

MOWOOD

by

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EXT. LAKE - DAY

A dull day on a frozen lake. A popsicle of a sun glows in the distance.

HANK YEAGER, 30, and CORNELIUS "CORKY" WILKENSON, 35, unemployed auto workers--sit on camp-stools over a hole in the ice. By the looks on their faces, they haven't caught anything. Hank's a big man, with the world on his shoulders; Corky is skinny as a rail and loose as Jell-o.

Corky slaps his hands on his knees and gets up.

CORKY

Well, that does it for me.

HANK

Sit down.

CORKY

I'm getting cold.

HANK

Whiner.

CORKY

At least let's start a fire.

HANK

Wimp.

CORKY

But I'm freezing, Hank.

HANK

There's no such thing as cold weather--only inadequate clothing.

CORKY

Thank you, Mister L.L. Bean. Look, I got my fancy-dan hand-warmers on and I'm still cold--

HANK

Shut up and fish.

CORKY

It's not me--it's Michigan. This state is just too darn cold.

HANK

Don't blame the whole state for your circulatory problems--

CORKY

It's supposed to go up over zero tomorrow. We could come back--

HANK

No way. We gotta catch a fish. Today. Now.

CORKY

The fish'll still be here--

HANK

Shut up.

CORKY

I'm just saying--

HANK

Maggie said if I didn't come home with food tonight, not to come home at all. So unless you know a magic pizza tree around here...

Corky starts to say something, then thinks better of it. He leans into the fishing hole.

CORKY

Here, fishy fishy fishy...Heeere, fishy fishy fishy--

HANK

Stop that!

CORKY

It's crazy but it just might work--

HANK

You're not even trying.

CORKY

What?

HANK

You're not trying to catch fish.

CORKY

Trying?

HANK

You gotta make an effort.

Corky shakes his head, reaches into a backpack and unwraps a sandwich from a newspaper.

HANK (CONT'D)

What's that?

CORKY

Sandwich. You never saw a sandwich before--

HANK

Not that. That.

Hank taps the newspaper.

CORKY

News...paper...

Hank yanks the newspaper out of Corky's hand.

CORKY (CONT'D)

Ever since we got laid off I been using newspaper instead of wax paper--

HANK

"The state's new film incentive program is intended to stimulate the economy and provide jobs for unemployed auto workers--"

CORKY

Yeah? Go on--

HANK

There's stuff all over it here--

CORKY

That's what your wife said. Hey, what's black and white and red all over?

HANK

How old are you?

CORKY

I get most of my news from TV anyway--

HANK

I can't read it.

CORKY

Now Danny--he goes on the world-wide web--

HANK

It's all wet.

CORKY
That's what your wife said--

HANK
Don't you see? This is important!
They're saying we could get jobs.

CORKY
Whoa, wait--jobs?

HANK
Making movies--

Corky chokes.

CORKY
Us? Making movies? What are you--
like Tom Cruise or something? No,
hang on--Steven Spielberg. Funny,
you don't look Jewish. No, that's
not it--Orson Welles--you're Orson
freakin' Welles.

With sudden urgency, Hank reels in his fishing line.

CORKY (CONT'D)
I was just kidding--

HANK
We gotta go.

CORKY
--you look very Jewish.

HANK
Hup hup hup, let's go.

CORKY
I'm in the middle of eating here.

HANK
You're cold--remember?

CORKY
Cold and hungry. They go together.
Like sex and nausea.

Hank grabs Corky's line.

CORKY (CONT'D)

I don't know, Hank--maybe you were right earlier. I don't want anybody calling me a quitter or anything. Maybe we should just hunker down here and really put our shoulders to the wheel and give like a hundred and ten percent--

HANK

Let's go.

Hank heads for a beat-up pickup. Corky stays put.

HANK (CONT'D)

Are you coming?

CORKY

That's what your wife said--

HANK

We don't have time for this.

CORKY

She said that too--

HANK

Corky!

CORKY

You gonna turn on the heat?

HANK

I told you, it's a waste of gas.

CORKY

And as I explained, the heater only circulates excess heat from the engine--

HANK

Okay okay--I'll turn on the heat.

Corky folds up his camp-stool and follows Hank.

CORKY

You'd think after years of making automobiles, you'd have some idea how they work--

HANK

We made seats. We didn't make cars-- we made seats for cars. Furniture, for crying out loud.

CORKY
All I'm saying--

HANK
Shut up.

Corky does just that.

INT./EXT. HANK'S TRUCK/COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Hank drives. Corky gingerly reaches over and turns on the heat. The fan WHIRRS.

HANK
The fan!

Corky jumps.

HANK (CONT'D)
You turn on the fan, that uses power,
right?

CORKY
Uh...yeah...

HANK
Which means the alternator has to
work harder--

CORKY
You're talking tiny amounts.

HANK
And it uses more gas to do that--

CORKY
A drop in the ocean--

HANK
But it still uses more gas.

Corky slaps a quarter on the dashboard.

CORKY
There! I paid for the heat.

Corky cranks up the heat.

The quarter starts to slide--Hank pockets it.

HANK
Okay then.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The truck pulls up to Corky's two-bedroom home. Corky starts to cross the street when a stretch limo stops and blocks his way. The window rolls down. A dazzling 20-year-old movie star, TRACI COOPER, sits behind the wheel.

TRACI

Excuse me, I'm like lost or whatever.

CORKY

You got J-Lo in there? Hey, J-Lo!

Corky tries to see through the tinted glass.

TRACI

That's right, and she wants to know where D'Amore's Pizza is.

CORKY

You know, you can just call 'em up and they'll deliver it.

TRACI

She kinda like wanted to get out of the motel, you know what I mean?

CORKY

Oh, I know, I know. Believe me. Like whatever.

Traci has to laugh.

TRACI

You're cute.

CORKY

I get that a lot.

TRACI

D'Amore's?

CORKY

Right. Turn right...then it's on the left about a mile.

TRACI

Awesome.

Traci drives away.

CORKY

Take it easy. Drive careful now!

HANK
Who was that?

CORKY
J-Lo.

Hank shakes his head, hits the gas and careens the thirty feet to an identical house two doors down.

CORKY (CONT'D)
Not very fuel-efficient!

Hank gets out of the truck and heads inside.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank hurries in--

HANK
Maggie, do we still have yesterday's paper?

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Hank?

Hank skids to a stop, realizes his mistake, and scrambles back out the door.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank marches to Corky's house and knocks. He stomps his feet and rubs his hands--now he's freezing. NINA WILKENSON, 35, Corky's wife--friendly, upbeat--opens the door.

NINA
Hey Hank, they're back in Dan's room.

Hank rushes past.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

DANNY, 17, intense, plays a computer game against Corky in a closet-sized room filled with comic books and model airplanes. Father and son battle like maniacs, laughing and shoving, fingers and thumbs flying with lightning speed.

Hank wistfully watches them at the door--something he misses in his own life. BELLS, ZINGS, SIRENS mock Hank. He squeezes into the room. Corky and Danny play throughout:

HANK
Where's your wallet?

Hank frisks Corky.

CORKY

Hey, what are you doing? I'm getting molested here. Call the cops.

Hank produces a wallet and pulls out a twenty.

HANK

Thanks--I'll pay you back.

CORKY

I've been robbed.

Hank starts out of the room, then turns back.

HANK

Hey Danny, you got the internet on that thing, right?

Danny whispers to Corky.

CORKY

His name is Dan now.
(to Danny)
Be nice to Uncle Hank, Dan.

Danny whispers something else.

HANK

What he say?

CORKY

He said you're not his uncle.
(to Danny)
It's a term of endearment. Would it kill ya--

HANK

All I wanted to know is if he's got the internet--

CORKY

What--are you kidding? He's got that whole hi-fi sci-fi wireless thing going on.

Danny looks disgusted.

HANK

You think you could look up the state film program on there?

A flash of interest on Danny's face--

CORKY
 Sure he could. Right, Dan?

Danny shrugs, a whole new world exploding behind his eyes.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank puts on a cheery face as he strolls in with a bucket of chicken under his arm.

HANK
 Maggie, I'm home!

MAGGIE, 26, rough-honed, world-weary, comes in from the kitchen putting on an apron.

MAGGIE
 What'd you catch? I'll clean 'em--

Maggie freezes at the sight of the chicken.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 That wasn't swimming in Lake Ojibwa.

HANK
 No--

MAGGIE
 When did you start buying buckets of chicken?

HANK
 Since they started selling wings and thighs at half price.

Hank puts the chicken down and disappears into the kitchen.

HANK (CONT'D)
 Besides, I got a little job cleaning out Tyler's back room at the bait-shop.

MAGGIE
 What?

HANK
 No big deal. I stopped there for a couple hooks and he said he needed to clean out the back room and he'd pay me.

Hank returns with plates and forks.

HANK (CONT'D)
I was sick of fish anyway and so
were you.

Hank helps Maggie out of her apron and pulls a chair back
for her. Not entirely taken in, Maggie sits.

HANK (CONT'D)
And you know Corky--he's such a wimp
about the cold and all--so I figured
it was a win win all around. We get
dinner, Corky doesn't have to freeze
to death and Tyler owes me one.

They eat, but don't speak. Hank discards a couple of topics
of conversation in his mind, Maggie seems worried. Finally:

HANK (CONT'D)
I was thinking we should get one of
those video game things.

MAGGIE
Video games?

HANK
Not so much for us, but for the kid--

Maggie puts down her chicken.

MAGGIE
What are you talking about?

HANK
I don't want to be one of those
fathers who's completely out of touch--

MAGGIE
Hank, we don't have a kid.

HANK
Well, not yet.

MAGGIE
And I'm not pregnant.

HANK
You just let me handle that--

MAGGIE
Don't worry--by the time the kid
learns to walk and go number two,
you're gonna have plenty of Space
Warriors time.

Hank nods compliantly, hoping she's done--

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

In the third place, until you get a job and we can afford for me to quit mine, we're not having any children and you know it.

Hank's beaten to a pulp.

Maggie pops up, picks up her plate and Hank's as well, even though he's not finished. Hank knows not to say anything. She exits, leaving Hank alone.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Danny sits at the computer and works feverishly on something. A PRINTER WHIRRS. A gentle knock at the door. Corky and Hank push into the tiny space. Danny pulls pages from the printer and hands them to Corky. Corky and Hank read--

HANK

So Corky, we didn't go fishing today, okay?

CORKY

Sure we did, we just didn't catch anything--

HANK

We stopped by Tyler's bait shop and he hired me to clean up his back room.

CORKY

Tyler has a back room?

Hank gives Corky a look.

CORKY (CONT'D)

Oh. I get it. You're lying to Maggie again.

HANK

It's not lying.

CORKY

No, not at all.

HANK

I gotta get back. Thanks, Dannn--

Hank catches himself...and exits.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie sleeps soundly. She turns to find an empty bed beside her. Puzzled, she gets up.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

An unpainted room with boxes, chair, sewing machine and a rusty exercise bike. One wall has a painted splash of pink, a splash of blue and some kiddie-cartoon wallpaper samples.

In a bathrobe, mittens and his ice-fishing hat, Hank's lips move as he reads the computer printout. A plate of chicken bones sits next to him.

Maggie comes to the door and watches Hank for a moment--does she still love this lug?

Suddenly aware of her, Hank folds up the file like porno.

MAGGIE

What are you doing?

HANK

It's a union thing. "Retrain for the jobs of the twenty-first century"--that kind of baloney.

MAGGIE

They're going to retrain you?

HANK

Maybe...

MAGGIE

Doing what?

HANK

(looks at wrist--no watch)

Man, I gotta get to bed. This starts in just a couple hours.

Hank packs up and hurries past Maggie. Worried, shaking her head, Maggie cleans up Hank's chicken bones.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

The file under his arm, Hank rushes out, jumps in his pickup and SCREECHES the thirty feet to Corky's house. He charges up and knocks. Nina opens the door; Hank hurries past.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - CORKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Hank drags Corky out of bed.

CORKY
What the--?

HANK
Rise and shine. Time's a-wastin'.
Hup hup hup.

Corky wears long underwear, fuzzy slippers, heavy mittens, his ice-fishing hat and a scarf.

Hank searches the room for clothing. He sniffs things and tosses them to Corky, who's not really awake.

HANK (CONT'D)
We're gonna be grips!

CORKY
What?

HANK
Grips--we're gonna be grips.

CORKY
No way--what's a grip?

HANK
I set it all up on the phone. We
get two weeks training, then there's
an on-the-job apprenticeship at union
pay--

CORKY
Wait wait--a union job?

