

"One of These Days, We Have
To Do Something About Willie"

(Based on a short story by BJ Novak)

PREMISE: A group of longtime friends who met their freshman year of college band together to have an intervention for Willie.

SETTING: Las Vegas

CHARACTERS: Group of men in their mid-to-late 20s

MARK: Narrator. Average looking. Currently lives in New York and is a copy editor for a newspaper. Has a serious girlfriend, Sarah. Takes life a little too seriously.

WILLIE: Investment banker in Houston. Habitual, self-aware party animal. Very fit looking, like a life-sized version of the people you see on trophies. Easily excited. Warm-hearted. Well-meaning. The most handsome of the four. Could convince you to jump off a bridge with him.

JOSH: Works for a video-sharing website in San Francisco. Sensitive, kind, smart, and affectionate towards his friends. The smallest of the four. Completely blind without his glasses.

DAVE: Law school student. Classically attractive. Hot-headed and high-strung from stress, but loves his friends. Outdoors and travel lover.

INT: Crowded party in a college dorm room (NIGHT)

Young students are talking excitedly and holding red cups. We see a group of three men awkwardly standing together in a corner. This is MARK, JOSH, and DAVE.

CUT TO WILLIE. He's standing by the loud speakers, scrolling the wheel on his iPod to pick a song to play next.

MARK: (v.o.) We knew it from the night we met him, freshman year orientation week at the first real party we went to. It was the first party we'd gone to that didn't have ice cream.

WILLIE looks up after picking a song and sees the three men. He squints his eyes at them, tilts his head, smiles, and walks up to them. Like he had just recognized a group of old friends.

WILLIE: (loudly over the music) Hey! I'm Willie. Welcome to my party.

He sticks out his hand towards MARK and they shake hands.

MARK: Mark. Thanks for having us, man.

WILLIE turns to JOSH and DAVE and they introduce themselves. They shake hands and chat. WILLIE doesn't stop smiling.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o.) Willie decided in that moment, for some reason we would never understand or question, that he loved us, and that we would forever be at the center of his infinitely expanding galaxy of friends.

WILLIE puts his arm around MARK, DAVE, and JOSH in a huddle.

WILLIE: Fellas, let's get some shots in you. Right this way.

WILLIE leads them through the crowded room towards a small table with handles of cheap liquor and sodas. He starts generously pouring the shots, handing it to them one by one.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o.) I think we knew even then how much he was going to transform our lives; and that eventually, to pay him back, we really would have to do something about him.

WILLIE lifts his shot in the air. The other three follow suit.

WILLIE: Here's to those who wish us well, and those who don't can go to hell.

The four take a shot together. MARK and JOSH'S faces recoil. So does DAVE'S, but not as noticeably. WILLIE'S remains the same.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

INT: Small New York City apartment (DAY)

MARK is sitting on his laptop drinking a cup of coffee and typing a story about a city councilman wishing to ban cashless restaurants in the city. The mug reads PENN ALUMNI.

MARK: (v.o.) After college, the four of us moved to different cities. I went to New York to work as a copy editor to an alternative weekly... No, it's not the one you're thinking of.

CUT TO JOSH.

INT: Trendy, bustling office building (DAY)

Big windows, people typing at their desks. Brightly colored furniture scattered throughout. JOSH is helping a coworker with something on her computer.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o.) Josh went to San Francisco to work for a fancy-schmancy video-sharing website... Again, it's not the one you're thinking of.

CUT TO DAVE.

INT: University of Chicago Law School (DAY)

DAVE is studying in the library next to several Starbucks cups and stacks of books. He looks exhausted. He digs through his bag pack and pulls out a prescription bottle. We see that it's Adderall. He picks up a few empty Starbucks cups before finding the freshest one to take a sip and swallow the pill. He gets back to work.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o) Dave spent three months after graduation backpacking alone through Japan before hastily returning home to Chicago to go to law school. He's about to take the Bar.

CUT TO WILLIE.

INT: Traditional, busy financial office (DAY)

Well-dressed people are quickly walking around. A young intern walks up to WILLIE carrying several different orders from a coffee shop. WILLIE is on the phone talking and his feet are propped up on his desk. He's leaning back in his chair.

INTERN: (happily) Your smoothie, Willie.

WILLIE takes the smoothie, smiles and nods his head, still on the phone.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o.) And, with more than enough alum connections to make up for his general studies degree, Willie got a job as an entry-level investment banker in Houston.

