

MILKMEN?: A COMEDY ABOUT DEPORTATION

Written by

Tom Stohlgren

Representation:
Eleni Larchanidou, LLM
Literary & Talent Manager
GREECE: +30-697-9619813
(WhatsApp, Viber)
USA: +1-714-702-5507
movieselenilllm2014@gmail.com
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Milkmen?

Act One

FADE IN:

EXT./INT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

We see a dirty milk truck in front of a tattered two-story house with a garage in a Tahoe City, California.

We enter the unlocked front door to see a filthy family room, with clothes scattered everywhere. We see a stained blue work shirt, embroidered with the name "Ace."

We pass a sink full of dishes and an empty coffee pot.

We move on to Ace's downstairs bedroom, where we see ACE O'BRIEN (25), a tall, ruggedly handsome young man in tight underwear, sleeping restlessly on a disheveled bed in a sloppy room. His smartphone erupts with a loud alarm at 6 AM, but Ace quickly hits the off button.

Ace DREAMS of a milkman training film from the 1950s, in a clean, pressed white uniform, and delivering glass milk bottles in the "good old days."
<http://www.myfootageresearch.com/details.php?gid=58&sgid=&pid=18097>

Ace's smartphone erupts with a loud alarm at 7 AM, but Ace quickly hits the off button; then 8 AM ... until he finally rises at 1 PM.

He steps into the shower.

Moments later, he exits into the kitchen in his underwear, while drying his hair with a towel. He sniffs the air.

ACE
Hot coffee?

Ace looks around the kitchen. He sees the dishes are clean. He steps into the family room to see MARTIE DIAZ (25) an Hispanic beauty, with short black hair and shaking her head with disapproval. She's wearing blue jeans and a tank-top that reads, "U.C. Berkeley." Ace is bewildered.

ACE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

MARTIE

Good thing I'm not the health inspector.

ACE

Our maid died?

MARTIE

Bet it was a Sewer-cide.

Ace turns back to the kitchen. Martie follows.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Isn't this a little late for a milkman to get up?

ACE

The early-morning milkman is a myth; like the Tooth Fairy, Easter Bunny, and friends on social networks.

MARTIE

I'm here about the job in the newspaper. Been waiting since six.

Ace turns to face Martie, who is serious.

ACE

You wouldn't want the job. Minimum wage. We'll have our new ice-maker working any day now. Lots of heavy lifting in cold freezers.

MARTIE

I'm warm-bodied and inclined to work.

ACE

No health benefits.

MARTIE

I'm resigned to stay healthy.

Ace pours a cup of coffee.

ACE

We need a man.

MARTIE

I'm prepared to file a gender-discrimination law suit.

Ace sips the coffee and loves it. Then, he laughs hysterically loud and long -- he always laughs that way!

ACE

The job is yours. You get paid cash, under the table, every two weeks right after we get paid.

MARTIE

We?

ACE

My best-buds, Ponch and Clutch.

Martie looks around.

ACE (CONT'D)

They're late sleepers. I'll have a talk with them when...

PONCH TURAN (23), a tall, handsome, ever-smiling, Middle-Eastern man trudges down the stairs wearing an oversized blue work shirt embroidered with "Ponch." Ponch stops to stare at Martie, when he's pushed in the back by Clutch.

ACE (CONT'D)

Ponch, this is Martie. Martie, Ponch. Ponch is from either the Middle East or the Middle West. No one knows.

Martie is speechless.

CLUTCH REDMOND (21) is a dashing African-American, shirtless, with jeans that sag in the back. He's looking for his shirt, and doesn't see Martie.

ACE (CONT'D)

Clutch, I want you to meet Martie, our new part-time employee.

Clutch looks for his shirt. He bends over to pick up a shirt on the floor, and displays a "plumber's crack" the size of New York.

CLUTCH

Hey, Martie. They call me Clutch.

Clutch turns to Martie, embarrassed.

MARTIE

Nicknames aren't what they're cracked up to be.

ACE

We call him Clutch 'cause he can't
drive worth shit.

Martie extends her hand for handshakes, but the men don't
move.

MARTIE

What's wrong?

ACE

That's not the way we milkmen shake
hands.

PONCH AND CLUTCH

Secret Milkman's handshake.

Ponch and Clutch demonstrate the "Secret Milkman's
Handshake." They fold their fingers of each hand together
with their thumbs pointed high. A second later, they turn
their hands upside down, so that the thumbs point straight
down. Then, Ace races over to them and pretends to "milk the
udders" (the thumbs of each milkman).

Ace then forms the Secret Milkman's Handshake and presents
his thumbs to Martie, who stares in disgust.

MARTIE

Who delivers the milk, while you
milk your invisible male cows?

ACE

That's why needed to hire an extra.
We get a few complaints if we're
late to a few restaurants, ski
resorts, and grocery stores.

PONCH

Mr. Anderson, our boss in
Sacramento don't like to get
complaints.

CLUTCH

He hates us and wants the franchise
back.

Ace looks around the messy house.

ACE

Then we'd lose this magnificent
empire we built with our blood.

PONCH

Sweat.

CLUTCH

And beers.

ACE

(sings)

And when I die, and when I'm gone,
there'll be no child left in this
world to carry on, to carry on.

Martie stands up, and begins to stomp out.

MARTIE

Don't need a job this bad.

Ace whispers to Ponch and Clutch.

ACE

Get dressed. We gotta go after her.
She made coffee, and did the
dishes! And best of all, she's
normal!

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Ace, Ponch, and Clutch are dressed in their milkman shirts when they race out of the house and to the end of the driveway.

They find Martie crouched beneath a tree with her hands over her face. She looks up, fighting back the tears. She avoids eye contact. The men are stunned.

ACE

We didn't mean nothin', Martie.

She looks up slowly.

MARTIE

You don't get it.

(beat)

No one will hire me.

(beat)

I'm undocumented.

CLUTCH

I didn't graduate either.

PONCH

She's not a citizen, idiot.

Clutch punches Ponch in the arm.

CLUTCH

You didn't go to college either,
Ponch.

Ponch punches Clutch back. Ace crouches down to look in her eyes.

ACE

Let me guess. College graduate,
homeless, and those are your best
clothes, except for your little
black party dress?

Martie confirms Ace's suspicions with a slight nod.

MARTIE

Let me guess. You guys are
roommates since high school, you
suck at your jobs, and you're all
single because...

CLUTCH

(interrupts)

Wow. It's like Ace and Martie are
psycho!

PONCH

Psychic.
(beat)
Well, maybe both.

Martie turns angry.

MARTIE

I'm in some serious trouble here,
and you people are the least
serious people I've met in my life.
Thanks to your new President, I'm
one of hundreds of college
graduates from the University of
California system facing
deportation.

CLUTCH

New president?

ACE

We don't think about him much up
here.

PONCH

My relatives do!

CLUTCH
In the Middle-West?

PONCH
East! Middle-East!

MARTIE
My Mama is hiding near Folsom with
my aunt, but they didn't want to
draw more attention to the house
with me living there too. We
vacationed in Tahoe three years
ago. I thought it was heaven.
(beat, sad)
Thought I'd be safe in heaven.

Ace helps Martie up. She grabs a backpack from behind the
tree.

ACE
Come on, you'll be safe with us
until you figure out what to do.
You can sleep on the couch.

MARTIE
You had a couch in there?

PONCH
Next to the coffee table and TV?

MARTIE
Couldn't see them.

CLUTCH
It's my month to clean the house.

ACE
And he's the neat freak among us.
But it's free rent.

PONCH
Geez! We have to get that order of
milk and cheese to the west-side
grocery store, or we're in big
trouble. Anderson will hear about
it!

ACE
I'll take the trainee to the west
side, you guys take the north side.

Clutch and Ponch take off running.

CLUTCH

Don't worry, I'll clean the house
when we get back from the route.

PONCH

Don't worry, If the milk has
curdled, we'll sell it as cottage
cheese.

ACE

You see, Martie Diaz, it's gonna be
okay. We'll all be all right!

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Ace drives the milk truck through Tahoe City, with Martie
only partly listening to him.

ACE

Mr. Anderson sends all the dairy
products up from Sacramento in the
big truck. We use the two small
trucks to deliver.

MARTIE

So, the restaurants, stores, and
hotels pay you?

ACE

All the billing is by electronic
deposit. We just have to deliver.

MARTIE

By nightfall?

Ace laughs.

ACE

We get up earlier in the peak ski
season and mid-summer is just
crazy. Mid-May is still the slow
season.

MARTIE

Still, I imagine the store owners
would want early deliveries.

ACE

Remember the tooth fairy and Easter
Bunny?

Ace pulls the truck into the parking lot of a small grocery
store.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Ace opens the back of the milk truck and pulls out a dolly. Martie stands in the back of the truck surveying the milk products.

ACE

I need two cases whole, two two-percent, and one non.

Martie figures it out. She lifts two cases of whole milk and slides them to the back door.

MARTIE

Got it.

Ace loads the cases on the dolly, as Martie slides him more milk.

ACE

You better wait out here. Lou can get a little angry.

Ace wheels the dolly to the back door.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

LOU (60) is a plump, impatient store owner in a green apron. Ace enters as though nothing is wrong.

ACE

Morning, Lou. Beautiful day in paradise.

LOU

It ain't morning.

ACE

Must have been some late spring snow on Donner Summit. Everything was late getting here.

Ace races to put the milk in the refrigerator.

LOU

Ain't no snow on Donner Summit. Looks like I gotta call Anderson again.

Martie bursts in the back door with her arm held out for a shake.

MARTIE

Lou, is it? I'm Martie Diaz. Ace is breaking me in. My fault we're late. So much to learn. You got your whole milk, two-percent, non-fat. Enough to make my head fill like whipped cream.

Lou is stunned, but shakes Martie's hand.

LOU

New employee?

MARTIE

What time do you want me to be here on your next delivery? Before eight?

ACE

Sunrise is nine. Maybe ten.

Lou isn't listening to Ace.

LOU

Eight would be great. I'll have a donut for you.

MARTIE

Donuts? We gotta keep our girlish figures. Am I right, Lou?

Ace laughs right away. Lou signs the invoice on a clipboard.

ACE

She's such a kidder, Lou!

Martie pulls the empty dolly and Ace out the back door.

MARTIE

See ya next time, Lou!

Lou smiles.

LOU

Bye now, Martie.

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Ace is shaking his head and smiling.

ACE

You were pretty good back there. Saved us another complaint.

MARTIE

Seems like if you just got up a little earlier...

ACE

(interrupting)

Ah, ah, ah. Squaw Valley and the restaurants won't be nearly as easy. Some of the owners are women.

MARTIE

Bring 'em on!

Ace laughs as he drives on.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's a beautiful sundown on a restaurant patio with a view of the Lake. Ponch and Clutch are drinking beers, when Ace walks in smiling with Martie.

ACE

Hey, guys, should've seen our new trainee today. Put Lou in his place, and bagged us a new account at the French restaurant at Squaw!

CLUTCH

From old lady Do-Bra?

PONCH

Doo-bwah!

ACE

Imagine they serve French fries, French toast, and French bread...

MARTIE

(interrupts)

I'm catching on to all of you. You're not dumb at all! You listen closely to everything that's said, and you purposely say something dumb, 'cause you think it's funny.

The men are silence for a moment, until they burst out laughing.

ACE

No crime in making people laugh.

A cute WAITRESS (Sarah) (25) comes over with two more beers and a plate of deep fried zucchini.

CLUTCH

Even if it's just each udder.

The Waitress snarls at Ace, who ignores her.

WAITRESS

Would you like to see the
children's menu?

Clutch forms the Secret Milkman's handshake.

CLUTCH

Two beers for my friends here, and
extra sour cream and butter for the
appetizers if you will, Sarah.

The Waitress snarls, punches Ace's shoulder, and gives Martie
a dirty look, and leaves.

PONCH

The nuns hated us at St.
Benedict's!

CLUTCH

(slowly)
We'd pronounce it Saint Bend-a-
dick.

ACE

They hated that! Martie, how 'bout
we eat here tonight? They're a
customer of ours.

PONCH

That's why we ordered the extra
sour cream and butter that we'll
never use.

CLUTCH

And they cut us a deal on dinner.

MARTIE

No thanks. I'm not staying.

ACE

For dinner? You gotta stay and
celebrate your first day on the
job.

All eyes are on Martie.

MARTIE

It's my Mama. I got a text from my
aunt. She's throwing my Mama out.

PONCH

Who could throw a poor old lady out
on the street?

MARTIE

You don't know Mama. She's been
tossed on the bus to Reno. Arrives
at nine-fifteen. I'm screwed.

