

BILL-LAND

Written By David Condon Erickson

david@superok.com
612/702-3380

FADE IN:

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

A lovely Spring dawn in a Davenport, Iowa neighborhood.

A row of modest homes ends with a badly aged but still regal Victorian - three floors of 19th century optimism.

A giant oak canopies the front lawn, an American flag flutters by the door.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - CONT.

The room of a boy grown into a man - who has never had to leave home.

His boy's treasures: a raccoon's skull, science fair blue ribbon, model robot - mix with mundane adult clutter.

BILL PHILPOTT (42), sprawls across the tiny bed.

His face still glows with the wonder of youth.

The alarm clock switches from 6:29 to 6:30. The alarm sounds BEEEP.

INT. BILL'S BATHROOM - LATER

Bill, in Yosemite Sam boxers, dutifully brushes his teeth. He spits and drops his brush into a "Hug A Teacher" mug.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE- LATER

Bill pops out the door, heads for the decrepit car parked at the curb.

MR. HOOVER - his elderly, sour-faced neighbor across the street, inspects his perfect grass like a botanist.

BILL
'Morning, Mister Hoover.

Mr. Hoover glares - pulls a weed like he's tearing off a limb.

Bill winces.

BILL
Have a nice day.

His next-door neighbor, KENNY (38) - affable by way of marijuana and Michelob Lite, hauls buckets of tools out the front door of his man-cave house.

The pipe wrenches and his ass crack compliment the "Kenny's Klog Busting" motto painted on his rust-infected truck.

KENNY

Hullo, Bill.

BILL

Hi Kenny. Kind of early for you.

KENNY

A backed up toilet waits for no man,
Bill.

He climbs in his truck, cranks it. Goes rattling down the road.

Bill checks his watch, jumps in his car and pulls away.

Mr. Hoover glares, yanks another weed.

EXT. CLARA BARTON GRADE SCHOOL - DAY

A storybook edifice of learning on a friendly street. Red brick, American flag.

CRIES of dissent erupt from inside.

INT. CLARA BARTON SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONT.

A gaggle of FOURTH GRADERS sit cross-legged in front of the cafeteria doors, waving milk cartons. SHELLEY, small but fiery, leads the chant.

SHELLEY

What do we want?

FOURTH GRADERS

(in unison)

Chocolate milk!

Bill stands proudly next to his students - the instigator of this lesson in activism.

SHELLEY

When do we want it?

Up go the fists of defiance.

FOURTH GRADERS

Now!

As the chanting continues, teachers and students stop and watch - or walk on, shaking their heads.

PRINCIPAL MARSHALL BECKER (56) beleaguered, ever the reluctant bad guy, marches down the hall and gets right in Bill's face.

Clearly he's dealt with this fool before.

PRINCIPAL BECKER
Philpott - what's going on?

Bill smiles confidently.

BILL
Principal Becker - It's a demonstration. They're learning about--

PRINCIPAL BECKER
Bill.

The Principal gets Baseball Ref close - nose to nose. Bill grins nervously.

BILL
Marshall?

PRINCIPAL BECKER
The students of Clara Barton School enjoy a wide variety of food choices in our fully-stocked cafeteria which includes -- chocolate milk.

BILL
I'm teaching them about activism, the American tradition of dissent and asserting our rights in the face of--

PRINCIPAL BECKER
They're only nine years old.

Bill shrugs.

BILL
It's not like they're asking for nuclear disarmament.

SHELLEY

What do we want?

FOURTH GRADERS

Nucu-lear disarm-na-nnet!

SHELLEY

When do we want it?

FOURTH GRADERS

Now!

Bill smiles winningly, but the wattage can't cut through Becker's glare.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Early morning.

BEEP - BEEP - BEEP - A DRIVER backs a BULLDOZER off a flatbed truck and parks it across from Bill's house.

Bill bursts out the front door of his house, still in bathrobe - makes a beeline for the Driver.

BILL

Excuse me?

The Driver gives him the once over.

DRIVER

Yeah?

BILL

Uh, what is this?

DRIVER

It's a bulldozer.

BILL

I kno -- what's it for? I mean, what are you doing with it?

DRIVER

Is this Fifty-nine-forty-nine Wayfarer Lane?

BILL

Yes?

DRIVER
I'm delivering it.

He looks over Bill's house, grins fiendishly.

DRIVER
This is where they want it. Right here.

BILL
Who are they?

DRIVER
The city of Davenport, Iowa, that's who.

He smiles quizzically at Bill.

DRIVER
Kinda surprised you haven't vacated the premises.

BILL
What? What do you mean vac --

The Driver climbs into the truck, starts it up.

DRIVER
Have a nice day.

He shoves it into gear, pulls away - chuckles to himself.

BILL
Wait -- what? Hold on a minute. Come back here!

There's a faint GIGGLE. Bill spins around.

Mr. Hoover on his perfect lawn - giggling and fidgeting like a school girl.

BILL
Mister Hoover? What's go --

Mr. Hoover breaks into hysterical laughter.

Bill gives the bulldozer one more exasperated look before heading for his car.

A decrepit blue OLDSMOBILE backfires as it rolls right through the stop sign on Bill's corner.

BILL
Hey! It's a stop sign!

The Olds keeps going.

BILL
That means stop!

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Haven for harried teachers, lots of coffee and grousing.

Bill, finger stuck in ear, shouts into his cell phone.

BILL
Oh -- yes, a bulldozer ... that's what I'm trying to find out. Who? Wait a minute, let me get a pen.

CLERK (V.O. PHONE)
So you're saying there's a bulldozer parked at the curb and you didn't order it?

BILL
That's correct. I want to know why the city put a bulldozer in front of my house. It's making me nervous.

INTERCUT:

INT. COUNTY PLANNING OFFICE - CONT.

A young CLERK, barely dressed for public service, slouches over his computer keyboard, phone cradled on his shoulder. He punches some keys.

CLERK
Well let me see if I can pull that up for you.

A record pops up on the screen. The Clerk stifles a laugh.

CLERK
Holy cra -- excuse me. You're still living there?

BILL
Yeeesss?

CLERK
Sir, you didn't get the letter?

BILL
What letter?

CLERK
You didn't come to the meetings?

BILL
Meetings?

The clerk muffles the phone, calls to the next clerk over.

CLERK
Hey Rhonda, this guy's still living in his house. He doesn't know.

BILL
Doesn't know what? Doesn't know what?!

RHONDA, older and more restrained, peers at the screen.

RHONDA
Oh my word. Did you tell him?

BILL
Tell me what? What?!

CLERK
I'm not telling him.

RHONDA
How could he not know?

CLERK
I know, I know, this is great.

CLERK
Sir, are you sure you didn't get the letter?

BILL
Letter?

CLERK

It would have come in a blue envelope.

Rhonda calls out to other clerks.

RHONDA

This guy didn't get the letter.

BILL

What letter?!

INT. BILL'S FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT

Bill has his arm thrust far up the mail chute.

He digs around, extracts a crumpled blue envelope.

Examines the postmark.

BILL

December?

Scans the official looking document inside.

Carefully sets it down. Takes a deep breath. Freaks out.

BILL

Aaaaaaaaaa --

INT. MICHAEL'S CONDO - NIGHT

MICHAEL PHILPOTT (35), opportunistic lawyer with a heart of tin and a good-natured hand in your wallet, lounges on the leather couch in his Sharper Image condo, clicking through tv channels.

Answers his cellphone.

MICHAEL

This is Michael.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM

Bill's still freaking - peering out the window at the bulldozer, phone cord stretched to the limit.

INTERCUT:

BILL

-- aaaaaaaaahhhhhhh!!

He gasps for breath.

MICHAEL

Oh Christ, Rocky, is that you? Look, I'm just your ex-wife's attorney, I can't put a contract out on her new boyfriend - besides my fee doesn't cover extra expenses incurred during the course of --

BILL

Michael get over here.

MICHAEL

Oh, hey bro.

Michael checks his watch.

MICHAEL

Shouldn't you be grading papers, or practicing the pledge of allegiance or something like --

BILL

Michael, you have to help me. You're not gonna believe what --

MICHAEL

Bill, I'm working on a case. I have to present a brief tomorrow and I've got this really asshole judge so if I'm not on my game, I'll --

He finds a channel that interests him. Baboons fornicating.

Bill starts emitting a high-pitched whine.

Michael holds the phone away from his ear.

MICHAEL

Bill, don't start with the whining. That only worked on mom, and only when you were twelve.

BILL

Just get over here, Michael. Please.

He starts whining again.

MICHAEL

Oh for crying out loud, alright.

ANGIE (35) comes out from the bedroom. A graduate of high-maintenance high, she cares little for lesser humans.

ANGIE

Is that your brother? Our reservation's for eight o'clock.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM

Bill hangs up. Looks at the letter again.

BILL

AAAAAAHHHHHHH!

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill bursts out the front door as Kenny wearily climbs down from his truck.

BILL

Kenny?

KENNY

Bill, I gotta shower and crack a cold one. I've been snaking a sewer line over at the high school all afternoon. God knows what they feed those kids. Besides the corn, anyway. Why is there always corn?

Bill waves the letter in his face.

BILL

Did you get one of these?

KENNY

What is it? Coupons?

BILL

No, it's not coupons.

EXT. KENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill and Kenny huddle on Kenny's rotting front porch sofa, studying Bill's letter.

Kenny tokes on a joint, offers it to Bill.

KENNY

Mmm?

Bill shakes his head.

KENNY

Mmm.

BILL

I can't believe it. I'm gonna lose my home ... you're gonna lose your home. To a freeway on-ramp.

Kenny releases his hit with a hearty exhale.

KENNY

Hence the bulldozer.

BILL

Yes Kenny. Hence.

KENNY

Bill, this is why I never open my mail. Nothing but bad news. The way I see it, it's an opportunity for both of us to move on.

BILL

I don't want to move on.

KENNY

But they're paying us off, Bill. They're paying us ...
(reads from letter)
"Fair market value".

Kenny looks around at his own creaky domicile. Frowns.

KENNY

Of course this place has no market value.

BILL

It's not the money. I've lived in this house all my life.

KENNY

Then you sir, are due for a change.

A sharp BMW rolls up, Michael and Angie get out.

Angie winces disapprovingly at her surroundings.

MICHAEL

Guys, you shouldn't be drinking beer on the front porch. It's a violation of city ordinance. Where's mine?

Kenny tosses Michael a beer.

Michael cracks it, sprays it, chugs.

ANGIE

Michael, please. Set an example for your brother.

MICHAEL

(to Bill)

Let's see it.

Bill dolefully hands him the letter. Michael sweeps it up, peruses it dramatically, hands it back.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah, I heard about this. You're screwed.

BILL

You knew?

MICHAEL

Hell, they'll probably pay you more than the wreck is worth.

BILL

Michael, it's our family home.

Michael crouches before Bill like a father counseling his son. Angie fidgets impatiently.

MICHAEL

Bill, you've lived here your whole life -- you're what, forty three?

BILL

Forty-two. Michael, this was our parent's first and last house.

MICHAEL

Bill, they're gone and we're all grow-
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
ed up. At least I am.

Angie hisses.

ANGIE
We. Have. A reservation.

MICHAEL
Angie, do you mind?
(turning to Bill)
You need to move forward with your
life, Bill. Get out of this crappy
neighborhood.

Michael shrugs apologetically.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry Bill, that's how it is.

KENNY
Hell I'd knock mine over right now if
they'd let me drive the bulldozer.

Michael grins, high-fives Kenny.

MICHAEL
Now that's the right attitude.

KENNY
Bombs away!

Angie stomps up, glares.

Kenny offers her the roach. She snorts angrily and heads for
the car. Kenny shrugs.

BILL
I love this house. I love this
neighborhood.

Michael lofts his empty at a trash can on the porch.

KENNY
Two points!

MICHAEL
I'll call you tomorrow, we'll get you
an exit strategy.

He flashes a rock-on signal to Kenny.

KENNY

Yo.

Michael and Angie leave.

KENNY

Night, Bill. Don't worry, things will
turn out all right.

Kenny heads inside. Bill wanders back to his yard.

Bill gazes at his home like it's a beloved but sickly dog
waiting to be put out of its misery. Tears well up.

The same rusty Oldsmobile chugs by, glides on through the
stop sign.

He barely whispers.

BILL

Hey you ... it's a stop sign ... that
means ...

His shoulders droop, his head bows, he trudges up the steps.

BILL

Stop.

INT. 4TH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Bill bows glumly before his students, textbook on the desk in
front of him. They wait.

He proceeds in a monotone.

Bill turns to the chalkboard and starts to draw a picture of
the United States. He sniffs emotionally.

BILL

The Native peoples of North America -
the Native Americans -were visited by
the Pilgrims, who migrated by ship
from England in the sixteen hundreds,
in order to escape religious
persecution.

A little GIRL frowns at Bill.

GIRL #1

Are you crying, Mister Philpott?

Bill soldiers on.