CUT TO MARK.

INT: MARK'S apartment (NIGHT)

MARK is sitting on his couch, scrolling on Facebook from his laptop, looking at updates on his feed from JOSH, DAVE, WILLIE, and other friends from college. There's a few boxes of half-eaten Chinese take-out in front of him. His TV is playing in the background.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o.) Even though we lived in different places, we still saw ourselves as moving through life as a group. We stayed in touch with one another more than with anyone else, and we gave one another as much advice and support as we ever had—more, even, because there was more to talk about, more decisions to make.

MARK switches tabs to an engagement ring website.

CUT TO:

Four paneled split-screen of the four scrolling on Facebook at night, similar feeds with each other's updates. JOSH is scrolling from his phone in bed. DAVE is scrolling from his laptop, still in the library. WILLIE is in back of a car, scrolling from his phone.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o.) We all still considered each other the closest people in each other's lives.

We see in WILLIE's corner that he uploads a photo of himself and types a caption. It pops up on the other three's feed at the same time. It's a photo of him passed out at a Mexican bar with his co-workers propping him up for the picture and grinning. The caption reads "TYPICAL MARGARITA MONDAY."

MARK, JOSH, and DAVE all stop scrolling to look at the picture. They cringe.

CUT TO MARK.

MARK sighs. He clicks on WILLIE's name and scrolls through his profile. We see picture after picture of WILLIE comedically incapacitated with captions like "TYPICAL TUESDAY" and "IT'S 5 O-CLOCK SOMEWHERE." WILLIE's photos get hundreds of likes and dozens of comments.

MARK stops to look at a photo of WILLIE passed out face down on a suburban lawn next to a handle of Tito's and Jack Daniel's. He looks at one comment from someone named Ali, "r u ok?" WILLIE's reply is "HAHA DO I LOOK OKAY?!?"

MARK opens up a group chat with JOSH and DAVE.

MARK: *Hey. Kind of worried about Willie?*
JOSH: *Seriously!! How hilarious is that guy.*
DAVE: *Yeah. I'm actually worried, though.*
JOSH: *Yeah, me too :/*

After staring at it for a while, MARK closes his laptop. He thinks about what they should do. After a moment, he reaches for the remote and starts flipping through channels.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o.) Everyone agreed that we needed do something. But Willie seemed to be self-aware about this... we always learned about his embarrassments directly from him. And, we didn't know what it was we would do about him exactly, anyway. So it just became the same conversation every few weeks, but the worry-faced emojis increased in our chats for emphasis, that one of these days, we were really going to have to do something about Willie.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

INT: Lecture hall in Chicago Law School (DAY)

The room is full. DAVE is taking notes on his laptop at a desk close to the door while his professor lectures. While listening and typing, a notification pops on his screen. His attention turns away from the lecture. We see a photo of WILLIE passed out next to a toilet with the caption "ROCK BOTTOM!!!"

DAVE shuts his laptop and quietly exits the room. His phone rings.

DAVE: Mark? (...) Yeah I was just about to call you.
(...) It's time. (...) Okay. Sounds good.

DAVE hangs up.

CUT TO JOSH.

INT: Josh's office (DAY)

JOSH is at his desk on the computer. A skype call comes in. He answers. DAVE and MARK pop up on split screens.

JOSH: (excitedly) Hey guys! What a surprise!

MARK: Have you been on Facebook today?

JOSH: No...not since this morning? Why?

DAVE: Check it right now.

JOSH unlocks his phone and sees a notification that reads "1 new update from Willie." He clicks it, and the photo of WILLIE by the toilet appears. He grimaces.

JOSH: Oh God.

DAVE: Did you see it?!

JOSH: Yeah... (sighs) I see it. So I guess this is it. We've got to do something.

JOSH subconsciously starts biting his nails.

DAVE: Like what? Josh stop biting your nails.

JOSH immediately stops biting his nails.

MARK: An intervention.

JOSH: How are we going to get Willie to do an intervention?

MARK: We'll have to trick him.

JOSH: Do those things actually work? Deb's husband is an alcoholic, lemme ask her what to--

DAVE: What about Vegas? A guy's trip to Vegas? He wouldn't turn that down, and I need to blow off steam before--

JOSH: (interrupts) Blow off steam!? At Willie's intervention?

DAVE: After, Josh. After. I'm tired. School is killing me. We can celebrate the long put off intervention after. Just because our friend's an alcoholic doesn't mean we can't have fun after he leaves.