The boys stare at each other in silence.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

I gotta hitchhike to Reno to pick
her up.

Ace is particularly sad.

ACE

Maybe she could stay with us for a
few days.

Martie stands up, angrier than ever.

MARTIE

No. You don't understand. She takes
time to warm up to people, and for
people to warm up to her.

PONCH

How much time?

MARTIE

Let's see...
(beat)
I'm twenty-four.

The boys look nervous.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

And she won't be happy with me,
especially now that I told her a
little white lie.

The boys arch back in their seats.

CLUTCH

Little white lie?

PONCH

That you had a big new job at Lake
Tahoe?

ACE

And a house?

CLUTCH

And a baby? A beautiful black baby girl?

Martie slumps back in her seat, and covers her head with her hands.

ACE

What did you tell her?

Martie looks at each of the boys.

MARTIE

I kind of told her I was marrying my college sweetheart. A citizen. So I could get citizenship. Then I'd hide her away as my housekeeper.

PONCH

But this college sweetheart of yours?

MARTIE

Like the tooth fairy, Easter Bunny, and early-morning milkman.

The boys turn deadly serious.

CLUTCH

You lied to your mother?

PONCH

Shame on you!

ACE

Disgusting.

Martie is puzzled. Then, the boys break out laughing. Martie is more puzzled than ever.

MARTIE

What?

ACE

Everybody lies to their mothers!

The Waitress returns with two beers and a side of butter and sour cream. She gives Martie another evil stare.

WAITRESS

Would you be needing a doggie bag?

The Waitress departs. Martie is a bit bewildered at the waitress's behavior.

ACE

We'll eat. You two clean the house.
I'll drive Martie into Reno to pick
up the old bag.

MARTIE

The old bag?

ACE

Your Mama's luggage. We'll pick her
up too, of course.

PONCH

Unless she's so big, you can't pick
her up.

CLUTCH

Then she'll have to walk.

ACE

You can both bunk with us until you
make other arrangements. I'm sure
it will be a night or two.

MARTIE

Maybe less, after she sees the
place, and meets you. Mama can be a
little rough around the edges.

PONCH

If she raised you, how bad could
she be?

INT. DAIRY/HOME - NIGHT

MAMA DIAZ (50), a heavy-set angry-looking ex-con-type with tattoos, marches into the house to see Ponch and Clutch sitting on the couch with their feet up on the coffee table watching ESPN Sports Center on the big TV. Mama grunts at Ponch and Clutch, as Ace enters carrying three tattered suitcases. Ace whispers.

ACE

She doesn't speak much English. All
she says is 'Folsom Prison.'

PONCH

You're kidding?

CLUTCH

Thought she had a full-time job
somewhere?

ACE

Folsom Prison is my guess. Her and
Martie argued all the way here --
in Spanish. All I heard was Folsom
Prison!

Martie enters carrying one more suitcase, and two bags of
groceries.

MARTIE

Mamá, esto es Ponch.
[Mama, this is Ponch.]

Ponch stands and nervously holds out a hand, which Mama
ignores.

MAMA

Punch?

MARTIE

Cierra, Mamá
[Close, Mama.]
(points to Clutch)
Mamá, esto es Clutch.
[This is Clutch.]

MAMA

Crotch?

Ponch and Clutch return to the couch and put their feet up on
the coffee table.

ACE

Yep, that's them. Punch and Crotch.
Well, I'm bushed. Time to hit the
hay. Up by noon tomorrow.

Ace begins walking to the kitchen to get to his bedroom, when
Ponch stops him.

Mama stomps over to Ponch and kicks his legs to get his feet
off the coffee table.

PONCH

Mama and Martie are sharing your
room. Won't this be fun!

Mama kicks Clutch's legs off the table.

CLUTCH

We'll take turns sleeping on the couch. Like camping.

(beat)

In a World War II camp in Germany.

MARTIE

I can't sleep with Mama. No one can!

ACE

It's just for a few days, right? Until you can find a rental? We'll all help you look!

MARTIE

I'm not sleeping with her.

ACE

That makes it unanimous.

LATER

The room is dark. Martie is on one side of the couch with a pillow and blanket. Ace is on the other side. They are both sound asleep.

CRYSTAL (24), a beautiful aboriginal Australian in a sleek red dress, sneaks in the front door, and tiptoes slowly back to Ace's room. She does not see Martie and Ace sleeping on the couch.

Moments later, we HEAR Mama and Crystal scream.

Ace sits straight up. Martie stays buried under a blanket.

Ace turns on the lamp next to him, as we hear one punch, then a second scream from Crystal.

Ace stands up, but hesitates to run to Crystal's rescue.

Crystal, with a bloody nose, runs into the family room covered only by a small bath towel to Ace standing in front of Martie.

CRYSTAL

Somebody punched me. Ace? What are you doing in here? Who's that? And who punched me?

MARTIE

(whispers to Ace)
That would be Mama.

ACE

There's a reasonable explanation
for everything.

Mama races out of the kitchen in her bathrobe, with pink curlers in her hair, stomping towards Crystal with a butcher knife, as Punch and Clutch come downstairs wearing boxer shorts. Crystal races out the front door.

Martie hops out from under the blanket.

MARTIE

Mama, stop! Detener! She thinks
she's back in Folsom Prison.

Mama stops for a second, then chases Ponch and Clutch back up the stairs wielding the butcher knife.

MAMA

Folsom Prison! Folsom Prison!

ACE

Can't you stop her, Martie.

MARTIE

Couldn't stop her before! Mama,
detener!

ACE

This has happened before?

MARTIE

(yells)
Mama!

Mama finally stops, and puts down the knife. She trudges without speaking back to Ace's bedroom. Ace races outside to comfort Crystal.

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - NIGHT

Crystal is angry and scared!

CRYSTAL

Who was that serial killer in your
house, Ace? You didn't say you had
psychotic company!

ACE

Our new cook. Just out of Folsom
Prison. Nothing to worry about.
Come in and meet her.

Crystal nervously walks back inside.

INT. DAIRY/HOME - NIGHT

Martie and Mama are back in Ace's bedroom.

Ponch and Clutch come downstairs again, still in boxer shorts. They eye Crystal, who is still angry.

CRYSTAL

Hi Ponch. Hi Clutch. Bet you think this is funny! Ace, go get my clothes from your room!

ACE

I'm not going in there.

CRYSTAL

(yells)
Get my clothes!

ACE

She sleepwalks, is all.

CRYSTAL

With a butcher knife?

Ace trudges to the bedroom.

PONCH

She's a sharp one, Mama.

CLUTCH

I was right about Psycho.

In the bedroom, Ace whispers to Martie.

ACE

Martie, that's my -- girlfriend, Crystal. She's from Australia.

MARTIE

The clothing-optional part of Australia?

ACE

She's a bartender at Pete and Peter's Bar. Sometimes she comes over at night after the bar closes.

MARTIE

I see. Like an international sleep-over.

Ace gathers Crystal's clothes and exits to the family room.

ACE
I got your clothes.

Crystal turns her back and begins to put on her dress.

PONCH
Your Victoria Secret is safe with
me?

She stops and holds the blanket tightly around her.

Ponch and Clutch laugh. Ace bites his tongue.

CRYSTAL
Very funny. I'll change in the
kitchen.

Ponch starts to follow Crystal.

PONCH
Anyone want tea?

CLUTCH
I'd love a cup. Nothing soothes the
stomach more after a near-stabbing.

ACE
Let her be.

Ace yells into the kitchen.

ACE (CONT'D)
Okay, that was pretty funny. You
gotta admit it, Crystal, but I'll
make this up to you.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
How? With a quadruple homicide then
suicide? Look at my nose!

ACE
I'll buy you Cheetos. You like
Cheetos.

Crystal storms out of the kitchen fully clothed.

CRYSTAL
You've done it this time, Ace. I'm
pressing assault charges against
that crazy mother...

ACE

Mama? You surprised her. We'll laugh about this tomorrow.

CLUTCH

Mama meant no harm... this time.

ACE

See. We'll talk about it tomorrow night over dinner.

PONCH

Pork chops? Veal cutlets?

CLUTCH

Rump roast, maybe?

CRYSTAL

I've had it with all of you. You too, Ace! I'm reporting that old crazy woman with a butcher knife to the Sheriff tomorrow after work!

Crystal begins to stomp out.

ACE

Let's talk tomorrow, okay.

Crystal slams the door.

ACE (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

Ponch races to the kitchen.

PONCH

I'm gonna hide all the knives.

Ponch grabs three sharp knives and heads upstairs. Clutch follows Ponch, while mumbling loudly.

CLUTCH

I'll gonna put a lock on our upstairs bedroom door. Maybe a trip wire. Chinese bamboo death trap.

ACE

You guys are over-reacting.

Martie comes out to the family room. Ace looks over at Martie, who is deep in thought, and slumped in the couch. Ace goes to comfort her, but he's afraid to touch her.

ACE (CONT'D)
What's the worry?

Martie looks away.

ACE (CONT'D)
You know, worrying is like celery,
a negative food group. You use more
energy eating celery, than you get
from celery. Worrying uses up
energy, and you get nothing from
it.

Martie gazes into Ace's eyes.

MARTIE
Worried about Mama.

ACE
She looks like she can take care of
herself.

MARTIE
It's not that.

ACE
What is it?

MARTIE
If the Sheriff detains her,
Immigration will be automatically
notified, and she'll be...
(beat)
Deported.

ACE
That's awful.
(looks away, mumbles)
I'll miss her terribly.

Martie slaps his arm.

MARTIE
I heard that! I was right here!

Ace looks back lovingly.

ACE
I'm sorry, snide comments escape
from my mouth before I can stop
them. I try to count to ten before
saying something stupid or hurtful,
but they just pop out. I was born
with it.

MARTIE

Your mother would have killed you.

ACE

She tried. She tried. I left my home in Oakland at eighteen, came to Tahoe to hide out. Just like you.

Their eyes meet, until Mama sleepwalks into the family room. She looks threatening.

Ace jumps back to the far side of the couch in terror.

MARTIE

Sleepwalking again. I'll put her back to bed.

Martie jumps up and leads Mama back to Ace's bedroom.

ACE

(mumbles)

I'd really miss her. Such a delightful woman.

Ace covers himself with a blanket as if hiding. He tries to sleep, but his eyes are wide open.

INT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

It's dawn. Ace is still hiding under the blanket on the couch when his nose pops out to sniff the air. He hears pots and pans clanging in the kitchen. He peeks out to see that Martie is gone.

Ace sleepily tiptoes to the kitchen. He sees Mama cooking a fabulous breakfast of huevos rancheros, Spanish rice, and fresh tortillas. Mama ignores Ace.

Martie bounces in from Ace's room freshly showered and drying her hair with a towel. She looks magnificent.

MARTIE

Buenos dias. Good morning, Ace.

Ace rubs his eyes.

ACE

What time is it?

MARTIE

Mama always makes breakfast at Sunrise. Five-forty.

ACE
 Five-forty? AM? That's the middle
 of the night?

Ace shakes his head and eyes Martie's beauty as he sluggishly
 walks past her.

ACE (CONT'D)
 Is Mama sleep-cooking? Smells great
 in here. I have to use the banjo.

Martie sneers.

MARTIE
 El baño. But I bet you know that!
 You said banjo trying to be funny.
 It made you look childish.

Ace looks like a scolded student in school.

MARTIE (CONT'D)
 But I'll still make you coffee.

ACE
 None for me. I'm going back to
 sleep for four to six hours.

MARTIE
 No, you're going to eat breakfast
 and go to work!

Ace lowers his head and pouts.

LATER

Ace, Martie, Ponch, and Clutch sit around a small table,
 while Mama serves them a second helping of breakfast. Mama
 grunts and never smiles. Ace is still pouting. Ponch, Clutch,
 and Martie are smiling and eating. Ponch looks over at Mama
 by the stove and starts to sing a song.

PONCH
 If you want to be happy for the
 rest of your life.

Clutch joins him.

PONCH AND CLUTCH
 Never make a pretty woman your
 wife. So from my personal point of
 view, get an ugly girl to marry
 you.

Ace wakes up with the song and joins in as Martie catches the beat and enjoys the song.

ACE, PONCH, AND CLUTCH

If you want to be happy for the rest of your life. Never make a pretty woman your wife. So from my personal point of view, get an ugly girl to marry you.

CLUTCH

Oh man, is that your woman over there. She sure is ugly.

ACE AND PONCH

But she sure can cook!

Mama glares back at them from the stove and the song ends abruptly. Ponch and Clutch stand and try to escape.

Martie glares at Ace.

ACE

What! They're just silly lyrics to an old song?

PONCH

That was great. Thanks!