Hank's nodding like an insane man.

Corky starts to cry--

HANK
After we've put in a certain number
of hours--

CORKY
Whoa! How many hours?

HANK
I don't know.

CORKY
And we're gonna do what exactly?

HANK
We're gonna be grips.

CORKY
You keep saying that and it keeps
making absolutely no sense to me--

HANK
On a movie. We're going to work on
a movie.

CORKY
A movie?

Corky starts laughing--

HANK
What's wrong with you? That's what
we've been talking about.

CORKY
What movie?

HANK
I don't know. We have to do the
training first.

CORKY
Is J-Lo in it?

HANK
J-Lo?

CORKY
She's got an incredible ass.

HANK
Would you get dressed?

CORKY
Is that what we're gonna grip? J-Lo's
ass?

Hank freezes--he isn't sure.

With sudden vigor, Corky puts his clothes on.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Key Grip RAY SELLERS, 55, a specimen of a man, in cargo shorts and T-shirt, tool-belt at his waist and blue-tooth in his ear, stands at the head of a makeshift classroom in the middle of an empty warehouse. He's surrounded by lights, a dolly, a 16-foot crane and other film equipment.

A DOZEN AUTO WORKERS, heavily bundled up, sit at folding tables, cups of coffee in front of them. They watch bewildered as Ray quickly puts up, then takes down, a C-stand.

RAY

This is a C-stand, which stands for Century-stand, which is named after the Century company which originally made them. It has a hundred different uses--

Corky and Hank barge in. LOU NABORS, 35, calls out:

LOU

Hey, Corky! Hank!

CORKY

Hey, Lou! Guys!

Corky high-fives everybody.

HANK

(to Ray)
Sorry--

RAY

Just sit down.

Hank and Corky sit.

LOU

This is just like high school.

CORKY

Yeah, and Ned's still diddling Sue Ellen Brodski!

NED, 35, replies miserably:

NED

Not with three kids and another on the way, I'm not. I ain't diddling nobody 'cept myself.

All laugh. Ray tries to regain control:

RAY

To review, the electricians are in charge of the lights, the grips are in charge of the shadows.

CORKY

Whoa, that's heavy.

LOU
The shadow knows...

RAY
Now, as I said, this is a C-stand,
named after the Century company.
And this is a high-roller--

CORKY
Named after Burt Reynolds.

All laugh. Corky takes another round of "fives."

RAY
Because of the wheels and the height--

Ray rolls the stand and raises it. Corky initiates sarcastic
"oohs and aahs." Ray turns on the class--

Hank slaps Corky's arm.

RAY (CONT'D)
You know something? I live in Los Angeles about a mile from the Pacific Ocean, where today it's exactly seventy-five degrees and sunny. How do I know that? Because every day it's exactly seventy-five degrees and sunny. And I'd like to keep living there. But I can't because some goofball decided Americans want big powerful cars and trucks they can't afford, with big V-8 engines the planet can't sustain, so now those same *schmucks* decided they'd retrain you morons to make movies, which is what I do--and I'm supposed to hand those skills over to you willy-nilly. So there's nothing I'd like better than to report that you bananas can't be trained, that making movies in this *farkakte* state is impossible. That would make a hundred thousand of my closest friends in the Los Angeles area pleased as punch. So you want to be funny or do you want a job?

You could hear a pin drop.

Corky raises his hand.

HANK
 (under his breath)
 Corky...

RAY
 Yes?

HANK
 Don't do it...

CORKY
 Is J-Lo in the movie we're gonna be
 working on?

Ray firmly places Corky's face on his mental shit-list.

Hank slaps Corky's arm again.

CORKY (CONT'D)
 Ow! Why do you keep doing that--

RAY
 Okay. Next item. The dolly.

Ray turns to a nearby dolly. Corky whispers:

CORKY
 Helloooo Dolly...

Hank glares at him.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Maggie, in a waitress uniform, waits in a 20-year-old Chevy outside Corky's house. Nina, dressed for an interview, runs out and gets in the passenger's seat.

INT./EXT. MAGGIE'S CAR/STREETS - DAY

Maggie drives, Nina puts on her seat-belt.

NINA
 You sure this is okay?

MAGGIE
 We'll see. All we can do is ask.

NINA
 Well, thank you.

MAGGIE
 I'm not even sure I got a job there
 much longer.

NINA

They gotta have one waitress.

MAGGIE

Not if nobody comes in to eat. With the night shift canceled on the line...

(trails off)

But maybe she'll take you part-time and then you can have my job. You know, when I'm...you know...ready...

Nina laughs.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What?

NINA

Nobody's "ready" to have a kid. It's like the measles--it just happens and you try not to itch too much.

Maggie doesn't care for the sound of that.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The class-members open and close C-stands.

A C-stand gets away from Hank. He jumps back and it CRASHES to the floor.

CORKY

Smooth move, Sherlock!

Corky's stand, raised to its limit, with a large flag attached, starts to fall.

From across the room:

RAY

Look out!

Corky turns back--

CORKY

Timber...heads up...headache...

Ray strides across the floor, picks up a sandbag on the way and makes it in time to right the stand. He drops the sandbag on the leg and gives Corky a look.

RAY

Okay, let's try the dolly.

CORKY

Helloooo....

On Ray's look, Corky refrains.

EXT. MAIN STREET CAFE - DAY

Maggie and Nina get out of Maggie's car and head for a small cafe. SALLY, 40, the cook, exits, fighting tears.

MAGGIE

What's wrong? Sally?

Sally keeps walking.

Maggie goes inside, Nina lingers. Maggie signals for her to follow, Nina reluctantly obeys.

INT. MAIN STREET CAFE - DAY

Humble but clean. A COUPLE is just sitting down at a booth, seated by the cafe owner, TERESA, 50, who retreats to the coffee island. Maggie dogs her, Nina hangs back.

MAGGIE

You fired Sally?

Teresa nods, just as upset as Sally was.

Nina's embarrassed, sure this is the wrong time--

TERESA

Get their order and I'll cook it.

Maggie hesitates.

TERESA (CONT'D)

That's the way I did it back when--I can do it again. Steer 'em away from the eggs--I think they've gone bad.

Maggie seems frozen.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Git, git.

Maggie looks up just in time to see...

Nina walk out the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Corky and Ned sit on the dolly and hold on for dear life as Ray skillfully turns, crabs, forward and back, smoothly raising and lowering the boom.

RAY
Okay, who wants to try it?

HANK
I can do it.

Hank eagerly steps forward. Corky and Ned start to get off.

RAY
Wait. Who told you to get off?

CORKY
That's what your wife said.

RAY
What?

CORKY
Nothing. Local expression.

Corky and Ned take their seats on the dolly again.

INT./EXT. MAIN STREET CAFE - DAY

Maggie stands at the window and looks out on the street. The cafe's empty and so's the street.

Teresa enters with a sack of groceries.

TERESA
I got some eggs and a few other things. Lunch-time soon. Better get ready. Soup of the day's gonna be chicken noodle.

MAGGIE
Got it.

Teresa disappears into the kitchen.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hank pushes the dolly around the warehouse, with Corky and Ned on it. Hank seems to have forgotten the point, turning the task into a feat of physical prowess, doing laps, accelerating.

RAY
 Okay, now slow down. This isn't
 NASCAR.

Hank loses control--

RAY (CONT'D)
 Steer!

Hank slips, sending the dolly off on its own.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Don't let go!

HANK
 Jump!

Corky and Ned SQUEAL like schoolgirls as they leap off the dolly.

Ray gives chase.

The dolly hits an electrical cable and bounces off course, knocking aside C-stands, heading for a concrete wall.

Ray catches it, digs his shoes in and applies the brake. The dolly stops suddenly, inches from the wall.

Hank looks chagrined.

EXT. MAIN STREET CAFE - NIGHT

Maggie and Teresa lock up the cafe.

TERESA
 You should probably get here a few
 minutes early tomorrow.

MAGGIE
 I'll be here.

Teresa nods and heads down the street.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Have a good evening.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Maggie enters a large room at the community center. PEOPLE wait along one wall. At the other end, VOLUNTEERS fill grocery bags with food, then give a bag to each person in line. Maggie hangs up her coat and starts handing out food with the other volunteers.

MAGGIE

Here you go. There you are.
(etc.)

Maggie does a quick double-take at the next face: WILLIAM TYLER, 60.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Mister Tyler? It's me, Maggie Yeager.
Hank's wife.

Tyler looks around for a hole to crawl into.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hank buys his fishing stuff from
you.

Tyler mutters something like--

TYLER

Yeah, sure. Good to see you again.

--as he turns tail and hurries out the door without his groceries.

Maggie's surprised and embarrassed. Next to her, another volunteer, PHYLLIS, 69, offers:

PHYLLIS

I'm not much for giving advice, but
since you haven't been here too
long...when folks come in, just act
friendly to all of 'em equal and if
you recognize somebody, just pretend
you don't--it makes it easier on
everybody.

MAGGIE

Okay.

PHYLLIS

You'll get the hang of it soon enough.

MAGGIE

Okay.

Something catches Maggie's eye:

Hovering around the door, not sure if she wants to get in line, is Teresa. She decides no, and goes away.

Maggie keeps handing out food.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ray watches as...

Hank and Corky sit on top of a crane, fifteen feet in the air.

Down below, Lou and Ned work the arm up and down and around while SAM PHIPPS, 40, drives it in a figure 8.

RAY

That's good. Easy now. Nobody wants a jerky shot.

CORKY

(under his breath)
That's what your wife said--

HANK

Okay, I'm gonna be sick now.

CORKY

What?

HANK

I'm afraid of heights.

CORKY

Then why'd you get on this thing?

HANK

He said we might have to work on scaffolding, or up on ladders--

Down below, Ned gives Lou a nod. They push the arm 360 degrees.

HANK (CONT'D)

Whoa!

CORKY

Easy, guys.

Ray enjoys watching Hank and Corky suffer.

HANK

I'm gonna hurl!

Ned, Lou and Sam run for cover, leaving the arm whirling.

Ray moves forward and catches the front arm.

Hank manages to hold onto his lunch.

Ray pulls the arm down.

Hank, in a panic, unbuckles his seat-belt--

RAY
Now don't get off--

CORKY
That's what your wife said--

Hank jumps off the crane--

Ray flies into the air holding on to the head of the crane.

RAY
A little help...

Hank runs for the john, the others help pull the crane-arm down.

RAY (CONT'D)
Now slowly, remove some weights.

The guys pull weights from the rear.

Ray locks the crane down.

RAY (CONT'D)
(to Corky)
Okay, now you can get off.

CORKY
That's what--uh--

Corky catches Ray's eyes--he holds his tongue.

RAY
Pardon me?

CORKY
I said, "what's next, boss?"

Ray gives Corky a "I got my eye on you" look.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Everybody's gone except for a few volunteers talking on the other side of the room.

Maggie, putting her coat on, notices several bags of groceries still on the table. Sure no one's looking her way, Maggie picks up one of the bags...then on second thought...hustles two bags of groceries out the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Back in the classroom:

RAY
 Rule Number One--you do not talk to
 the actors. The director is the
 only one who talks to the actors.
 Am I making myself clear here?

Corky starts to raise his hand.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Okay, if an actor says "hello" you
 can say "hello" back.

Corky lowers his hand. Then up again.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Or if an actor asks, "Where's the
 rest room?"

Corky lowers his hand again. Ray dares Corky with his eyes.
 Corky keeps his hand down.

RAY (CONT'D)
 But don't make eye-contact. You do
 not need to make eye-contact with
 the actors and especially not the
 director. Directors don't like you
 looking at them, and never look them
 in the eye. Directors are just like
 gorillas in that.

Everybody laughs.

Ray glares--he wasn't kidding.

EXT. TYLER'S BAIT SHOP - NIGHT

Tyler locks up his small, square, 1-room building. Maggie
 pulls up in her car. Tyler tries to ignore her as he heads
 for his pickup. Maggie carries one of the grocery bags.

MAGGIE
 Mister Tyler, please.

Tyler stops at his truck.

TYLER
 What?

MAGGIE

We had an extra bag and I thought
I'd bring it over.

Tyler stares--

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I thought maybe some of your customers
might be low since the plant cut its
hours and you could give out this
food...

Tyler doesn't react.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Sort of like a satellite distributor
for the community center.

TYLER

Okay. Yeah, I guess I could do that.

Tyler takes the grocery bag.

MAGGIE

We'd appreciate it.

TYLER

Glad to help out.

Tyler puts the bag in his pickup and gets in.

MAGGIE

I'll tell Hank hello for you.

