I know...

BRYAN
But... we think what you did, while morally bankrupt, was actually... well, kind of an impressive feat.

HARRY
Wait... You do?

BIG DAN
I can't complain. I made quite a bit of money off you.

RUSS
(through gritted teeth)
And I got blown behind the donut shop for saying I'm your sex coach.

Harry starts to smile.

HARRY
So then --

BRYAN
Easy. We're not girlfriends again. (then to Russ) We better get going.

HARRY
Wait, where're you going?

RUSS
Amanda's wedding, dumbass.

Harry is thrown.

BRYAN
Your invite must have gotten lost in the mail.

HARRY
Her wedding is still happening?!

BRYAN
Why wouldn't it be?

HARRY
I don't... because...

Russ smiles, getting it.

RUSS
Ohhhhh. You thought she was gonna leave Lance for you, huh?

HARRY
Well, she kinda told me she might.

BIG DAN
Was that before or after you embarrassed her and then yourself on national television?

HARRY
(small)
Before.

BRYAN
Right. Let's go.

Russ and Bryan head to a car. Harry follows.

HARRY
Which resort is it at?

RUSS
The one with the beach.

HARRY
Guys, please!

They look at him as they're about to get in the car.

BRYAN
Look, no hard feelings with us, but Amanda doesn't need you ruining her big day. Sorry. Just go home, Harry.

They get in and start to drive. Harry LEAPS onto the HOOD --

HARRY
I love her! Please!

RUSS
Get the fuck off, Schmerple!

Harry ROLLS off and FALLS to the pavement as they drive away.

INT. UPTOWN DINER - DAY - LATER

Harry sits in a booth. He surfs ORBITZ on his CELL. ALL flights to Palm Beach are SOLD OUT...

He looks at his uneaten food. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Need anything else?

HARRY
Just some more coffee, please.

She tops off his coffee and walks off. He goes to take a sip when a MAN suddenly sits down across from him.

MAN (O.S.)
Hello, Harry.

Harry FREEZES -- *IT'S THE REAL GUY FROM THE SEX TAPE*!

He looks almost EXACTLY like Harry, but he is tanned, better dressed, and has an undeniable sense of confidence. [NOTE: *to be played by the same actor as Harry*.]

MAN (CONT'D)
Barry Schneider. Nice to meet you.

Harry DROPS the cup of hot coffee in his LAP.

HARRY
AHHHH!

The waitress runs up.

WAITRESS
You okay?

BARRY
He just needs a napkin.

WAITRESS
Right away. Anything I can --

She does a double-take. Barry gives her a disarming smile.

BARRY
I'd love some tea.

WAITRESS
I'd love to bring you some tea.

She goes. Barry turns back to the still-reeling Harry.

BARRY
I read that there are seven people around the world who look alike. We should find the others and start a band. Close your mouth.

HARRY
We -- we could be twins.

BARRY
We're not.

The waitress smiles as she drops off Barry's tea.

HARRY
Are you here to beat me up?

BARRY
No. Besides, that would just be more useless internet fodder.

He gestures to two TWEENERS who are snapping PICTURES with their phones. Harry sighs.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Some celebrity will get a DUI or throw a tantrum and it will take over the news cycle.

HARRY
Where did you go all this time?

BARRY
Fishing. Like I said. You ever see that show *Deadliest Catch*? I watched it one night and decided I had to try it. So I flew to Maine the morning after I was with Stacy. Been at sea ever since.

HARRY
Is that where you got that necklace?

Harry points to a SHARK TOOTH hanging from a leather strap around Barry's neck. Barry smiles, nods.

BARRY
Shark got caught in a net.

QUICK CUT TO: *FISHERMAN cheer on Barry who WRESTLES with a MASSIVE SHARK on the boat deck. It's guttural, wild and gory as Barry PUNCHES the shit out of the shark. He finally manages to THROW it back into the ocean and it swims away. Barry staggers to his feet. A shark TOOTH is IMBEDDED in his forearm. He ROARS.* BACK TO THE DINER --

BARRY (CONT'D)
I'm a bit of a wanderer. Built houses for the Peace Corps in Uganda, killed a Kodiak in Alaska, sucked water from an elephant print in Bangladesh, out-drank Kiefer Sutherland, you get the idea.

HARRY
Trust fund?

BARRY
Of course.

HARRY
Then why were you in Minnesota?

BARRY
The Mall of America.

HARRY
Right. (then) Um, I'm sorry I... kinda stole your identity.

BARRY
Don't be. Took some balls.