MARK pulls his phone out.

MARK: Alright, I'll text him now.

MARK types *"Hey, man. Group reunion this weekend in Vegas?"*

MARK: Okay let's see if he replies. If he asks why we'll just say we need a break from (his phone vibrates)—oh, he replied.

JOSH: What did he say?!

DAVE: Did it work?

We see the messages on MARK's phone:

WILLIE: *I'M IN!!!!!!*

WILLIE: *WHEN!?!?!?*

MARK: *This weekend.*

WILLIE: *IN!!!!!! WHAT ARE THE DEETS?*

MARK: Yep, he's in.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

INT: Las Vegas hotel suite (8:00 PM)

MARK, JOSH, and DAVE start arranging the suite furniture to look like a casual circle. They keep changing their minds on how to arrange it.

JOSH: When is Willie's flight again? He's got a ride, right?

DAVE opens the mini fridge and takes all the alcohol out. With them almost spilling out of his arms, he looks around wondering where to hide them. He sees his empty black suitcase and drops them all in. JOSH and MARK look at him.

DAVE: What? (shrugs) I had to put them somewhere. He's not gonna dig through my stuff.

MARK turns back to JOSH, looking at his phone at the time.

MARK: He's due in at 9. We've got an hour.

They sit down in the intervention furniture circle and collectively sigh, exhausted and nervous.

JOSH: We... we should plan what we're going to say.

DAVE: Yeah, should we good-cop bad-cop it?

MARK: This isn't an interrogation, Dave.

DAVE: You say that like I've done interventions before.

JOSH: We need to tell him that we love him and we care about him.

DAVE: We can't freak him out. If we start like that, it will freak him out.

MARK's phone vibrates.

MARK: Willie just texted me. (reading) *Flight delayed for weather. Stuck on ground for a bit. Sucks. Shouldn't be long. Will keep you posted.*

JOSH: (looking at his watch and then at JOSH and MARK)
Well... what should we do?

DAVE: It's Friday night in Vegas, and we're here for a surprise intervention for our alcoholic friend. What are we supposed to do?

JOSH: Maybe we could watch TV or something until then.

DAVE: There's nothing on at 8pm on a Friday night other than "Cake Boss" and "Everybody Loves Raymond."

MARK: (typing) Let me ask how long it's delayed... He says they don't know yet. He just asked me what we're doing. What do I say?!

MARK looks at DAVE and JOSH, waiting for a response.

DAVE: Tell him we're drinking in the hotel room waiting for him to get here so he doesn't get suspicious.

MARK: (typing while talking) *Getting soooo wasted.*
Okay there. That's good.

MARK's phone buzzes twice back to back. MARK shows the screen to JOSH and DAVE:

WILLIE: *SOOOOO JEALOUS!!!!*
WILLIE: *WHO IS THE DRUNKEST????*

The three looked at one another, and JOSH and DAVE point at MARK.

MARK: Me?!

DAVE: Humor us, Mark.

JOSH: Yeah, you started this.

MARK types his response:

MARK: *Prob me. Super wasted.*
WILLIE: *BWAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! LOVE IT!!!!!!!!!!!!*

MARK starts to feel uneasy. He looks around the room at the Las Vegas themed décor.

MARK: Are you guys worried this is like, glamorizing the thing we're asking him to give up?

DAVE: Maybe somehow imply that you're having a great time drinking while implying some sort of negative consequence?

JOSH: (quickly) Tell him you're gonna puke!

MARK: Good idea. Okay. Done.

MARK's phone immediately lit up:

WILLIE: *BWAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAH U R such an amateur!!!*

JOSH: Say something else. Continue the negative consequence thing.

MARK types his response:

MARK: *Making some real bad decisions...*

WILLIE: *What did you do?! BWAHAHAHAHAHA tell me!*

MARK shows them WILLIE's response.

MARK: What did I do?

DAVE: Does he have a macro for 'BWAHAHAHAHA'?

MARK: Probably autocorrect at this point.

JOSH: It has to be something big and super unlike you. Something he can't just tease you about. Say you made out with a girl!

MARK replies:

MARK: *Cheated on Sarah.*

(multiple dings in a row from WILLIE)

WILLIE: *W*

WILLIE: *H*

WILLIE: *A*

WILLIE: *fucking T?*

MARK: *Yeah, I know. Can't believe it. So wasted.*

WILLIE: *What happened!?!?!?*

MARK: *Made our with some slut in the bar downstairs.*

JOSH: Slut? I don't think we've ever heard you use the word slut, ever.