BILL

The Pilgrims subsequently stole their food and desecrated their native grave sites.

GIRL #2

What's wrong with Mister Philpott?

Bill fights back the tears, draws irregular shapes at various points on the map.

BILL

During the following centuries, the Native Americans were systematically driven from their homes, as white settlers and the American military claimed land for farming, gold prospecting, and natural resources.

One of the boys starts sniffing, shaken by Bill's emotion.

BILL

And the communities of these native peoples were reduced to living ... to living in reservations.

He taps on the irregular shapes.

BILL

With limited rights and the status of a despised minority, while their Euro-centric conquerors enjoyed the spoils of genocide - having taken everything, including the land beneath their feet, the food from their mouths, and the freedom to live as they wished among the beauty of an unspoiled wilderness - now rapidly being consumed by the insatiable hunger of progress.

He turns to the class, bleary-eyed. Half the kids look ready to burst into tears.

Bill slumps at his desk, buries his head in his hands.

Principal Becker glares at him from the hallway.

BOY #1

Is this going to be on the test?

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT - DAY

Bill wrangles an overwhelming assortment of banker's boxes, sports equipment, tools, books ...

He digs irritably through an ancient file cabinet. Michael bounces down the stairs.

MICHAEL

Yo, Bill.

BILL

Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL

What are you doing?

BILL

I'm packing. What's it look like?

Bill yanks open the rusty bottom drawer and a cloud of dust shoots up his nose.

MICHAEL

Hey, is that my lacrosse glove?

Bill sneezes violently.

MICHAEL

You really ought to be wearing a dust mask down here, with all that asbestos.

BILL

I think this house was built before asbestos. I think it's insulated with corn husks.

Bill finds some snapshots.

BILL

Wow, mom and dad.

Michael checks them out.

MICHAEL

Hey, Mom was kinda hot.

BILL

Michael, for cryin' out loud.

Michael addresses the photograph.

MICHAEL

Mom. Dad. I know you've gone to a better place, but I gotta tell you - Bill is still single and hasn't left his bedroom in forty-three --

BILL

Forty-two.

MICHAEL

-- years - what's this?

He grabs a thick pile of yellowing documents from the back of the file drawer - eight inches thick and barely held together with binding straps.

BILL

Who cares any more? Nothing matters.

MICHAEL

Looks like some legal -- hey, it's your abstract. Shows every owner of the property, back to ...

Michael turns to the back and leafs through the pages.

MICHAEL

Wow, seventeen seventy-nine.

BILL

Seventeen seventy-nine? You're kidding me. This house isn't that old.

MICHAEL

No, but someone registered the land.

Bill peers at the ancient pages.

BILL

My students would love to have a look at this.

Michael squints at the curly text.

MICHAEL

... decrees ... in perpetuity ... wow ... sovereign sanctuary ... Jesus Christ, Bill.

BILL

What? What?

Michael drops on his ass, glassy-eyed and mute.

INT. CITY HALL MAP ROOM - LATER

A drab county office, files and work tables.

Michael and Bill wait in a row of empty chairs.

BILL

I wish you'd just tell me.

MICHAEL

I'm not completely sure.

BILL

Of what?

Katherine, an officious woman in dated apparel, enters carrying a large folded document.

MICHAEL

Shhh.

KATHERINE

(to Michael)

This is a map of your neighborhood and the surrounding area, Mister Philpott.

MICHAEL

(motions to Bill)

It's Bill, my brother.

Bill timidly steps forward.

BILL

Hi.

Katherine glances at him dismissively.

She lays the map down on a large table, unfolds it. Flap after flap, revealing street after street.

Neighborhoods outlined with names like "Barron's Addition", "Ostreich 2nd Addition", "Sadovsky Annex to Grand Add. South".

KATHERINE

What address were you interested in?

MICHAEL

Three nine --

BILL

Five-nine four-nine Wayfarer Lane.
Geez, Michael you grew up there.

MICHAEL

Sorry.

Katherine finds Bill's address on the map.

KATHERINE

Here. Here it is.

Everybody looks. A small, BLUE SQUARE on the corner of a block. Bill's property. Not connected or included with any other Addition or Annex.

KATHERINE

I don't understand. I've never seen
this before.

Michael drops the abstract onto the map.

MICHAEL

Read this.

INT. MAP ROOM - LATER

Katherine leafs through the abstract, occasionally glancing at the map.

Most of the clerical staff has joined them in the room and look on with barely contained excitement.

Bill fidgets anxiously.

Finally --

CLERK

Well?

Katherine shakes her head, flips to the ancient back pages.

KATHERINE

I don't see any other explanation
besides what it says right here.

Katherine reads aloud as though making a proclamation.

KATHERINE

Hereafter, and in perpetuity, the Executive office of the Government of the newly formed United States of America decrees that this plot of land --

She pokes at the blue square.

-- be ceded to General Fredrick M. Rocheford of Prussia, passed to his children and heirs and all those who dwell upon its soil, as humble reward for services rendered to a grateful nation at the time of its tumultuous and hard-won birth --

Michael grabs the book from Katherine, plays it even bigger.

MICHAEL

-- as a free and sovereign sanctuary and refuge and an example to the world of the wholehearted devotion of this nascent country to the principles of freedom defended and won with the blood of true patriots, blah blah blah, so on and so forth.

BILL

Blah blah blah what?

Katherine grabs it back, leafs forward about fifty pages.

KATHERINE

According to this, a quit claim deed was issued in eighteen forty eight by the newly incorporated city of Davenport when it was discovered that there were no occupants on the property, and it was classified as abandoned.

BILL

Blah blah blah what?

She leafs forward some more.

KATHERINE

It was next sold to a Missus Mildred
(MORE)

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Foss for two hundred dollars. And so
on, and so forth.

BILL
I don't understand.

MICHAEL
The first entry would take precedence.

Katherine gives Michael a questioning look.

MICHAEL
It's okay. I'm a lawyer.

She's not impressed.

Bill raises his hand.

BILL
Excuse me? I have a question.

Katherine slaps shut the abstract.

KATHERINE
Well then.

Bill finally freaks.

BILL
Wha -- What? Could somebody please
tell me what this means?

Katherine extends her hand to Bill, who takes it with great
confusion. Shakes it.

KATHERINE
Congratulations, Mister Philpott.

BILL
What? What for?

Michael slaps Bill on the back.

MICHAEL
You got your own country, Bill.

BILL
My own ...

KATHERINE

Technically and by the book, you own your own country, right there on Wayfarer Lane and West Sixtieth Street.

MICHAEL

Holy Cow!

Michael points at the spot on the map. Looks closer.

Bill is now overwhelmed and a bit hysterical.

BILL

What? What?

MICHAEL

It looks like the street next to your house is part of your country.

BILL

You mean where that guy keeps rolling through the stop sign?

Michael traces the path of the street with his finger.

BILL

I own part of a street? An actual street?

Michael jabs at the point where the street meets Bill's property. He grins.

MICHAEL

I'm thinking "tollbooth".

EXT. CITY RECORDS HALLWAY - LATER

Michael strides down the hall, Bill hurries to keep up.

BILL

But what am I gonna do? This is insane.

MICHAEL

It's not insane, it's the law. And you don't mess with the law.

BILL

But it's unheard of. A country is a group of people, not just one guy.

MICHAEL
Come on, Bill. Lots to do.

Michael checks his watch.

MICHAEL
Your country is making a few phone
calls.

INT. COPY SHOP - DAY

Michael paces, cellphone glued to his ear. Bill makes copies of the abstract pages, watches his brother in action.

MICHAEL
Sam Peterson, he's the attache to the
Deputy Secretary ... tell him it's
Michael Philpott ... busy? Tell him
it's Mikey Mike from Delta Epsilon and
if he's not on the phone in two
minutes I'm calling his mother ... he
knows what I mean.

Bill's eyes widen. Michael clamps a hand over the phone.

MICHAEL
Fraternities are running the world,
Bill.

BILL
His mother?

Michael opens his mouth but then holds up a finger.

MICHAEL
Sam the Sham my man, how's it hangin'
and what color is it? ... yeah ...
Geez you State Department guys are
hard to get a hold of, listen -- what?
... oh nothing, just yankin' your
chain. Your mom will never know, I
swear.

Michael raises his hand in the boy scout pledge and winks at Bill. Bill looks puzzled.

Michael steps outside, talks a mile a minute.

Bill copies another page, admires the old writing, reverently traces the elaborate script.

EXT. BILL'S YARD - DAY

Bill paces off sections of lawn. He carries a tape measure on a spool, a compass, and a page copied from the abstract.

Kenny trails behind him, holding one end of the measuring tape. And a beer.

KENNY

Is drinking allowed in your country?

BILL

Uh -- sure, drinking is allowed.

KENNY

This is an awesome country, Bill.

BILL

I'm trying to concentrate here, Kenny.

Bill paces to a corner of the lot, checks his compass against the property description.

BILL

Fifty eight degrees ... east.

He turns, paces off.

KENNY

Bill, can I be the drug czar?

BILL

Kenny, I'm trying to -- drug czar -- wow, I'm gonna need a whole government, and quick.

Bill wanders across the yard in a daze.

BILL

Secretary of State, Secretary of the Interior ...

KENNY

How about Food and Drug pimp?

Kenny walks like a pimp.

KENNY

I think I like that.

Kenny struts around the yard.

BILL

Oh my god, I've got my own country. Oh my God? What about religion? Why we'll have all religions. Well, at least the nice ones. But I can't discriminate, can I? What about taxes? No taxes -- well we'll need some taxes. Wait -- who am I gonna tax?

Bill drops to his knees, gazes at the parched grass.

BILL

My country needs to water the lawn.

INT. BILL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill, Michael, and Angie eat dinner. Angie irritably pokes at her food.

MICHAEL

So we need to find a way to leverage your unique situation into a revenue producing opportunity.

BILL

I don't care about money.

MICHAEL

Bill, your country has fifty bucks in the bank -- which by the way, you should probably withdraw, Uncle Sam might want to freeze your assets.

BILL

I better get to the A T M.

The doorbell rings.

Bill gets up.

ANGIE

Can we leave now?

MICHAEL

Angie, we're talking business.

ANGIE

Are you billing him?

MICHAEL

Angie, he's my brother.

Bill opens the door. SAM PETERSON (42) flashes an insincere smile. Government issue suit and tie, briefcase, haircut.

SAM

Hi, you must be Bill.

MICHAEL

Whoa, is that you Sam?

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM- LATER

Coffee all around. Angie sips while discreetly sizing up Sam.

MICHAEL

So Sam, great to see a fellow Delta.

Michael performs a frat boy series of hand gestures and waits for the response. Sam shakes his hand.

SAM

Michael, glad to hear you're prospering. Divorce lawyer?

MICHAEL

Yeah, you wouldn't believe how many high-class folks'll pay through the ass to --

ANGIE

(to Sam)

He's moving into something a little more legitimate.

MICHAEL

Wait - what?

SAM

And you are Michael's wife?

She glares at Michael.

ANGIE

Yes, since I'm making my own introductions.

She purrs at Sam.

ANGIE

Angie, it's a pleasure.

Sam turns to Bill, snaps open his case.

SAM
Mister Philpott.

Sam pulls out a manila folder emblazoned "CONFIDENTIAL".

MICHAEL
Wow, top-secret stuff.

Sam smiles patronizingly.

SAM
Well, not top secret.

Angie shoots Sam a flirtatious eye-roll.

Michael frowns - what was that?

SAM
Now, Mister Philpott.

BILL
Bill.

SAM
Bill. In recognition of your status as
a ...

He opens the folder. Reads from a document.

SAM
"... sovereign nation within the
continental borders of the contiguous
forty eight states."

He pulls out a Mont Blanc pen, emblazoned with the State
Department seal, and offers the open folder and pen to Bill.

SAM
Well, we just need you to sign at the
bottom and we'll get out of your hair.

Michael grins.

MICHAEL
And out of his country.

SAM
So to speak.

Angie punches Michael hard in the arm, smolders at Sam.

BILL
That's a nice pen.

SAM
Keep it with our compliments.

MICHAEL
I gotta get one of those.

Sam whips out another, hands it to Michael like he's handing a lollipop to a child.

SAM
There you go.

Michael shows it to Angie, who again rolls her eyes.

Sam turns pointedly to Bill.

SAM
So?

Bill frowns as he scans the document.

BILL
I don't understand this.

MICHAEL
Sign it Bill, Sam's just doing his job.

ANGIE
Sign it Bill, do something right for a change.

MICHAEL
Angie, please.

BILL
But it says something here about "rescinding status" and "re-assimilating"?

Bill looks up at Sam and his plastic smile.

BILL
You want me to give up the -- my country?

SAM
You'll see it says --

He points to the relevant part.

SAM

"In the interests of national security and in the spirit of international cooperation."

ANGIE

Sounds good to me.

BILL

It sounds like I'm the only one cooperating. What do I get out of it?

MICHAEL

Yeah Sam, aren't you gonna pay him something -- like, compensate him?