TYLER

Suit yourself. He still ice-fishing?
I haven't seen him in months.

Surprised, Maggie looks from Tyler to the tiny bait building.

MAGGIE

Mister Tyler, do you have a back
room?

Tyler tries to get his truck started.

TYLER

Just what you see. Got no need.
That one's a mess as it is.

The truck finally STARTS. Tyler drives off, leaving Maggie
shaken.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Some of the guys mount a net on a frame, others construct scaffolding.

Ray claps his hands.

RAY
Okay, that's enough for today. Same
time tomorrow. Don't be late.

All start to leave. Ray picks up his clipboard.

RAY (CONT'D)
Uh...Yeager and Wilkenson?

CORKY
Yeah?

Hank grabs Corky's arm and nearly drags him toward the exit.

Ray calls out:

RAY
Yeager and Wilkenson!

Corky fights Hank's grip.

HANK
Keep going. Don't look back.

CORKY
What?

RAY
I want to talk to you--

Hank LAUGHS LOUDLY as if Corky has said something hilarious.

HANK
That's funny! I gotta remember that!
"That's what she said!"

Hank hustles Corky out of the building.

Ray shakes his head.

RAY
Goofballs...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hank runs to the truck and starts it up. Corky follows and barely gets in before Hank careens out of the lot.

INT./EXT. HANK'S TRUCK/STREETS - NIGHT

Corky puts his seat-belt on.

CORKY
What was that all about?

HANK
He was gonna fire us.

CORKY
What? We're canned? That's
kerfuckted!

HANK
What?

CORKY
We haven't even been hired yet.

Corky reaches for the heater knob, Hank slaps his hand away.

CORKY (CONT'D)
Well maybe it's just as well. It
was a good idea, Hank, I gotta hand
it to you, but fact is, we're just
not cut out for the movie business.
We don't have the manual dexterity.

HANK
What are you talking about? We
assembled cars, for crying out loud.

CORKY
Car seats--you said so yourself--

HANK
It doesn't matter--it's all about
wanting it more than the next guy.

CORKY
And I'm saying there's hand-to-eye
coordination, genetics, luck, natural
ability, circumstances, education,
health--

HANK
Shut up.

CORKY
Oh, I'll shut up.

Corky reaches for the heater, Hank SMACKS his hand away again.

CORKY (CONT'D)

I think I got a touch of the bird
flu, Hank--

HANK

And whatever you do, don't tell Nina
about this.

CORKY

No way--not if we're gonna be playing
grip-ass with J-Lo--

HANK

Would you cut with the J-Lo stuff?
Nobody's touching J-Lo.

CORKY

Then why can't I tell Nina? She
loves anything to do with movies.
When she finds out I'm gonna be
working on movies, there's no telling--
with Nina, you know, anything that
gets her revved up a little--

HANK

You can't tell her.

CORKY

Why not?

HANK

'Cause she'll tell Maggie and
Maggie'll just laugh at me and I
can't stand that.

CORKY

Maggie won't laugh at you, Hank.

HANK

She'd say it's all foolishness and
then what if we do get fired? I've
just raised her expectations one
more time and disappointed her again.
For what?

CORKY

Nina knows I don't like fishing that
much.

HANK

Just tell her we're "training in a
new field"--that's true, ain't it?

CORKY
Yeah, I guess so.

HANK
You bet it is.

CORKY
But "new field" sounds suspicious as
heck.

HANK
Air conditioners.

CORKY
What?

HANK
Air conditioners. We're learning to
fix air conditioners.

Corky starts to complain, then realizes--

CORKY
That's good, Hank. That's very good.
What kind?

HANK
What do you mean, what kind?

CORKY
Wall air-conditioners, central air-
conditioners, car air-conditioners?

HANK
All of them.

CORKY
Business or residential?

HANK
Both.

CORKY
What about evaporative coolers? Do
we service those too?

Hank just shakes his head--

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The truck stops and Corky gets out. Hank kicks the gas and
speeds the thirty feet to his own house.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank walks in.

HANK
Maggie, I'm home--

Hank suddenly realizes his mistake--no food in his hands. He turns to go when he sniffs something. Hank turns back.

Maggie comes in from the kitchen and places a steaming green-bean casserole on the dining table next to a meatloaf, a bowl of mashed potatoes and a plate of sliced bread.

HANK (CONT'D)
That smells good.

Maggie almost blushes.

MAGGIE
It's mostly canned food, but I think I made something out of it.

HANK
I'll say. Where'd all this come from?

Maggie escapes to the kitchen.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Sit sit.

Hank sits. Maggie returns with serving spoons and starts dishing out food. Hank stares at her with affection. Sensing his look, self-consciously:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
It'll get cold, Hank.

HANK
Okay.

They eat.

MAGGIE
So how did the training go?

HANK
Fine.

MAGGIE
Really?

HANK

You know me. I'm a pretty fast learner.

Maggie is alarmed--she knows better.

HANK (CONT'D)

Really--we're going to be fine. Don't worry.

Maggie worries.

MAGGIE

What are you training to do?

HANK

Repair air-conditioners.

Maggie bursts out laughing and can't stop, nearly CHOKING.

HANK (CONT'D)

What? What's so funny?

MAGGIE

Like the air-conditioner in the back yard?

HANK

That thing was defective from the beginning.

MAGGIE

Oh sure--

HANK

I bet it was recalled like twenty years ago.

MAGGIE

So is that what you're fixing--wall air-conditioners? Or is it central air-conditioners or car air-conditioners or what?

HANK

Why's everybody so interested in air-conditioners all of a sudden?

MAGGIE

I'm just asking--

HANK

All of them. We fix all of them.

MAGGIE

All of them?

HANK

That's right. And evaporative coolers, too, if you have to know.

MAGGIE

But that's just seasonal work, right? I mean, who needs an air-conditioner in this weather?

Hank hadn't thought of that. Whatever he does--it's never enough.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So I was at the...uh...today...

Maggie trails off. She wants to ask about Tyler but doesn't want to mention the food bank.

HANK

You were at the...?

MAGGIE

Nevermind. I forgot what I was going to say. You like the mashed potatoes?

HANK

They're great.

MAGGIE

They're just instant.

HANK

They're great.

Maggie watches Hank closely, clearly worried.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie sleeps fitfully. She turns to find an empty bed beside her.

MAGGIE

Hank?

No answer. Maggie gets out of bed and into her bathrobe.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie checks the empty room--no Hank.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie looks out the front window. Hank's truck is gone.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The lights go out on Hank's truck and the engine shuts off as it drifts to a stop next to the warehouse. Corky and Hank creep to the door. Hank carries a large bolt-cutter.

CORKY

I can't believe you talked me into this--

HANK

You hold the lock steady--

CORKY

Don't cut my finger off.

HANK

You should've brought a flashlight.

CORKY

Me? This is all your idea--

HANK

I brought the cutters--

Suddenly, the lock is illuminated by a flashlight.

CORKY

That's better.

WAYNE (O.S.)

Who goes there?!

Corky and Hank swallow hard and stare into a bright beacon. Casually, Hank puts the bolt-cutters behind him.

WAYNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I said, who goes there?!

FOOTSTEPS NEAR. Corky and Hank squint.

CORKY

That's what your wife said, Wayne.

The flashlight moves off Corky and Hank. WAYNE JAMES, 40, bundled up, with a security guard badge, stands before them.

WAYNE

Corky? Hank? What are you guys doing here?

HANK
Us? How about you?

WAYNE
I'm a security guard now. Since the
plant...you know...

All three are embarrassed about the whole situation.

CORKY
We're training to work on the movies.

WAYNE
Oh yeah, I heard about that.

HANK
You should do it, Wayne.

WAYNE
Ah, who needs a bunch of pansy-assed
Hollywood types? I ain't got the
patience. Is that what you're doing
here?

HANK
We gotta practice on the equipment.

CORKY
We're gonna be grips.

WAYNE
What's that?

HANK
The grips are in charge of shadows.

Wayne bursts out laughing. Corky joins in. Hank slaps
Corky's shoulder. Wayne pushes forward.

WAYNE
Put those cutters away, Hank.

HANK
We forgot the combination.

WAYNE
It uses a key, Hank, and you're a
terrible liar.

CORKY
That's what I keep telling him--

WAYNE
Here, hold the light.

Wayne gets out a large ring of keys.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
I ain't figured out which of these
work which yet.

CORKY
"Who goes there?" What's that?

WAYNE
That's what they say.

CORKY
Pretty high fallutin', doncha think?

WAYNE
What would you say?

CORKY
I don't know. Not "who goes there?"

Wayne finds the right key and pops the lock.

WAYNE
Lock up when you're done, willya?

HANK
Thanks, Wayne.

WAYNE
Just don't get caught. I need this
job.

CORKY
We won't.

Hank and Corky slip into the warehouse.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie, freezing, in her bathrobe, knocks on Nina's door.
Nina appears.

MAGGIE
I gotta talk to Corky.

Maggie starts to go in but Nina blocks her way.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Tyler's bait shop doesn't have a
back room.

NINA
What are you talking about?

MAGGIE

If Hank's got a woman, Corky'll know about it.

NINA

Maggie, all Hank wants to do is knock you up.

MAGGIE

Well maybe he got tired of "no" and now he's gone off to find some slut to make slut-babies with.

Maggie tries to go inside but Nina won't budge.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? It's freezing out here.

NINA

Corky's gone too.

MAGGIE

(gasps)
You don't think...?

NINA

What?

MAGGIE

This is some kind of Breakdance Mountain thing?

NINA

What?

MAGGIE

They're always going off "fishing."

NINA

Oh, come on--

MAGGIE

They're not getting their worms from Tyler's bait shop, I'll tell you that much!

NINA

That's ridiculous. I always wondered about Hank--I'm sorry, it's something about the way he walks--but Corky--he likes cootch.

Maggie gives Nina her best "are-you-sure?" look.

NINA (CONT'D)
It's ice-fishing, Maggie.

MAGGIE
So?

NINA
So it's too cold for that sort of thing.
They can't--you know--the extremities--

MAGGIE
What did Corky ask for two Christmases
ago and we drove all the way over to
Junction Town to buy at the big K-
Sports down there?

Doubt creeps into Nina's universe--

NINA
Hand-warmers...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ray pulls up in a shiny-new club-cab truck, gets out, finds
his keys and is surprised:

The lock to the warehouse is unlocked.

Ray pushes the door open slowly.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ray sees:

Stands are set up and arranged. On the dolly, Corky frames
an imaginary, low-angle shot--

CORKY
J-Lo steps out of the shower. We
stay on her wet feet to the plush,
shag carpet--

Hank pushes the dolly.

CORKY (CONT'D)
--as she comes out into the hall.
The lens caresses her luscious legs--

Hank smoothly booms up as he maneuvers around C-stands.

CORKY (CONT'D)
--as she passes us...and we follow
now, focusing on that world-famous
ass--

Hank skillfully weaves his way through the forest of stands.

CORKY (CONT'D)
 --as it jiggles confidently through
 the living room and out to the garage--

Hank makes one last turn and raises the dolly arm high--

CORKY (CONT'D)
 --where we come around to reveal J-
 Lo's plump, ripe breasts hanging
 over a recently re-bored Chevy 350
 small-block engine--

As Corky swings around, he faces Ray.

CORKY (CONT'D)
 Oh. Hey.

Startled, Hank turns.

RAY
 Not bad. Not bad at all. Now help
 me get these tables set up.

Corky and Hank give each other a nod behind Ray's back.

EXT. MAIN STREET CAFE - DAY

Maggie goes to the door. It's locked. She peers in the window. Wayne, the security guard, at the end of his shift, peers in the other window.

WAYNE
 Hey, Maggie. You closed?

MAGGIE
 Looks like it.

WAYNE
 You know, I just saw Hank a couple
 hours ago.

MAGGIE
 Where?

WAYNE
 That warehouse complex over south of
 Dodge Street--

Maggie's already racing to her car.

Wayne's not sure why.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE - DAY

Maggie pulls up and runs to the front door. Nina appears. Maggie and Nina talk for a second, Nina disappears, then reappears with her coat. They run to Maggie's car.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A makeshift set has been constructed, with a couple of chairs, a fireplace and a coffee table. Ned stands with his hands up, Corky holds his fingers like a pistol. Under Ray's direction, Hank lowers a flag in front of a light. A shadow covers Corky. Ray signals okay on the flag. Corky steps out of the darkness into the light, sporting his most vicious sneer.

CORKY

Take that, you mug!

Corky fires his imaginary pistol and Ned goes down dramatically--

RAY

Okay, that's a break. I got paperwork--
be back in forty-five.