HARRY
It was stupid. I lied to everyone, made an ass out of myself and lost Amanda.

Harry's head HITS the table.

BARRY
Nothing is ever truly lost, Harry.

HARRY
That's nice, but her wedding is at noon tomorrow in Palm Beach...

Barry calmly sips his tea as Harry stews.

BARRY
You ever wonder how it was so easy to fool Stacy? The press and your friends sure, but Stacy's smart.

HARRY
She was drunk and I guess no one expected someone to be dumb enough to pretend to be you.

BARRY
I was vetted by one of her assistants before we hung out.

HARRY
...You what?

BARRY
At the club that night. One of her assistants spotted me and asked if I wanted to meet Stacy. She took down my name and info.

HARRY
So... she knew all along?!

BARRY
Worse.

Barry waves someone over. A MAN sits down -- THE HOTEL BELLMAN WHO MADE THE SEX TAPE...

BARRY (CONT'D)
Meet John Stevenson. Stacy hired him to film the sex tape and release it to the public. Unbeknownst to me.

Harry's in complete shock.

JOHN
She gave me $5,000 to do it. I wasn't supposed to tell but then --

BARRY
I threatened to kick his ass.

JOHN
He threatened to kick my ass.

BARRY
Her star was fading and she needed a boost. You and I were her pawns.

HARRY
Why didn't she tell on me from the start?

BARRY
Drama makes great TV, right...?

HARRY
The reality show!

Barry sets a copy of VARIETY on the table. Cover story: *"Stacy Stone Inks Lucrative Development Deal with CBS."* He then takes out his CELL and dials --

BARRY
She was going to rat you out eventually, Harry. But you beat her to the punch. Humiliating yourself in front of millions. That doesn't excuse what you did, but I figure you deserve a shot at redemption.

He holds out the phone. From the SPEAKER --

STACY (O.S.)
Hello?... Hello?

He motions for Harry to take it. Harry hesitates. Barry mouths *"Do it."* Harry finally grabs the phone.

HARRY
Stacy. It's Harry Schmerler.

INT. CAA - GLEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stacy, Glen and several SUITS are there with CONTRACTS ready to be signed. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

STACY
Oh. Hey, loser. I'm busy, so why don't you go fu --

HARRY
I'm here with Barry and John the bellman. You remember John?

Stacy goes pale. She's fucked and she knows it.

STACY
...What do you want?

Beat. An idea suddenly pops into his head --

HARRY
I need a small favor.

INT. STACY STONE'S PRIVATE JET - EARLY EVENING

Stacy sits sullenly as the jet cruises over the clouds. Harry and Barry DEVOUR giant ice cream SUNDAES.

An ASSISTANT walks up with a camera and tripod.

ASSISTANT
Where do you want this?

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - EVENING

Swanky rehearsal dinner with a stunning view of the ocean. Amanda and Lance make the rounds saying hello. She puts on her best face, but it's clear her heart's not in it.

She walks by Russ and Bryan.

RUSS
Dude, your cousin Julie is the only single chick under 60 and she's weird as shit.

He points to an awkward GIRL in glasses.

AMANDA
She's autistic.

RUSS
Oh.

BRYAN
Forgive him. He's just a child.

EXT. STACY'S PRIVATE JET - LATER

The plane is getting read to land. Stacy stares out the window as Harry taps his foot, nervous. Barry reads *Heart of Darkness*.

HARRY
Everyone knows the plan, right? I hope we're not too late.

BARRY
We'll be fine, buddy.

Barry's calm makes Harry instantly relaxed. He then looks at Stacy as she stares out the window.

HARRY
Thank you for helping me. I know we basically blackmailed you. But still... I appreciate it.

She looks at Harry. Beat. She sighs.

STACY
I'm... I'm sorry for setting you up, Harry. (then) But you did bring it on yourself.

HARRY
I know.

STACY
I still can't believe you didn't take advantage of me in the cabana.

HARRY
(shrugs)
I love Amanda.

BARRY
So I suppose a "Wobbly H" is out of the question?

Stacy smiles.

STACY
I missed you.

Barry looks at Stacy. Electricity. Harry shakes his head...

EXT. PALM BEACH AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

The jet touches down and taxies to a stop. Harry, Stacy and Barry quickly jump out and rush to a waiting LIMO.

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - LATER

A YOUNG WOMAN stands at a podium gushing as everyone watches.

YOUNG WOMAN
Seriously you guys, has there ever been anyone in the history of mankind as in love as Amanda and Lance? Don't you just love love? Robert Frost once said --

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The limo rockets down the streets, slaloming between cars.