SAM

I don't think that's necessary. Right, Bill?

BILL

Even the Native Americans got some beads for Manhattan. And later on, we gave them smallpox.

ANGIE

Hey, he gave you a nice pen.

MICHAEL

Angie, please. This isn't a joke.

BILL

You want me to hand it over, just like that?

SAM

It would be the patriotic thing to do.

BILL

What do you mean --

SAM

-- Don't you want the best for your country? As an American?

Bill wavers, holds the pen over the signature line.

ANGIE

Don't be a traitor, Bill.

Michael's fed up.

MICHAEL
Jesus, Angie ...

He heads out to the kitchen.

MICHAEL
I'm getting a beer.

BILL
Michael?

Left behind, Bill slumps. Lowers the pen to paper --
The CLATTER of the beater Oldsmobile echoes outside.

BILL
Crap!

Bill drops the pen, rushes out the door.

SAM
What the hell?

Angie smiles seductively at Sam, giggles and shrugs.

BILL (O.S. OUTSIDE)
It's a stop sign! It's a stop sign!
That means stop!!

KITCHEN

Michael starts back from the kitchen, beer in hand ...

LIVING ROOM

SAM
These guys are really a pair of --

ANGIE
Dunces, tell me about it.

KITCHEN

... pauses on "dunces". Listens.

LIVING ROOM

She laughs flirtatiously, touches Sam's knee.

SAM
Angie, that's the word exactly.

ANGIE
Sometimes I wonder why I married the
big dope.

Bill stomps back in, out of breath.

SAM
Bill, we're just asking you to do your
patriotic duty.

Michael re-enters, cracks open his beer.

MICHAEL
Ain't your country.

He takes a swig, glares at Angie.

ANGIE
Michael.

BILL
I can't believe that guy. Just rolls
right through the stop sign like he
owns --

SAM
Uh, Mister Philpott, could we wrap
this up?

BILL
Huh? Oh ... right.

Bill sits down. Picks up the pen. Finds the signature line.

MICHAEL
Bill.

Bill's distracted -- too much happening at once.

BILL
Huh?

MICHAEL
Put down the pen, Bill.

Sam glares at Michael.

Bill puts down the pen.

SAM
Pick up the pen, Bill.

Bill picks up the pen, starts to regain his focus.

BILL
Wait a minute, did we decide something?

SAM
We sure did, Bill, and the State Department and the President himself want to thank you for doing the right thing.

BILL
What?

SAM
Now do the right thing.

Sam gently taps the paper.

MICHAEL
Bill?

Bill turns to Michael.

BILL
Huh?

MICHAEL
You don't have to sign.

SAM
(to Bill)
Mister Philpott --

BILL
(to Michael)
But it's the patriotic thing to --

MICHAEL
It's bullshit, Bill. Don't be a dunce.

Angie blushes, recovers with a vengeance.

ANGIE
Michael.

MICHAEL

Angie.

SAM

Michael, you're getting yourself in serious trouble. You could be disbarred for aiding and abetting an act of treason --

BILL

Wait, wait -- how can it be treason if he --

SAM

(to Michael)

If you oppose the United States on this, you could be performing divorces in Tijuana by next week.

MICHAEL

Great! I love Mexican food.

ANGIE

Michael, please.

MICHAEL

Maybe I'll just hang out with my dunce brother in his new country.

Sam and Angie trade smirks of condescension.

Sam turns to Bill.

SAM

Will you just sign, Mister Philpott?
Bill. Please?

Bill studies Sam, ponders.

BILL

What if I don't?

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. Bill hurries to his car.

AGENT JOHNSON

Excuse me, Mister Philpott?

Agent Johnson, an intimidating young man in a severely cut suit and sunglasses, approaches.

AGENT JOHNSON

Sir, could you come with me please?

BILL

I have to go to work.

Bill notices the limo with the government plates and another intimidating man leaning against it.

AGENT JOHNSON

Sir, the Deputy Secretary of State would like to have a word with you.

BILL

I have to -- I'm sorry, what's your name?

AGENT JOHNSON

Special Agent Johnson, sir.

BILL

Do you know my name?

AGENT JOHNSON

You are William Jenkins Philpott, sir. Now would you please accompany me to the car?

BILL

Agent Johnson. I have twenty three fourth graders depending on me to educate them so they can go out and make a better world for all of us. Now this is, at least to me, the most important job in the world and I cannot let those kids down. Agent Johnson, do you understand what I'm talking about?

Agent Johnson's obviously moved, he rubs a teary eye without taking off his sunglasses.

AGENT JOHNSON

Yes sir, I do.

BILL

I bet you've got kids of your own.

POV - INSIDE LIMOUSINE

Seen through the tinted window, Bill talks intently with Agent Johnson. Agent Johnson removes his wallet, shows Bill some pictures.

Bill pats him on the shoulder and turns to get in his car. Agent Johnson grabs him and gives him a big hug. Bill pats him on the back, disengages and gets in his car.

JERRY PINCER(52) (O.S.)
What the hell is he doing?

INT. CLARA BARTON CLASSROOM - DAY

Several very serious men in dark suits are stuffed into child-sized tablet chairs (with the attached surface for writing). Bill sits on the desk at the front of the room.

BILL
Now I understand it's important that we get this sorted out as soon as possible, and I can't be taking more time off from work, so I appreciate your coming here during the lunch break to --

JERRY PINCER (52), Deputy Secretary of State, raises his hand. He has the sour demeanor and rumpled suit of a man just off a red eye flight.

Obviously accustomed to regal diplomatic receptions in the ballrooms of kings, Jerry's getting a little pissed off.

JERRY
Pardon me?

BILL
Yes, I'm sorry, you are?

Jerry attempts to stand, but he's trapped in his chair.

JERRY
As you already know, Mister Philpott, I am Jerome Pincer, Deputy Secretary of State.

BILL
Jerome, you have a question?

JERRY

Do you have any idea - call me Jerry,
please - do you have any idea what
having a sovereign nation in the
middle of --

He turns to the greenhorn AIDE next to him.

JERRY

Where the hell are we?

AIDE

Davenport Iowa, sir.

JERRY

Jesus Christ.

BILL

I beg your pardon? That language is
not appro --

JERRY

Sorry. Mister Philpott, do you have
any idea of the problems associated
with -- wait, do you have a name for
this, this presumed country of yours?

BILL

Name? Geez, I forgot to get one.

He makes a note.

A hand goes up near the back of the room.

BILL

You have a question?

INS REP

Yes, I'm not sure I know how --

BILL

Now remember, I want everyone to
please tell everyone your name and
your job when you're called on for the
first time.

A BURLY MAN in a tight suit tries to stand up, arms flailing.
He executes a clumsy hula dance and finally dislodges
himself. The chair clatters to the floor.

BURLY MAN
This is ridiculous.

He stabs a finger at Bill.

BURLY MAN
You -- are insane.

The Burly Man stomps off.

INS REP
There goes the Teamsters.

Bill calls after him.

BILL
There will be treats after class. I'm
sorry you'll miss them.

JERRY
Philpott, I don't think you --

BILL
You can address me as Bill, Jerry.

Jerry rises to make a point, finds himself still stuck. He
sits.

JERRY
Now see here, Philpott -- Bill. If the
United States of America recognizes
your country as a sovereign nation
within the boundaries of the
contiguous states, every crackpot --

BILL
Crackpot?

JERRY
-- grassroots left-wing special
interest group is going to want to set
up shop with their own little country
with their own little constitution --

BILL
Constitution.

Bill smacks his heads, writes a note.

BILL
Got to remember to draft a
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
constitution.

JERRY
Ahem.

BILL
I'm sorry, please go on.

Jerry tries to get up, fails yet again. He scoots closer to Bill, like an old lady with a walker.

JERRY
You see, we've looked over your documents and we're not convinced that letting you declare yourself a country is the best thing for the United States of American and could set a dangerous precedent.

BILL
Jerry. Let me clarify two things.

Bill goes to the chalkboard and draws a stick figure, surrounds it with a circle.

BILL
Number one.

He bangs the chalk on the stick figure.

BILL
I am not declaring myself a country.

He erases the stick figure and replaces it with "5949 Wayfarer Lane".

BILL
The property known as five-nine four-nine Wayfarer Lane is in itself a country. Including the adjacent street.

JERRY
Mister Philpott I --

BILL
Bill. Please use my first name, Jerry. The twin pillars of diplomacy are trust and mutual respect, right?

Jerry rubs his face in exasperation. Bill turns to the chalkboard.

BILL

Two. Five-nine four-nine Wayfarer Lane
is already a free country.

He draws a circle around the first circle.

BILL

It has been discovered to be as such.
It is pre-existing, ergo it is not
being brought into existence by any
method or means instigated by or
involving me.

Bill puts down the chalk, grins.

BILL

I just happen to live there.

Jerry slams his hand down on the tablet.

JERRY

Haa! But you were not born there, you
were born in an American hospital in
the United States of America and are
therefore an American citizen.

Bill's stunned. Is it over already?

Jerry turns to his aide.

JERRY

Alright, I think we're done here.

Jerry scoots his chair towards the door. His aide follows.

Bill's shock expression melts away. He grins widely.

He laughs. He laughs loud and hard. He doubles over with
laughter, starts groping along the wall. Tears of joy run
down his face.

Jerry stops scooting, glares at Bill.

JERRY

Preserving the sanctity of our nation
is not a laughing matter, Philpott.

The roomful of suits all try to exit their chairs in a

bizarre and awkward dance, looking fearful of Bill's sudden outburst.

Michael pops in, out of breath.

MICHAEL

Sorry man, I got caught up with this divorced babe, she can't pay her bill and she wanted to work it out in trade, if you know what I mea --

Michael surveys the room, the suits clambering to get out of their seats -- his brother in spasms of hilarity.

MICHAEL

Boys, what's the problem?

Bill fights to catch his breath.

BILL

They told me since I was born in America, I'm an American citizen and I can't be a citizen of my own country.

MICHAEL

Oh my God. Bill, they got you. They're right.

The suits calm down, compose themselves.

Jerry confides to his Aide.

JERRY

I like him. He's a lawyer.

Bill chuckles, puts his arm around Michael. Michael squirms.

BILL

Michael, Michael, Michael.

MICHAEL

What?

BILL

Remember the old Pontiac?

MICHAEL

Oh, sure. Dad's old car.

Michael turns to address the suits.

MICHAEL

He bought it at an auction, or won it in a poker game or something. A total wreck.

BILL

It never ran properly.

MICHAEL

It never did.

BILL

Not even on the day I was born.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah, I remember. It --

Michael starts to get it.

MICHAEL

Wait ...

JERRY

What? What's the damn point?

Michael addresses the room.

MICHAEL

So, our mom's carrying Bill, right? She's big as a house. Her water broke and she went right into labor. Fastest delivery you ever saw. Dang Pontiac stalled backing out of the garage.

JERRY

You don't have a garage.

BILL

Oh it fell over years ago.

MICHAEL

Anyway anyway, Bill starts coming out. I mean he's getting born and our mom's freaking out and dad keeps cranking the starter and cranking the starter and that old pile of junk just wouldn't go.

BILL

And ... and?

The light bulb over Michael's head shines brightly.

MICHAEL

You were born in the driveway!

Jerry SLAPS his hand to his face.

BILL

That's right! I was born right on the property in question. Inside the border, so to speak. And so ... I am.

Bill draws the little stick figure back into the circle.

BILL

The one, the only, true citizen --

He frowns, concentrates.

BILL

Of ... of ...
(Eureka!)
Bill-Land!

MICHAEL

Wait a minute -- Bill-Land?

Jerry erupts from his mini chair, flings it aside. He points dramatically at Bill.

JERRY

Arrest this man!

BILL

What?

JERRY

You sir, are an illegal alien, unwelcome in these United States of America, and therefore may be subject to detainment and inquisition -- I mean interrogation.

Jerry turns to his aides.

JERRY

Well? Get him!

They struggle with their chairs, scoot in unison towards Bill.

Michael pushes Bill towards the door.

MICHAEL

Bill, I know this probably isn't a good time to bring this up, but can I be Attorney General?

BILL

What?

MICHAEL

Of your country, Bill. Can I be Attorney General of -- of Bill-Land?

BILL

Well, sure. I guess.

MICHAEL

Great - my first act as Attorney General is to advise you to run!!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Michael and Bill burst out of the school room, suits still clambering out of seats and staggering after them.

MICHAEL

Bill, as Attorney General I'm gonna need a secretary and a private office.

BILL

Michael, my country only has four bedrooms and a pantry.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill pulls up in front of his house, Michael in the passenger seat.

Michael looks stunned - at the two black sedans, the four black SUVs and the eight secret service men with their jackets unbuttoned. Flashing their guns.

MICHAEL

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

Bill and Michael climb out.

MICHAEL

Great, they'll black bag us and I'll lose my Hawkeyes season tickets. We
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
should've headed for Canada.

BILL
Michael, this is better than Canada.