MARK: You said to be super unlike me!

JOSH frowns. The phone dings:

WILLIE: *Why?? Explain?!*

The phone immediately starts ringing as MARK shows them the new text.

JOSH: Don't pick up. He'll hear that we aren't really partying. Say it's too loud in here to talk.

MARK ignores the phone call and replies:

MARK: *Reception sucks.*

WILLIE: *Emailing you. Too long to text. Hold on...*

MARK looks at DAVE and JOSH, showing them the text.

MARK: Uh... you guys.

DAVE: (in disbelief) He's emailing you?

JOSH: When has he ever emailed us?

DAVE: Has anyone emailed us since college?

MARK: I think... I think we might have went too far with the Sarah thing.

MARK starts pacing the floors holding his phone, getting more and more nervous. DAVE and JOSH watch him do this, unsure how to help.

MARK: Should I text Sarah and explain what happened?

DAVE: No! Don't. That's even more sketchy. Telling your girlfriend, hey by the way one of my old college friends that I'm with in Las Vegas may or may not try to let you know that I cheated on you.

JOSH: I agree with Dave. Don't. At the intervention we'll tell him we made it up.

MARK's phone buzzes.

MARK: Oh God, here's the email.

DAVE: Read it out loud.

MARK sits back down between JOSH and DAVE.

MARK: (reading email, quickly) *Hey! I'm emailing you because this is really important and I hope you really read this and think about it. The first thing you need to do is be honest with yourself. Why did this happen, what does it mean, how do you feel about it, and what do you want to happen next. Once you are 100% sure you know how you feel, we can talk about what you do from there.*

DAVE: (cringes) Oh God.

JOSH: This is worse than I thought it was going to be.

MARK: There's more. (continues) *I can't tell you what to do. But as long as you are honest with yourself, we can figure out what is really going on in your heart, and then I will be there to come up with words and actions that are true to that. Anyway. So sorry this is going on. I want you to do the right thing, but first and foremost I want you to know that I am always there for you and always on your side. Stay okay and see you soon!*

DAVE: He could have texted that. Just don't reply. You're drunk, remember?

MARK opens a bottle of champagne and takes a long swig and passes it to DAVE. Seeing this, JOSH shakes his head and puts his face in his hands.

JOSH: (mumbling) He's going to want an intervention for Mark now.

DAVE snorts laughing while trying to swallow the champagne. JOSH takes off his glasses to clean the smudges he just created.

MARK: The cheating on Sarah thing was your idea! It's going to be fine. Look, we're doing the right thing. We're doing this for our best friend. He would do it for us...(looks at watch) It's 9. Where is he?

All three phones light up.

DAVE: He just texted the group.

We see the text:

WILLIE: *Flight's canceled. SUCKS!!! They put me on the first flight tomorrow & I leave first thing in the morning. Arriving tomorrow noon. Have fun without me. HANG IN THERE GUYS!!!*

DAVE passes the bottle to JOSH. JOSH takes a swig and passes it to MARK. DAVE turns the TV on. We hear Ray Romano's voice and laugh track.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT: Hotel suite breakfast buffet. Morning.

MARK, DAVE, and JOSH are in line getting breakfast one behind the other talking.

JOSH: (stacking food on plate) So what are we supposed to do all day? This trip is getting really expensive for a whole lot of nothing. Even with complimentary breakfast.

DAVE is trying to fill and carry two cups of black coffee along with his heaping plate.

DAVE: (struggling) Well, let's do something then. We're in Vegas. We've got until 8pm tonight before it's intervention time.

JOSH: Like what?

MARK: I'll text Sarah. She always seems to know what's going on in big cities.

The three sit down with their breakfast. DAVE and JOSH are eating while MARK texts Sarah. MARK's phone dings. We see Sarah's reply:

SARAH: *Hmmm... Mindy Fisher says her sister went to a place for her bachelorette party called Marquee that*

was actually kind of amazing in the daytime. Also just fun to hang out in the casinos? How is it? How's the Willie stuff?

SARAH: *Wait—is there something called the Beach Club in your hotel?*

MARK types his response:

MARK: *Yes.*

On the opposite side of the table, JOSH and DAVE lean towards MARK, hopeful, and still chewing.