CLUTCH

Wake us for lunch.

Mama is blocking the door to the family room with a cast-iron skillet in her hand and a mean look.

Ponch and Clutch take their seats and eat their food quickly. Mama exits the room.

ACE

What's with Mama?

MARTIE

I told her when I graduated, not to worry about me. I'd be marrying my college sweetheart and staying in the U.S. But there is no sweetheart.

CLUTCH

Then how was that supposed to work?

MARTIE

My education F-1 visa only lasts sixty days after I graduate. Then, I have to return to Mexico.

PONCH

If you marry a U.S. Citizen, you can get a green card and a real job?

CLUTCH

Mama looks pretty mad all the time.

ACE

I thought Mama just didn't like us.

MARTIE

Mama thinks one of you must be my college sweetheart.

The boys gasp!

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Mama just doesn't like you. She told me this morning that she'd rather kill you all than see me marry one of you.

PONCH

Good thing we hid all the knives.

MARTIE

It's not funny, guys. Mama's here illegally, too. If I go, she goes. And she can't go back to Mexico because of Papa.

ACE

Papa?

MARTIE

Mama filed for divorce. A disgrace in our country. He vowed revenge.

ACE

She's divorcing him?

Mama returns with an angry look at the boys. Clutch glances at Mama.

CLUTCH

What's not to love?

MARTIE

Papa's worse. Believe me! Good thing he's in Mexico, is all I have to say! If he ever found us, we'd all be in real trouble!

The boys look worried -- very worried.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SUPER "MEXICO CITY"

PAPA DIAZ (55) stands before a mirror in a nice hotel room. He wears a nice black suit with a pressed black shirt. He growls as he ties a black tie around his neck. We see his passport and several one-hundred-dollar bills (U.S.) on the counter.

End Act One

Act Two

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Martie drives the milk truck around the Lake, while Ace tries to enjoy the scenery (that is, the Lake and Martie in a tank top). But Ace's voice sounds worried.

ACE

Never knew what the morning looked like.

MARTIE

Breathtakingly beautiful.

Ace eyes Martie while she looks at the lake.

ACE

I was about to say the same thing.
(beat)
You sure you got a driver's license?

MARTIE

I told you, I have an F-1 visa for graduate school. That, and my Mexican passport, got me a driver's license. But my F-1 educational visa expires sixty days after I graduate. So will my driver's license.

ACE

Unless you marry a U.S. Citizen.

Martie slams on the brakes, and turns angry.

MARTIE

How stupid do you think I am? I'd never marry anyone to stay in ANY country! I'd marry for love!

Ace turns his head away.

ACE

Okay, okay. Sorry I mentioned it!

Martie drives on.

MARTIE

When we get back to the house, I'll tell Mama the truth.

(MORE)

MARTIE (CONT'D)

No college sweetheart. Sixty days to return to Mexico.

ACE

She not gonna like that. Can't you just get a good-paying job and stay?

MARTIE

Not without a green card. In fact, if Immigration finds out I'm working for anybody but U.C. Berkeley, they can deport me in twenty-four hours!

ACE

How about me? Could I get in trouble?

MARTIE

Sure. For hiring illegal aliens, paying me under the table is tax evasion, and then there's the human trafficking charges!

ACE

Human trafficking? Like the slave trade?

MARTIE

Well, it was you who picked up Mama, an illegal alien, in Reno, Nevada, and transported her across state lines, harbored her in your house where she worked as a cook for no wages.

Ace looks very worried.

ACE

I'm a human trafficker?

MARTIE

Of course you are!

Martie bursts out laughing.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

But only if you get caught!

(beat)

Five to ten years in the pen for first-time offenders.

Ace's eyes open widely.

ACE

We have to get you married off!

MARTIE

Told you! Not gonna happen.

(beat)

Hey, we're at Lou's.

Ace remains worried.

EXT./INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Lou stares at a small TV behind the counter. On the TV, we hear a female Reporter (35) who is showing a photo of SHERIFF WILLARD SUZUKI (50), a uniformed, Japanese, red-neck Sheriff.

REPORTER

This is the third arrest of illegal aliens working in some of Lake Tahoe's finest restaurants. Sheriff Willard Suzuki continues his personal mission to rid the Tahoe Basin of plastic bottles, undocumented murderers and rapists from Mexico, and tattoo parlors.

Martie wheels in a dolly full of milk crates, and Lou fakes a heart attack, as he turns the volume down on the TV.

LOU

Is Ace dead? In a coma? Pictured on a milk carton?

MARTIE

He's lounging in the truck. We promised eight AM, and we deliver!

Lou laughs.

LOU

Thought I'd never see the day!
Donuts and coffee? On the house?

Martie off-loads the milk like a champ. She carefully counts the number of milk cartons.

MARTIE

Keep the donuts, Lou. I think you lost a pound or two since yesterday.

Lou pats his tummy and smiles. He signs the invoice on a clipboard.

Martie sees his wedding ring.

LOU
(whispers)
My husband said the same thing.
Just coffee this morning.

MARTIE
You look good, Lou. Keep it up.

Martie begins to leave.

LOU
Maybe I'll call Ace's big boss, Mr.
Anderson, and tell him what a good
job you're doing.

Martie, in a panic, races back to Lou.

MARTIE
No, Lou. Please no. I don't want
anyone to know I've got a second
job. Know what I mean?

Lou is taken back.

LOU
Sure. No problem, Martie. Won't
tell a soul.

Martie smiles.

MARTIE
Thanks, Lou.

Martie wheels out the dolly as Lou smiles and waves.

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Ace is busy sending text messages to Ponch and Clutch, as
Martie drives.

ACE
We're going to finish early. Maybe
I can introduce you to a few
friends.

MARTIE
You're not gonna fix me up with
some perfect stranger!

ACE

My friend, Miguel Sanchez is close to perfect when he's next to me, but he's single, rich, speaks Spanish and Swahili, and he has a speed boat.

MARTIE

Sounds like you're trying to find someone who my Mama would approve of.

ACE

Just someone she doesn't want to kill with a butcher knife!

MARTIE

Quit worrying about me and Mama. You have your own problems. Don't you have a date with the Australian Energizer Playboy Bunny?

ACE

Crystal gets off at five. On the boat ride, maybe you can give me ideas about what to say.

Martie snickers.

MARTIE

Or what not to say, in your case.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Ace, in a tattered bathing suit, lounges in the back of a beautiful speedboat. He drinks beer after beer. MIGUEL SANCHEZ (30, tanned, stunning good looks; expensive swimsuit) captain's the boat. Martie is in a bikini top and shorts, sitting next to Miguel at the front of the boat. They are conversing in Spanish, and laughing, but the loud boat engine prevents Ace from hearing them. Ace chugs a beer, and gets sloppy in his next attempt at humor. He yells.

ACE

Me hobble Espanolie.

Martie and Miguel both sneer at Ace.

MARTIE

Not funny, Ace.

Miguel turns serious, and whisper to Martie.

Ace smiles approvingly and Miguel and Martie glance in his direction from time to time.

Suddenly, and without warning, Martie slaps Miguel across the face.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Take me back to the dock, you right-wing, sell-out! You may be in the one-percent income bracket, but you're one-hundred-percent cabrón to me!

Everyone loses their smiles.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Ace waves and Martie glares at Miguel as he speeds away in his boat.

ACE

What the hell did he say?

MARTIE

He was interesting at first. A sixth-generation Californian from Spanish land barons. A self-made multi-millionaire and philanthropist...

ACE

He plays with children. That's not the Miguel I know.

MARTIE

Then he said he hopes the President builds a wall with machine-gun nests and a mine field to keep out the Mexican immigrants who are murderers and rapists.

(beat)

So, I put him in his place.

ACE

Mama would have killed him.

MARTIE

Anymore bright ideas?

ACE

You could seduce Ponch or Clutch,
or Punch and Crotch as your Mama
calls them. Marry one of them, and
your problems would be over.

MARTIE

Are you drunk or just stupid?

ACE

That's a trick question.

(beat)

Trying to save you from getting
deported is all.

MARTIE

How come you haven't married the
Australian Bobble-head Barbie?

ACE

Crystal's a nice woman. She
understands me. But...

MARTIE

But what?

ACE

She was a rugby player and a
lifeguard, and she wears me out,
sexually. Like, have you ever...

MARTIE

Whoa! T-M-I! Too much information.

Ace looks puzzled.

ACE

We milkmen talk like that a lot,
and I forgot. Sorry.

MARTIE

What about the waitress who sent me
evil-eyes that burned like lasers?

ACE

Sarah? She was a cling-on! A cling-
on and a cuddler. A cling-on, a
cuddler, and offered complete and
total adoration.

MARTIE

(sarcastic)

Sounds awful.

ACE
Every night. An overboard
satisfier...

MARTIE
Okay, that's way too much
information. Besides, you have to
patch things up with the down-
underwear model, so she doesn't
report Mama to the Sheriff.

Ace is downing another beer, and he's almost falling asleep.

ACE
Shouldn't be too hard!

MARTIE
Whether it is or it isn't, you have
to prevent her from going to the
Sheriff!

Ace is drifting off to sleep.

ACE
I need a shuccessful date with
Crystal!

MARTIE
Bring her flowers and candy, you
idiot.

Ace is clearly drunk.

ACE
I'm not the only one who needs a
shuccessful date. You only got
sixty days to find a hobby.
(beat)
I mean, a hubby.

Martie is upset as she helps Ace to stand up.

MARTIE
Let's get you showered and cleaned
up for your big date!

INT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Ace is showered, shaved, and dressed nicely for his date with
Crystal. He slumps in his chair at the kitchen table, still a
little tipsy and very sleepy.

Martie scowls as she makes coffee, especially when Ponch and Clutch bounce into the kitchen laughing and giggling.

PONCH

Hey, Ace. Hey, Martie. We finished our milk route in record time and we saw the most amazing thing!

MARTIE

(sarcastic)
It's called sunrise?

CLUTCH

No, we saw the Sheriff busting a van of Mexicans on a road crew!
(worried)
Where's Mama?

MARTIE

Taking a siesta!

PONCH

She wasn't holding a shovel by the side of the road, was she?

CLUTCH

Or a butcher knife?

Ponch and Clutch see that Ace is almost asleep.

PONCH

What's the matter with Ace?

Ace slumps further in the chair.

MARTIE

We went out on Miguel's boat. He tried to fix me up with that right-wing fascist, then he drank himself into a stupor.

CLUTCH

(laughing)
Same old lovable Ace.

Martie is angry.

MARTIE

Except he has to win back Crystal's heart tonight to keep Mama from getting deported!

PONCH

Ace can be smooth! He'll probably take her to Jake's on the Lake.

MARTIE

Nice restaurant?

CLUTCH

The best garlic mashed potatoes anywhere.

MARTIE

Garlic? He shouldn't have garlic on a date!

PONCH

We should go in disguise, get a booth in the corner, and order for him. Clutch, wanna go?

CLUTCH

Wrestling is on TV tonight. Can't make it.

MARTIE

That's not a bad idea. His date has to go well.

They stare at each other, bewildered.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's sunset. There are three additional Couples (various ages and types) in restaurant enjoying dinner. Crystal, wearing a sleek, sexy dress is seated with Ace at a table overlooking the Lake. Crystal is excited, and Ace is near asleep.

CRYSTAL

This looks like a lovely, romantic night you've arranged for us, Ace.

Ace lifts his chin an inch.

ACE

Uh huh.

CRYSTAL

What is it you love about this place? The dreamy sunsets, opulent place settings, or sexy dinner companion?

Ace struggles to stay awake, and clearly isn't listening.

ACE

The garlic mashed potatoes are good.

Martie and Ponch are in a back booth, disguised in dark sunglasses and sun hats, spying on Ace. They whisper.

MARTIE

How do you think their date is going?

The same Waitress (Sarah) comes by with two giant margaritas, and two shots of tequila, all for Ponch.

PONCH

She ain't killed him yet.
(beat)
Sure you won't have something to drink?

Martie stares at the two margaritas.

MARTIE

May as well. May I please have a dry martini, no olives.

The Waitress snarls.

WAITRESS

Figures.

Martie points to Ace, and hands the Waitress twenty bucks.

MARTIE

And there's twenty bucks in it for you if you make Ace's drinks all virgin, and double the alcohol in the Australian floozy's drinks.

The Waitress stares over at Ace with an evil look, and a meaner look at Crystal. She glides over to Ace's table and smiles.

WAITRESS

I'm Sarah. Remember me? I'll be your waitress this evening. What can I get you started with?

CRYSTAL

Ice tea, for me.

ACE

Long Island Iced Tea, for me. And a couple shots of your best organic tequila.