Everybody heads for the exit.

RAY (CONT'D)

Yeager and Wilkenson!

Hank and Corky, panicked, keep going.

RAY (CONT'D)

I know you hear me. If you don't
get back here right now, you're both
out of the program.

Hank and Corky stop. They turn. Ray signals them to come back. They obey.

RAY (CONT'D)

I don't like you. You're goofballs
and I don't like goofballs. There's
no place on a film for goofballs
unless it's a producer or the director
or the actors or the art department.
Do I make myself clear?

CORKY

Right. We're goofballs.

RAY
 (to Hank)
 See what I mean?

HANK
 He's okay once you get to know him--

RAY
 But you got *chutzpah*.

Hank and Corky don't have a clue.

RAY (CONT'D)
 You two goofballs got any plans for
 tomorrow morning at 6:30 a.m?

Hank and Corky give each other a look.

CORKY
 That's kinda early--

RAY
 Think you can find this address?

Ray hands Hank and Corky call-sheets.

CORKY
 What's this?

RAY
 It's a call-sheet. We went over
 that in class, remember?

Corky doesn't.

HANK
 Sure sure, we remember. Yeah, I
 know where this is. It's those
 warehouses...

Hank goes speechless, realizing--

RAY
 Good.

Corky is annoyed and confused and ready to blow the deal--

Hank pulls him toward the exit.

CORKY
 What?

Hank pulls Corky out the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hank explodes:

HANK
We got a job! We got a job on this
movie! Look!

Hank points to the call sheet. Corky reads.

CORKY
Where'd they get our names?

HANK
We're going to work on a movie.

Corky and Hank stare dumbfounded at each other--

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ray fills out paperwork. OFFSCREEN SQUEAL. Concerned, Ray
jogs to the exit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

With Corky over his shoulder, Hank twirls in celebration.
They slap each other mercilessly, SQUEALING like babies.

Just then, Maggie and Nina pull up in Maggie's car. They
stare in horror at their husbands roughhousing.

At the stage door, Ray shakes his head and turns back inside.

RAY
Goofballs.

Maggie and Nina climb out of the car.

MAGGIE
What are you doing?!

Hank and Corky sober up to face their angry wives.

HANK
What are you doing here?

MAGGIE
I should ask you the same question.

HANK
We're training...

MAGGIE
Is that what they're calling it now?

Hank and Corky look puzzled.

NINA

Corky?

CORKY

Uh...we're training to repair air conditioners. Window air-conditioners mostly--

MAGGIE

Where were you last night?

HANK

Oh, that--we were here--

MAGGIE

Tyler doesn't have a spare room!

HANK

I can explain that--

MAGGIE

It's all lies, Hank. You're nothing but lies. If you want to go all Brakemasters with Corky here--

CORKY

What?

MAGGIE

--I don't care. Just don't lie to me about it. Come on, Nina, I think these two want to be alone.

Maggie goes back to the car. Nina hesitates.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Nina...

Loyalties divided, Nina nevertheless gets back in the car. Maggie peels out.

Corky and Hank watch them go.

CORKY

Whoops.

Hank goes for his truck.

CORKY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

HANK
I gotta talk to Maggie.

CORKY
But what about class?

HANK
This is more important.

Hank starts to drive off.

CORKY
He's gonna fire us, Hank!

Corky nevertheless gives chase and jumps in the passenger's side.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Maggie slams clothes in a suitcase on the bed. Hank barges in, stunned at what he sees.

HANK
Maggie...

MAGGIE
Go away!

Hank wraps his arms around Maggie from behind and tackles her to the bed, crushing her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Hank, you're too heavy for that!

HANK
Just listen to me for a second.

MAGGIE
Is this how you do it with Corky?

HANK
What?

MAGGIE
Nevermind--I don't want to know--

HANK
The truth, Maggie--I want to tell you the truth.

MAGGIE
That's all I ask.

HANK

Corky and I are going to work on a movie.

Maggie starts to laugh, then cry, then a mixture of both.

MAGGIE

What are you, Steven Spielberg or something?

HANK

It's union scale, overtime after eight hours, the whole deal.

MAGGIE

A movie?

HANK

That's right.

MAGGIE

You don't know anything about making movies.

HANK

I do now. After the training.

MAGGIE

What training?

HANK

Corky and I have been training--

MAGGIE

To fix air-conditioners.

HANK

Well no, not exactly.

MAGGIE

Another lie?

HANK

I just didn't want you to laugh at me again. I thought you'd call me Orson Welles or something.

MAGGIE

Who's that?

HANK

You're always so quick to judge, Maggie.

MAGGIE

So you just lie to me.

HANK

This is a good thing, Maggie. I'll be making good money and getting experience in an industry that isn't going away, don't you see? People may not be able to put bread on the table, but they'll always go to movies and watch crap on TV.

MAGGIE

That's what you said about the car-seat business.

HANK

What?

MAGGIE

"As long as people have butts, I got a job"--that's what you said.

HANK

Well, maybe I was wrong that one time. Don't you see? Now we can have kids--

MAGGIE

Get off me.

Hank reluctantly rolls off Maggie. He gently touches her shoulder.

HANK

I love you, Maggie. You know that. I love you more than you'll ever love me. I know that, too.

Maggie tightens--

HANK (CONT'D)

But it's okay. I got enough love for both of us. And I'm going to try my darndest for us. Corky says trying doesn't help anything but I can't believe that. Sometimes I try so hard I think I'm going to explode. Just for a smile from you. Please. A smile.

Hank's getting through. Maggie allows herself to be turned slowly to face Hank. She looks like she could cry again...but bravely she manages a smile.

Overjoyed, Hank holds Maggie tightly. They kiss.
Maggie tries to break away. Hank holds onto her.

HANK (CONT'D)
Maggie...

MAGGIE
I'll be right back.

Still, Hank holds her. He looks into her eyes...a plea.

HANK
I gotta get back to class...

MAGGIE
I'll be right back.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Maggie runs in, retrieves a paper bag from a drawer and shakes out a diaphragm box and a tube of cream. Maggie stares for a second, then takes a long, hard look at herself in the mirror.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hank HONKS and Corky staggers out, hair disheveled, huge grin on his face. He climbs into the truck.

CORKY
Man, I gotta say, this show-business
is something...

Hank drives off like a bat out of hell.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hank's truck careens into the lot. Hank and Corky jump out and run to the door. It's locked. Hank's in a panic. He KNOCKS. Ray opens the door and blocks it.

RAY
You're late.

HANK
We have an excuse--

CORKY
We were screwing.

RAY
What?

Ray looks from Corky to Hank.

HANK

Our wives.

CORKY

(manly voice)

Screwing our wives. The lusty
wenches. Right in the *hoot-spots!*

Ray flares--is Corky messing with him?

CORKY (CONT'D)

To celebrate our jobs.

HANK

It's been a long time.

CORKY

Since we had jobs--we screw 'em all
the time, trust me. You wouldn't
believe it--whooo--

RAY

Just get in here.

CORKY

That's what your wife--

Hank elbows Corky.

CORKY (CONT'D)

That's what we'll do.

Corky and Hank step into the warehouse.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC, buckets of chicken, bottles of wine and beer. Corky
and Nina dance the two-step while Maggie and Hank neck on
the couch. THE SONG ENDS. Nina collapses into the couch
next to Maggie. ACHY-BREAKY HEART COMES ON.

CORKY

C'mon, Hank--they're playing our
song!

Corky pulls Hank up. They start doing "The Macarena."

NINA

So do you know anything about this
movie?

MAGGIE

Hank says it's very hush-hush.

NINA

Corky thinks J-Lo's in it.

MAGGIE

Hank would die. He loves J-Lo.

NINA

Yeah. So does Corky. He'd do her
in a minute if he had half a chance.

MAGGIE

So would Hank.

Right then, Hank and Corky start some sexy moves.

NINA

Men are such sluts.

MAGGIE

You said it.

HANK

Hey wait--this is "The Macarena!"

Corky finds this hilarious. Both Hank and Corky double over
laughing.

CORKY

The "Achy-Breaky Macarena!"

More laughs. Nina gets up and pulls Corky to the door but
Hank pulls the other way.

NINA

I gotta take my man home.

HANK

The night is young.

NINA

But we aren't.

MAGGIE

Don't you two have to be at work at
six-thirty in the morning?

Hank and Corky burst out laughing again.

INT. WAREHOUSE SET - DAY

Corky and Hank, half-asleep, in pain, stand at the edges of a film set, watching:

A 1950s suburban living room. DAD, 40, desperately paces, MOM cries softly on the couch. The CAMERA ASSISTANT, 25, holds the slate.

AD
Roll sound!

SOUNDMAN
Speed!

CAMERAMAN
Marker.

CAMERA ASSISTANT
Scene forty-seven A, take three.

He CLAPS the sticks.

Corky and Hank wince at the noise.

The DIRECTOR, 25, incredibly intense...manages to speak:

DIRECTOR
And...action.

Dad continues pacing, Mom cries.

The AD points to Corky. Corky swings a flag away from a light. Light streams onto the set like a door opening. Suddenly stepping into the light is Traci Cooper (from the limo), poodle skirt and all.

Corky slowly moves the flag back in place. Nearby, Hank fades up a dimmer as Dad opens a window and lets light in.

DAD
My goodness, it's morning already.

Corky, next to the flag, checks his script and mouths the words as--

Dad turns to see Traci there.

TRACI
Hey Mom, hey Dad.

DAD
Traci, you're home.

TRACI
What...what's wrong?

Traci looks from mother to father.

DAD
Traci...

Dad goes to Traci.

DAD (CONT'D)
It's Billy...he's...he's dead...

TRACI
No! No!

Traci collapses into her father's arms and her grief fills the warehouse. She wails and cries and chews the scenery, slowly drifting to the floor--

DIRECTOR
Cut! Cut!

The director jumps in, pulls Traci up and marches her away from the others. He's clearly not happy.

Corky and Hank watch.

Her talk with the director done, Traci shuffles off next to Corky.

TRACI
Wait, do I know you?

CORKY
Not really.

TRACI
D'Amore's Pizza!

Corky smiles.

TRACI (CONT'D)
You're that cute guy.

CORKY
So I've been told.

Meanwhile Hank's trying to get Corky's attention--they're not supposed to talk to the actors--

TRACI
The pizza was awesome.

CORKY

I'm glad to hear that.

TRACI

But right now I think I'm going to throw up.

CORKY

You just need to relax.

Hank catches Corky's attention and waves "no" repeatedly--

TRACI

I suck in this scene--really suck.

Corky intentionally turns away so he can't see Hank.

CORKY

I think you're letting the scene play you a little.

TRACI

Really?

CORKY

Yeah. From my reading of the script, you're a pretty smart girl and Billy's been in trouble before, so when your mom and dad are in the living room like that and your mom's crying and Billy's not there--well, I gotta think you'd figure it out a lot faster than that.

TRACI

I just hope he's been arrested--

CORKY

That's right--

TRACI

And not dead--

CORKY

Exactly.

TRACI

Which he is.

CORKY

And you know it. Deep in your heart...

From offscreen:

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

And action!

Corky looks for the AD's signal. He removes the flag. Traci walks onto the set and this time plays it very differently, slowing immediately when she sees her mother and father.

Hank glares at Corky. Corky points at the dimmer at Hank's feet. Hank jumps to work, turning the dimmer just in time.

DAD

My goodness, it's morning already.

Dad turns to Traci.

TRACI

(a plaintive wail)
Oh Mom, oh Dad.

DAD

Traci...you're home.

TRACI

What...what...?

Traci looks from mother to father--she knows Billy's dead.

DAD

Traci...

Dad goes to Traci. He starts to tell her--

Traci presses her fingers on his lips--if he doesn't say it it can't be true. Father and daughter grieve together--it's very sad and very moving--

And the director grins from ear to ear.

DIRECTOR

And...cut...

He bounds onto the set and embraces Traci. She beams, pleased with herself. She can't wait to run off to Corky.

The director watches Traci kiss Corky on the cheek.

TRACI

Thank you so much.

CORKY

I didn't do anything.

Again, Hank's having a cow.

So is the director. He marches over to Traci and Corky.

Hank fights his way through lights, stands, cables--

DIRECTOR
What's going on here?

TRACI
I'm sorry. This...uh...gentleman...

CORKY
Corky.

TRACI
Corky? What a cute name.

CORKY
It's a nickname actually--

DIRECTOR
You're a grip.

CORKY
That's right--Corky Wilkenson, grip.

Corky "grips" the director's hand, Hank tries to pry it loose.