Michael smirks.

MICHAEL
Oh right, it's Bill-Land.

Jerry's limo pulls up behind Bill's car.

A red-faced Jerry scrambles out, makes his declaration.

JERRY
William Philpott, you are under arrest
for treason, sedition, and obstruction
of justice.

Michael rushes Jerry, gets in his face.

MICHAEL
Now just one minute, tough guy, my
client --

JERRY
And so are you.

MICHAEL
What?

BILL
Michael?

Bill stands by the curb. He takes one step back, over the
property line.

BILL
Come over here, Michael.

JERRY
Mister Philpott, if you feel that
standing on your property in any way
protects you from the jurisdiction of
the United States and enforcement of
its laws, you are sadly mistaken.

Michael joins Bill.

MICHAEL

I think he's right. I think you're screwed. We're screwed.

BILL

You can leave any time, Michael. But that man will arrest you the minute you cross back over to the United States.

MICHAEL

Cross back over? Are you nuts? He's standing right there with a dozen guys ready to shoot us.

BILL

Exactly, Michael. He's just standing there.

Jerry boils with barely controlled rage.

Bill smiles bravely.

BILL

Drop by any time, Jerry.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill pops out the front door, ready for work - leans over to pick up his paper.

It's not there.

BILL

Where's the --

He looks up, whimpers like a puppy.

A tow truck's hauling away his car.

National Guardsmen in khakis, carrying M-16s, completely encircle Bill-Land.

At the curb, Deputy Secretary Jerry reads Bill's paper. He lowers it, smirks.

JERRY

Morning, Bill. Thinking of going to work today?

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill sits at his laptop.

Jennifer talks to him from a video window on the laptop screen.

JENNIFER (ONSCREEN)
Is this gonna work, Bill?

BILL
Sure it is. I can do this. Now turn
the camera around.

ONSCREEN: The webcam view turns to the class. Principal Becker stands at the back, arms crossed imperiously.

KIDS (ONSCREEN)
Hi, Mister Philpott -- Look at Mister
Philpott -- Good Morning, Mister
Philpott.

INT. BILL'S CLASSROOM - CONT.

A laptop rests on Bill's desk, Jennifer looks on nervously.

Principal Becker looks pissed.

BILL (ONSCREEN)
Uh ... hey kids, how are you doing
today? We're going to try something
different for class I --

MICHAEL (ONSCREEN, O.S.)
Look, he's a slime-ball and he's lucky
his wife is being so nice about the
meth bust and the hooker, because you,
know --

ONSCREEN: Michael enters in bathrobe - toast in one hand, cell phone in the other. Bill anxiously waves him off.

MICHAEL (ONSCREEN)
-- otherwise he's screwed coming and
go -- Oh shit, sorry bro. I'll take it
outside.

KID #1
Mister Philpott, what's a hooker?

Principal Becker shakes his head.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill slumped on the front step, head in hands.

The soldiers have left, save for two SENTRIES walking guard duty on the perimeter.

Jerry swaggers up.

JERRY
Rough morning Bill?

BILL
Where's the army?

JERRY
I think you got the message, Bill. Now why the gloom and doom?

BILL
I lost my job, Jerry. Apparently using a web camera is not an acceptable teaching technique at Clara Barton Open School. Now can you just leave?

Jerry smiles wickedly.

JERRY
You could go back tomorrow.

Bill looks up.

BILL
Huh?

JERRY
We've come to an understanding with your Principal, and you can go back tomorrow. First thing in the morning. See all those bright shining faces again, all those eager young minds ready to learn.

Jerry whips out an official looking paper.

JERRY
Just sign this and you're free to come and go as you please.

BILL
What's this, some kind of treaty?

Jerry smirks.

JERRY
Treaty? The United States doesn't make treaties with rogue nation states, population one --

Michael appears at the door, scratches himself.

Jerry cringes.

JERRY
-- and a half. It's a dissolution of your so-called country, and an agreement to reintegrate it into the United States as an official part of the state of Iowa. Which it already is.

Bill sighs, looks back at Michael.

Michael shrugs.

JERRY
You can't fight Uncle Sam, Philpott.

Bill takes the paper in hand.

Jerry whips out a Mont Blanc fountain pen, identical to Sam's.

JERRY
So don't even try.

BILL
That's a nice pen.

JERRY
Keep it with my compliments.

BILL
Thanks, I'm starting a collection.

The junker Oldsmobile BACK-FIRES down the street.

Bill shrieks, leaps up and races to the corner of the lot.

The Sentries race to the corner, M-16s at the ready.

The beater coasts through the stop sign, ignoring Bill's pleas.

BILL

It's a stop sign, you're supposed to stop! It's the law!!

MICHAEL

Not in this country.

Jerry turns to Michael.

JERRY

Michael -- I like your legal mind, you want to work for the State Department?

Michael's momentarily starry-eyed, then scowls.

MICHAEL

I got a job, Deputy Secretary. I'm Attorney General of Bill-Land.

JERRY

You're Attorney General of diddly-squat. I'm talking about a real job.

MICHAEL

Take a hike, I'm no traitor.

JERRY

Oh no? You two could be shot for this little stunt.

That shuts Michael up. Jerry smiles.

JERRY

You chew on that for awhile. Let me know.

Bill stomps back from the curb.

BILL

Dang it!

He looks at the paper in his hand. Jerry puts his arm on Bill's shoulder.

JERRY

That's a shame, Bill, he's a damn menace to society. You know --

He pulls Bill closer. Smiles devilishly.

JERRY

I can put a United States Marine on that corner - a real pit-bull. Next time he fails to stop we'll bust that scofflaw so hard he'll be begging for mercy.

Bill looks at Jerry.

BILL

All I gotta do is sign this and that guy'll be begging for mercy?

JERRY

That's right. We'll give him the special treatment.

Jerry winks.

Bill smiles sadly.

BILL

Jerry - I don't think anyone should have to beg for mercy in Bill-Land.

Bill grabs the American flag from the doorway, brandishes it by the skinny pole. Scowls at Jerry.

BILL

Except maybe you.

JERRY

What?

Bill swings, strikes Jerry on the shoulder. Jerry stumbles back.

JERRY

Ow! What the hell is your problem?

BILL

You're an unwelcome illegal alien, Jerry.

JERRY

What?

Bill swings, misses.

Jerry barks at the sentries.

JERRY

Are you just gonna stand there?

They just stand there.

Bill swings, connects. The flag pole fractures. Jerry staggers back.

JERRY

Are you out of your mind?

BILL

If you don't vacate my country right now, I'm gonna have to deport you ...

MICHAEL

Bill, if you start assaulting every government emissary who shows up, no one's going to take you seriously.

Bill freezes, looks confused. Embarrassed.

BILL

Oh no. Jerry ... I ... I'm sorry, I didn't think --

Jerry relaxes, chuckles.

JERRY

That's okay, Bill. Maybe it's time to call it a day. Was fun while it lasted, eh?

Slaps him on the back.

JERRY

Come on, let Uncle Sam buy you a beer.

Bill reddens, glares at Jerry, shakes him off.

BILL

I think you should leave, Deputy Secretary Pincer. Right now.

Jerry frowns - what?

Bill takes a deep breath, squares his shoulders.

Fury fills his eyes.

BILL

Or I'm gonna have to deport your ass!

MICHAEL

Whoa, look at the balls on President Philpott! Tell it like it is, Bill baby!

Jerry backs away, bewildered.

Bill looks shaken by his own anger, but doesn't back down.

He hands Jerry the flag, now dangling from the broken pole.

BILL

I think this belongs to you.

Jerry takes it, scowls.

JERRY

It belongs to every American citizen, Philpott. Along with everything it stands for. And you should be ashamed of yourself for treating it so badly.

BILL

Drop by any time, Jerry. That's our national motto - drop by any --

JERRY

Philpott, you can go to hell.

Jerry strides angrily to his limo, clutching the flag. Bill gazes sadly at the forlorn stars and stripes, desecrated by his own hand.

He brushes past Michael, heads into the house.

MICHAEL

(to phone)

Yo dude, my brother just put the smack down on the Deputy Secretary of State. Awesome.

BILL

Come on Michael, we've got a lot of work to do.

MICHAEL

(to phone)

Gotta go. It's time to pow-wow with El
Presidente.

INT. JERRY'S LIMO - NIGHT

Jerry knocks back a scotch, barks at a video phone.

GENERAL WARING fills the small screen, a hard-used veteran
who's had about enough from this Executive Branch desk
jockey.

JERRY

What do you mean you can't target it?

GENERAL WARING

It's too small. And it's in a
residential area, inside the
continental United States.

JERRY

I though you guys could shoot a
missile up a monkey's ass from outer
space.

GENERAL WARING

Theoretically, we can. However I don't
think it's wise to test that theory on
our own citizens. Besides which, I
take orders from the Commander in
Chief, not the Deputy Secretary of --

JERRY

Well come up with some sort of
contingency plan. I wanna shut this
guy down.

GENERAL WARING

I could send my wife over with a
badminton racket.

JERRY

Not funny, General.

The General isn't laughing.

Jerry ends the call.

JERRY
Time for Plan B.

INT. BILL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Bill sits on the toilet, reading "Trade Relations for Idiots".

He flushes. Nothing. He wiggles the knob. Freezes.

BILL
Oh my god.

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT - DAY

Kenny fiddles with the water meter as Bill and Michael look on impatiently.

MICHAEL
Is this going to take long? I've gotta shower and sneak out for a client meeting.

BILL
Past the armed guards? You're going to take a bullet for a divorce settlement?

MICHAEL
They're nice guys. And I've gotta make some bank - I've got a wife and a mortgage.

KENNY
Well that's it.

BILL
What?

KENNY
Your water's been cut off.

Bill boils.

BILL
Really? I never would have guessed that. Glad I consulted a professional.

The lights go out. Darkness.

KENNY

And -- though I'm no electrician, I'd say your power's been cut.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill, Michael and Kenny file out. Jerry leans against the limo, snickering.

JERRY

Well if it isn't the three stooges.

BILL

Real funny, Jerry. Kind of juvenile, don't you think? I can't even flush my own toilet.

JERRY

That's American water you've been crapping in, Bill. You're no longer entitled to it.

Kenny digs in his pockets. Michael lights a cigarette.

BILL

It's gonna take more than that to shut me down, Jerome.

JERRY

I've got more, Bill. Much more. You want your own country? Fine. You're gonna learn the price of freedom. It's high, "President" Philpott. It's mighty high.

Kenny produces a joint, borrows Michael's lighter and takes a hit. Jerry smirks.

JERRY

And I don't think you have the manpower.

MONTAGE

Backyard:

- Michael stands ready with a spade and bucket as Kenny paces the yard carrying a forked stick. Kenny pauses as the stick seems to move in his hand, pointing downward. Michael salutes.

Basement:

- An old bicycle rests precariously on cinder blocks, the wheel-driven generator wired to the main fuse panel. Bill nervously looks it over. A wire SPARKS. Bill jumps.

Backyard:

- Michael excavates a deep hole at Kenny's indicated location. The hole's at chest height and he's exhausted. He pitches the shovel onto the lawn and tries to climb out, but he's out of gas. He gets comfortable, takes a nap.

Basement:

Bill pedals and pedals - his face red with the effort, keeping an eye on the the ceiling bulb. It barely glows. Bill collapses, gasping for breath.

EXT. BILL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bill sits despondently at the kitchen table, staring at the flame of a single candle. Kenny enters.

KENNY

Hey Bill. Kinda dark in here.

Kenny flicks on the lights.

BILL

What is it, Kenny? I'm all outta beer and I don't have any more charcoal briquettes.

Kenny just grins.

He grabs a glass, goes to the sink.

He fills up the glass, takes a deep gulp.

KENNY

Ahh. Nothing like a cold drink on a hot night.

Bill abruptly grabs the glass, sniffs the water.

KENNY

Whoa, relax Bill - can I make you some iced tea? How about some tasty burgers?

Kenny turns on an oven burner.

Bill studies the flames, pokes a finger at them.

BILL

Ow!

EXT. BILL'S SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Bill and Kenny look over a swath of camouflage netting snaking through the grass between their houses.

Bill sucks on his finger.

BILL

What am I looking at Kenny?

KENNY

The Kenneth J. MacMasters
transcontinental pipeline. Gas, water,
power. Check it out.

Bill leans down and lifts up the edge of the camouflage.

A garden hose, an extension cord, a length of pipe.

KENNY

I'm throwing you a lifeline, Bill.
I've hooked you up with an I.V. so
Bill-Land can enter the modern age.
Hell, I'm a one-man utility company.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Wooo hooooo!!

Michael sticks his head out the window, waves his cellphone.

MICHAEL

Charging up!

BILL

I don't know what to say, Kenny.
You're the best neighbor a man could
ask for.

KENNY

Aw heck, it's nothing.

BILL

Uh, you know you might get in trouble
for this.

KENNY
What can they do?

BILL
For providing aid and comfort to the
enemy? They could shoot you.