WAITRESS

1519 Tequila?

Ace perks up.

ACE

(to the waitress)

1519! It's our favorite! You remember that night when...

Crystal kicks him under the table. Ace grimaces.

The Waitress smiles, and races back to Martie's and Ponch's table.

WAITRESS

What I do now? He ordered shots of 1519 Tequila. I can't substitute water! You're screwed.

Martie's drops her chin.

MARTIE

Mama!

PONCH

(to the waitress)

Don't let him drink it! It'll put him to sleep.

WAITRESS

Just what the stray dog deserves!

The waitress stomps over to the bar.

Ponch and Martie are worried and depressed.

MARTIE

He's such an idiot!

Ponch slams his fist on the table.

PONCH

Crystal is the one going to the Sheriff to rat out your Mama! She's the idiot!

(beat)

(MORE)

PONCH (CONT'D)
And you woke all of us up too
early! The day was cursed from the
start! You're an idiot, too!

Martie reflects for a moment and stares at Ponch.

MARTIE
Seriously? Do you do any
introspection?

PONCH
We failed a health introspection
once.

MARTIE
You three are hopeless.

PONCH
Things were fine around here until
you came along!

MARTIE
I bet Mama is about to kill Clutch
any minute now!

CUT TO:

INT. DAIRY/HOME - NIGHT

Clutch and Mama are having the time of their lives cheering
on professional wrestlers on TV and enjoying shots of 1519
Tequila. Mama doesn't understand a thing Clutch says.

CLUTCH
The Modesto Maniac is my all-time
favorite. He does this move called
the nut-cruncher...

MAMA
(interrupting)
Uno mas tequila.

She trusts a shot glass in front of Clutch while glued to the
wrestling match.

Clutch pours her another shot. He sips his. She chugs hers.

Clutch stands excited, then Mama stands, equally excited.

CLUTCH
It's the Human Sacrificer! He'll
kill the Modesto Maniac!

Mama cheers and holds out her empty shot glass. Clutch pours another without taking his eyes off the TV. He cheers wildly.

BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At Ace and Crystal's table, the two shot glasses are empty. Ace struggles to stay awake, while Crystal looks annoyed.

The Waitress brings two plates of Maine Lobster Tails, each with a large heap of garlic mashed potatoes. The Waitress looks at Ace who is almost asleep.

WAITRESS

There's more life in the lobsters.

CRYSTAL

And your crabs.

(whispers to waitress)

I think he's about to propose. Get lost, Sarah!

The Waitress huffs as she exits.

We SEE Martie and Ponch looking on in anticipation. They whisper.

MARTIE

Propose. Did you hear that? She'll never turn in my Mama if Ace proposes!

PONCH

He looks pretty tired.

Back at Ace's table, Crystal flirts with Ace, while he stares at the mashed potatoes.

CRYSTAL

Such a magical night. The Lake in the moonlight. The soft music...

Ace closes his eyes and does a face-plant into the garlic mashed potatoes.

Crystal, Martie, and Ponch are horrified.

MARTIE

Mama!

INT. DAIRY/HOME - NIGHT

Martie and Ponch help an exhausted Ace into the house. Ace still has mashed potatoes outlining his face. Clutch and Mama are passed out on the couch with an empty bottle of 1519 Tequila and two shot glasses on the coffee table.

Martie sees her Mama and lets go of Ace who falls to the floor.

MARTIE

Mama, Mama!

Mama stirs awake, and Martie helps her to the bedroom. Mama mumbles to Martie as she points at Clutch

MAMA

Usted se casará con Crotch.

Martie glares at Crotch.

MARTIE

No, Mama! I will not marry Clutch!

Martie and Mama disappear into the kitchen, while Clutch and Ponch pick up Ace and lay him on the couch.

CLUTCH

How did Ace's date with Crystal go?

PONCH

Let's just say the Sheriff will likely be by tomorrow to deport Mama.

CLUTCH

I was just starting to like her.

PONCH

She's married.

CLUTCH

Filed for divorce.

PONCH

From a crazy man, as I hear it!

INT. RENO AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER "RENO, NEVADA."

Papa Diaz steps out of the airport, still dressed in a black suit, black shirt, and black tie and shoes.

He wheels a small dark suitcase behind him. Papa stops and looks around impatiently.

Two Men drive up in a black, late-model SUV. They exit the vehicle without speaking. The sinister-looking Men (50s) one black, one white, also wear black suits. One of the men hands Papa a shiny silver briefcase, which he readily exchanges for his suitcase.

Papa POINTS west, then gets in the backseat, and they race off.

INT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Ace struggles to wake up on the couch. He hears the clanging of pots and pans in the kitchen.

He staggers into the kitchen to see Martie pouring a cup of coffee.

ACE
That coffee I smell?

MARTIE
Is that death I smell?

ACE
Sorry about last night. Where's
Ponch and Clutch?

MARTIE
Doing your milk route.

ACE
We gotta do theirs?

MARTIE
No. Slow day. Said they got it.

ACE
Sheriff been by to pick up Mama?

MARTIE
Not yet.

ACE
Where is Mama?

MARTIE
Sunbathing at the Lake.

Ace paces in the room frantically!

MARTIE (CONT'D)
Worried about the Sheriff?

ACE
Worried I'll never get that image
out of my head!

Martie slaps his arm hard. Ace yelps!

They hear a KNOCK on the door. Ace looks out a window.

ACE (CONT'D)
It's the Sheriff. You better hide.
I'll get rid of him.

Martie races to Ace's bedroom in a panic. Sheriff Suzuki, a uniformed Japanese red-neck cop, KNOCKS louder, then barges in the door.

SHERIFF
Why didn't you answer the door,
Robert?

ACE
Can't you call me Ace like everyone
else?

SHERIFF
I don't play games, Robert. I've
got a report of dangerous illegal
aliens!

Ace looks up and around for UFOs.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Undocumented Mexicans allegedly
hiding out on your premises. A
federal offense!

ACE
Nobody's hiding out on our
premises.

SHERIFF
Crystal... I mean, Ms. Crystal
Smithee claims you're hiding a
beastly illegal Mexican.

INTERCUT with Martie cringing in Ace's room, getting angrier by the minute.

ACE
Beastly's a strong word...

SHERIFF

Illegal. No papers. No reason being here. Gotta send 'em back like our President says. All murderers and rapists!

ACE

Murderers and rapists?

Martie makes a fist, and throws imaginary punches.

SHERIFF

She's mean, by the sound of it! Old as the hills and twice as ugly.

Martie paces around the room angrily.

ACE

The term 'ugly' is so subjective.

SHERIFF

Wears a tattered floral housecoat big enough to cover a boat in winter. Doesn't speak a word of English -- only Mexican! And curlers -- unfashionable pink curlers. We don't want her kind here!

Martie starts changing clothes. She's furious. Ace stalls and walks around the kitchen and family room, then back to the kitchen.

ACE

Nobody here by that description.

Martie bursts into the kitchen in Mama's floral housecoat, with pillows under it to make her look fat. She has pink curlers in her hair, and Mama's reading glasses on. Martie stomps up to the Sheriff without saying a word. The Sheriff steps back, speechless.

MARTIE

Apparently, the government's internment of innocent Japanese citizens during World War II has taught you little about injustice and prejudice in America.

The Sheriff is stunned.

SHERIFF

Crystal... I mean, Ms. Smithee, said you didn't speak English!

Martie produces her passport, driver's license, and F-1 visa to the Sheriff who is rightfully embarrassed. Ace gasps.

MARTIE

I heard everything Ms. Smithee reported to you! She may have failed to tell you that I just earned an MBA from Berkeley, and here legally on an F-1 visa.

(beat)

No one is born with red neck, Sheriff. They grow them by their own choosing.

Ace gasps, and steps between Martie and the Sheriff. The Sheriff looks around Ace to address Martie.

SHERIFF

Why did Crystal, I mean, Ms. Smithee, call you Mama?

Ace guides the Sheriff toward the door.

ACE

It's my pet name for my new girlfriend. Crystal is jealous, that's all.

The Sheriff grimaces at Martie's appearance, then he holds out her documents.

Martie rips them from the Sheriff's hands, turns her face, and spits on the floor.

SHERIFF

Sorry to barge in on your lovely home, Robert, I mean, Ace.

The Sheriff yells as he reaches his car, while Martie growls at the Sheriff from the front door.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

She's lovely, Ace. Absolutely lovely.

Ace waves and smiles as the Sheriff drives slowly away.

ACE

He'll check back with Crystal, keep an eye on our place, and bust Mama. You can count on that!

MARTIE

I had to do something after you failed to have one good date last night! It seems it's impossible for you to have one good date!

ACE

I know. I know.

MARTIE

Looks like I've got one of two choices. Either I've gotta find Mama and get outta here, or
(sarcastic)

I could take your advice and seduce Ponch or Clutch, marry one of them, gain citizenship in four years, save Mama, divorce my temporary husband, and move on with my life!

Martie stomps out, leaving Ace baffled and speechless.

LATER

Ace hears the milk truck pull up to the house. Ponch and Clutch are laughing as they enter the house to see Ace collapsed on the couch and covering his face with his hands.

PONCH

What happened, Ace? Somebody steal your vinyl collection?

ACE

No, my dignity.

CLUTCH

But you still got your records, right?

Ace uncovers his face, stands, and paces while he hatches a plan.

ACE

Sheriff came by to deport Mama, but Martie dressed up like Mama and fooled him bad.

CLUTCH

Good thinking!

PONCH

Way to go, Martie!

Ace stops and faces Ponch and Clutch in a serious tone.

ACE

Now, she's going to try to seduce one of you into marrying her so she can save Mama from deportation!

Ponch and Clutch stare at each other. Then, they point at each other and laugh!

PONCH

That will never work! Men become their fathers. Women become their mothers. And, we've seen Mama!

ACE

Exactly!

CLUTCH

We can't get married. I can't keep a driver's license, much less a marriage license!

ACE

There's only one thing to do!

Ponch and Clutch look bewildered.

ACE (CONT'D)

You each have to take her out on a date.

PONCH AND CLUTCH

Say what?

ACE

The worst date ever!

PONCH

Then she'll want to date you!

ACE

After last night?

(beat)

And if she does, I'll make it the worst date ever!

CLUTCH

We should bet on it. Who could have the worst date ever?

PONCH

Great idea. We'll get Martie and Mama out our lives forever and go back to the way things were.

Ace proudly prances in the room.

CLUTCH

The Worst Date Ever competition.
Twenty bucks?

ACE

Why not a hundred?

They look at each other and nod.

ACE (CONT'D)

To the Worst Date Ever bet! Shake
on it!

Ace, Ponch, and Clutch shake like wet dogs.

CLUTCH

I'll take lunch.

He races upstairs.

PONCH

I'll take dinner! You take late-
night cocktails if she's still
alive.

Ponch races upstairs.

Ace smiles with pride and satisfaction.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

It's a beautiful day, but the Lake is the only calm thing in the area. Martie and Mama argue in Spanish (English subtitles). Both ladies are upset. Mama points to her phone in fear. We see a photo of Papa on her phone.

MARTIE

¿Mensaje de texto, Mamá? [Text
message, Mama?]

MAMA

¡Me amenazó con venir a arrastrarme
a casa! [He threatened to come and
drag me home!]

MARTIE

No puede hacer eso, Mamá. [He can't
do that, Mama.]

MAMA

No aceptará el no como respuesta.
[He won't take no for an answer.]

MARTIE

Nunca nos encontrará. [He'll never
find us.]

Mama looks away.

MAMA

Le dije dónde estábamos aquí. [I
told him where we were here.]

Martie yells.

MARTIE

¿Qué? [What?]

MAMA

Yo no estaba pensando. [I wasn't
thinking.]

MARTIE

Esto no es bueno. [This isn't
good.]

MAMA

Ahora es tu deber como una buena
hija casarse con uno de los tres
lecheros para salvarnos. [Now it is
your duty as a good daughter to
marry one of the three milkmen to
save us.]

Both women pace while yelling.

MARTIE

¡No, Mamá! [No, Mama!]

MAMA

Pero no Ace. Debes casarte con
Punch o Crotch. Me gusta la
entrepierna. Vemos la lucha libre.
[But not Ace. You must marry Punch
or Crotch. I like Crotch. We watch
wrestling.]

MARTIE

¡No, mamá! ¡No lo haré! [No, Mama!
I won't do it!]

(mumbles)

Then again, they're all easy
targets!

MAMA

Usted puede divorciarse de ellos después de convertirse en un ciudadano! [You can divorce them after you become a citizen!]

MARTIE

Me casaré por amor, mamá! [I will marry for love, Mama!]