HANK
She said, "Hello, where's the bathroom"--I heard her--

DIRECTOR
(to Corky)
What are you doing?

HANK
Nothing. He's not doing anything--

DIRECTOR
Are you looking me in the eye?

Corky looks away in sudden panic.

HANK
Lazy eye. He's had the condition since he was a kid. We used to tease him--

DIRECTOR
You looked me in the eye! You were talking to my lead actress and then you looked me right in the eye! Where the hell do you get off?

CORKY
 (still looking away)
 That's what your wife said--

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE SET - DAY

Corky sits on the back of the grip truck, confused, running the whole thing back in his mind, gesturing, mouthing things--

Ray pulls up in his gleaming pickup. He speaks down from the cab.

RAY
 You're fired.

CORKY
 Figures.

RAY
 I stuck my neck out for you--

CORKY
 So I looked the director in the eye--
 take me out and shoot me--

Hank bursts out the door of the warehouse.

HANK
 It was just a misunderstanding--

RAY
 You too.

HANK
 Me too what?

RAY
 You're fired too.

Hank is devastated. His knees buckle. He lowers his large frame to the pavement.

CORKY
 Now see what you did.

RAY
 Just *schlep* your *tokheses* outta here,
 willya? They don't want you around
 anymore.

Ray drives off. Corky and Hank watch him go.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Hank and Corky sit on the frozen lake. Corky works his fishing line, Hank drinks from a small whisky bottle.

CORKY

Aren't you even going to put your hook in the water?

HANK

What's the point?

CORKY

That doesn't sound like you, Hank.

HANK

If we catch anything, I can't take it home, can I? I'm supposed to be working on a movie.

CORKY

Just wrap it up and sneak it in the freezer.

HANK

She'll know.

CORKY

Tell her we're working on Jaws Seven or something. Maggie doesn't know when every fish gets put in the freezer, does she?

HANK

Hoo-ho, you bet she does. Nothing gets past my Maggie. No-ho, I couldn't get away with bringing an extra fish home. No way.

CORKY

That's *kertokhesed* up, Hank. Totally *kertokhesed* up.

HANK

She wasn't always that way. She's just a little down. A little scared. If I could just get on my feet and she could stop working and have a baby...

Corky's silence could fill the entire lake.

HANK (CONT'D)

What?

CORKY
I didn't say anything.

HANK
You're thinking it--I can hear it
way over here.

CORKY
I'm just fishing.

HANK
C'mon.

CORKY
It's not my place to say anything.

HANK
Since when?

CORKY
You know a kid doesn't really change
anything. Any more than a job changes
anything. If anything a kid just
accentuates any problems you had
before you had the kid.

HANK
Okay okay.

CORKY
I mean, if you're not getting along
now-- If you're lying to each other
and stuff a kid's just gonna--

HANK
I said okay--I get the point.

CORKY
It's not my place.

HANK
No, it's not.

CORKY
I'm glad we're agreed on that.

HANK
That's right.

Hank drinks. Corky holds out his hand for the bottle. Hank
ignores him.

HANK (CONT'D)
What am I gonna tell Maggie?

CORKY
You'll lie to her like you always do.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank stands before Maggie, half in the bag.

HANK
No, I haven't been drinking.

Maggie knows better.

HANK (CONT'D)
Just one with the guys after work.
Like at the plant.

MAGGIE
Okay then.

Hank staggers, then collapses into the couch.

HANK
Yeah, beneath all the glamour it's
just a bunch of guys making stuff--
one more manufacturing operation,
one more assembly line.

Suddenly, an idea--Hank fights the couch to get out.

HANK (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

He runs out the door, leaving Maggie bewildered.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank rushes in.

HANK
I got an idea.

CORKY
Uh-oh.

HANK
No, I mean it. I got an idea--

Hank freezes as Nina steps in from the kitchen.

NINA
Hey, Hank. How's show-biz?

HANK
Okay...

Nina knows something's up, especially when Hank pulls Corky to the back of the house.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Corky and Hank squeeze into Danny's room. Danny has headsets on, bops to music and works his computer.

HANK

We should make our own movie.

CORKY

What?

HANK

We should make our own movie.

CORKY

That's crazy. What do we know about making movies?

HANK

That's just the point, see? You were in that class. What do they know about making movies besides who's looking who in the eye and all that garbage? We don't need that. We just make the movie. We made cars, didn't we?

CORKY

Car seats.

HANK

That's what I'm talking about--what's more important to a car than the seats?

CORKY

Well, there's the engine, the transmission, wheels--

HANK

Precisely. Who needs all that chrome and GPS and run-flat tires--

CORKY

The analogy is interesting, Hank, but--

HANK

Four tires, an engine, a steering wheel, seats--what else do we need?

CORKY

Well, a script, for instance.

Danny, who hasn't appeared to be listening, nevertheless hands Corky a 100-page document bound with two #5 brads and teal-blue card-stock.

CORKY (CONT'D)
What's this?

Danny doesn't say.

CORKY (CONT'D)
Did you write this?

Danny nods.

Corky and Hank look at each other--

HANK
A hundred pages? I can't read a hundred pages--

CORKY
Suit yourself, but a second ago you said we needed a script and now we got a script--

HANK
Give it to me.

CORKY
That's what your wife said--

Hank grabs the script. Corky won't let him have it.

CORKY (CONT'D)
After I read it.

HANK
It was my idea.

CORKY
He's my son--

Without missing a keystroke on his computer, Danny produces another copy of the script. Amazed, Hank takes his copy.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Corky walks Hank home. Each holds a script.

HANK
I'm telling you--this could really work. We could be like Motown. Right here in Michigan. We could do the exact same thing with movies. We could call it Motorwood.

CORKY
Motorwood?

HANK
Yeah, like Hollywood.

CORKY
Or "Mowood" for short.

HANK
Mowood?

CORKY
Yeah, bring the ladies in, you know--
(falsetto)
"Hi, I'm Louella, and I'm here for
Mo Wood!"

Hank pounds Corky's shoulder.

HANK
I'm serious here.

CORKY
(falsetto)
"So am I. I love that wood." That's
what your wife said--

Hank goes to hit Corky again. Corky blocks Hank's fist.

CORKY (CONT'D)
Easy, Hank--we're partners, remember.
Hey, Maggie!

Corky waves to:

Maggie waves from Hank's house and watches as:

Hank, in panic, whirls around, hiding the script, keeping
his back to the house.

HANK
Don't tell Nina about this. She'll
just tell Maggie and Maggie won't
understand at all. We don't need
skeptics and naysayers right now.
Understand?

CORKY
Yeah, I get it--we lie.

HANK
Wait a minute--you didn't tell Nina
we got fired, did you?

CORKY

No. I'm turning into you, Hank, I swear. And I don't like it--

HANK

Just until we get into a decent position again.

CORKY

That's what your wife--

HANK

Yeah yeah--

CORKY

You better *tokh* your *schlepis* in there--I think she's getting the whip out.

Hank turns to look.

Corky laughs.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie wakes up and realizes Hank's not there. Wearily, she gets out of bed.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie comes to the door and watches.

Hank reads by the light of a lamp. By the movement of his lips, this is taking awhile.

MAGGIE

What are you doing?

Hank jumps.

HANK

Oh, this. Just a training thing.

MAGGIE

But you got the job, right?

HANK

Oh yeah--sure--the shoot's going great. That's what they call it--"the shoot." But there's still a lot to learn.

MAGGIE

Well don't stay up too late.

HANK

You know, I was thinking about this room--why does it have to be pink or blue? Why couldn't we go with a light green or an orange or something neutral, then we could just paint it now and be done with it.

Maggie shakes her head and heads back to bed.

HANK (CONT'D)

I don't want any residual paint fumes for the baby, you know.

Maggie keeps on going.

Hank returns to the script with renewed urgency.

INT./EXT. HANK'S TRUCK/CORKY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hank, worried to death, sits in the pickup with the motor running. The windows are fogged. TAP ON GLASS. Hank wipes the inside of the window--Corky stares back at him. Hank signals "get in, get in." Corky gets in, clapping himself on the shoulders, trying to get warm.

CORKY

I'm gonna tell Nina about the job--

HANK

You are not going to tell Nina. We said we had a job making movies and we have a job making movies.

CORKY

We got fired, Hank.

HANK

Not that movie, this movie.
(taps script)

CORKY

Did you read it?

HANK

Well, not all of it.

CORKY

It's a little...

TAPPING ON THE WINDOW. Hank and Corky jump.

Danny squeezes in.

DANNY
So?

CORKY
So what, son?

DANNY
The script.

HANK
(stalling)
You want to know about the script.

Danny waits. Neither Corky nor Hank care to say.

HANK (CONT'D)
I'm not sure, Danny--

CORKY
Dan--

HANK
See, Dan, the script is a little...

CORKY
What Uncle Hank is trying to say is
it's a little depressing.

HANK
Does everybody have to die? Including
the hero?

DANNY
Yes!

CORKY
I think what Hank means--

HANK
He wants to die with dignity? Is
that it?

Danny explodes like an overfilled water balloon.

DANNY
No no no! He wants to die in misery
and alone! He wants to revel in his
own wretched humanity!

Hank and Corky give each other a look--for a guy who never
spoke before--

DANNY (CONT'D)

The script works, believe me. I know what I'm doing. My last project got like over four hundred thousand hits on YouTube and went totally front page on Digg. Anyway, I gotta get to school.

Danny gets out of the pickup, leaving Hank and Corky a little unsettled.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And besides, don't you two have to get to your "jobs."
(slams door)

Hank and Corky look very worried.

HANK

He wouldn't, right?

CORKY

He's very determined. And I know his little movies get seen. He might even have a following.

Hank puts the truck in gear and starts driving.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Corky and Hank sit by the hole in the ice. Hank finishes the script, then throws it down.

HANK

It's dismal, Corky. Dismal.

CORKY

I'll tell him.

HANK

Maybe he could write us a comedy or something.

CORKY

He's not that funny.

Hank starts to say something--

CORKY (CONT'D)

It's okay. I'll tell him. But it would be nice...

HANK

What?

CORKY
It would be nice if it came from
you.

HANK
Why?

CORKY
So you don't look so chicken-shit.

HANK
Oh...

CORKY
Dan really looks up to you.

HANK
He does?

CORKY
Absolutely. You're kind of his hero.

HANK
I am?

CORKY
Besides, if you're gonna be a father
you're gonna need to practice.

HANK
Practice what?

CORKY
Eating crap.

HANK
Oh.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hank and Corky squeeze into the room. Danny wears headphones
and works his computer--something is very exciting to him.

CORKY
Dan, Uncle Hank has something to say
to you--

DANNY
Look at this. You gotta see this.

Danny jerks his headphones out of the computer. GRUNGE MUSIC.
ON THE COMPUTER:

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Some sort of YouTube site--a jerky image of a GIRL, 18, as she walks down the hall, camera mounted a foot from her face, jump-cutting. She's stoned or drunk or both as she moves into the bathroom. CAMERA DIVES INTO THE TOILET, still framing her, as she VOMITS right into the lens.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hank and Corky are appalled.

DANNY
Isn't that awesome?

Not the word Hank or Corky had in mind.

DANNY (CONT'D)
That's our movie right there.

CORKY
Dan, nobody wants to watch stuff
like that--

Danny taps the screen: TOTAL HITS--3,056,295.

HANK
What's that?

CORKY
Three million people have seen this?

DANNY
It just went up yesterday. I wish
I'd done it.

Corky and Hank give each other a look.

HANK
So uh, Dan, you wanna make our movie
like this...this...vomit thing?

DANNY
No--better. I can get the cast if
you can get a place to shoot and the
equipment. Here.

Danny hands Hank a couple of sheets of paper. Hank looks it over.

HANK
Where are we gonna get this stuff?

DANNY
You still got the key to the camera
truck, right Dad?

CORKY
Yeah...

EXT. WAREHOUSE SET - NIGHT

In the dark, Corky struggles with the lock on the camera
truck. Hank and Danny hover nearby.

HANK
Again, no flashlight.

CORKY
You could have brought one, you know--

Corky gets the door open. Danny jumps on board and starts
opening camera cases. He pulls out a camera body.

DANNY
Awesome.

CORKY
Where are we gonna get the film?

Hank hadn't thought of that--

CORKY (CONT'D)
I mean, it's one thing to have the
camera, it's another to have the
film that goes in the camera--

DANNY
We don't need film.

Hank and Corky turn to Danny.

CORKY
Son--

DANNY
We don't need film.