DAVE: *Well...?*

MARK: *(looks at phone) She's still typing, but I think she's got something for us. She asked if the Beach Club is at our hotel.*

JOSH: *(eyes widen) The Beach Club!?*

MARK's phone dings:

SARAH: *Ali Bell's boyfriend Lorenzo says he can get you guys in today and that it AMAZING.*

He shows them the text.

MARK: *So, shall we Beach Club today, men?*

JOSH: *You think we could really get in?!*

DAVE: *I don't know... think about how embarrassing it would be to get turned away and have to go back upstairs and get drunk watching "Everybody Loves Raymond" again.*

JOSH: *Okay, but that was a good episode. Doris Roberts is a delight and (sarcastically) I'm sorry that I'm still in mourning.*

MARK: *As long as this Lorenzo guy gets us on the list, we'll be fine.*

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

EXT: Crowded outdoor club at hotel (AFTERNOON)

MARK, DAVE, and JOSH are having the time of their lives, like they're in school again. They're drunk and actually laughing for the first time this weekend. There's a DJ playing loud music. People are dancing and drinking.

MARK pulls his phone out of his pocket. We see a text from WILLIE:

WILLIE: *Hey, how are you holding up?*

MARK looks confused. It takes him a second to realize what WILLIE was talking about. He starts typing:

MARK: *Okay. Thanks so much for caring. I'll be okay.*

WILLIE: *Have you decided what to do? How do you feel? Do you need anything?*

MARK: *No. Trying not to think for now. Just going to zone out. It'll be okay. Thank you, though.*

WILLIE: *It will. See you guys in a few hours!!*

MARK looked at the time on his phone. It is 4:10pm. JOSH looks at DAVE and MARK very seriously. He leans against a pole with one hand, and has his hand on his hip.

JOSH: (long pause) I might actually want to take a nap.

DAVE: That's the best idea I've heard all day, my friend.

JOSH: (turns to DAVE) Can I please play the "Everybody Loves Raymond" reruns I recorded while we nap? For background noise?

DAVE: (smiles) Of course.

MARK: Okay. Let's nap and regroup at 8.

CUT TO:

INT: Hotel bedroom (NIGHT)

The alarm clock goes off at 7:45pm. MARK has an excruciating headache. He slaps the top of it and sits up slowly, blinking

his eyes several times. "Everybody Loves Raymond" is playing quietly in the background.

MARK gets up and stumbles to the bathroom. He splashes water on his face and groans.

MARK: Advil? Tylenol? Any?

DAVE: No. We've already looked.

JOSH: (to Mark) Hey. You gotta lead this. I can't do it.

MARK looks at JOSH, too hungover to respond just yet.

MARK: (v.o.) I was in no state to lead this thing.

JOSH: (again) You have to lead this.

MARK slowly walks towards the minibar and cracked open a beer with the hard plastic opener they all have on their keychains.

MARK: (v.o.) Whenever I was hungover, I thought I never wanted to drink again, let alone right now. But now, with Willie's life potentially at stake, I knew I had to try.

DAVE looks at MARK.

DAVE: What the hell are you doing?

MARK: Hair of the dog.

DAVE: (at a loss for words)...You want Willie to smell alcohol on your breath while—

MARK: No. I'm going to down it fast and then chew some gum.

JOSH: You have gum? Who has gum? I asked if anyone had gum. Who has gum?

MARK: Fine. I'll brush my teeth then.

MARK swigs his beer and immediately coughs it all up onto the rug.

DAVE: The fuck! Now the place smells like alcohol!

MARK: We were pretending we partied last night.
Remember?!

DAVE: They would have cleaned the room. This is a
high-end hotel, you fucking moron!

JOSH runs and grabs two bottles of club soda from the mini bar
and spilled them on all over the floor on top of the beer.

JOSH: Oh my god—it smells worse.

DAVE: That smells like gin and tonic!

JOSH: Fuck!! This is tonic, not soda!

DAVE: Fuck!! Where's the soda?

MARK walks out of the room. His head is pounding.

DAVE: Where the fuck are you going?

MARK: Gift shop. I'm going to get Tylenol for
everyone.

DAVE: Oh thank God. Get Advil.

JOSH: Get Tylenol.

DAVE: Get Advil Extra Strength.

JOSH: Get Tylenol Extra Strength!

MARK: I'll get both.

JOSH: Just get the Tylenol! Regular Tylenol!

DAVE looks at JOSH, squinting his eyes.

DAVE: Why the fuck would a person not get Extra
Strength?

JOSH: (to MARK) Just hurry back!