MAMA

¡Es tu deber como mi hija! Te casarás con Punch o Crotch, o papá me arrastrará de vuelta a México, y tu vida será un desastre. [It is your duty as my daughter! You will marry Punch or Crotch, or Papa will drag me back to Mexico, and your life will be a disaster.]

Martie looks out onto the Lake.

MARTIE

¡Ya es un desastre! [It's already a disaster!]

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff, sitting in a chair, is being interrogated by Crystal who paces around him.

SHERIFF

She is a horrible beast, that is for certain, but there is nothing I can do.

CRYSTAL

That fat, ugly bitch is ruining my love life with Ace and I want her out of the country!

SHERIFF

The housecoat and curlers were hideous, I agree, but she just got her MBA at Berkeley.

CRYSTAL

She can't speak English! She has a mustache! I don't care if she got a Masters in Busy-body Ass-kicking?

SHERIFF

She has sixty days to get married
or she goes back to Mexico.

CRYSTAL

Who would marry that old thing?

SHERIFF

Her and Ace looked pretty close,
that's for sure. Ace called her
his new girlfriend.

CRYSTAL

Well, I'm not waiting sixty days!
I'm going to marry Ace tonight in
Reno if I have to kill her!

Crystal stomps out of the Sheriff's office! The Sheriff's
chin drops.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The Lake is calm. Several fancy boats are tied to the dock.
Clutch wears raggedy pants, a torn Hawaiian shirt, and a
floppy sun hat as he stands in a small row boat with two
fixed oars, just beyond the fancy boats. He holds a beer can
high in the air to be recognized.

Martie can only see his waving hand and beer can as she
strolls down the dock to join him. She wears a bikini top
covered partly by an opened, button-up shirt, and short-
shorts. She frowns when she sees the row boat, but Clutch's jaw
drops as she approaches.

CLUTCH

A picnic on the Lake! Thanks for
joining me, Martie.

MARTIE

Thanks for the invitation, Clutch.

Martie sees two fishing poles, three empty beer cans, and a
cooler in the boat, as Clutch struggles to balance in the
boat.

CLUTCH

Climb aboard, Mating.

MARTIE

You mean, Matie?

CLUTCH

That's it. Do you want to sit port
or Starbucks?

Martie climbs aboard and sits at the bow.

MARTIE

You mean, bow or aft?

CLUTCH

After what?

MARTIE

Aft or bow. I'll sit in the bow --
the front part of the boat.

CLUTCH

You mean, I have to row?

MARTIE

You're taking me on the lunch date.

CLUTCH

Right!

MARTIE

You mean, starboard.

Martie laughs.

CLUTCH

Don't get stern with me, I got the
beer. Ha! Gotcha!

Clutch and Martie laugh, as he rows off.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

So, what's in it for you if you
snag one us for a husband?

MARTIE

(smiles)

Fair question. After four years of
matrimonial misery, I could gain
citizenship and get a divorce. I
could get Mama citizenship on
hardship-medical reasons, earn a
six-figure salary as an MBA in New
York, and find someone who can make
me happy forever!

CLUTCH

So, nothin'?

MARTIE

Where do you want to be in four years?

CLUTCH

Fair question.

(beat)

Right here, I suppose. I might sell my third of the dairy business, buy a top-of-the-line fishing boat like this one, collect unemployment, and live off the land like the pioneers did: trapping squirrels, picking berries, and catching...

MARTIE

Fish?

CLUTCH

Colds. No medical insurance.

Motor boats race by in the distance and leave wakes that rock the row boat. Clutch looks a little queasy, but he opens another beer anyway.

MARTIE

Steady, sailor?

Clutch chuckles.

CLUTCH

Not 'til we've had a few more dates.

(beat)

Beer?

MARTIE

No thanks. Sea sickness?

CLUTCH

I see sickness all around me.

Martie's voice turns seductive as she removes her shirt to reveal her bikini top.

MARTIE

You're taking me fishing. Must be serious. At home, when a guy takes a girl fishing it's something special.

CLUTCH

We've got to catch our lunch!

The Lake becomes choppy. Martie is fine. Clutch gets queasier.

MARTIE
Bring bait?

CLUTCH
Some worms and canned anchovies.
Figured we could eat the anchovies
for lunch if you don't catch
anything.

Clutch takes a worm out and tries to wrap it around the hook.
It falls right off.

Martie grabs the worm and correctly baits the hook.

MARTIE
You have to stick it in as far as
you can!

Clutch can't look at the worm. Martie sees this. Clutch chugs
another beer to look macho.

MARTIE (CONT'D)
Don't fish much?

CLUTCH
Never, actually.

MARTIE
Doesn't show.

Clutch opens a can of anchovies and the smell forces his head
back. He looks like he's going to get sick.

MARTIE (CONT'D)
Think I'll go for a little swim.

She removes her shorts to reveal a tiny bikini. Clutch's eyes
open widely.

CLUTCH
It's May! Water's only sixty
degrees here!

Martie is about to dive in, when Clutch makes gurgling
sounds, leans over the boat, and vomits.

Martie grabs the oars and rows back to the dock in choppy
waves as Clutch continues to vomit.

INT. MILK TRUCK - SUNSET

Ponch, poorly dressed in shorts and a stained T-shirt, drives the milk truck, with Martie dressed in her little black dress in the passenger seat. The sun is setting over the Lake and the view outside the milk truck is very romantic.

PONCH

Sorry about taking the milk truck,
but we forgot to bring whipped
cream to the Char Pit.

MARTIE

No worries. I confess, I thought
you were going to take me back to
that nice restaurant on the lake.

PONCH

You look stunning, especially after
the fishing trip with Clutch.

MARTIE

It was more like a puking trip.

PONCH

The Char Pit has been a landmark
restaurant since 1962.

MARTIE

Sounds delightful.

PONCH

Clutch told us that you could be
pulling in a six-figure salary. So
could I, but the zeros would be in
different places.

MARTIE

It's all about protecting Mama from
my Papa, and so she won't get
deported by the Sheriff.

PONCH

Don't have to tell me about it.
Once the Sheriff learns my real
name is Mohammed Turan, and not
Ponch Turan, that red-neck will be
gunning for me every day!

MARTIE

Mohammed?

PONCH

Mohammed Turan. Ancestors
immigrated from Turkey after the
first World War, which makes me an
Islamic terrorist to the Sheriff.

MARTIE

I like the name, Mohammed. Are you
Muslim?

PONCH

I'm nothing.

(beat)

Which is how my parents and
grandparents treat me now -- like
nothing!

Ponch laughs as the milk truck rolls to a stop in front of
the Char Pit (Kings Beach), but Martie looks on Ponch with
compassion and understanding.

MARTIE

That's so sad!

PONCH

It's the future that defines us,
not the past.

(beat)

Come on, let's eat!

LATER

The two are eating hamburgers and drinking milkshakes, when
the conversation turns more serious.

MARTIE

Ever been in a serious
relationship?

PONCH

Never been serious 'bout anything.

MARTIE

That's no way to go through life!

PONCH

Maybe not your life.

MARTIE

Don't you think about growing up,
getting married, having kids, and
planning for retirement?

Ponch points his finger at her like a teacher.

PONCH

You see what you just did? In your mind, you put commas between growing up, comma, getting married, comma, having kids, comma, and planning for retirement, period. You focus on achievements in life. I focus on enjoying the commas: the fun times between the achievements. You need to focus more on the commas in life when you pause and take a breath.

Martie pauses to think.

MARTIE

You're smart. Sometimes I don't take time to pause and breathe.

The Sheriff's car pulls up behind the milk truck.

PONCH

Uh oh! The Sheriff's here!

Martie turns, sees the Sheriff, then turns her face from the Sheriff and whispers to Ponch.

MARTIE

Shit! I don't want him to recognize me.

PONCH

Leave it to me. His daughter, Lilly, smokes pot almost as much as I do.

Martie's eyes open widely!

MARTIE

Pot? Marijuana?

PONCH

Smoke it every day. It's what makes me so smart!

The Sheriff walks in sheepishly with his daughter, LILLY (17), a hardened teenager with tattoos and piercings galore. Ponch stands to greet the Sheriff and Lilly.

PONCH (CONT'D)

Hi, Sheriff. Hi, Lilly. Always a pleasure. A little father-daughter time, I see. I did time once.

The Sheriff looks away. Lilly chuckles.

LILLY
Good one, Ponch.

SHERIFF
Hello, Ponch.

PONCH
Is that some new ink I see, Lilly?
Don't worry, Sheriff, I'm sure it's
not gang-related.

Martie kicks Ponch's ankle under the table. The Sheriff looks embarrassed. Lilly laughs.

SHERIFF
Maybe we'll find another place to
eat, Lilly.

PONCH
Nonsense, Sheriff. Best burgers and
shakes in town, especially when you
have the munchies, huh, Lilly?

Martie coughs on purpose.

MARTIE
Maybe we should get going.

Ponch points to his beautiful date.

PONCH
These sexy college grads just can't
get enough of me.

Everyone is embarrassed but Ponch. Martie stands, hiding her face from the Sheriff, and begins to exit.

MARTIE
I don't feel well. Please take me
home, Mohammed.

Martie covers her mouth, after her social faux pox. Ponch's eyes widen, as the Sheriff stares at him. Lilly snickers.

PONCH
She meant, Ponch.
(beat)
Ponch. And we best be going. Lots
of deliveries tomorrow.

Ponch shuffles out after Martie.

INT. MILK TRUCK - NIGHT

Ponch slowly pulls away in the milk truck, with Martie hiding her eyes in anger. Ponch is just as angry.

MARTIE

How could you be so stupid, drawing the Sheriff's attention like that!

PONCH

You said I was smart! Then, you called me Mohammed right in front of the red-neck Sheriff!

MARTIE

He's bound to put two and two together! I'll get caught. Mama will be deported!

PONCH

What about me? He'll bust me for pot within the week!

INT. DAIRY/HOME - NIGHT

Ace, Mama, and Clutch sit on the couch anxiously awaiting the return of Ponch and Martie. Ace and Clutch alternately put their feet on the coffee table so Mama can slap them to put their feet down.

Martie stomps with an angry look and throws herself into the recliner.

Ace and Clutch stare at each other.

ACE

How'd your date go?

MARTIE

Don't ask.

CLUTCH

How'd your date go?

Martie glares at Clutch.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

Thought you were talking to Ace?

Ponch comes in with a worried look. Ace looks to him.

ACE

How'd your date go?

They hear the Sheriff's car pull up to the house. The Sheriff gives the siren a short blast to announce his arrival.

MARTIE

Ponch, you did remember to pay the check?

Ponch looks away.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Idiot!

(whispers)

Vamos, Mama. Is there another way out of here?

ACE

Out the back, and through the fence.

Ace begins to lead Martie, Mama, and Clutch as they tip-toe out through the kitchen when they hear a loud knock on the door.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Ponch, open up! You owe the Char Pit twenty-five bucks plus tip!

PONCH

(yells)

You'll never take us alive, Copper!

Ace and Clutch snicker, holding back their laughter as they race out with the women.

LILLY (O.S.)

Daddy, let it go! He'll pay 'em tomorrow when he delivers the milk!

SHERIFF (O.S.)

It's the principle of the thing! You'd never understand!

LILLY (O.S.)

Jesus, Daddy!

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Don't you use that Jesus Daddy tone with me!

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - NIGHT

Mama and Martie are crammed in the backseat, with Ace driving and Clutch in front.

CLUTCH
Then you should have yelled
shotgun, Martie!

Mama slaps Clutch in the back of the head.

MARTIE
You three are so childish!

ACE
Grassy-ass.

Mama slaps Ace in the back of the head, and the VW swerves across the lane, nearly hitting an oncoming car.

MARTIE
What will happen to Ponch?

ACE
He better think fast, because if
the Sheriff books him, he'll learn
Ponch's real identity.

MARTIE
And connect him to Mama and me.

ACE
We'll go for a drink and wait for
things to settle down.

CLUTCH
Let me out here, will ya, Ace?

ACE
What for?

CLUTCH
Still queasy from too much beer
this afternoon. Need to walk.

Clutch anticipated the sudden stop and holds on tightly. Ace swerves to the side of the street and slams on the brakes. Mama and Martie lunge forward. Clutch steps out.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)
Thanks, Ace. See you tomorrow,
ladies.

MARTIE
Don't think so, Clutch. We're
heading out of here.

Clutch waves good-bye and smiles.

Mama slaps Ace in the back of the head again.

MARTIE (CONT'D)
Such idiots!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Sheriff pushes Ponch in the front door. Ponch is in handcuffs. Lilly follows. Ponch sees Four Drunks (40s-70s; mixed types) in a single holding cell, making cat-calls to Lilly.