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

YOUNG WOMAN
--- They are the best people ever. The most generous people ever. The smartest people ever --

EXT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - VALET - MOMENTS LATER

VALETS and various GUESTS mill about.

The limo pulls up. The DRIVER opens the door and Stacy steps out. No sign of Harry or Barry...

Everyone starts to GAWK as she walks inside.

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG WOMAN
-- And the kindest people ever. And...
(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
well, I could say so much more, I love them so much. Here's to the best ever!

Everyone raises a glass. Cheers.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
And now we have a little video...

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Stacy walks in to more gawking. Two HOTEL EMPLOYEES head to a door marked "AUDIO/VISUAL ROOM" when they see her and stop.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE #1
Dude. Fuck me.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE #2
Thank you, Sex Jesus.

One of them pulls out his cell and takes PHOTOS. Stacy sees them and heads their way. Their eyes go WIDE.

Behind them, Harry quietly opens the door and slips inside...

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Lance walks over and stands next to Amanda as a SCREEN descends behind the podium.

The lights dim and... HARRY'S FACE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN.

VIDEO HARRY
Hi, Amanda. Hi everyone else.

The guests look around, confused, murmuring.

RUSS
Yes! Balls!

The blood rushes out of Amanda's face.

LANCE
Is that the guy you work with?

AMANDA
(fear building)
I uh --

VIDEO HARRY
I'm sorry to interrupt your rehearsal dinner this way. But I couldn't get a hold of you so --

AMANDA
Oh god.

LANCE
What is he doing in our wedding video?

VIDEO HARRY
-- Since a sex tape is what got me in all this trouble, I figured I'd make you... a "Love Tape."

Lance yells back to where the video is being projected.

LANCE
Hey, guys, this is the wrong video, turn it off --

VIDEO HARRY
I love you, Amanda. I always have.

A collective GASP from the crowd. Lance looks at Amanda who cringes, but she can't take her eyes off the screen.

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - LOBBY - SAME TIME

The hotel employees take turns snapping PICS with Stacy.

Harry peeks his head out, winks at Stacy, and exits.

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Lance turns to the dazed Amanda.

LANCE
Who the hell is controlling this thing -- ?

VIDEO HARRY
I can't take back what I've done, I can only apologize. And I want to do so in person. I am waiting out by the beach if you want to hear it. I hope to see you.

The video STOPS as the stunned crowd continues to murmur. Everyone looks out the window and, sure enough, Harry is now standing out on the bluff by the beach.

Lance turns to Amanda.

LANCE
Why did that loser make a “love tape” for you?

AMANDA
I -- He’s... not a loser...

LANCE
Amanda. What is going on?

She’s doesn’t respond, her head spinning.

LANCE (CONT’D)
Are you gonna go out there?

AMANDA
I don’t.... I... no.

LANCE
I’ll take care of it then.

AMANDA
Wait...

Lance heads outside. The rest of the guests follow, curious.

EXT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - BLUFF - MOMENTS LATER

Lance et al. walk toward Harry who looks out at the water.

LANCE
Joke’s over. She’s not coming out.

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Amanda watches through the window as Lance approaches Harry. Her mother, DIANE, comforts her.

DIANE
What is going on, sweetheart? Who is that guy?

AMANDA
He’s um... Well...

HARRY (O.S.)
His name is Barry.

She turns to see Harry walking in from the door.

AMANDA
What are -- What? What? What?

She looks back out to the bluff, confused --

EXT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - BLUFF - SAME TIME

We now see it's actually Barry, not Harry, at the bluff. He turns around as Lance and the guests walk up.

BARRY
Hi, Lance.

LANCE
Wasn't embarrassing yourself on national TV enough? Why did you have to do it at my wedding?

BARRY
I think you have me confused with someone else.

LANCE
What are you talking about?

Russ emerges from the crowd, mouth agape.

RUSS
Fuck me sideways. It's Him...

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Harry gingerly walks toward Amanda and her mother.

AMANDA
Wait, wait. His name is Barry Schneider?

HARRY
Yes. Listen, I just wanna say --

AMANDA
A guy that looks just like you is named Barry Schneider?

HARRY
That's right. Amanda I --

She doubles over laughing, the absurdity of everything that has happened washing over her.

DIANE
I'm very confused here.

EXT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - BLUFF - SAME TIME

Russ and Bryan step toward Barry, in awe.

RUSS
The Prince of Pussy... The Sultan of Snatch --

BRYAN
The Magic Man...