HANK
Listen, Danny--

CORKY
Dan--

HANK
Listen, Dan--

CORKY

Son, I'm pretty sure they said you needed, uh, film to make a film.

HANK

They were pretty strong on that--

DANNY

Film is so "last century."

CORKY

That may be true, Dan--

DANNY

It's got a video tap, see? We plug the video tap right into my computer and edit from there. We go low-rez, we go Dogme ninety-five, we go mumblecore.

Hank and Corky have no idea what Danny's talking about.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Tapeless, gentlemen, tapeless.

Hank and Corky still have no idea--

PETE (O.S.)

Halt! Who goes there?!

A blast of light hits the three of them.

PETE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who goes there?!

Corky, Hank and Danny squint into the bright beacon.

CORKY

Wayne, is that you?

The flashlight goes off and PETE KELLOGG, 40, walks up. He wears a security guard uniform.

PETE

Nah, it's me--Pete. How you guys doing? Corky. Hank.

They shake hands.

CORKY

This is my son Dan.

PETE

Hey, yeah. I'm Barney Kellogg's dad--
you two used to hang out in grade
school or something.

DANNY

Yeah, I remember Barney--

PETE

He just joined the Marines. We're
so proud. I heard you guys got fired
off this picture.

CORKY

Well...sort of...

PETE

So you came back to steal stuff,
huh? Can't say as I blame you.

HANK

No, that's not it.

PETE

No?

HANK

We're, uh...

PETE

What?

HANK

I'm not sure I should say...

Pete GASPS.

PETE

No way!

CORKY

No?

PETE

Get out!

HANK

We'll leave.

PETE

You're gonna make your own movie!

Hank and Corky don't answer.

PETE (CONT'D)
That's a darn good idea! Wow!

Relief, backslapping, handshaking.

PETE (CONT'D)
Like Motown!

CORKY
We're going to call it "Mowood."

PETE
Mowood? I don't like the sound of that.

HANK
Yeah--it sounds like a porn actor or something. "Starring Johnny Mowood."

PETE
(not amused)
You're making porn?

HANK
No way.

CORKY
Oh no. Perfectly clean.

HANK
Family entertainment.

CORKY
Like "Bambi."

Pete doesn't like "Bambi" either--

HANK
Without the gratuitous violence and death and stuff--

PETE
So you're gonna borrow the equipment and shoot on the stage here at night-- is that the deal?

Hank, Danny and Corky look at each other.

HANK
Yes. Exactly. That's exactly what we're going to do.

INT./EXT. HANK'S TRUCK/STREETS - NIGHT

Hank drives, Corky sits in the passenger's seat, Danny's squeezed between them. Hank and Corky are in the middle of an argument.

HANK

You had to open your big mouth again, didn't you? I tell you--Mowood's no good. One little mistake like that could blow the whole deal.

CORKY

Whatever you say.

HANK

I don't think I like your attitude--

CORKY

What attitude? I just said "whatever you say."

HANK

That's what I mean.

CORKY

What?

HANK

Passive-aggressive. That's what it's called. I saw that on Doctor Phil--

CORKY

You're watching Doctor Phil now?

HANK

Shut up.

Corky doesn't say a word.

HANK (CONT'D)

No "Mowood." We gotta come up with something else.

CORKY

Not saying a word...

DANNY

Stop it! Neither one of you is in charge. I am in charge. This is my one shot out of Loserville and I won't let you blow it for me, understand? It's all right for you if you want to be underachievers all your lives, but that's not me. For once you're going to do things right, with some class, first-rate, and not half-assed. You want to find some sort of creepy dignity in dirt and grime and poverty and being "one of the guys," go ahead, but leave me out of it. 'Cause "the guys" just smell bad. Am I getting through here?

He is. Corky looks like he could crawl in a hole, and so does Hank.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank's truck pulls up. Corky and Danny get out. Danny marches into the house. Corky and Hank don't know what to say to each other. Corky follows Danny inside. Hank slowly drives the thirty feet to his own home.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

On the stage is a rough set for "Light-Rail to Nowhere"--a sign says so. The set is a snowbound two-story no-tell motel being painted by a crew of HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS. They don't seem bothered by the rehearsal going on in the same space.

BETH LUNDEMEYER, 17, stumbles out onto the porch in layers of clothes and a flap-eared winter hat. She throws back her head and bays like a hound:

BETH

Lou-Elleeeeen!

On the upstairs balcony, petite APRIL CARRERA, 15, comes out, maneuvers around a couple of painters and reads flatly from her play-book:

APRIL

Hey, bag your face and go back in your crib, spaz.

BETH

I gotta have my main squeeze with me. I just gotta. Lou-Ellen! Lou-Elleeeeen!

The back door of the auditorium opens and Danny enters tentatively, backpack in hand. He watches the stage and makes his way down the aisle.

APRIL

Don't make me barf. She's not coming back to you, so stop hollering before I call the cops.

BETH

Lou-Elleeeeen!

The pain on Beth's face and in her voice is life-threatening. Danny is deeply impressed. He slowly slips into a seat. He notices:

MRS. JESSUP, 50, the drama teacher, down the aisle, gives Danny a smile. Meanwhile:

APRIL

Take a long hike off a short pier. You can't do a woman like that and expect her to come back for more. No way, not gonna happen. Move it to the curb, home-boy. And her with puppies on the way. I hope they bust your sorry behind but good this time, big-time.

Beth begs:

BETH

Dig it, I need my gal-pal to come down and get freaky!

APRIL

You got pepperoni in your ears? You need me to speak more slowly? Read my lips: nooo waaaaaaaay!

BETH

LOOOOOOOOOOU-ELLEEEEEEEEEEN!

Danny covers his ears and stares in open-mouthed wonder.

A CLARINET PLAYER, 15, steps out from just behind the curtain and plays low, sensual notes she reads off a music stand. The upstairs door opens and ANN MCPINE, 17, actually eight months pregnant, waddles out and down the stairs.

Beth moves in her direction.

APRIL

What-ever.

April steps past the painters and goes inside--

Ann and Beth unite, moaning pornographically. Beth drops to her knees on the steps and presses her face to Ann's oversized belly. Ann's eyes go blind with tenderness as she catches Beth's head and raises her level with her. Beth snatches the screen door open and starts to lift Ann--

MRS. JESSUP

Very good, girls! Don't pick her up. It might not be good for the baby.

Ann awkwardly lowers herself into a folding chair. Beth, like a prizefighter after a tough bout, comes off the stage and collapses into one of the auditorium seats.

Danny searches through his backpack and comes up with a copy of the script.

Mrs. Jessup pats Beth on the shoulder.

MRS. JESSUP (CONT'D)

Save a little for opening night, okay?

(to painters)

You missed a spot over here. I can see it from the fourth row back.

Danny works up his courage to go to Beth. He sits a couple of seats away.

DANNY

Beth...?

Beth sizes Danny up.

BETH

Yeah?

DANNY

That's was great...really uh... interesting--

BETH

It's an adaptation from the eighties-- the school was too cheap to pay for the original.

DANNY

Oh--

BETH
And no boys tried out. So it's also
an all-girl version.

DANNY
Oh--

BETH
Screw 'em.

Danny looks ready to run.

BETH (CONT'D)
What's that?

She points at the script Danny's been torturing in his hands.

DANNY
That's...this...that's what I wanted
to talk to you about--this is a
screenplay I wrote.

Beth takes it and skims the pages.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I wondered--I know you're busy--

BETH
Are there boys in it?

DANNY
Two. And you. But you're the star.

Beth looks Danny in the eyes and gives him a smile--

BETH
I'll do it.

DANNY
I mean it's not a big deal or
anything.

BETH
When do we start?

DANNY
Tonight.

BETH
(panic)
Which scene, which scene? Who do I
play?

She hands the script back to Danny. He finds the scene and folds the corner of the page. Beth snatches the script back.

DANNY
Heather--it's the only girl.

BETH
I need to study.

She waves Danny away. Danny wonders if he's made a horrible mistake--

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Maggie, with other VOLUNTEERS, puts groceries into bags.

Phyllis hangs up her coat and joins in.

PHYLLIS
Haven't seen you here this early in the day.

MAGGIE
Yeah, I...they closed the cafe that I worked at.

PHYLLIS
Oh. That one on Main Street, right?

MAGGIE
Main Street Cafe.

PHYLLIS
Right--me and Willy ate there once.
(and didn't like it)

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Maggie drives up, surprised to see Hank's truck parked in Corky's driveway. Maggie hurries into her own house.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Maggie enters, concerned.

MAGGIE
Hank? Are you home?

There's no answer. Maggie goes to the blinking phone machine.

RAY (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hey Hank. You and Corky need to come down and fill out a W-9 so you can get paid for the hour and forty-seven minutes you worked before you got canned. Come to the training office--don't go to the set.

BEEP. Maggie, shaken, goes out the front door.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE/CORKY'S HOUSE - DAY

From hiding, Maggie watches as Hank and Corky load Danny's computer and monitor into the back of Hank's truck. They start to go back inside when Hank spots Maggie's car. Puzzled, he looks right at--

Maggie jumps back and hurries inside.

Hank says something to Corky and heads toward his house.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Maggie paces.

Hank bursts through the door, worried.

HANK

Are you all right?

MAGGIE

I'm fine.

HANK

You're home from work.

MAGGIE

There is no work. Teresa closed the cafe.

HANK

Aw, I'm so sorry.

Hank goes to comfort her, but Maggie stops him.

MAGGIE

I went to help at the food bank and pretended to go to work so you wouldn't know. That was very wrong of me.

Maggie fixes Hank with accusatory eyes.

Hank is frozen.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

How about you? What are you doing?

HANK

I'm just helping Corky get rid of some stuff.

MAGGIE

Aren't you supposed to be making a movie?

HANK

Oh that-- Night shoot. We go in--
 (looks at wrist--no watch)
 --pretty soon now, shoot all night.
 Whoa, it's late.
 (looks again)

Maggie doesn't believe a word.

HANK (CONT'D)

Well, I guess I better get back...
 helping Corky and all...

Hank backs out the door. Maggie watches him like a hawk.

INT./EXT. HANK'S TRUCK/CORKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank and Corky sit in the front seat of Hank's truck. Danny sneaks out from the side of the house and dives in, hiding under the dash. Corky quietly closes the door. Hank drives.

DANNY

You two aren't being very good role-models, you know that, right?

CORKY

It's just till we get down the street.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie stands in the dark--hat, gloves and coat on, phone at her ear. It RINGS at the other end.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nina, also dressed for the cold, also standing in the dark, ignores the RINGING PHONE and hurries out the door.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie hangs up and goes out her door.

INT./EXT. HANK'S TRUCK/STREET - NIGHT

Hank drives down a street. He and Corky check the rear-view mirrors.

HANK

Okay. You can get up now.

Danny slowly emerges.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hank's truck drives down another street.

A moment later, Maggie's car pulls up and follows.

INT./EXT. MAGGIE'S CAR/STREETS - NIGHT

Maggie drives, Nina looks very worried.

MAGGIE

We have to be strong. Whatever they're doing...

NINA

There's something I have to tell you.

MAGGIE

What?

NINA

Dan's in the truck with them.

MAGGIE

Dan?

NINA

Danny. He wants to be called Dan now. Whatever Corky's done, I can forgive him, but to involve Dan--

Suddenly, Maggie looks panicked.

MAGGIE

Where'd they go?

Nina and Maggie look--no sign of Hank's truck.

EXT. WAREHOUSE SET - NIGHT

Pete, the security guard, enjoying himself, sips coffee and watches Hank, Danny and Corky carry things into the warehouse from the pickup and camera truck.

A shy-looking young man, ARMSTRONG, 16, rides up on a bicycle.

ARMSTRONG
Is this the movie?

PETE
This is the place.

INT./EXT. MAGGIE'S CAR/STREETS - NIGHT

Maggie and Nina don't see any sign of life.

MAGGIE
They could be in Canada by now.

NINA
Why do they need Danny? All he's
into is his little internet movies.

MAGGIE
Internet movies?

Horror descends over Nina's face.

Maggie hits the gas and turns the wheel and tries another street.

INT. WAREHOUSE SET - NIGHT

It's the same 50s set, but now everything in Danny's room dresses it. Beth and Armstrong quietly go over lines.

Nearby, Danny, Hank, Corky and Pete huddle around Danny's huge CRT monitor. Next to them is a 35MM camera body and lens with a cable plugged into Danny's full-sized computer. By the sweat on their faces, it's not going well. Danny fiddles with the cables and the keyboard. Hank pulls Corky aside.

HANK
I thought you said this was going to work.

CORKY
Give him a chance.