MARK: I will. Just make the room look like it's been
cleaned.

DAVE: Too late for that, man! That ship has fucking sailed!

JOSH: Look, our best chance now is to make it look like we've been partying all day.

JOSH starts emptying vodka minis on the floor, making it much worse.

DAVE: (getting enraged) What the fuck!? Do you realize how expensive that is!?

MARK stops walking towards the door and turns around to see what's happening. He leans his forehead against the wall.

JOSH: There is a life at stake here!

DAVE: How?! Whose!?

JOSH: Long term! Look! We need a consistent message! And the message a that we got wasted last night!

DAVE: Then what fucking leg do we have to stand on?

MARK takes his head off the wall and opens his eyes. He blinks a few times, thinking.

MARK: We'll just have to adjust the speeches. Like we all have a problem, but he has the biggest.

DAVE: What!?

JOSH: Adjust the speeches? What speeches? Did we write speeches?

DAVE pops a pill from a prescription bottle. JOSH immediately sees this.

JOSH: The fuck is that?

DAVE: Not Advil, don't fucking worry!

MARK starts for the door again.

MARK: I'll be right back. Right back!

JOSH: Wait! What's the opening statement? Who speaks first?

MARK stops.

MARK: What did we decide?

DAVE: We didn't.

MARK: Decide!

Before DAVE and JOSH can respond, MARK walks quickly out the door to the elevator heading down towards the casino lobby. Each time the elevator stops for someone else, he accidentally gets out. This happened four times. He finally gets to the crowded, huge lobby and tries to find the gift shop. He speed walks around aimlessly in circles, getting more and more lost. A hand grabs MARK's shoulder and he turns around.

WILLIE: Where are you going asshole?

MARK looks at WILLIE in his sharp blue suit, newly pressed, over a crisp white shirt. His shoes are white buckskin. MARK looks down to see what he's wearing, a pair of puffy yellow-and-gray New Balance sneakers.

MARK: Hey! Willie!

WILLIE puts his hands on MARK's shoulders and looks at him curiously.

WILLIE: You look like shit, my friend.

MARK: I'm... okay.

WILLIE drapes his arm firmly across MARK's shoulders.

WILLIE: Come with me. We need to catch up first. Just you and me.

WILLIE walks MARK to the bar in the center of the casino and orders four tequila shots. He gestures to MARK to sit on a barstool, and they both sit down.

MARK: No, no. I'm way too hungover from earlier in the day.

WILLIE: (smiling) Don't make me drink all four of these, Mark.

MARK slowly picks up a tequila shot and looks at it.

WILLIE: To health, wealth, and the beauty of our children!

MARK: (mumbling) To health, wealth, and the beauty of our children.

They clink glasses and take the shot. MARK looks like he's going to throw up at first, but then gathers his composure. MARK feels much better now. WILLIE didn't flinch.

WILLIE: If you ran for president, and I know you'd be a terrible president, and you were running against the best president ever--a pro-legalization, pro-gay-rights Reagan, I would vote for you. You know why? Because you support people. You just do. That's more important than having a good president--having a country where everyone is going to stand by their country. Do you know what I mean?

MARK smiled and remembered why they were best friends. WILLIE ordered two more tequila shots. MARK took his quickly, without a second thought. The bartender came back with WILLIE's change.

WILLIE: I'm good for now, thanks.

WILLIE turns back to MARK.

WILLIE: So, you made a mistake with Sarah. There are no sides. There's no justification for something like that.

MARK: I know.

WILLIE: And the fact that we all make mistakes--all of us--doesn't make this one okay.

MARK: I know.

WILLIE pushes the other tequila shot in front of MARK.

WILLIE: Here.

MARK: No, no. That's okay, I'm good.

WILLIE: No, you really need to drink this. I need you to drink this before I tell you this.

WILLIE stares at him seriously. MARK looks at WILLIE, and then at the shot. MARK takes it, slamming the empty shot glass on the table.

WILLIE: Hey. Look at me.

MARK looks at WILLIE's forehead.

WILLIE: I can't let you make a decision without knowing everything. I can't have you thinking everyone's perfect but you. Hey. Look at me.

MARK looks into WILLIE's eyes.

WILLIE: I love you guys. I really do. It's been a really hard first year out. I know it's all going to be worth it, but it's been hard. I know it seems like maybe I have it all together, like I've got it all perfectly figured out, and it's just guys like Dave who are kind of a mess.