PONCH
(angry)
Knock it off, you guys! Show some respect.

The Drunks are silent.

LILLY
Thanks, Ponch.

PONCH
(softly)
Sheriff, do I get my one phone call?

SHERIFF
After you're booked!

PONCH
Come on, Sheriff, one call. One minute max, I promise.

LILLY
Give 'em his one phone call, Daddy.

The Sheriff glares at his daughter, until she kisses him on the cheek.

LILLY (CONT'D)
I'll walk home, Daddy.

Lilly smiles at Ponch and her daddy before leaving.

LILLY (CONT'D)
May take in the new movie first.

SHERIFF
School night!

Lilly exits.

LILLY
Home early, promise.

PONCH
She's a good kid, Sheriff.

SHERIFF
Okay, one phone call. One minute.

Ponch immediately grabs the phone and dials.

PONCH
Cee-Cee's Pizza? Burt? Deliver four
large pepperoni pizzas to the
Sheriff's Office on my tab, stat!

The Drunks cheer!

PONCH (CONT'D)
And call Kevin at the Char Pit for
me, and tell him I'll give him
forty bucks tomorrow morning.
(beat)
Thanks, Burt. I owe ya, buddy. The
best to your wife and kids.
Baseball practice Saturday. Don't
forget. Ciao!

The Sheriff is too stunned to speak. Ponch points at the
Drunks.

PONCH (CONT'D)
(whispers to the Sheriff)
Once those fellas get some food in
their bellies, they won't bother
you. They'll be fine.

SHERIFF
Geez, Ponch! That was the funniest
thing I ever saw.

The Sheriff spins Ponch around and unlocks his handcuffs.

PONCH
Mind if I borrow the cuffs tonight?
I might get lucky!

SHERIFF
Get out of here before I change my
mind.

Ponch exits.

EXT./INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Lilly walks passed a sign that reads, "St. Mary's Catholic Church." She finds her way to a small room with twelve folding chairs set in a circle. The PRIEST (70), a kindly elderly man in robes sits in one of the chairs.

Lilly sees the faces of two men and two women (AA Members). The two typical men include: a Carpenter (40) in work clothes, and a Businessman (30) in gray slacks and a blue shirt. The two typical women include a Clerk (40) and a Housewife (50). One man's back is to Lilly (it's Clutch).

As Lilly takes a seat, she sees and recognizes Clutch.

PRIEST

Welcome, Lilly. Would you like to say anything?

Lilly and Clutch's eyes meet. They share a moment.

LILLY

My name is Lilly, and I'm an alcoholic. I've been sober for three years, four months, and seventeen days.

ALL

Hi, Lilly.

The priest looks around.

PRIEST

We have a new member.

Clutch drops his head.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Is there anyone who cares to speak?

(beat)

Anyone? Anyone? Anyone? Bueller?

Everyone chuckles, but Clutch, who is depressed.

CLUTCH

I get it. Just don't think it's funny.

PRIEST

No, this is serious business, but there is a tiny bit of humor in every situation that helps us cope. It makes us human. Tell us about yourself.

Lilly's eyes are glued to Clutch.

CLUTCH
I'm Clutch Redmond, and I might be
an alcoholic.

The group chuckles.

PRIEST
Real name?

CLUTCH
Gilbert Redmond, but everybody
calls me Clutch 'cause I can't
drive good, I mean, well.

Lilly smiles.

PRIEST
What makes you think you're an
alcoholic, Gilbert?

CLUTCH
I can't drive a milk truck.

PRIEST
Driving a milk truck is difficult.

CLUTCH
'Cause of the two DUIs, and I'm
scared.

LILLY
Scared of what, Clutch?

CLUTCH
S...S...Scared I'm gonna kill
somebody drinking and driving.

The AA Members stand and go to hug Clutch.

PRIEST
Now we're getting somewhere.

The priest looks to the door and sees a late arriving
stranger. It's Papa Diaz, dressed in his dark suit like a
drug lord. The priest smiles. Papa doesn't smile.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Crystal runs into the Sheriff's office, alarmed to see the
Sheriff and the Drunks eating four pizzas casually around his
desk.

CRYSTAL
 Sheriff, Sheriff! The town is
 getting overrun by illegal aliens!

The Four Drunks look up and around for UFOs, while the Sheriff responds calmly.

SHERIFF
 What is in now, Crystal?

The Drunks go back to eating pizza.

CRYSTAL
 I poked my head into Pete and
 Peter's Bar before my shift
 tonight, and saw Ace talking to two
 Mexicans! There's two of 'em. Looks
 like a daughter and big ugly Mama!

SHERIFF
 Mama has a daughter?

CRYSTAL
 It gets worse! I saw a guy who
 looks like a Mexican drug lord
 stalking the Catholic Church,
 probably an escapee from a Mexican
 prison! You gotta stop them all.
 They'll take our jobs!

SHERIFF
 Right after the pizza, Crystal,
 I'll get right on it. Catholic
 Church and Pete and Peter's Bar.
 Got it!

CRYSTAL
 I'll get back to the bar. Call you
 if there's trouble!

The Sheriff goes back to eating pizza.

INT. PETE AND PETER'S BAR - NIGHT

Pete and Peters Bar is deserted except for Ace, Martie, Mama, and the bartender, Crystal, who is angrily cleaning up. Ace sips a shot glass of 1519 Tequila.

Mama chugs her shot glass, and gets a refill.

Crystal and Martie glare at each other!

MAMA
(to Crystal)
Folsom Prison!

Mama chugs her shot, and slams her glass down.

Martie is drinking coffee, while Ace is cracking himself up.

ACE
So, it's our mom's funeral, and the priest says a few nice things, then says, and every Sunday, Annie came to church with her husband, Paul.

Ace laughs hysterically. Martie is bewildered. Mama points her finger at her empty shot glass.

ACE (CONT'D)
My brothers and I snickered in the front row, next to our dad, whose name was Bob, not Paul. And when I gave the eulogy, I thanked the old priest, said a few nice things about my mom, then I said, 'but it wasn't until today that I learned that Mom came to church every Sunday with some guy named Paul.' The priest realized he made a mistake. There was my dad, Bob, right in front of him. The congregation starting snickering, because they all knew my dad's name was Bob, so I held up my fist and said, 'and when I find this guy Paul...' and the whole church erupted in laughter.

Ace laughs hysterically again, as Martie shakes her head in disgust, and Mama points at her empty shot glass.

MARTIE
Sorry about your mom.

ACE
Don't you get it? We made the best out of a bad situation!

Ace laughs hysterically again.

ACE (CONT'D)
Irish wake. All the O'Brien's were drunk as skunks. Had to be carried home.

MARTIE

I'd be devastated if anything
happened to Mama.

Mama looks around in a panic.

MAMA

El Diablo está aquí! El Diablo
está aquí!

Martie grabs Mama's hands and holds them.

MARTIE

She says the Devil is here!
(beat)
Papa!

Ace points to the empty bar.

ACE

Papa's not here. If Mama has
another drink, Papa can ship her
back to Mexico without her knowing!

Ace laughs hysterically, Martie is disgusted. Mama is
worried.

Crystal sneaks back and makes a phone call.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Papa Diaz is now seated, with the Priest staring at him.
Clutch and Lilly are stealing glances at each other. Papa has
a strong accent, but speaks perfect English.

PAPA

My name is Hector Diaz. I am an
alcoholic. I've been sober for four
years, since my wife and daughter
left me.

The AA Members and priest stand and hug Papa, then return to
their seats. The priest whispers.

PRIEST

Did they leave you for being a
drunk and a murderer?

Papa is alarmed. The Businessman raises his hand slowly. The
Priest stares at the Businessman.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 I didn't ask for a show of hands.
 (whispers to Papa)
 For being a drunk and a rapist?

Papa is more alarmed. The Housewife raises her hand slowly.
 The Priest stares at the Housewife.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 I didn't ask for a show of hands.
 (whispers to Papa)
 Pot smoker?

Papa looks annoyed as Lilly and Clutch raise their hands. The priest slowly raises his hand.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 For medicinal purposes only. Never
 the edibles!

PAPA
 I became addicted to altar wine.

The group looks upon Papa with compassion.

PAPA (CONT'D)
 I was compelled to join another
 church.

LILLY
 Fundamentalists Mormons with
 polygamy and human sacrifice?

Papa shakes his head, 'no.'

CLUTCH
 The faith-healing Evangelicals with
 the rattlesnakes?
 (beat)
 And sheep?

Papa shakes his head 'no'. The group looks upon Papa with more sympathy than ever.

Papa looks up at each face, stopping at the Priest's face.

PRIEST
 You didn't. You didn't become a...

PAPA
 Baptist!

The group turns in their chairs and they look away, disgusted. Papa drops his head and sobs.

PAPA (CONT'D)
I must return Mama and Martinique
to Mexico.

Clutch's eyes open widely!

INT./EXT. PETE AND PETER'S BAR - NIGHT

Pete and Peters Bar is still deserted except for Ace, Martie, Mama, and Crystal the Bartender. Mama rests her head on the bar, asleep, but clutching a shot glass. Ace is still telling stories and cracking himself up.

ACE
So, I tell all my milk customers, I
can't get my ice-making machine
running because I lost the ice
recipe!

Ace laughs hysterically. Martie rolls her eyes in disgust.

ACE (CONT'D)
Our neighbors will complain about
the machine's noise, but I'll tell
'em, 'You gotta break a few eggs to
ruin a hamlet.'
(beat)
You know, hamlet, small village,
sounds like omelet.

Ace laughs hysterically. Martie stands and pulls Ace's arm.
Ace looks at Crystal.

ACE (CONT'D)
What, did I set the bar too high?

Crystal glares at Ace and storms to the far side of the bar.

MARTIE
Ace, can I speak with you
privately?

ACE
I've never been in the army.

MARTIE
I mean out back.

Martie sees Mama is asleep at the bar, and pulls Ace out the
back door. She gets seductively eye-to-eye with Ace.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Ace, I know you're a nice guy under all that bullshit. I can't figure out why I've had the three worst dates of my life in one day.

ACE

Yeah, but I was the worst, right?

Martie grabs Ace by the arms, and glares at him.

MARTIE

I think you're acting out because you're about to lose your business, your home, and probably your two closest friends.

Ace looks away. He turns very sad.

ACE

I don't know anything but being a milkman. You can get a job with any major corporation. What if Ponch can't find work as Mohammed? And, what if Clutch can't find work as Clutch or Gabriel?

Martie hugs him briefly, then pulls away.

MARTIE

Those three awful dates tonight! If I find out this was some kind of cruel joke you three idiots pulled on me, I'll never forgive you!

Ace's eyes open widely. She pulls him back into the bar, where they see Mama is gone.

CRYSTAL

Sheriff took her. Not my fault she's illegal. I've got my green card, ya know. I'm legal!

ACE

I know your ancestors were treated like shit, but that doesn't give you the right to be the asshole now, Crystal!

Martie and Ace's chins drop in sadness.

End Act Two

Act Three

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Ace, Ponch, and Clutch are all working on the massive ice-making machine on the side of the house, when Martie runs out of the house. Ace has a large wrench in his hands.

MARTIE

Can't you do anything? The Sheriff says he's deporting Mama!

Ponch and Clutch look away, so Ace sets down the wrench, and begins to apologize to Martie.

ACE

Look, Martie. We're all sorry about Mama.

Ponch looks to Martie sadly.

PONCH

No one to make us huevos rancheros this morning.

Martie glares at Ponch.

PONCH (CONT'D)

And we're sorry that you're in such a difficult situation.

Martie races over and grabs the wrench and threatens each of them.

MARTIE

You think I'm still trying to marry one of you idiots?

The men drop their eyes and chins.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

After those dates?

CLUTCH

I couldn't help it! The effects of the beer didn't counteract the waves like I thought.

Ace smiles at Clutch.

ACE

Got Clutch to give up fishing and join AA, where the only bait he uses is jail bait.

Clutch charges Ace and wrestles him a bit.

CLUTCH

Don't bring Lilly into this!

PONCH

(laughs)

The Sheriff's daughter. She's seventeen.

Now Ace charges Ponch and wrestles him a bit.

CLUTCH

Eighteen in two weeks.

ACE

Sheriff will kill you in one week, idiot!

Martie gets in Ace's face.

MARTIE

Who's the real idiot here? Who lives in Neverland, where you never grow up?

The three men raise their hands. Martie is angry.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Wasn't asking for a show of hands!

Martie tosses aside the wrench, and turns sad.

ACE

We're all sorry about Mama. Okay?

PONCH AND CLUTCH

Yeah, sorry.