LANCE
Wait, this is the guy from the *sex tape*?

RUSS
Yes, come on, keep up!

LANCE
Then where's the other guy?

BARRY
Inside. With Amanda. I'm sorry.

Lance shakes his head and heads back inside. Some of the guests follow.

Russ kneels in front of Barry.

RUSS
Can you teach me?

BARRY
You're not ready.

Russ looks down, eyes welling up.

INT. THE BREAKERS RESORT - RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Amanda is still laughing as Harry fidgets. It's cathartic.

HARRY
Amanda, I was kinda wanting to talk about us. Listen, I'm sorry --

AMANDA
Yeah, I know. (then) How the hell did you get here?

HARRY
Um, Barry and I blackmailed Stacy to get her to fly us in her jet.
(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)
I got Bryan to tell us which hotel in exchange for Brad Pitt’s phone number... Long story.

AMANDA
And how did you know I wouldn’t go outside?

HARRY
I took a risk. A friend once offered me that advice.

AMANDA
You made a total scene at my rehearsal dinner.

HARRY
I’ve gotten kind of good at making a mess of things.

AMANDA
You certainly have.

Harry takes a deep breath.

HARRY
Amanda, I live with my parents, I lost my job and I was publicly humiliated. But I’ve loved you since the moment we met. And I promise that I will never hurt you again. So... what do you say you take your own advice and... take a risk with me?

Amanda walks up to him, stern. Beat.

AMANDA
It’s not a risk.

She GRABS him and they KISS. Harry melts.

Lance walks back in from the beach flanked by the rest of the guests. Russ, Bryan and Barry come in as well.

Amanda looks over.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
Lance... I’m sorry...

LANCE
You wanna spend your life with a national joke, go right ahead.

He stomps off. Several of the guests go with him. Beat. Amanda turns back to Harry.

AMANDA
He just showed more emotion there then he has in the entire last year of our relationship.

HARRY
Are you okay?

She kisses him again.

AMANDA
Never been better.

A few CLAPS among the confused, but remaining guests.

RUSS
Way to do it for real this time, Schmerple.

BRYAN
Cheers.

OFF TO THE SIDE -- Stacy approaches Barry. They get curious looks as some of the guests notice her.

STACY
(whispers)
Nice work.

BARRY
You too.

STACY
Wanna fuck?

BARRY
Yes.

Russ watches them go, mouth agape. He shakes his head, suddenly depressed. He turns to Bryan who is texting --

RUSS
(melodramatic)
I’m gonna die alone...

BARRY
Oh stop.

RUSS
...Rotting away in some retirement home with my teeth in a glass of water wanking to holographic porn... Who are you texting?

BRYAN
Brad Pitt.

RUSS
What? NO. No, no, no. He's not...?

BRYAN
I'll catch up with you later. And by "later" I mean I won't.

Bryan heads off leaving a bummed out Russ standing near the young woman who gave the speech earlier. They watch Amanda and Harry.

YOUNG WOMAN
God was I off the mark with that speech. Like, the most off the mark you could possibly ever be in the history of speeches.

RUSS
It was a touch strong on the superlatives, but not bad.

She turns to him.

YOUNG WOMAN
You wanna go get a drink?

RUSS
Where's your boyfriend, husband, whatever?

YOUNG WOMAN
Oh, I'm single.

Beat. She smiles. It's sweet. Something then clicks in Russ' head. He gives her a gentlemanly smile and puts out his elbow. She takes it.

RUSS
Yes. Let's go get a drink.

As they leave we see Amanda and Harry continue to kiss...

CUT TO: TIGHT on a computer screen showing a VIDEO on OMG! Yahoo --

HOST
Just when you've had enough of Stacy Stone and Harry Schmerler, or is it Barry Schneider, the Hollywood Gods deliver again. Viewers be advised...

They CUT TO: *Grainy FOOTAGE from a film set. JUSTIN BIEBER is throwing the mother of all TANTRUMS.* ***"Who's video is this, Bob? Are you the one going on stage singing to thousands of fucking screaming girls every night? Huh, motherfucker? Are you? Are you? Are you? Fuck you."*** *Bieber DROPS his PANTS and proceeds to take a SHIT on the soundstage floor.* ***"You think I'm your monkey, you cockfuck?"*** *He throws a TURD at who we have to assume is BOB.* ***"Who's a monkey now?"*** *--*

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.

SOMEWHERE IN THE CREDITS: We finally see the Barry and Stacy Sex Tape in all its glory.