MARK chuckles.

WILLIE: But yeah, it's hard for me, too. For all of us. The best thing ever is being here with everybody. We really have to do this more often.

MARK: To health, wealth, and the beauty of our children.

WILLIE: To health, wealth, and the beauty of our children.

WILLIE bumps his forehead into MARK's. MARK's headache went away completely.

WILLIE: Now, where the fuck is everybody?

CUT TO:

INT: Hotel suite

The door beeps as WILLIE and MARK swipe in. The place is a mess.

JOSH: Hey, did you get Advil or Tylenol?—

JOSH and DAVE's eyes widen, seeing WILLIE.

WILLIE: (yelling) What's the dinky-donk, motherfuckers?!

WILLIE lunges for DAVE, torpedoing DAVE's stomach with his skull and forcing him onto the bed, coughing. DAVE starts instinctively defending himself with wrestling moves, which made WILLIE laugh and break out his own high school wrestling moves.

JOSH looks at MARK, opening his arms.

JOSH: (mouthing) *So?*

MARK walks to the minibar and opens a beer. JOSH stares while MARK downs the whole thing and threw the empty bottle on the floor. MARK shrugs.

The four start to drink and catch up.

WILLIE: So Josh, whatever happened to you and—

MARK and DAVE snort.

JOSH: Shut up, man.

JOSH's face turns red.

WILLIE: What!?

DAVE: Willie, it's a rough subject. Be careful.

MARK: You've been warned.

WILLIE: Wait a minute... so you're telling me, our Joshy boy is a single man out on the town tonight?

JOSH smiles.

WILLIE: Alright gentlemen. Get up. Get clean. Brush your goddamn teeth, my God it smells like a rotting egg anytime one of you fuckers laugh. Get dressed. Dave, brush your goddamn hair for fuck's sake. Josh, get sharp. We've got moves to make tonight, my brother. Mark, what the fuck are you wearing? Are those my grandpa's sneakers? You know he's been dead for like, 8 years, right?

MARK, DAVE, and JOSH get up. JOSH walks towards the mini-bar.

WILLIE: Josh, I know you're walking towards the shower right?

JOSH: Just grabbing a shower beer, my man.

WILLIE: (smiling) Ahhh, that's my boy!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

INT: Hotel casino (NIGHT)

WILLIE lifts his glass of whiskey to make a toast, and the other three follow.

WILLIE: To health, wealth, and the beauty of our children.

MARK, JOSH, DAVE: To health, wealth, and the beauty of our children.

The four drink and start gambling.

MARK: (v.o.) We were having such a good time, we completely forgot about the intervention. It didn't seem like Willie needed one anymore, either. He seemed to be doing the best out of all of us.

CUT TO

INT: XS Casino

The four look visibly drunker and happier while they gamble in the new casino.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o.) So, we went to XS at the Wynn later.

CUT TO

INT: Ghostbar Casino

The four look even more visibly drunker and happier while they gamble in the new casino.

MARK: (v.o.) ...and then we went to Ghostbar at the Palms.

CUT TO WILLIE.

WILLIE sits in front of a roulette wheel with a crowd of people behind him watching. They start to cheer him on. WILLIE turns around and hands an attractive woman a glass of whisky, says something, and points at JOSH.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o.) Willie ended up winning \$800 at roulette.

CUT TO JOSH.

JOSH talks to the attractive woman, holding the glass of whisky. They walk out together. WILLIE gives MARK and DAVE a thumbs up.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o.) Josh hooked up.

CUT TO DAVE.

DAVE hugs WILLIE and MARK and talks to them. He is extremely drunk, but earnest. MARK and WILLIE look at each other while DAVE is rambling and smile.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o.) Dave drunkenly told us that he loved us. Something he'd never done before. I'd said it a few times to the guys. I'd guess Willie's said it about a dozen or so times. And Josh? I think Josh tells us that every time we get off the phone with him.

CUT TO

INT: Hotel room (THE NEXT MORNING)

MARK, DAVE, and WILLIE are passed out. The sun is rising. JOSH gets in, looks around at his friends and smiles. He crawls on the couch and falls asleep. At 10am, MARK pulls the curtains open. WILLIE packs a bowl.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o.) We got back to the rooms at 5am, slept till 10, pulled the curtain open, turned up some music, smoked a bowl...

CUT TO

INT: Buffet

The four are sitting at a table eating breakfast. There are so many plates of food, you can't see the table. They're talking about their night.