ACE

We got more bad news today. Mr. Anderson sent us official-looking buy-out papers.

Ace pulls an envelope from his back pocket, and opens a letter.

ACE (CONT'D)

Corporate takeover. We're gonna lose the dairy business today at noon when Anderson gets here with papers to sign.

PONCH

'Cause we didn't show a ten percent increase in sales this year?

CLUTCH

It would be different if we got Ace's damn ice-making machine to work.

ACE

We'll all be out of a job.

(beat)

And a beautiful house to live in.

Martie rips the letter from Ace's hand, sits down, and reads it. She waves the letter in a threatening manner.

MARTIE

This doesn't condone your bad behavior!

Ace speaks in a soft voice.

ACE

No. It doesn't.

MARTIE

You could have fired me to save money.

PONCH

But you were the best milkman we had.

MARTIE

You could have just tossed Mama and me out to cut expenses.

CLUTCH

Mama grows on you.

(beat)

Like a fungus.

ACE

And she got us up early to eat breakfast and go to work!

Martie stands, and paces. Finally, she smiles.

MARTIE

But you didn't fire me. You treated me like one of the guys!

(smirks)

As stupid as that was! And you didn't throw us out in the street!

Martie hugs Clutch, Ponch, then Ace. She gazes into Ace's eyes.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

You like us.

They all smile and chuckle.

ACE

Great chat, but what do we do now?

Martie stomps like an army general as she speaks.

MARTIE

Simple! We break Mama out of jail, we fix this damn ice machine, we get fifteen percent above on advanced orders for next year, and save the dairy!

Ace, Ponch, and Clutch look bewildered.

ACE

I'll bet a quarter that will work.

PONCH

Shake on it.

The men shake like dogs and start laughing. Then, Martie joins in the shaking and laughing.

MARTIE

How do we break Mama out of jail?

No one has an answer.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff eats Mama's huevos rancheros with a smile as Ace and Martie storm through the front door. Mama is sewing a white shirt on a sewing machine with a sad face. Martie is alarmed.

MARTIE

Mamá, ¿estás bien?

SHERIFF

She's fine. She keeps saying Folsom Prison and pointing to the food.

MAMA

Folsom prison!

MARTIE

She worked there as a full-time cook! She was never an inmate, you idiot! Totally law-abiding!

The Sheriff looks away sheepishly, then back.

SHERIFF

Makes no difference! Undocumented is undocumented! But she made me bring in the sewing machine before she'd cook me another delicious meal. She used her one phone call to call the Catholic priest.

MARTIE

Figures.

SHERIFF

Then she asked the priest for an old white altar cloth, scissors, thread, and needle.

ACE

Sounds like she's gonna make a rope, and bust out from your first-floor office by lowering herself out of the window.

SHERIFF

She's making a white shirt to look good for the TV reporter who shows up at high noon.

MARTIE

TV Reporter?

SHERIFF

Wants to film the deportation. I'm putting her on the plane in Reno, this afternoon.

Martie goes to hug her Mama.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I'll have to search you for guns, knives, and biological weapons.

ACE
Like Mama's sauce?

SHERIFF
And we're using Mama as bait for a Mexican drug lord, murderer, and rapist spotted around the Catholic Church last night.

MARTIE
Papa?

ACE
Bait? Like anchovies? That will never work. I'd use a green card.

Martie snares at Ace.

SHERIFF
(to Martie)
I could book you on obstructing justice and impersonating an escaped illegal alien.

Ace looks up and around for UFOs. The Sheriff snaps at Ace.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Why do you all look up whenever I say illegal aliens. You know I'm not talking about UFOs. It makes you look stupid.

Ace gets angry.

ACE
Calling them 'illegal aliens' and not 'undocumented neighbors and fellow human beings' makes you look hateful, prejudiced, red-neck, and stupid, Sheriff!

Martie turns to smile at Ace.

SHERIFF
I don't care how good a cook she is, she's gonna be handcuffed for the TV Reporter, and sent back this afternoon, like our President says!

Martie kisses her Mama on the cheek and re-assures her.

MARTIE
Te salvaremos, Mamá. [We'll save you, Mama!]

SHERIFF

Nobody's saving anyone. Except I'll be saving my career on the nightly news!

ACE

Te afeitaremos, Mamá! [We'll shave you, Mama!]

Martie pulls Ace toward the door.

MARTIE

Lord, help me.

Mama looks perplexed. The Sheriff smirks, as Martie and Ace exit.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - DAY

Ace gets a cell phone call, while driving, so Martie answers his phone.

MARTIE

It's Ponch.

Martie answers and puts Ponch on speaker.

PONCH (O.S.)

Ace, working like a charm!

ACE

You and Clutch?

PONCH (O.S.)

No, the ice-making machine. We have one problem?

ACE

What?

PONCH (O.S.)

No ice bags.

ACE

I knew there were two ingredients!
I just knew it! Be right there.

EXT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Ace, Ponch, Clutch, and Martie stare at the ice-making machine and it cranks out ice into a large bin.

ACE

What was the problem? We hooked up the electricity and water right, didn't we?

CLUTCH

That was all good. The input water lines froze up.

PONCH

'Cause we had the temp too low.

CLUTCH

Then Ponch used his marijuana lighter to heat the input lines.

MARTIE

(surprised)

Brilliant.

CLUTCH

But we didn't order ice bags.

MARTIE

You need business software that reminds of upcoming equipment needs. I'll get my laptop.

ACE

Fine for next time, but we need them now.

Ace snaps his fingers.

ACE (CONT'D)

Ponch, you and Clutch take the VW to Reno. Buy five cases of ice bags from our competitors.

CLUTCH

What if they don't sell to us?

ACE

Tell them you'll pay full price for a bag of ice, but without the ice. We'll lose a bit of money this week, but we'll have all their customers by next week!

MARTIE

(surprised)

Okay, that was even more brilliant.

PONCH

What are you and Martie gonna do?

ACE

We'll do ice pre-sales, while we think of a way to spring Mama.

Ace pulls Martie toward the milk truck.

MARTIE

How we gonna spring Mama?

ACE

How am I going to stop Anderson from buying us out?

They both shake their heads.

INT. MILK TRUCK - DAY

Ace and Martie race down a narrow street. A black SUV heads their direction.

MARTIE

It's Papa! He found us! Go! Go!

Papa has an angry face. Ace matches the angry look.

Ace and Papa play chicken on the road.

ACE

The milk truck always wins!

At the last second, Papa pulls off the side of road and hits a tree. He's okay, but his SUV is crunched and steaming.

Martie looks back and scowls at Papa.

ACE (CONT'D)

What's up with you and your father?

MARTIE

Papa had some very shady businesses when I was growing up.

ACE

Like what?

MARTIE

He sold Mexican Beanie Babies, knockoffs named Radia the Three-eyed Rat, and Urania the Glow in the Dark Unicorn.

(MORE)

MARTIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Then he got lazy with Plutonium
Waste the Fifty-Five Gallon Drum.

ACE

Bet that's how he got caught.

MARTIE

Si. Then, there was pyramid scheme.

ACE

Pyramid scheme?

MARTIE

He sold real estate plots
guaranteed to contain buried Aztec
temples and treasures. American
tourists will buy anything.

ACE

Is that why Mama filed for divorce?

MARTIE

It was after he built an oxygen bar
next door to a Cuban cigar store.

ACE

Up in smoke?

MARTIE

Exactly.

ACE

That ended the marriage?

MARTIE

No, he got addicted to altar wine.
Mama was too embarrassed to tell
anyone, so she filed for divorce
and fled to America to live with
me.

ACE

Illegally?

MARTIE

Papa was crazy by then, and Mama
was denied a work visa as a prison
cook.

ACE

Why? She's a great cook!

MARTIE

She tried to fill out the work visa application in English, which is worse than your Spanish. Instead of 'cook comma prison,' she accidentally wrote 'crook comma poison.'

ACE

That's horrible.

Martie springs to life.

MARTIE

I know! I help you with your business problem, and you can think of way to save Mama.

ACE

Deal! Shake on it!

They shake.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Martie holds a clipboard as she and Ace enter the store. Ace wears his blue milkman shirt.

Lou turns off the little TV behind the counter to greet them.

LOU

If it isn't my favorite milkman.

ACE

If it isn't your favorite milkman, who is it?

LOU

My favorite milk-woman, milk maid, milk-person?

(beat)

Those don't sound quite right.

MARTIE

No worries, Lou. We're here to discuss next week's order.

LOU

Same as last week.

MARTIE

June is a big tourism month. I think you'll need to up that order by fifteen percent.

Lou looks skittish.

LOU

Sounds high. Let me check my billing records for last year.

Lou reaches in a drawer and pulls out a ream of paper invoices. Martie races to help.

MARTIE

Paper records? No spread sheet? I can fix this for you.

Martie investigates the bills.

LOU

They appear like clockwork, once a month from Sacramento.

MARTIE

So, Ace doesn't bill you directly.

ACE

Mr. Anderson does all that. We tell him what we delivered. He bills our customers.

Martie points to a discrepancy on one sheet, then another.

MARTIE

Mr. Anderson has been cheating you, Lou.

ACE AND LOU

What?

MARTIE

He rounds up on every case. If Ace drops off a case of gallon jugs, for a delivered-cost of one-fifty-one per gallon, Anderson rounds it up to two bucks. He makes two dollars and ninety-four cents profit on each case on top from his wholesale commission.

LOU

That's highway robbery!

MARTIE

That's a felony if it holds for the other products and other customers.

Martie investigates a few other sheets.

ACE

He's cheating everyone! I know it!

MARTIE

He's cheating Lou, and has for several years. We have a law suit here, Lou! Anderson rounds up, and never rounds down. White-collar crime!

ACE

That's why I wear blue.

MARTIE

Mr. Anderson owes you thousands of dollars!

ACE

How much does Reno charge you for an eight-pound bag of ice, Lou?

LOU

One-dollar, wholesale, delivered.

ACE

I can get you all you need for seventy-five cents a bag, all year long!

LOU

Deal.

ACE

Shake on it.

Ace and Martie start shaking. Lou looks around, and he starts shaking and laughing too.

MARTIE

We'll check a few more customers to see if they're getting cheated by Anderson.

ACE

Then we'll tell the Sheriff about a much bigger news story than a mother's deportation!

Martie hugs Ace.

MARTIE
Great idea, Ace!

LOU
You making your own ice, Ace? Great
idea!

MARTIE
If he can remember the recipe!

Ace and Martie laugh hysterically -- and alike in volume and duration. Ace turns serious.

ACE
If we can find the bags to put the
ice in.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RENO WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ponch and Clutch are dressed in business suits that don't fit them at all as they approach a warehouse.

PONCH
These suits from the thrift store
fit pretty well.

CLUTCH
Their previous owners, anyway. Not
so much us in particular.

PONCH
Let me do the talking in there.

CLUTCH
You got it.

Inside the warehouse, they see the Manager (50, football player type) carrying a iPad. Ponch whispers to Clutch.

PONCH
Like stealing Christmas trees from
the boy scout lot late at night.

Clutch glares at Ponch, as the Manager approaches.

PONCH (CONT'D)
(whispers)
If someone would ever do such a
nasty rotten thing!

MANAGER
Can I help you?

PONCH
We're Ponch Turan and Gilbert
Redmond from Sacramento Ice.

MANAGER
Sacramento Ice?

CLUTCH
Yes, frozen water.

Ponch glares at Clutch.

PONCH
Our last shipment of plastic ice
bags was recalled for a very slight
contamination of the bacteria
scientifically known as Exlax
colonoscopy.

CLUTCH
Better known as E-colon.

MANAGER
E-coli?

PONCH
One cocktail or soda, not a
snowball's chance in hell they'd
make it to the rest room.

MANAGER
We didn't hear anything about
contamination!

PONCH
We can test five cases of bags for
you.

CLUTCH
Or we could warn your customers
with a public service announcement
to diaper up if they buy your ice.

The Manager thinks for a moment, and grabs five cardboard
boxes for Ponch and Clutch.

PONCH
Our lab in Sacramento will call if
there's any sign of E-collie.

Ponch and Clutch grab the boxes, and waddle toward the door.

MANAGER

What do we tell our customers about the ice that's already bagged and in stores?

CLUTCH

No need to panic. Tell 'em, this too shall pass.

INT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

Martie is doing calculations on a laptop computer, while Ace paces and talks to Ponch on the phone. The roar of the ice-making machine makes it hard to hear.

ACE

Five cases of ice bags for free! You two businessmen are great.

PONCH (O.S.)

Wait 'til you see us in our new suits.

CLUTCH (O.S.)

Remember, don't tell Anderson about the ice-making machine!