Kenny's eyes go big with excitement.

KENNY
Really?

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bill, in his pajamas, dutifully brushes his teeth - up, down,
side to side.

A plane passes noisily overhead. Seems a little close.

Bill ducks his head.

BILL
Airspace. Got to do something about my
airspace.

He chuckles, resumes brushing.

Bill rinses, spits and heads for bed as a flash of white
passes outside the bathroom window.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

A PARACHUTIST in khaki nails the landing on Bill's front lawn -
executes a short roll and swiftly gathers up the chute.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Bill spots Kenny and Michael outside, sharing a joint.

Yells out the window.

BILL
Could you guys please cut down on the
public pot smoking? This is Bill-Land,
not Jamaica.

A toilet flushes, Bill frowns, heads for the bathroom.

BATHROOM

He talks to the closed door.

BILL

Hello? Anyone in there? You're not in the contiguous United States anymore, so you have no rights ... just like me.

Bill timidly enters - no one there.

Bill sticks his head out the open window. No one there besides Kenny and Michael.

He sighs. Yells into the yard.

BILL

You can use the toilet any time. You don't have to crawl in the window. We're having pizza later, if you'd like something to eat. Whoever you are ...

KENNY

Yay, pizza!

EXT. P.O.V. THROUGH TREE BRANCHES

Someone watches from high in the oak tree. Bill cranes his neck, sees no one.

BILL

My name's Bill, by the way. Come on in if you need a place to sleep as well as poo -- er, shower.

MICHAEL

Bill, who are you talking to?

BATHROOM

Bill turns from the window and spots a Maxi-pad wrapper in the trash.

BILL

Interesting.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angie, dressed to the nines, waits impatiently as one of the armed guards checks her Prada handbag.

INT. BILL'S DINING ROOM - CONT.

Bill's scribbles a list on a big pad of paper mounted on an easel.

Michael and Kenny sit at the table with beers.

The meeting is pants optional.

Bill completes his list:

CONSTITUTION - in progress

LAWS - none

LAW ENFORCEMENT - N/A

MISSION STATEMENT - do no harm

EXPORTS - plumbing, teaching, legal advice

IMPORTS - Kenny's water, Kenny's power, Kenny's gas, Kenny's pot

DEFENSE - a lacrosse paddle

DIPLOMACY - Michael?

RESOURCES - dirt, air, what's in the attic

BILL

And it appears that someone might be squatting on the property.

KENNY

Does Bill-Land allow squatters?

MICHAEL

I make a motion that we ban the word "squatters".

BILL

I second that.

MICHAEL

Motion in passed.

Kenny raises his hand.

KENNY

Yo, Bill. I say we legalize
(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)
prostitution.

BILL
I don't know, Kenny.

MICHAEL
Actually, it's already legal. In fact
nothing in this country is against the
law. Yet.

KENNY
Wow.

Angie stomps into the room as --

MICHAEL
So, prostitutes for everyone!

Bill and Kenny freeze.

Michael sees her.

MICHAEL
Speaking of squatting.

Angie slaps a manila envelope down on the table, marches out
the door.

KENNY
Ouch. That don't look good.

Michael frowns.

MICHAEL
Hey, where's the keys to the Beemer
... and the timeshare? Where's the
keys to the timeshare?

He jumps up, goes after Angie.

MICHAEL
You're not getting the timeshare.

They shout at each other outside.

Bill and Kenny trade sheepish glances. Murmur.

KENNY
She's pretty mean.

BILL
Like a barracuda.

KENNY
Can't believe he's really signed up
for this Bill-Land gig.

Kenny gives Bill a frank look.

KENNY
'guess he really believes in it.

Bill grimaces.

BILL
I screwed up his marriage.

The shouting continues outside.

KENNY
Aw, doesn't sound love to me - he's
better off without the hag.

BILL
I suppose.

KENNY
Don't be gloomy, Bill. Bill-Land just
needs some women. Nice ones.

BILL
Well I don't know any, and even if I
did, they probably wouldn't want to
live in my country anyway. My country
kind of stinks right now.

KENNY
Your country doesn't stink, Bill. I
stink. It was drain the septic tank
day at the trailer park.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONT.

Angie stands in the street, shaking a taloned finger at Michael. He glowers at her from the curb, the Sentries snicker.

ANGIE
So go play in your brother's little
tree fort all you want, Michael. And
the next time you want to get laid,
(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)
call a hooker!

SENTRY #1
Ouch.

Angie marches off to a waiting limo and steps inside. It glides by Michael. The rear window lowers and Sam gives him a cheery salute.

Michael angrily cinches his bathrobe, stomps back to the house.

INT. BILL'S DINING ROOM - CONT.

Kenny and Bill look over the contents of the manila envelope.

Michael enters, a defeated man.

BILL
Sorry, Michael. I guess I broke up
your marriage.

Michael slumps into a chair, rubs his face.

MICHAEL
No ... no Bill, you did me a favor. If
I have to give up a whining, crazy,
expensive ... bitch to be Attorney
General of Bill-Land, then I'm willing
to make that sacrifice.

BILL
Thank you Michael. I'm proud to be
your brother and President.

MICHAEL
At your service, Commander-in-Chief.

They share a warm handshake.

KENNY
It's Bill-Land's first divorce!

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL
Yo - Drug Czar, gimme another beer.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A rainstorm washes through the neighborhood.

From the front window, Bill studies the oak tree.

A lightening flash reveals a rain poncho-covered figure among the branches.

Bill emerges from the house and dodges puddles as he approaches the tree. He peers at the branches.

Whoever's up there isn't moving.

BILL

You know you're gonna get sick up there in the rain.

Thunder rumbles ominously in the distance.

BILL

If you don't get hit by lightening first.

Still nothing.

BILL

I've got cocoa. I've got coffee. I've got a bottle of scotch my dad left behind. Still unopened. He wasn't much of a drinker.

Nothing. Bill sighs.

BILL

Okay. Suit yourself. Just trying to run a friendly country. I think I'll call you "Poncho".

Bill heads for the house.

THUNK. Bill spins.

PONCHO stands there, silent, face obscured by the hood.

Bill smiles uneasily.

BILL

Oh. Hi. Well come on in.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN- CONT.

Bill pours out a mug of coffee, as Poncho takes a seat.

BILL

Here we go, nice and hot.

Bill sets it in front of Poncho. Poncho picks it up - unable to drink from the mug because of the hood.

BILL

Hey, if you're trying to remain
anonymous, your secret's safe with me.
Who'm I gonna tell?

Poncho sets down the mug - and after a moment of silence, flips off the hood.

A burst of blond hair, pulled tightly back. A frighteningly beautiful woman, with a grimly set mouth.

Bill drops into a chair, impressed.

BILL

Hello.

She speaks with a raspy growl.

PONCHO

Thanks for the coffee. Where's the
whiskey?

Bill stumbles up, eyes fixed on Poncho.

BILL

Let me -- just a minute. I'll get it.

Bill digs in a one of the cabinets, finds a liquor bottle.

BILL

It's all kind of dusty, I should
really wash these --

Poncho grabs a glass, slams it on the table, waits.

BILL

O-kay. Let's crack her open.

He unscrews the corroded cap, pours her a finger of scotch.

She pulls the neck of the bottle and gets three fingers.

Downs it.

PONCHO
I should be getting back.

BILL
To the tree? You'd be better off
hiding inside the house and ... why
are you here?

PONCHO
Is there a problem?

BILL
Well, yes.

Her stone cold eyes fix on his. She doesn't blink.

He tries to meet her gaze ... blinks.

BILL
Well, no. I suppose not, but wouldn't
you rather stay inside?

Poncho considers the issue.

PONCHO
Do you have a basement?

BILL
Uh -- sure. Absolutely. It has a kayak
... and a lacrosse glove ... and ...
centipedes ... and ...

He's becoming more nervous by the second.

She just stares at him - not blinking.

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT

Poncho, changed into government issue t-shirt and khakis,
inspects a moldy old camper cot.

BILL
Is this okay?

PONCHO
It's fine ... thank you.

BILL

So ... what's your business in Bill-Land?

PONCHO

You know, that name's just --

BILL

I know, I know, I'm working on it ... so?

Poncho sighs.

PONCHO

Alright, you seem harmless. I'm with the CIA. I've been sent to infiltrate and report back.

BILL

Report what?

Poncho produces a - survival knife, compass, pillbox, string, sewing kit, small electronic radio, binoculars, from various pockets, carefully organizes them on the cot.

PONCHO

The usual -- your political agenda, strategic alliances, military capabilities, et cetera and so on.

BILL

This is crazy.

PONCHO

Every new geo-political entity - every country - has a representative of the United States within their borders, courtesy of the CIA.

She sneers.

PONCHO

I've been assigned to you. Bill.

BILL

You don't seem happy about it.

PONCHO

Bill, your so-called country has no army, no center of power, no black market, no dictator, no death squads,
(MORE)

PONCHO (CONT'D)

no --

BILL

I'm sorry if Bill-Land isn't what
you're used to.

Poncho sighs, sits, starts unlacing her boots.

PONCH

It's okay, it's kind of a nice change.
Even if it is a disciplinary action.

BILL

Huh?

PONCHO

I wouldn't sleep with the goddamn
Deputy --

BILL

Secretary?

PONCHO

Of State.

BILL

Jerry?

Poncho pulls out a combat knife, slams it a full inch into a wooden post next to the cot. Bill immediately gives her his complete attention.

PONCHO

I was on a liaison team he was
briefing. He made a pass, I told him I
only date the men in charge. Not
Deputies.

BILL

So you pissed him off - that's really
cool.

She scowls.

BILL

Or maybe not. What's your name, by the
wa --

PONCHO

Try to stay out of the basement, Bill.

(MORE)

PONCHO (CONT'D)

I'll be keeping tabs on things, but
you won't see me.

BILL

It wouldn't be so bad -- if I saw you --
again, that is. Would it?

She doesn't say no.

Bill grins, starts up the stairs.

BILL

Well I'll leave you to your
clandestine operations.

Poncho pulls out an automatic and pops in a clip.

Bill freezes on the stairs.

BILL

Uh, we don't -- I'm sorry but we don't
allow guns in Bill-Land. Um ... even
for our one and only spy.

Poncho smirks, loads the breech - CLICK.

Bill doesn't waver. Puts out a shaky hand.

Poncho shows the barest surprise. Studies him as though
reassessing her opinion of him.

She shrugs, clears the breech, pops the clip. Gives the gun
to Bill. He takes it gingerly.

BILL

Thank you.

PONCHO

Won't need it anyway. I could kill you
about a thousand different ways.

She shows him her pinky finger.

PONCHO

With just this.

Wiggles it.

He grins with terror.

BILL
Oh ... well, then I'll leave you to
your ... spying.

He starts up the stairs. Looks back. She's gone.

BILL
You're very good at it.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - CONT.

A pajama-ed Michael digs through the fridge.

MICHAEL
Bill-Land is out of pickles.

Bill approaches with the gun.

MICHAEL
Whoa.

BILL
It's not loaded. Stay out of the
basement.

MICHAEL
Bill, as Attorney General of this
proud nation, I have to say that gun
worries me a little. Is it loaded?

Bill deposits the gun in a drawer.

BILL
Don't be ridiculous. Seems that we
have a spy.

MICHAEL
Spy?

Poncho's angry voice drifts up the stairs.

BILL
Shh ...

Bill tip-toes to the basement door, puts his ear to it.

BILL
Just stay out of the basement.

INT. BILL'S BASEMENT - CONT.

Poncho growls into her cell phone.

PONCHO

There's nothing to report, Jerry ...
nothing.

INTERCUT:

INT. JERRY'S LIMO

Cruising along. Jerry's alone in the back, pleading into his phone.

JERRY

What about us?

PONCHO

There is no us, Jerry.

JERRY

I can get you re-assigned to Paris,
now there's a cushy job.

PONCHO

But you won't send me to Paris, will
you? Not until I let you play with my
cookies.

JERRY

Well it only seems fair --

PONCHO

Jerry, you can force me to swallow
twenty rolls of microfilm.

JERRY

But sweetheart --

PONCHO

Sleep with every fat, sweaty Dictator
from the Pacific Rim to Eastern Europe --

JERRY

Hon --

PONCHO

Bungie jump straight into the bowls of
Hell --

JERRY

But --

PONCHO

And I still won't go out with you. I won't be meeting your mommy or doing your laundry. Because there is -- no -- us.

She hangs up.

Jerry sighs.

The limo rolls to a stop in front of Bill's house.

JERRY

If that's how you want it.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Early dawn, Sentries saunter back and forth.

A strange, throbbing sound from far off. The Sentries frown at each other.

SENTRY #1

What the hell's that?

Poncho bursts out the front door, in a bathrobe.

She carries the biggest pair of binoculars you have ever seen.

SENTRY #2

Where you been hidin' those, baby cakes?

SENTRY #1

Aren't you supposed to be black ops or something?