INT./EXT. MAGGIE'S CAR/WAREHOUSE AREA - NIGHT

Maggie drives, desperate now.

NINA
You were wrong about the fishing thing, maybe you're wrong about this, too.

Maggie doesn't say anything.

NINA (CONT'D)
It can't be porn. Corky's not even
into porn.

Maggie gives Nina a look.

NINA (CONT'D)
Okay okay--all men are into porn.
But I don't mind telling you--Corky's
full up in that department as is, he
doesn't need the extra stimulation.
You don't think it's like...you
know...bondage or something?

Maggie takes an angry swipe at a tear on her face.

INT. WAREHOUSE SET - NIGHT

Danny just can't get anything on the monitor. Pete glides
over and SLAPS the computer hard. The monitor flickers and
dies. Danny, Corky and Hank give Pete the skunk-eye.

INT./EXT. MAGGIE'S CAR/WAREHOUSE AREA - NIGHT

Maggie drives, Nina tries:

NINA
And just because they're making the
movies doesn't mean they're in the
movies. I mean, who'd want to see
Hank naked, anyway?

Maggie gives Nina another look.

NINA (CONT'D)
Hey, I'd say the same thing about
Corky--you know what I mean.

MAGGIE
What about Danny?

Nina GASPS.

NINA
Suddenly he wants to be called Dan...

Maggie slams on the brakes.

Down at the end of a long warehouse, Armstrong's bike, a
camera truck...and Hank's pickup.

INT. WAREHOUSE SET - NIGHT

By the look on the faces gathered around the computer monitor, this may be the last hope.

DANNY
Okay, here goes--

Danny clicks the mouse. Suddenly, on the screen, a postcard-sized image of the set.

CORKY
Yes!

HANK
Let's shoot!

Danny picks up the camera, Hank picks up the fifty-pound monitor, Corky picks up the twenty-pound computer. Tethered to each other, plugged into the wall, they lumber over to the set. The mouse drags on the floor. Pete grabs it and clicks.

CORKY
Recording!

DANNY
Action!

Beth instantly reaches the same heights of emotion she displayed in "Streetcar."

BETH
It's like--! I don't know--! I mean like I don't want to come on all "I really like you" and all like that, you know?!

Armstrong looks scared to death.

Danny's shocked too.

Beth WAILS and throws her head back. Danny tries to move to frame her face but he moves too fast, jerking the cable on the computer--

CORKY
Dan, no!

NINA (O.S.)
Corky!

MAGGIE (O.S.)
HANK!

Corky turns, Hank jumps, stepping on the power supply box, falling, grabbing Danny, who grabs Corky. They all go down.

Nina and Maggie stand at the door, arms akimbo, livid.

NINA
What the hell are you doing?!

DANNY
Cut, cut, cut...Mom...

Beth whirls.

BETH
Cut?!!!

She's beyond livid. And a little confused. Where are they? She looks down to the floor.

BETH (CONT'D)
What are you doing down there?! Are you shooting up my skirt?!

Nina and Maggie scowl--

Beth marches off. Danny struggles to disengage himself from Hank, Corky and the equipment. Pete helps him up.

Armstrong waves to Nina--he's got a "thing" for her--

ARMSTRONG
Hey, Mrs. Wilkenson.

Danny runs after Beth.

Nina steps in front of him.

NINA
You leave her alone.

DANNY
Mom!

NINA
Is this the way you were brought up?

Meanwhile, Maggie goes right up to Hank and SLAPS him hard across the face.

Hank, deeply hurt, could die right there.

Corky goes to Nina.

CORKY

Dan didn't do anything wrong. It's all my fault.

NINA

Yes, it is!

Danny takes the opportunity to slip away to Beth.

In the corner, Beth hides, face against the wall, SOBBING uncontrollably.

Danny comes up beside her.

DANNY

It was just a technical problem.

Beth SOBS all the louder.

Hank holds his face.

HANK

Porno? Who told you that?

MAGGIE

Don't lie to me! It's the lying I can't stand, don't you understand? How old is that girl?

Pete and Armstrong watch from the sidelines:

NINA

You did what?

CORKY

I looked the director in the eye--

NINA

Why in the hell did you do that?

CORKY

I forgot.

NINA

Unbelievable. Just unbelievable.

Beth cries on. Danny doesn't know what to do.

BETH

I'm not a prima donna. I'm not. I'm just an emotional wreck. It's not the same thing.

Beth heads for the door.

DANNY

Beth...

Beth turns dramatically.

BETH

I wish you the best for your movie.
I really do. But I just can't be
part of it. Good-bye, Danny.

Beth goes to Danny, grabs his face, plants a kiss right on
his lips, with some tongue, then turns and walks out.

DANNY

(stunned)

It's Dan. The name is Dan.

Danny looks over at the "grown-ups:"

Nina slaps Corky's forehead with each syllable:

NINA

Fol-low di-rec-tions! Is that so
hard?

Maggie reads Hank the riot act:

MAGGIE

Training to repair air-conditioners--
that was a lie. Working on a movie--
that was a lie. Helping Corky move
some stuff--that was a lie. And the
worms!

NINA

What kind of example is that for
your son?!

DANNY

Shut up!

All turn.

NINA

What did you say to me, young man?

Danny doesn't reply. He walks right past his mother and
starts packing up his stuff. Armstrong jumps in to help.
Pete, enjoying the show, sips coffee and watches:

DANNY

It doesn't matter anyway. The movie's dead. There is no movie. Go back to your homes--there's nothing more to see here.

Bitterly, Danny unplugs the camera.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Maybe if I'm lucky I can make stupid car-seats the rest of my stupid life.

The "adults" are more than a little embarrassed.

NINA

Now let's not get all hang-dog. As my mother used to say, "God doesn't close a window without opening a door."

CORKY

Your mother--

DOOR OPENING OS--

All look.

Traci Cooper tentatively steps inside.

TRACI

Hey everybody...

Nina GASPS.

CORKY

Okay, that's a little weird--

NINA

Do you know who that is?

CORKY

Yeah.

TRACI

Hey, Corky!

CORKY

Hey, Traci!

Nina could die.

TRACI

I'm sorry about getting you fired and all.

CORKY
My pleasure, believe me.

NINA
She got you fired?

TRACI
Just 'cause you were being super-nice to me.

NINA
You were being super-nice to her?

Maggie, shivering with excitement, rushes over.

MAGGIE
That's Traci Cooper!

NINA
We know--we saw her first. Corky knows her--

MAGGIE
What's she doing here?

Danny and Armstrong stand awe-struck.

Pete combs his hair.

TRACI
What are you guys doing?

Corky, light bulbs popping all over his brain, scoots over to Danny.

TRACI (CONT'D)
Corky?

Corky gives Danny a little push in Traci's direction.

DANNY
What?

Corky nods toward Traci with urgency. Danny still doesn't get it. Suddenly--

DANNY (CONT'D)
Oh. Right.

Danny, knees not cooperating, makes his way to Traci.

DANNY (CONT'D)
We're making a little movie.

TRACI

Really?

Traci looks around with trepidation.

CORKY

That's my son.

DANNY

Danny-- Dan.

Danny and Traci shake hands.

TRACI

Like some kind of mumblecore thing?

DANNY

Uh huh.

TRACI

Dogme 95?

DANNY

Tapeless.

TRACI

Awesome.

DANNY

I mean...you know...we don't have any money or anything so it's, you know...like...

TRACI

Independent.

DANNY

Yeah. Real independent. I mean, I'm sure you got like an agent, whatever, and a manager and who knows what all else...You probably get like millions of dollars--not probably--you do get--

TRACI

Can I be in it?

DANNY

What?

TRACI

Can I be in your movie?

DANNY

Yeah...I guess.

TRACI

It doesn't have to be the lead or anything.

DANNY

(snorts)

They're just three actors in the whole thing and two of them are guys!

Traci is charmed.

TRACI

Did you write the script?

Danny nods, suddenly terribly shy again.

Corky runs up with a script and gives it to Danny. Corky pushes Danny's hands to Traci. Taking the script:

TRACI (CONT'D)

Awesome.

She smiles.

Danny blushes.

INT. WAREHOUSE SET - LATER - NIGHT

Traci appears in close-up in a small square on the monitor that Hank holds. Corky holds the computer, Danny holds the camera.

Pete is enthralled.

Traci underplays the scene, bringing honest, raw emotion and a quiet vulnerability.

Danny mouths the words of his script along with her:

TRACI (CONT'D)

It's like...I don't know...I mean like I don't want to come on all "I really like you" and all like that, you know?

Traci turns to Armstrong--he nods agreement. The feeling's too intense--Traci looks away.

TRACI (CONT'D)

I mean I like him and everything,
but I don't know if I "like" like
him, you know. He's not like you.
I mean, like you're all...and like
he's all...and like, I don't know.
I'm not an expert on relationships
or--

Suddenly, at this last line, Danny's lips don't match Traci's
dialog. Danny freaks--

DANNY

Cut cut cut!

--scaring Traci a little bit--she was deeply into her role--

DANNY (CONT'D)

You did the line wrong.

TRACI

What?

Danny puts down the camera and picks up the script to show
her. Traci can't believe this.

DANNY

It's "I don't know. I'm not like an
expert on relationships..."

TRACI

What'd I say?

DANNY

You said, "I don't know. I'm not an
expert on relationships..."

TRACI

I left out a "like?"

DANNY

Right.

TRACI

There are ten "likes" in this speech
and I only said nine of them?

DANNY

Well, I don't know exactly how many--

Traci pulls Danny close. Privately:

TRACI

You're cute.

DANNY

What?

TRACI

If I kiss you later, can I put in as many "likes" as I feel like now during the scene while I'm doing it?

Danny looks long and hard at Traci. He realizes she's deadly serious and she's used to getting her way and he better get out of that way--

DANNY

Sure. Right.

(backs off)

Okay, people, let's go again--right away!

NINA (O.S.)

After lunch!

Nina and Maggie hurry in with giant covered dishes.

PETE

About time--I'm starved.

Nina and Maggie unwrap food and start serving.

MAGGIE

I bet this is how Motown started.

NINA

Corky wants to call the company Mowood.

MAGGIE

That's funny--"I like my movies with mo wood."

They laugh wickedly.

NINA

You're bad.

MAGGIE

Hank would never go for that.

NINA

Men are such prudes.

MAGGIE

Aren't they?

Nina and Maggie cluck their tongues.

Hank and Corky step up, plates in hand.

Danny finds a place to eat by himself.

Armstrong takes a seat with a good view of Nina at the serving table.

Traci sits next to Corky.

TRACI
So how am I doing?

CORKY
Looks good to me.

TRACI
You think I'm playing the character strong enough? She seems to be a very vulnerable person--

CORKY
No way. You got questions like that, you ask the director. I'm just a grip.

Traci looks across to Danny, wondering about him.

TRACI
Your son.

CORKY
That's right.

Traci puts her courage together and takes her lunch over to Danny, who shifts uncomfortably. Traci sits nearby and continues eating.

TRACI
I never told you why I showed up here in the middle of the night.

Danny shrugs--"none of my business."

TRACI (CONT'D)
You're going to think I'm the most neurotic person in the whole world, but sometimes I leave myself script notes on the back of the scenery and then before I make an entrance or between takes I go over the notes. I came to write crib notes all over the place when nobody was looking.

DANNY
I wondered what those were.

TRACI
You saw them?

DANNY
Yeah.

TRACI
What about you?

DANNY
Me?

TRACI
I told you something totally intimate
and embarrassing about myself, now
you have to tell me something.

Danny CHOKES.

Traci calmly eats on.

Armstrong, with his plate of food, starts toward the pair.

Traci warns him off with a look.

Armstrong goes somewhere else.

Nina and Maggie eat. Nina watches Danny and Traci, not sure
she approves.

NINA
Have you read the script?

MAGGIE
I didn't know there was one.

Corky comes back for seconds.

NINA
Is there any nudity in this?

CORKY
I don't think so.

MAGGIE
That sort of thing really sells, you
know. If Traci Cooper shows a little
nipple, a movie can really take off.

Corky gives Nina a look--"listen to her." But surprisingly:

NINA
Just a little nip...

MAGGIE
Both nips. Compare and contrast--

NINA
And some butt.

MAGGIE
That would be nice.

NINA
Real nice.

Corky can't believe these two. Hank, sensing a problem, comes over.

NINA (CONT'D)
And maybe a little cootch.

MAGGIE
There you go.

HANK
What?

NINA
Don't pretend you don't know what cootch is, Hank.

Hank looks to Corky for help.