MARK (CONT'D): (v.o) ...and went to the Paris buffet for what we agreed was the best breakfast, lunch, and dinner of our lives in a single sitting.

WILLIE opens a bottle of champagne and pours everyone a glass.

WILLIE: We have to do this more often. Man, I wish I could have been here Friday night. That damned Delta flight. It sounded like I missed an interesting night (he raises his eye brows)--

WILLIE looks at MARK. MARK chokes a little on what he's eating, remembering the initial goal of the weekend, and regains his composure. WILLIE goes back into his speech voice.

WILLIE (CON'T): But, last night was one for the books, gentlemen. We won some capital, Josh participated in intercourse, with a woman, I might add, no one died, and we didn't lose any wallets. Success! We must turn this into a tradition!

JOSH lifts his glass.

JOSH: (terrible British accent) I would have to agree, William.

DAVE lifts his glass.

DAVE: Seconded.

They look at MARK. He realizes they're waiting for him and raises his glass.

MARK: Third. Thirded? Third. Whatever.

WILLIE smiles and raises his glass last. The four men clink their glasses and drink.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN

INT: Airport (DAY)

The four are hugging each other tightly goodbye. Upbeat music is playing. One by one, they go their separate ways.

MARK: (v.o) The four of us shared a taxi to the airport together, still drunk from the breakfast.

CUT TO MARK

MARK is playing slots in the airport alone.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o) My plane was the last to take off. I played slots until my plane was ready to board. I won, then I lost, then I won, then I lost, all at random. I didn't understand anything, but at least now it was a relief that I wasn't supposed to.

CUT TO

INT: Airplane

MARK boards the airplane and gets situated. After a moment he gets a notification: "31 new updates from Willie." MARK opens the notification and sees a new album from their weekend called "LAS VEGAS WITH THE GUYS." He goes through the silly photos and smiles.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o) Then the plane boarded, and I went back home. It was the happiest weekend the four of us spent together since college, as well as the last.

CUT TO

INT: Houston YMCA

WILLIE is playing basketball with a group of kids. The front of his shirt says "H.E.L.P." and we see that the back says "COACH WILLIE." He chats with another attractive volunteer. The back of her shirt says "COACH KATE."

MARK (CON'T): (v.o) A few weeks afterward, Willie changed his profile photo to a picture of him surrounded by smiling kids at an inner-city after-school program in a T-shirt with the unexplained acronym H.E.L.P. across it in cursive, and things seemed to get a lot better for him after that weekend.

CUT TO

INT: JOSH's office

People are in the breakroom wearing party hats. It's someone's birthday. JOSH walks in with the birthday cake, lit with candles, and everyone starts singing "Happy Birthday."

MARK (CON'T): (v.o) Josh ended up with the casino girl. I'm kidding, but he's doing fine. He was always doing fine, though. The guy loves his job.

CUT TO

INT: Bakery

MARK and Sarah are at a cake testing, picking one for the upcoming wedding. We see the ring on Sarah's finger. They're having a fun time.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o) I proposed to Sarah and we got married about a year later. Shortly after Vegas I told her about the failed intervention and how I tried to lie to WILLIE about cheating on her to make drinking seem bad. She thought it was hilarious.

CUT TO

EXT: MARK's wedding

Traditional, medium-sized, outdoor wedding. DAVE, JOSH, and WILLIE are all groomsmen. We see DAVE has a class ring from law school on.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o) After the Vegas trip, things seemed to fall into place for everyone. It felt like closure to an old chapter of our lives, but the kind we could reread every few years.

CUT TO

INT: Chicago bar

MARK, WILLIE, JOSH, and DAVE are celebrating. They are sitting in a round booth, drinking. MARK's shirt says "I'M GETTING MARRIED NEXT WEEK." DAVE's shirt says "I JUST GRADUATED LAW SCHOOL." JOSH's shirt says "#1 DORIS ROBERTS FAN." The backs of all three say "IF LOST RETURN TO WILLIE." WILLIE's shirt says "I AM WILLIE." They are all having a great time. They all start

laughing really hard. WILLIE is laughing so hard that he tears up.

MARK (CON'T): (v.o) The guys planned my bachelor party in Chicago so we could simultaneously celebrate Dave's graduation from law school. Willie made the t-shirts. We told Willie about our original plan for Vegas and the failed intervention. After a few minutes of laughing so hard he was crying, he said we'll never have to worry about him. Dave committed suicide six months later.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.