Poncho sneers, checks out the horizon. Something's heading towards the house. The noise grows louder.

SENTRY #1

Sounds like choppers.

Poncho winces, puts down the binocs.

PONCHO

One chopper. Shit.

She dashes inside.

Sentry #1 squints at the approaching craft.

A SIKORSKY HELICOPTER, used for heavy lifting, it has a long pillar the size of a tree trunk dangling from its belly.

SENTRY #1

A Sikorsky. What the hell for?

SENTRY #2

It don't look friendly.

Poncho tears back out the front door - dragging a confused Bill behind her. He clutches his laptop and a picture of his mother.

Michael follows, with cellphone and Day Planner.

BILL

What about my camera? I don't have any clothes.

MICHAEL

Bill, where's the fire? And who's this chick?

The chopper hovers overhead. The dangling pillar drops from its cable, becomes a missile.

SENTRY #1

Holy crap! Incoming!

Everyone dives behind cars.

A mini-van turns the far corner of the block, starts down the street.

Kenny wanders out his front door, beer in hand.

KENNY

Huh?

The missile plows into the roof of the house. The whole structure shudders, then stops.

KENNY

What the hell was that?

Bill pops up from behind a car.

BILL
Kenny, get down!

Poncho stands up, confused.

The Sentries join her.

SENTRY #2
Looks like a dud.

Michael still crouches below.

MICHAEL
You guys check it out. I'll just hang
out here and pee in my shorts.

PONCHO
There are no duds. The United States
of America doesn't fire duds. It's
some kind of --

A muffled explosion. Kenny gives the house a serious
scrutiny.

KENNY
Looks like a dud, Bill.

The house collapses in on itself.

Reduced to a pile of lumber and dust.

Bill SHRIEKS, grabs one of the M-16s from a Sentry, races
after the chopper.

PONCHO
Bill!

The Sentries run after him.

Bill tries to fire at the swiftly departing craft. He can't
get the gun to work.

BILL
Dammit! That was my home, you
bastards, that was my house. You blew
up my country, you sons of bitches!

The sentries take control of him, drag him back.

SENTRY #1

It's okay, it's not even loaded.

BILL

What? What's the matter, isn't Bill-Land worth a few bullets? They dropped a damn bomb on my house, those lousy jerks, I was just trying to give them a taste of their own medi --

PONCHO

Bill!

Bill looks up. There's Jennifer - next to most of Bill's old fourth-grade class.

The Kids stand stiffly, look scared as hell.

Jennifer nervously pulls out a tone pipe, toots out a note.

The Kids commence singing, with shaky but sweet voices.

Bill contorts, struggles to calm down.

THE KIDS

My country Bill-Land

In Davenport, Iowa

Of thee I sing

Land of Mister Phiiiiil--pott

We like his land a lot

Whether it's cold or hot

Let freedom ring

Bill snuffles, applauds. Everyone joins in.

JENNIFER

We made something for you. Go ahead, Shelley.

Shelley - the chocolate milk activist - shuffles forward and shyly hands Bill a BOOK, fashioned of construction paper covered with glitter and ribbons.

It's titled "The National Anthem of Bill-Land by Clara Barton Middle School 4th Grade Class"

Bill takes the book, gazes at it wonderingly, teary-eyed.

He crouches before Shelley, smiles tenderly.

BILL

I'm sorry. I got upset and I behaved badly. I --

SHELLEY

It's okay, Mister Philpott.

He looks to the rest of the class.

BILL

I'm so sorry, it's been a bad morning. You guys are so great. I don't know what to say.

He gazes at the pile of debris, formerly his home.

Fights back the tears.

BILL

Welcome to Bill-Land.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill and Poncho perch on the front steps - the only standing piece of Bill's house.

Michael and Kenny dig through the debris.

The Sentries stack lumber, guns set aside.

Kenny exclaims triumphantly, pulls out a pair of blue jeans.

MICHAEL

Oh man -- pants!

Michael sheds the bathrobe, happily pulls on the pants.

Bill and Poncho admire the paper book.

BILL

Kids are so great. Look at this, they just poured themselves into it. They
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
believe that any dream is possible.

He turns to a page showing Bill's house, a scribbled Bill figure on the lawn. Bill traces the crooked outline of the house.

BILL
I don't know how much longer I can
believe in this one.

Poncho frowns.

PONCHO
I'd like a kid.

BILL
Oh they're great. They're the greatest
thing.

He looks at her, brimming with sincerity. She allows herself a small smile.

BILL
I saw that. That little smile. I know
you can do better.

Poncho grimly sets her jaw.

BILL
Will you work on that for me? That
smile? Why don't we make that your
homework assignment?

Poncho stands up, smolders at him just a little and wanders across the yard. Hips gently swaying. Bill grins like an idiot. Kenny and Michael watch.

KENNY
I can't believe she's a spy.

MICHAEL
Well she ain't the cleaning lady.

Jerry's limo pulls to the curb.

The Sentries scramble for their rifles, stand at attention.

Jerry jumps out, marches up the walk. He carries a manila folder with the Presidential Seal on the cover, gives the Sentries a dismissive salute.

Poncho whirls, attacks.

PONCHO
AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Leaping into a karate stance, she knocks him on his ass, starts choking him.

PONCHO
You called an air strike on a civilian target because I wouldn't be your girlfriend?!

Sam jumps out of the car.

The Sentries rush over, try to pull her off.

BILL
Hey!

The Sentries and Sam can't tear Poncho off - Jerry starts turning blue.

Michael pulls Sam off, spins him around.

MICHAEL
How's Angie, frat bro?

Sam tries to keep his cool.

SAM
Now Michael, let's be adults.

MICHAEL
You don't even remember the Delta handshake, do you -- you pussy. Well here's how we do it in Bill-Land.

Michael holds out a hand, demonstrates a complex series of gestures, culminating in a right cross that knocks Sam onto the turf.

BILL
That's enough!

Poncho releases Jerry. She snarls in his face.

PONCHO
I'm defecting, asshole.

Jerry staggers up gasping, shakes off the Sentries. Sam gets

up, stands bravely behind Jerry. Jerry regains his composure, throws the manila folder down on the front walk.

JERRY

Here's our terms. Basically we expect you to surrender unconditionally.

BILL

Get out of my country.

Jerry backs off the curb with exaggerated courtesy, stands at the curb.

JERRY

Your country? I beg your pardon. I mistook it for the sad remains of one man's folly.

Bill walks up to Jerry, nose to nose.

BILL

It's my country Jerry. I have more national pride in my finger --

Bill shows Jerry his pinky finger.

BILL

-- than you have in your whole body.

JERRY

Don't lecture me about patriotism, history teacher. You abandoned your own country to play dictator on this pathetic little dirt pile and I don't think you --

BILL

I'm not a dictator.

JERRY

No, you're an American, just like everyone else. You're all Americans, and you're all guilty of high treason.

That shuts everyone up.

Bill fixes Jerry with a steely gaze.

BILL

That's enough, Jerry. That's no way to talk to the people of an emerging nation. You should know better, Deputy Secretary Jerome Pincer.

Jerry seems momentarily shaken by Bill's admonishment.

Regains his poise.

JERRY

You don't have a constitution, "President" Philpott.

Bill pulls a crumpled piece of paper out of his pajama pocket, waves it.

BILL

I will.

JERRY

No infrastructure, no system of governance, no sources of revenue, no exports, no --

Bill leans in, snarls.

BILL

We will.

JERRY

It doesn't even have a name.

BILL

It does too.

JERRY

What, Bill-Land? That's pathetic. Stop playing games and grow up, friend. You don't even have a pot to piss in.

BILL

I did, until you blew it up.

JERRY

What're you gonna do, Bill. Launch a retaliatory strike? Defend the homeland?

Bill regains his composure.

BILL
We don't allow war here.

JERRY
Where? Where's here, Bill? This is
nowhere.

Bill's shoulders droop, he heads back to his stoop. He gazes down at the construction paper book from the kids, the picture of his house.

JERRY
Some country.

BILL
Goodbye Jerry.

Bill looks over the rubble where his home once was.

Whispers shakily.

BILL
Drop by any time.

EXT. BILL'S LOT - DAY

Bill sorts through the salvaged belongings, laid out on the lawn by categories. Kenny and Poncho carry debris to a corner of the lot.

Sentry #1 frisks PETE, regular guy in a polo shirt and slacks, lets him pass. He approaches Bill

PETE
Excuse me?

Bill frowns irritably.

BILL
Yes?

PETE
I'm Pete Fernell, we live down the street a bit.

BILL
Oh right, you were at the block meeting last month.

PETE
Yeah - yeah - uh, heard about your
(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)
house getting blown up.

BILL
Sorry about all the mess.

PETE
Sorry? Hell, I'm sorry. Could you use
some help?

Bill looks over to Kenny.

KENNY
Heck yeah, brother.

BILL
Of course we don't have a dumpster, or
anywhere to take this stuff.

PETE
Well ...

Peter turns to a group of men, in line to be frisked by the
Sentries.

PETE
Steve's a contractor.

Bill sighs.

BILL
Guys, that's enough with the frisking
already. Unless you really enjoy it.

Pete yells to one of the men.

PETE
Hey, Steve - we need a dumpster,
pronto.

Steve pops out his cell phone.

STEVE
On it.

PETE
He's on it.

BILL
Wow.

Pete slaps him on the back.

PETE

We'll get this mess sorted out.

Michael digs a large tent bag out of the pile.

MICHAEL

Well here's a tent, Bill. If you want to stay here.

BILL

I want to stay here.

MICHAEL

Bill, you might want to --

BILL

I'm staying here. It's not just my house, it's my country. My country's been invaded. Bombed. The United States of America has declared war on my country. I'm staying here.

MICHAEL

You know that means I have to stay too. It's a six-man tent. I don't mind if --

BILL

Thanks, Michael. You can stay over at Kenny's.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Mister President.

EXT. BILL'S LOT - NIGHT

It's late. Bill sits on his front steps, grimly surveying the damage from the day.

SENTRY #1

'Night, Sir.

Bill nods at the Sentries, as they disappear into their RV.

Bill peers in the tent. Poncho snores in the far corner. She belches, turns over. Bill gives her a loving gaze.

Bill strolls across the lawn, past the piles of debris. He halts at the alley. His country's border.

A cat disappears under a partially open garage door. Someone tosses a bag of trash into his bin. Everyone's settling in for the evening.

Bill shifts his weight, stuffs his hands in his pockets. Takes a deep breath. Walks into the night.

EXT. THE DAVENPORT IOWA STRIP - NIGHT

Car dealerships mingle with fast-food chains, liquor stores and mini-malls.

Rowdy teenagers vacate McDonald's, ramble down the street.

A cop car cruises past, the Officer eyes Bill.

Bill peers in the window of a sports bar, where the local team's winning on twenty screens, to the raucous cheers of the patrons.

BILL

This isn't such a bad country.

He straightens up. Addresses an imaginary audience.

BILL

Hello, I'm Bill. I'm the President of
... Bill-Land.

He loses the moment. Sighs.

BILL

What a dunce.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Bill approaches the counter with a giant bag of chips, a TIME magazine, mini doughnuts and a fountain pop.

He smiles apologetically to the blindingly indifferent CASHIER.

BILL

When I'm feeling a little down, I hit
the junk food kinda hard.

CASHIER

Uh ... huh.

The Cashier rings up his items. Bill hands over a credit card. It's rejected.

BILL

Oh.

Bill checks his pockets. Nothing.

The Cashier smirks. Takes Bill's pop. Drinks it.

EXT. THE DAVENPORT IOWA STRIP - LATER

Bill ambles along dejectedly.

He spots a HOMELESS MAN making his way down a traffic lane with ten huge trash bags of pop cans strapped to a tiny grocery cart.

Cars zip by, horns BLARE. The Homeless Man seems to take it in stride.

Bill jogs up next to him. The Homeless Man bulges with six layers of coats - his leathery face, stoic and grim.

BILL

Say, can I help you get over to the sidewalk? It's a lot safer than out here in the --

Bill reaches for the cart. The Homeless Man backhands him in the chest. Bill stumbles back as a car swerves to miss him.

BILL

Oh, wow. I'm sorry.

He gets up next to him again. The Homeless Man pushes relentlessly on.

BILL

I know you probably worked really hard for those cans, but you know, they won't do you much good if you're dead. I think maybe you --

Behind them, a police siren gives a YELP. Bill turns to see a squad car pulling up behind them.

POLICE MEGAPHONE
Stop right there.

Bill stops, Homeless Man keeps going.

Two officers step out of the car. They look at each other.

OFFICER #1
Is that him?

OFFICER #2
Yep. I remember him now, he used to
teach over at Clara Barton.

OFFICER #1
No shit.

Bill smiles nervously.

BILL
Hi fellas, uh --

Bill motions at the Homeless Man heading down the street.

BILL
I'm sure he's harmless. Just trying to
survive, you know?

The officers aren't even looking at the Homeless Man.