ACE

Rice-making making machine? Oh, ice! Couldn't hear you. Just get to the Sheriff's office in one hour, noon!

Ace ends the call and dances with joy, as Martie looks up from the spreadsheet on her computer.

MARTIE

You have reason to keep dancing.

Ace continues dancing.

ACE

No one's ever told me I have reason.

MARTIE

Mr. Anderson has been swindling all your customers for years! Proof is right here!

Ace pulls her up to dance.

ACE

Then we can nail him in front of
the TV cameras!

MARTIE

With a major bust like that, the
Sheriff will forget about deporting
Mama.

Ace stops dancing.

ACE

I've gotta call Anderson. He's
still coming here to sign the
papers!

MARTIE

It's gotta be on TV -- call him!

Ace makes a phone call. Martie hangs by his side and listens.

ACE

Hello, Mr. Anderson. This is Robert
O'Brien.

(pauses)

Yes, we're ready to sign it over to
you, but we can't do it at the
dairy house.

(pauses)

Why not?

(beat)

Toilets backed up. We'll have to
meet at the Sheriff's office.

Martie whispers in his other ear.

MARTIE

And the Sheriff is also a notary.

ACE

And the Sheriff's in a nunnery.

MARTIE

Is a notary.

ACE

Is a notary. It will make it all
legal.

(pause)

That noise in the background? Oh,
that's the sewer line backing up.

(pauses)

Good idea, Sir. Sheriff's office at
noon. We'll be there.

Ace ends the call. He hugs Martie, and gazes into her eyes.

ACE (CONT'D)
You're saving our jobs, ya know.

MARTIE
You were more worried about Ponch and Clutch, and Mama and me, than you were for yourself. That says a lot about a man.

Ace gazes into her eyes, ready to kiss her.

ACE
What's it say?

MARTIE
It says his body and mind are tempting, and his heart is pure.

We hear the ice-making machine. Ace looks puzzled.

ACE
I couldn't hear you well. Did you say his body and mind are empty, but his heart's manure?

Martie takes the initiative and kisses him hard on the lips.

MARTIE
I confess, until I found out what an idiot you could be, I was very attracted to your raw power.

Ace cleans out an ear with his finger.

ACE
I couldn't hear that last part. Did you say, 'What will we do for an hour?'

MARTIE
You could get your hearing checked, while I take a long, hot shower.

He kisses her passionately.

ACE
Keep this up and you could be Milkman of the Year!

She pulls him gently toward the bedroom.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Ace, dressed in his milkman shirt and short pants, and Martie dressed in her little black dress enter the office like lovebirds. Martie carries her laptop. Mama is in handcuffs sitting by the Sheriff. She is sewing buttons on the white shirt she has made. The Catholic Priest is pleading for Mama's release.

PRIEST

She is a sweet peaceful mother! She may have sanctuary at our church.

SHERIFF

There are no safe havens in my town, Padre! They're all murderers and rapists!

MARTIE

Mama! No te preocupes. Don't worry.

Martie hugs Mama, while she glares at Ace and the Sheriff.

ACE

Sheriff, do you want to make the national news instead of local news?

SHERIFF

How?

Ponch and Clutch race in wearing their thrift store suits. The milkmen quickly exchange the secret milkman handshake.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Arresting you three for impersonating early-morning milkmen?

The female TV Reporter enters with a Camerawoman (30) ready to film.

REPORTER

We're ready to roll tape, Sheriff. Old priest is a good touch. The public loves contrast! Can we get makeup on the illegal alien?

The milkmen look up and around. Mama glares at the Reporter.

ACE

Seriously, Sheriff. Listen to our accountant.

Mama points to herself.

MAMA
Folsom Prison.

MARTIE
She was a cook there! That's all.
The media always assumes the worst!

REPORTER
(whispers to her
camerawoman)
Roll camera. I'm Betty Roth, live
at the Sheriff's office in Tahoe
City, where another unscrupulous
illegal alien has been captured for
deportation.

The Camerawoman gives her a thumbs-up sign.

Ace steps in front of the camera as MR. ANDERSON (60; an
uptight businessman in a suit) steps into the Sheriff's
Office.

ACE
I'm Robert O'Brien, one of many
little franchise distributors owned
by that man, Mr. Rupert Anderson,
of Sacramento.

Mr. Anderson smiles like it couldn't be him.

REPORTER
What's going on here? Is this a
sting? Are we going national?

ACE
Ms. Martinique Diaz, our
accountant, holds an MBA from the
University of California, Berkeley,
and she audited our files, our
customer's orders, and Mr.
Anderson's billing practices.

Mr. Anderson attempts to leave, but the Sheriff yanks him
back.

Martie steps in front of the camera with her laptop open.

MARTIE

We have several years of data to show that Mr. Anderson has knowingly and systematically cheated every customer around the Lake. He falsifies every bill by rounding up to the nearest dollar on every case that these hard-working milkmen deliver!

The camerawoman pans to the milkmen who are giving Anderson the 'shame on you' sign with their fingers.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Because the milkmen deliver across the state line into Nevada, Mr. Anderson is guilty of interstate fraud, a felony.

MR. ANDERSON

I demand to speak to my attorney.

MARTIE

If these same deplorable business practices occurred at his other franchises, Mr. Anderson may also face federal racketeering charges, and be forced to pay complete restitution.

MR. ANDERSON

(mumbles)

Uh oh!

The Sheriff removes the handcuff from Mama and places them on Mr. Anderson.

Papa races into the Sheriff's office looking like a deranged killer carrying his silver briefcase. The Reporter yells.

REPORTER

Oh, my God. It's that escaped drug lord who tunneled out of prison in Mexico! Is that a bomb?

The camerawoman captures it all. Papa reaches in his coat pocket.

MAMA

Dispararle muerto! Él es un Bautista!

MARTIE

Mama says to shoot him dead! He's a Baptist.

The Sheriff assumes he is reaching for a gun, pulls his pistol and shoots the King James bible out of Papa's hand. Papa falls, protecting the silver briefcase in both arms.

Mama races to Papa, jumps on him, and kisses him passionately. It's awkward almost-love-making.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

It has been four years.

Every one gawks, then tries to look away (except for the priest), as the Sheriff investigates the shot bible.

SHERIFF

It the King James version, all right!

The Priest shakes his head in disgust, and looks away.

PAPA

(to Martie)

I came to take your Mama home. I've changed. I sell top-shelf, organic tequila now.

The milkmen perk up! So does Mama.

ACE, PONCH, AND CLUTCH

1519?

Papa looks at the milkmen. Mama goes back to kissing her husband.

Mama hands Martie the white shirt she's been sewing. It's a pressed milkman's uniform shirt that is monogrammed in red, "Martie."

Martie shows off the shirt, and everyone (but Mr. Anderson), smiles, and says 'Ahh.'

PAPA

Free samples in the briefcase.

Everyone cheers.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Mama and Papa stroll out of the office arm-in-arm. Papa carries the briefcase.

Ponch and Clutch exit next, with Martie and Ace close behind.

ACE

Nice that Anderson wants to settle.

MARTIE

You'll get an independent dairy distributorship, the house, and property. What more could you want?

Ace turns to face her.

ACE

An accountant?

CLUTCH

But who won the hundred bucks?

PONCH

For the worst date ever!

Martie glares at Ace.

Ponch and Clutch look guilty and start to run.

CLUTCH

Mama, wait up!

PONCH

Wait for us, Papa!

Ace drops his head like a scolded schoolboy.

ACE

Sorry. We didn't mean nothing by it. Just having fun.

MARTIE

You cruel son of a bitch! Playing, not just with my emotions, but Mama's potential deportation!

ACE

It was just a bet!

Martie shoves her new shirt into Ace's stomach.

MARTIE

Here's another bet! I bet you never grow up to be the man you could be!

Martie begins to stomp away.

ACE
 Martie, wait!
 (mumbles)
 We didn't shake on it!

EXT. DOCK - SUNSET

At Skylandia Beach, Ace sits alone at a picnic table and gazes out to the dock and Lake.

He looks left down the beach and sees Clutch and Lilly, holding hands. They stop and kiss, and continue walking.

Ace looks right and sees Ponch and Crystal smoking a joint, and gazing into each other's eyes. Ponch pulls out a bag of Cheetos from behind his back, and she immediately hugs and kisses him, and squeezes his buns.

Mama and Papa walk up from behind Ace. They are holding hands, but not smiling.

ACE
 Mama, Papa, when are you taking
 off?

PAPA
 Couple of days. We both have our
 vacations to use or lose. I'm
 taking her to the gang
 neighborhoods in the Bay Area
 before we fly home. So she won't
 miss the United States as much.
 Maybe we'll see a shoot-out.

ACE
 That's a stereotype and a
 generalization, Papa. Rarely
 happens.

PAPA
 Stereotype, you say. Never seen
 one.

Ace and Papa see that Mama looks angry.

ACE
 Touche'!
 (beat)
 What's with Mama? She hasn't
 forgiven you for being a Baptist.

PAPA

She hasn't forgiven you for being
an idiot!

Mama slaps Ace in the back of the head.

ACE

Nothing new, huh?

PAPA

Martinique is packing her things.
She's going to stay with friends in
Berkeley. I'm dropping her off for
her last fifty-five days in the
U.S. She said she would come down
to the dock to say good-bye.

Mama slaps Ace on the back of the head again. Harder this
time. Ace yells.

ACE

Ow! Mama, that hurt.

MAMA

No tanto como hiera a mi hija!

ACE

(sad)

Not as much as I hurt her daughter?

PAPA

You speak Spanish?

ACE

I understand Mamas. I was an idiot.
I am an idiot. I'll always be an
idiot!

Ace turns around to see Martie staring at him with pity.

Martie walks past Ace toward the dock without saying a word.

Mama and Papa sit at the picnic table, as Martie walks
further out on the dock.

Mama hits Ace in the back of the head.

ACE (CONT'D)

I'm going. I'm going.

There is a tear in Mama's eye, and a little smile.

Ace follows Martie to the end of the dock.

ACE (CONT'D)

I don't expect you to forgive me.

Martie looks out at the Lake.

ACE (CONT'D)

I never appreciated the plight of immigrants wanting a better life for themselves and their children.

Martie turns to him.

MARTIE

That's an adult thing to say.

(beat)

For an idiot.

ACE

About that better man that I could be...

MARTIE

Yes?

ACE

You've taught me so much. You saved our jobs and our house, and I'd give it up to follow you back to Mexico.

MARTIE

Would you climb that big fence, and swim a river, and cross a desert to sneak across the border?

ACE

If I had to -- to win you back. I'd do anything for the Milkman of the Year!

Martie moves in for a kiss, and she kisses him. Mama is the first to cheer, then Papa, Ponch, Crystal, Clutch, and Lilly cheer!

Ace stares into Martie's eyes, and they kiss again, too passionately for Mama! She stomps toward them, but they keep kissing! Ace yells.

ACE (CONT'D)

I want to marry the Milkman of the Year.

Everyone is silent, and puzzled, until they break out with laughter, cheers, and applause, until Martie stomps away.

MARTIE

If that's your idea of a proposal, Robert O'Brien, you've got a lot to learn. That was the worst proposal of all time. That wasn't a bet, was it? You didn't shake on it, did you?

The cheering stops, as Martie shakes like a dog.

Ace chases her down, gets on one knee, and proposes.

ACE

Martinique Diaz, with your Mama and Papa's permission...

Mama and Papa nod 'yes.'

Martie smiles.

ACE (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

MARTIE

You're very childish, Ace, but you have potential. Yes, I'll marry you!

The crowd cheers, and rallies around Martie and Ace, jumping up and down in joy.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Ace and Martie get married at the Catholic Church with the entire cast in attendance.

We see Papa and Mama kissing, Lilly and Clutch kissing much to the Sheriff's chagrin, Ponch and Crystal grabbing each other's asses, and Lou and his husband holding hands.

At the altar with their backs to the camera are Ace and Martie.

The priest keeps taking sips of altar wine until we see the faces of Ace and Martie - with Martie wearing Groucho Marx glasses and her new, monogrammed, white milkman shirt.

Everyone sings "If you wanna be happy for the rest of your life, never make a pretty woman your wife..."

ROLL CREDITS

INT. DAIRY/HOME - DAY

In black and white (and silent), we see Martie in her new white milk shirt delivering milk as in the 1950s video in the opening scene. She brings milk into the Dairy House, and is putting it the refrigerator, when Ace comes into the kitchen holding a baby boy (1) in a little milkman suit.

She kisses Ace on the cheek, and begins to work on her laptop computer.

Ace gently pulls her away toward the bedroom.

End Act Three

THE END

FADE OUT.