OFFICER #1
Uh-huh. Mister Philpott, just stand
right there.

They approach him, hands on holsters.

Bill backs up nervously.

BILL
Sure, guys. Is there a problem?

OFFICER #2
You bet there's a goddamn problem.

Officer #2 grabs Bill and puts him into the frisk position
against the car.

BILL
I don't understand. And how do you
know my name?

OFFICER #1

You're wanted by every major law enforcement agency in the nation, Philpott.

OFFICER #2

You goddamn traitor. Well you're not gonna corrupt America's kids with your commie bullshit anymore.

BILL

Commie -- hey, wait a minute.

The Sentry's RV pulls up and SCREECHES to an ungraceful stop.

OFFICER #1

What the --

Poncho flies out, automatic raised.

BILL

Hey, I hid that. We don't allow guns in --

Poncho ignores him.

PONCHO

Officers, release your prisoner -- NOW!

BILL

Prisoner?

OFFICER #1

You have got to be --

Poncho BLASTS a hole in the squad car windshield.

PONCHO

Hands on your heads -- now!

Everyone complies -- even Bill.

PONCHO

Get in the RV, Bill.

Bill heads for the RV.

OFFICER #2

Are we gonna let her get away with this?

Poncho BLASTS off a squad car roof light.

OFFICER #1

I guess so.

Poncho backs up, points to the ground in front of the car.

PONCHO

Face down.

OFFICER #1

You know, by now someone's called nine-one-one and you're --

Poncho BLASTS off the rearview mirror.

PONCHO

Do it now!

OFFICER #2

Shit, she's gonna shoot up half the squad car.

OFFICER #1

I'm not payin' for it.

The officers lie face down in front of the squad car.

PONCHO

Bill, you're driving. ... Bill?

The officers strain their heads up to see --

OFFICER #1

Ma'am, he seems to be --

Poncho glances behind her. Bill's catching up to the Homeless Man, now far down the street.

PONCHO

Shit.

She swiftly jumps down between the two Officers and pulls their weapons, tossing them under the squad car.

SIRENS approach.

PONCHO

Pull down your pants.

OFFICER #2
What the hell?

INT./EXT. THE RV - CONT.

Poncho jumps in the RV, guns it up the street as squad cars scream towards the two Officers - now struggling to pants up.

She brakes hard in front of Bill and the Homeless Man.

The Homeless Man stops. Pushes his cart around the RV, keeps going.

Poncho jumps out.

PONCHO
Get in the RV, Bill -- now!

BILL
We need to take him with us. He has no place else to go.

PONCHO
Fine.

Poncho pushes Bill in through the side door, grabs the Homeless Man, shoves him in.

BILL
His cans.

PONCHO
What?!

BILL
He won't leave without his --

Poncho SCREAMS - tosses in bag after bag of cans.

BILL
He also wants his cart.

Poncho HOWLS with frustration, throws the cart in - blasts the asphalt in front of the Officers.

They drop pants, lie back down.

She scrambles behind the wheel - punches it.

Bill joins her in the front seat.

BILL

I really appreciate this whole rescue thing, it's really amazing that --

PONCHO

Shut up!

As squad cars draw near, she cranks the wheel and drives through a used car lot, crumpling anything in her path.

A squad car RAMS into the back of the RV. Poncho deftly dodges the next for-sale vehicle, leaving it for the squad to plow into.

Another squad SLAMS into the back of the first. Two down.

BILL

Sweetie I don't think my country can afford to --

PONCHO

Don't you ever leave the compound without talking to me first.

BILL

Leave the compound? But I just wanted to --

Poncho kills the headlights, swings into a backyard, plows through a fence. SIRENS and lights all around.

PONCHO

You put everyone in jeopardy when you just wandered off the reservation --

BILL

All I did --

PONCHO

You are the only citizen of your country. If you're not there when the United States comes knocking, guess what happens?

Poncho turns down Bill's street, slams on the brakes --

PONCHO

Shit.

-- a hundred feet away from the barrier of squad cars, fire trucks, and Jerry's limo that surround Bill's lot.

Jerry chats with the FIRE CHIEF, nods at the RV and breezily returns to his conversation. Poncho clenches her teeth.

She grabs a large metal case from behind her seat.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONT.

The Fire Chief frowns.

FIRE CHIEF

I can't say I understand this at all.
This is a country? This little patch
of weeds?

JERRY

Not for long.

Poncho jumps out of the RV. Bill calls after her.

BILL

Maybe I should just go talk to Jerry
and straighten this --

PONCHO

Stay -- in -- the -- jeep.

Poncho gets out, pops open the case, pulls out a shoulder-mounted ROCKET LAUNCHER.

Everyone but Jerry takes a big step back.

FIRE CHIEF

Is that a rocket launcher? Lord have
mercy.

JERRY

She hasn't got the balls.

The Sentries are standing nearby.

SENTRY #1

Sir, I think it's time to duck and
cover.

JERRY

That was the fifties, we don't do that
anymore. We stand up and fight.

Jerry takes a couple steps towards Poncho.

JERRY

Let's close up the perimeter, people!

No one moves.

Poncho mounts the launcher on her shoulder, aims at Jerry.

PONCHO

Out of my way, you stupid fuck!

Jerry sneers and discreetly flips her the bird. In stereo.

She sets her feet, leans into the sight.

BILL

Hon?

PONCHO

This'll only take a second, Bill.

Poncho flips off the safety. Jerry makes a childish face at her.

Bill speeds by her, races towards Jerry.

PONCHO

Bill!

Bill tackles Jerry as Poncho fires.

Jerry's limo bursts into a ball of flame.

Jerry grabs Bill in a choke hold.

JERRY

I've got you now, you traitor.

BILL

Jerry, I just saved your life.

Jerry drags him up.

JERRY

As god is my witness, you're gonna hang from the highest yardarm, you --

A shot creases Jerry's leg and he crumples.

BILL

Wha --

Poncho roars up in the RV, pops her head out the window.

PONCHO

Bill! Get -- in -- the --

BILL

Alright, alright.

He complies. Homeless Man joins them at the front, staring in wonder at the chaos.

They roll into Bill-Land over the flaming carcass of Jerry's limo.

EXT. BILL'S LOT - DAY

Dawn. A group of police, fire, and reservist stragglers hang around the perimeter of the lot, watching Poncho and Bill argue endlessly.

A tow truck backs up to Jerry's ruptured Limo.

Michael and Kenny hang out with the Sentries. Homeless Man sorts his cans. FIREMEN roll up, toss over some McDonald's bags from their armloads of food.

MICHAEL

Chow time!

KENNY

Hey thanks, guys. Sorry we're outta cash.

FIREMAN #1

Sure you are.

FIREMAN #2

Deadbeats.

MICHAEL

Hey we're an emerging nation, show some respect.

The drama on the lawn continues. Bill's turn.

BILL

My house got blown up. I had to go somewhere to think.

PONCHO

You are somewhere, Bill.

BILL

Somewhere else. I'm sorry, this just isn't working.

PONCHO

What do you mean not working? I thought we were getting along. He doesn't mean anything to me. I thought you and I were really starting to connect in a meaningful way, for the first time in my life I -- what? What?

Bill's grinning. It pisses her off.

PONCHO

What's so funny, Bill?

BILL

I didn't mean us, I meant this whole country thing.

PONCHO

I knew that -- I -- I know. I know. I know what you meant.

BILL

Uh. huh. Of course now, if I give up and rejoin the United States, they're going to throw you in the stockade for the rest of your life for shooting the Deputy Secretary of State in the leg.

PONCHO

I've been in the stockade, Bill. That doesn't scare me. I've been in little bamboo cages, I've been in hot boxes and walking yards where if you fall down they beat you to death. So you just keep walking and walking and hoping that you'll either die on your feet or they'll just let you crawl back to your cot because you're so tired ... you're so goddamn tired ... you're so --

Poncho starts to cry.

Bill takes her in his arms, holds her close.

BILL

Now we're not gonna let that happen,
sweetie. We'll just do the best we can
and we'll be fine. All right?

Poncho sniffs, wipes her eyes.

She speaks in a feminine voice for the first time.

PONCHO

It's just -- when you were gone ... I
got so scared. I thought they took you
away. I didn't know what to do --

She rubs his cheek, tousles his hair. He starts to tear up.

BILL

Hey, you came to the rescue -- just
like the cavalry. Only sexier.

Poncho smiles.

BILL

But ... hon?

PONCHO

Yes, Bill?

BILL

No more guns ... or rocket launchers.
Or firearms or explosives of any kind.
Alright?

PONCHO

Of course, sweetie. Whatever you say.

They kiss. Everyone cheers.

Kenny and Michael look impressed.

KENNY

Bill-Land needs more women.

MICHAEL

Yeah, no kidding.

INT. JERRY'S REPLACEMENT LIMO - DAY

Jerry and Sam relax in the back as they cruise through
downtown Davenport.

Jerry contemplates his scotch and scratches the splint on his injured leg.

JERRY

It's just a matter of time. He'll get tired of crapping in a hole in the ground.

SAM

Yes sir!

JERRY

Then we can get out of this lint-picker's paradise and back to civilization --

His cellphone rings. Jerry answers impatiently.

JERRY

Yes, what is it?

The Secretary of State, one angry GEORGE MCLAUGHLIN, glares at him from the screen.

Jerry ditches the drink, straightens up.

JERRY

Uh -- er -- George -- Secretary, how was the Middle East? Still --

GEORGE

What the hell are you doing, Jerry? Have you lost your mind? I leave you alone for one week and you blow up the home of a United States citizen?

Jerry gulps.

JERRY

But sir, I --

GEORGE

And then you blockade his property?

JERRY

But sir, the point is he isn't a United States citi --

GEORGE

The civil war ended over a hundred years ago, Deputy Secretary. The

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

United States does not carry out bombing raids on school teachers in Davenport, Iowa.

JERRY

But --

GEORGE

The president paid good money for the mandate of decent folks throughout the Midwest and he doesn't need your help screwing up his re-election plans.

JERRY

But I --

GEORGE

The worst of it is you made a conscious effort to leave me completely out of the loop on this, and that was a bad move, Deputy Secretary.

Jerry bows his head.

GEORGE

I want to see you in my office in six hours. Got it?

JERRY

But --

GEORGE

Good.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

A tent, a Porta-John, several trash and recycling containers.

Homeless Man snores next to his bags of cans.

Bill crawls out of his tent, sporting several days of beard growth. He carries a shaving kit to the laundry sink rigged up in the yard. He dutifully brushes his teeth.

A truck RUMBLES along in the street behind him. The air brakes SQUEAK. Bill ignores it.

At the noise, Poncho pokes her head out of Bill's tent. Spots the truck.

Bill pulls out a length of floss, starts flossing his teeth.
He rinses, spits.

The TRUCKER hops down, studies a clipboard.

TRUCKER
You Bill Philpott?

Bill's still half asleep.

BILL
Yeah, uh, welcome to Bill-La --

TRUCKER
Your house is here.

BILL
What?

Poncho approaches.

PONCHO
House?

TRUCKER
Where do you want it?

BILL
What do you mean - house?

TRUCKER
All the way from Sweden.

Bill leafs through the manifest. Stops - goes bug-eyed.

BILL
... IKEA?

PONCHO
You're kidding.

The trucker taps on the paperwork.

TRUCKER
One house. Sign for it.

BILL
I didn't know IKEA made houses.

The Sentries busily check out the shipment.

SENTRY #1
This is awesome.

SENTRY #2
Sure ain't no tinker-toy.

There are multiple large panels strapped to the bed. Bill gulps.

BILL
Do I have to assemble it myself?

The Truck Driver grins, and hands Bill the typical IKEA instruction booklet -- only it's three inches thick.

LATER

Homeless Man studies the instructions. The Trucker uses his vehicle's crane arm to drop the panels into place.

Poncho, Michael, and Kenny screw panels together.

The Sentries lay out fittings for plumbing and electrical.

Bill peers over Homeless Man's shoulder.

BILL
What's next?

Homeless Man points.

BILL
What's that?

KENNY
This is great! It's just like the entertainment center I got. Only took me three hours to screw it together ... of course this is ... bigger.

Bill points to a square symbol on the instructions.

BILL
What the heck is that?

Homeless Man shrugs.

Kenny steps over, squints at the page.

KENNY
I don't know, Bill - the little
(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)

Swedish guy's pointing at it. He looks
real excited.

Poncho joins them.

PONCHO

Maybe a jacuzzi?

BILL

It's got a jacuzzi?

MICHAEL

Wow, is that for the president only,
or can anyone drop in?

BILL

The Bill-Land jacuzzi will be open to
all.

KENNY

This country rocks!

INT. BILL'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

A paragon of Swedish design -- a tastefully modern two
stories in a combination of steel, teakwood, and primary
color formica.

Bill, Kenny, Michael, Poncho, and an older, distinguished
looking gentleman, JORGENSEN are all jammed into a four-
person jacuzzi.

Bill distributes champagne in glasses and mugs.

BILL

I would like to propose a toast to
Mister Jan Jorgensen here, the first
Swedish Ambassador to Bill-Land --

Mr. Jorgensen nods graciously

BILL

And to the extraordinarily generous
and kind people of Sweden, and their
greatest contribution to the world - a
store where big things come in small
boxes.

BILL (CONT'D)

All glasses CLINK.

BILL

And to the happy citizens of Bill-Land.

MICHAEL

Uh, Bill? Technically you're the only citizen of Bill-Land. Bill.

Bill considers this.

KITCHEN - LATER

Bill, in bathrobe, digs through a box of dust-covered books, finds a small volume and starts for the living room.

He pauses. Peers out a window.

The Sentries sit on the curb, smoking.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONT.

The Sentries lounge at the curb, shoot the breeze.

SENTRY #2

Yeah, so I got three months and then I gotta decide if I'm gonna re-up.

SENTRY #1

Huh. I keep waiting to get pulled off this cushy detail and get sent to some so-called "hot spot", so some freak with an A K can blow off my --

SENTRY #2

Shit, man. Don't even talk about that whole middle east thing --

BILL (O.S.)

Hey guys.

The Sentries jump up, stand at sloppy attention.

BILL

Uh, at ease - say, thanks for all your help these past few weeks. Thanks for being such good guys while doing your duty. It's gotta be tough.

They nod congenially. No big deal.

BILL
 Alright, well ... I've got a little
 proposition for you.

EXT. BILL'S YARD - LATER

A dark corner of the yard. Homeless Man's curled up under a tree, seems asleep. Bill approaches timidly.

BILL
 Excuse me? Hello?

The Homeless Man starts, squints at Bill.

BILL
 You want to be a part of my country?

INT. BILL'S HOUSE

Everyone's now moved to bean bag chairs.

Bill strides in, followed by Homeless Man, and the Sentries sans rifles.

Poncho whispers to Kenny.

KENNY
 You want a what?

Poncho shushes him. Turns to the Sentries.

PONCHO
 So, you men on some R and R?

SENTRY #2
 Yes, ma'am.

SENTRY #1
 President Philpott invited us.

She passes them drinks.

PONCHO
 Then carry on.

SENTRY #2
 Yes, ma'am.

Michael hands Homeless Man a glass.

MICHAEL

Bottoms up.

Homeless Man spins the champagne in the glass, sniffs it, studies the color.

BILL

Okay, now let's get started.

MICHAEL

What's up, Bill?

BILL

Who wants to be a citizen of Bill-Land?

Everyone's a little confused.

MICHAEL

Uh, why not? I work here.

KENNY

Heck yeah, I'm in.

PONCHO

Of course, honey.

SENTRY #1

Let 'er rip.

SENTRY #2

Roger that, sir.

Homeless Man nods.

MR. JORGENSEN

Um, Mister Philpott -- sir, I will have to decline. I love Sweden too much to ever leave her for another.

BILL

Would you be a witness, then?

MR. JORGENSEN

I would be honored.

BILL

Then all rise. Hands over hearts, please.

They comply.

BILL
Other hand on the book.

MICHAEL
What book?

Bill shows them. "THE LITTLE PRINCE" by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.

BILL
It's a story book full of one person countries.

They place their hands on the book.

BILL
As the first president of Bill-Land, it is my duty as well as a great honor to grant Kenneth McMaster, Michael Philpott, uh --

He eyes Homeless Man, who toasts him.

BILL
This fine gentleman, Franklin Cody, uh--

He frowns at Sentry.

BILL
I'm sorry, I --

SENTRY #2
Buster --

BILL
Buster Chase -- sorry - Buster Chase, and ... oh.

Bill stares at Poncho.

BILL
Oh my god. You never told me your name. I don't know your real name.

All eyes on Poncho.

Bill gently pleads.

BILL
I'd really like to know your --

MICHAEL
Technically, you could demand it. As a matter of national security.

BILL
(to Poncho)
You don't have to.

She tears up a little.

PONCHO
It's okay, Bill. I've actually gotten kind of used to "Poncho". Maybe because it's so silly. Maybe because it's what you called me the day we met ...

Dead silence.

BILL
It's okay hon, if you'd rather --

She blushes.

PONCHO
Dolores. Dolores Morris.

Tears roll down her cheeks.

PONCHO
I'm all yours, Mister President. Now and always.

They kiss passionately.

While everyone else stares awkwardly at the floor.

Bill coughs, steps back.

BILL
Uh, sorry. The Secretary of Peace and I were just conferring -- where was I? Oh - and Delores ... "Poncho" Morris, citizenship in the new country of Bill-Land, with all of its requisite privileges and responsibilities, and
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
to their progeny in perpetuity. May
they be as good citizens as they have
been loyal friends.

MR. JORGENSEN
To Bill-Land.

All raise their glasses.

ALL
To Bill-Land.

BILL
Drop by anytime.

Cheers all around.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONT.

The beater Oldsmobile chugs up the street.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONT.

Bill hears it. Like a dog going after a tennis ball, he takes
off out the door.

MICHAEL
(annoyed)
Bill!

Bill's mocked in jaded monotonous.

KENNY
Stop. It's a stop sign.

ALL
That means stop.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE

The Olds rolls towards the STOP sign, showing no sign of
stopping.

Bill leaps into the road, sticks out his hands.

The beater car skids to a stop, inches from Bill.

BILL
Stop, okay? Just stop!

SHARON, a dull-faced woman in her 60's, scruffy and overweight, stares at him indifferently from the driver's seat.

Bill knocks on the window.

BILL

Excuse me, can we talk?

Sharon reluctantly lowers the window, eyes Bill's bathrobe.

SHARON

Are you some kind of pervert?

BILL

Oh - sorry, no, uh -- I'm Bill Philpott, and first of all, you're driving across my property.

SHARON

City owns this street.

BILL

It's my street. And I want you to stop rolling through my stop sign. It's dangerous, it's disrespectful of others, it --

SHARON

Got to get to the cash store. Cash my government check, so I can eat.

BILL

Are you on unemployment?

SHARON

Unemployment? Are you kidding me? I'm on welfare, child.

BILL

What's your name?

SHARON

Sharon. Sharon Mossberg.

BILL

Miz Mossberg, would you like a job?

SHARON

No.

BILL

Oh.

SHARON

But I could sure use something to do.
I'd like to interact with the public
in a productive and mutually
beneficial way.

Bill's impressed.

BILL

Really?

EXT. BILL'S STREET - DAY

Sharon contentedly crochets in a lawn chair near the street. One lane's been cordoned off by an assortment of chairs and tables. The other lane's blocked by a sawhorse.

A sign taped to the sawhorse declares "Toll - 25 cents - Cash only".

Bill and Michael look over the setup.

MICHAEL

It's a revenue stream. You're actually
collecting a tax.

BILL

Yeah. I don't know if I like that.

MICHAEL

You'll like it when you have to fill a
pothole. Someone's gotta pay for it.
Twenty five cents at a time. And
you're gonna have to get that woman a
work visa.

BILL

Not now, Michael, Bill-Land can only
handle so much paperwork.

A car rolls up. An impatient WOMAN sticks her head out the window.

WOMAN

What is this? I need to get through.

Sharon gets up, strolls over.

SHARON
That'll be twenty-five cents, ma'am.

WOMAN
Are you kidding me? I'm calling the police.

SHARON
Ain't no police in this country, ma'am.

WOMAN
And what country is that?

Sharon turns to Bill.

SHARON
Sir, what the heck's the name of your country?

BILL
Bill-Land. Call me Bill.

Sharon frowns, turns back to the woman.

SHARON
That man is crazy. Twenty-five cents, please.

The Woman irritably forks over a quarter - Sharon moves the sawhorse - she drives on.

EXT. BILL'S STREET - LATER

Sharon sits at her post, winding yarn.

A cheap rental car rolls up to the barrier.

Sharon strolls over.

SHARON
That'll be twenty-five cents.

It's Jerry, in a rumpled suit.

JERRY
Can you tell Mist -- President
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Philpott that the United States
Ambassador to -- to Bill-Land is here?

Sharon's unimpressed.

SHARON

You hand over a quarter, I'll tell him
anything you like.

EXT. BILL'S BACKYARD - LATER

Bill and Jerry pace the perimeter.

JERRY

So, I've been asked to try and
establish a U.S. embassy in ... well,
Bill-Land.

BILL

Jerry, you blew up the only building
in my country.

Jerry reddens.

JERRY

Yeah. Sorry about that. I guess this
assignment is my chance to make
amends.

BILL

What's done is done, Jerry. Heck, it
was an old house. Full of old
memories. Time to make new ones. Write
a new history. Build a future
together.

Jerry takes in the yard, the new house. Seems to see it all
in a different light.

JERRY

I'd be honored if I could be a part of
all ... this. Really what diplomacy is
all about. Guess I forgot that -- I
mean, that is if you don't want to
throw me in jail --

WHAM. Jerry drops chest-high into the hole Michael dug when
looking for water.

BILL
We don't have a jail. Although we do
have a hole.

JERRY
How about an Embassy?

BILL
Maybe we can find you a closet on the
second floor.

JERRY
So -- President Philpott, what can
Uncle Sam do for you?

Bill pauses to think.

BILL
Bill is fine. I'd like to teach in the
United States again. And I wouldn't
mind having my gas, water and
electrical back, so I can stop
mooching off my neighbor.

Jerry whips out a note pad, scribbles on it.

JERRY
Alright, utilities back on, work visas
for all. No problem. I think Uncle Sam --
er, the United States will be
extremely flexible regarding border
crossing and your use of
infrastructure and resources.

BILL
That's great.

Jerry smiles. Sincerely.

JERRY
Kind of exciting, being part of a new
nation.

Bill grins.

BILL
Tell me about it.

Bill helps him out of the hole.

Poncho bursts out the back door, angrily waving a pregnancy

test stick in her hand. She storms up to Jerry and pushes him back in the hole.

BILL

Hon!

She towers over Jerry.

PONCHO

What the hell are you doing here? Get the hell out of my country, you worthless --

BILL

Honey, please. He's been made the new United States Ambassador to Bill-Land.

PONCHO

(to Jerry)

They busted you down, didn't they? Ha!

JERRY

(to Bill)

Can't get anything past her.

BILL

No kidding.

Poncho waves the pregnancy test stick in his face.

PONCHO

Well I hope you learned a little something, 'cause this isn't some cushy little boutique country like Monaco or Luxembourg, you're gonna have to toe the line here, because we don't --

KENNY

Time's up.

Everyone turns. Kenny and Michael scan a sheet of instructions.

BILL

What?

KENNY

Times up.

MICHAEL
What's it say?

BILL
(to Poncho)
Honey? What --

Poncho looks down at the test stick.

Bill finally realizes what's going on. Takes a big step back.

BILL
Oh my god.

EXT. BILL'S YARD - DAY

A small sign by the curb declares "Welcome to Bill-Land"

The house's grown vertically, now six stories.

Bill sits on the lawn, reading to his students.

A student raises her hand. Before Bill can respond --

PONCHO (O.S. INSIDE HOUSE)
Bill!

BILL
Hon, we've got another ten minutes of
school.

PONCHO (O.S. INSIDE HOUSE)
Bill -- get in here NOW!

BILL
Oh geez.

Bill bounces up, hurries to the house. He stops, turns to the children.

BILL
Talk quietly among yourselves.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Bill rushes in. The entire room's been taken over by birthing equipment.

Poncho - full term pregnant, lies on a birthing bed and grips

the sides for dear life.

Drenched with sweat, she performs her breathing routine as a MIDWIFE tends to her.

Bill takes her hand, as Kenny and Michael clamber down the stairs, followed by Sharon - dragging the Homeless Guy along - and the Sentries.

MICHAEL

Is it coming?

The midwife smiles encouragingly.

MIDWIFE

Now remember your breathing, push when you feel the urge.

BILL

(to Poncho)

You sure you don't want anything for the --

Poncho ROARS.

BILL

Pain?

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONT.

A limo races up, screeches to a halt, Jerry jumps out.

JERRY

Dang, I hope I didn't miss it.

He runs into the house.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM-CONT.

Jerry joins the others, gasping for breath.

JERRY

Am I late?

PONCHO

You're just in time, ass --

A contraction hits, she grimaces in pain.

PONCHO

-- HOLE!

She pushes like a trooper.

MIDWIFE
Here it comes!

MICHAEL
Ewww!

BILL
Wow.

With a final victorious HOWL, Poncho delivers.

Jerry faints.

The midwife takes the newborn, passes HER to Poncho. Poncho beams with teary-eyed joy.

BILL
It's a girl!

MICHAEL
Congratulations Bill. You're a dad!

Cheers all around.

PONCHO
Oh darling, She's perfect.

Poncho leans in, rubs noses with the newborn.

PONCHO
Hello, sweetie. We're so glad you're here.

Kisses her new daughter on the forehead.

PONCHO
Welcome to Bill-Land.

FADE OUT.