MAGGIE
All we're saying is thousands of movies get made every year but not that many get distribution.

NINA
It's not like she hasn't shown 'em before.

MAGGIE
Oh, she's shown 'em all right.

NINA
She's so special she can't show a little nipple?

Hank takes Corky's arm and walks him away.

NINA (CONT'D)
She's shown plenty before, I'll bet.

MAGGIE
That's a safe bet.

NINA
And some cootch.

MAGGIE
You bet.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE/HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

TITLE CARD: TWO WEEKS LATER

Hank's truck pulls up and Corky gets out. Excited, something in his hand, Corky hurries into the house while Hank speeds to his own place.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Corky pushes into Danny's room.

CORKY
Dan, I got that hard drive you wanted.
We can turn this into an epic--

Corky freezes.

Two figures are in the throes of passion under the covers.

CORKY (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

Corky instinctively closes the door. But then he thinks about it, disturbed. Corky opens the door again, slowly.

We now see it's Danny and Traci under the covers--

Corky closes the door again in a flash.

Agitated, Corky paces for a moment, then rushes off.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Corky hurries in. Hank's finishing a burrito.

CORKY
I need some advice.

HANK
(mouth full)
About what?

CORKY
Parenting.

HANK
Parenting?

CORKY
That's right.

HANK
You know I don't know anything about
being a parent--

CORKY
Oh, cut it out--you're always telling
me what to do.

Hank takes the criticism--

CORKY (CONT'D)
There are laws against this sort of
thing. He's only seventeen. 'Course
when I was seventeen, that's all I
wanted to do, too. And boy, did I
do it every chance I got--you bet--
even though that was pretty much
never. But this is different. Isn't
it?

Hank doesn't have a clue what Corky's talking about.

CORKY (CONT'D)
You're right. I gotta say something.
I can't just let this go. Thanks.

Corky hurries off.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Corky knocks on the door firmly.

CORKY
Son, we need to talk.

There's no answer. Just a faint GIRLISH GIGGLE OS.

CORKY (CONT'D)
Dan? Would you open this door,
please?

A GIRLISH LAUGH OS, a little louder. Corky's getting annoyed.

CORKY (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm coming in. And I don't
wanna see anything I don't wanna
see.

Corky opens the door.

Nobody there. Now Corky hears it, TRACI'S SQUEAL OF DELIGHT.

Confused, Corky hurries to:

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Traci squeals with joy as Danny pushes her on an old, abandoned swing set in the back yard. They couldn't look more innocent.

Corky watches them, relieved. But then he gets angry again.

CORKY

Danny!

Danny turns.

CORKY (CONT'D)

You get over here.

Danny calmly slows the swing down and goes to his father.

TRACI

Hey, Corky!

Corky gives Traci the skunk-eye.

She's taken aback.

DANNY

What's wrong, Dad?

CORKY

You know how old that swing set is?

DANNY

It's okay.

CORKY

It hasn't been used in years. It's all rusty. It's probably not safe.

DANNY

It's fine, Dad. It's fine. We'll be careful. Really. Relax. We got three more nights of shooting, then we're done. I'll finish editing the film and you can get some sleep.

Danny pats his father's shoulder and skips back to Traci.

Corky looks completely discombobulated.

EXT. WAREHOUSE SET - NIGHT

Hank and Corky drive the pickup toward the warehouse. The back is filled with props. Right behind is Maggie, Nina and Danny in Maggie's car.

Suddenly, the pickup stops.

Maggie slams the brakes, barely stopping in time.

MAGGIE

Hank!

Hank and Corky get out of the truck. The rest get out of Maggie's car.

Ahead, the CREW of the regular movie loads out props, sets, costumes, grip and camera gear.

Hank, Corky, Danny, Nina and Maggie stand stunned, dreams shattered.

CORKY

That's a wrap...

Traci appears in street clothes. She hands a garment bag to a wardrobe person and spots the quintet of devastated faces. Traci heads their way.

Danny, signaling the others to stay put, goes to Traci.

DANNY

What's going on?

TRACI

We're moving to Toronto.

DANNY

Toronto?

TRACI

Yeah. Canada gave us a better tax deal or something. And after that, we're going to Bulgaria for some kind of rebate.

DANNY

Bulgaria?

At the pickup:

HANK

Can we finish the movie?

CORKY

We don't have a camera.

HANK

We don't have a set.

CORKY

We don't have a movie.

Ahead:

DANNY

Fuck the movie! You're going to Bulgaria?

Danny looks like he could cry.

TRACI

Here.

Traci fishes in her duffel bag and produces a state-of-the-art DV camera.

TRACI (CONT'D)

Take this. I got it to make some kind of personal diary but for some reason I never got the time. I don't think you need any more scenes with me anyway--if you ask me the film's way too long as it is. Maybe you can shoot inserts or something until I get back.

DANNY

You're coming back?

TRACI

Yes, silly. Of course.

She kisses him sweetly on the cheek. Danny starts to cry for real. Traci embraces him. He hangs on for dear life.

Nina cries and so does Maggie. Even Hank and Corky are starting to tear up. Corky stamps his feet.

CORKY

Man, it's cold!

HANK

You said it.

Traci and Danny kiss.

Nina and Maggie bawl like babies.

HANK (CONT'D)

You're gonna freeze doing that.

Nina and Maggie, arm in arm, go back to the car.

INT./EXT. MAGGIE'S CAR/WAREHOUSE AREA - DAY

Maggie and Nina get in. They cry. Nina recovers first, Maggie takes longer.

MAGGIE

I don't know what's wrong with me--
I'm not usually this emotional--

It dawns on them both--

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Nina paces like an expectant father outside the bathroom door.

NINA

Did it work? What's happening?

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Maggie's got a pregnancy kit open and her pants down. She's trying to read instructions and position the thing at the same time.

MAGGIE

I haven't done anything yet.

INT. CORKY'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Hank and Corky pace outside Danny's room, awaiting the birth of their film.

CORKY

How's it going in there, Dan?

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Sweat pours down Danny's face as he squares off against the computer. He's been working like a madman. Fingers fly over the keyboard.

On the monitor, Traci kisses Armstrong gently.

Dan waits...slams a finger on the keyboard, freezing the moment. He stares at Traci, his mind leaving the task at hand--

HANK (O.S.)

Dan? It's your Uncle Hank. Is it done yet?

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Nina, outside the bathroom door, can't stand it anymore. She grabs the doorknob and tries to go in. Locked.

NINA
Let me in.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
No.

NINA
C'mon--I've seen you pee before--

MAGGIE (O.S.)
You have not!

Nina thinks about that--

Suddenly, the door creaks open. Maggie, looking stunned, steps out of the bathroom. She holds the pregnancy-test stick.

Nina asks with her eyes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
It...there's a pink line...

NINA
I'm so sorry...but you can try again...everything works okay on Hank's end, right?
(realizing)
Wait. Wait! There's a pink line!
A pink line! It's positive! You're pregnant!

Maggie nods like a condemned prisoner.

Nina jumps up and down, SQUEALING like a banshee. Maggie's frozen.

MAGGIE
You gotta calm down, Nina.

NINA
Okay okay--you're so calm--look--

Nina points at Maggie's face.

MAGGIE
What?

NINA
The glow. You got the glow--swear
to God.

Maggie, as calm and collected as ever, nevertheless smiles,
the first time we've seen her do this spontaneously.

MAGGIE
You think so?

NINA
Swear to God.

MAGGIE
Nah, it's too soon.

NINA
You got it, girl.

MAGGIE
It's just allergies or something.
I've been drinking too much dairy.

EXT. CORKY'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Corky and Hank take turns pacing in the narrow space.
Suddenly--

The doorknob to Danny's room turns. The door opens slowly.
Danny stands before the two grownups.

DANNY
Gentlemen...

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

All crowd into Danny's room. It's very dark, and the glow
from the computer screen lights up their amazed faces as:

Danny hits the button on the mouse. MUSIC.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, a title: "MOWOOD FILM STUDIOS
PRESENTS"

Corky beams, Hank holds his tongue.

Another title: "SUNSHINE SUNSHINE"

Corky applauds, Hank joins him. Danny--too cool to beam
outwardly--does so inwardly.

The image on the computer screen...

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

A large movie theatre screen. DRAMATIC MUSIC CONTINUES. Armstrong and Traci shiver on the ice at Hank and Corky's ice-fishing spot.

ARMSTRONG

I like got stuff to do, you know.
Awesome stuff. And where I'm like
going is like too cold for you.

TRACI

Don't say that, Dylan. Don't say
that.

In the audience, Danny watches, hypnotized, mouthing the words. Corky looks around.

A YOUNG MAN, 20, watches, fascinated, through thick glasses.

A YOUNG WOMAN, 20, moved to tears, wipes her pierced nose on her shredded, tie-dyed T-shirt.

ARMSTRONG

Life's like a steaming pile of crap
and if you're lucky you like get to
step in it once in awhile and warm
your feet before you die.

Corky is bewildered by the whole thing.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Maggie's in the delivery position, Hank next to her. A DOCTOR'S ready to make the catch, NURSES hover.

HANK

(tenderly)
Push, Maggie...

MAGGIE

SHUT UP YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF CRAP!

HANK

Okay...

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The movie plays on:

TRACI
Don't--

ARMSTRONG
Look at you, you're like all shivering
and stuff and it's not even that
cold.

TRACI
I'm shivering from emotion, Dylan.
Emotion for you.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Maggie SCREAMS bloody murder.

DOCTOR
That's good. Just one more push...

HANK
Just one more push--

MAGGIE
WHAT THE FUCK DID I TELL YOU?!

Hank shuts his mouth.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The movie plays:

ARMSTRONG
Don't like even think that, Heather.
Forget me. I'm going into Canada to
avoid the stupid wars and the stupid
jobless rate...

Corky hears SOBBING in the audience. He looks around. The
YOUNG WOMEN are moved to tears. Their BOYFRIENDS comfort
them.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
...and the stupid health-care system
that isn't a health-care system at
all--

On the screen, Traci places a finger on Armstrong's lips:

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Please take your finger away from my lips.

TRACI

I can't, it's frozen on.

ARMSTRONG

(muffled)

Well, that sucks.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

With one last enormous push and PROLONGED SCREAM/GRUNT--

DOCTOR

That's it! That's it!

HANK

That's it, Maggie!

The Doctor catches the baby. Hank holds his hands out. The Doctor whisks the child away.

MAGGIE

What is it?

HANK

(in awe)

It's a baby! It's a baby!

Maggie can't help it--she starts to laugh. She grabs Hank and hugs him from the side.

MAGGIE

I love you, Hank.

Hank can barely stand the joy...but he still hold his hands out for the baby that never comes back--

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

DRAMATIC MUSIC. The final credit: www.mowoodfilmstudios.com.

The audience can't wait to jump to their feet, CHEERING and CLAPPING. Stunned, Corky grabs Danny's shoulder and gives it a congratulatory shake.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY - DAY

The CROWD OF FESTIVAL GOERS come out buzzing:

CROWD

That was really good. Cool movie.
Best thing I ever saw.
(etc.)
Look, there's the guy!

Armstrong, in sunglasses and a Tyrolean hat, wearing his parka like a cape, signs autographs as a crowd gathers around him.

Corky and Danny, pleased but a little stunned, notice:

A FILM CRITIC, 25, is being interviewed by a TV REPORTER.

FILM CRITIC

...the protagonist is not so much interested in dying with dignity-- rather, he seeks to die alone and in misery. His stated journey is through the living hell of his own wretched humanity.

Suddenly, Corky grabs his chest in agonizing pain.

DANNY

Dad?

CORKY

My chest...it's...

Danny reaches into Corky's sports-coat and produces a cell-phone.

DANNY

You got it on vibrate.

CORKY

(recovering)
Why I let you talk me into this contraption--
(into phone)
Hello.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Hank, still in his "scrubs," at a pay-phone, is excited beyond words. Nina's behind him, trying to listen in.

HANK

It's a girl! It's a girl!

INTERCUT THEATRE LOBBY/HOSPITAL HALLWAY

CORKY

Who is this?

HANK

It's a baby girl! And I held it!
Her, I mean--I held her.

CORKY

Well, congratulations. That's wonderful, and I mean it in the most sincere way. How's Maggie?

HANK

She's great. Really great.

CORKY

And the kid. Does she look like me?

HANK

Not a bit.

CORKY

Whew--that's a relief!

NINA

Corky!

CORKY

What's Nina doing there? She's not having one too, is she?

HANK

You're cute, Corky. Real cute.

CORKY

If I had a nickel for every time I heard that--

HANK

Listen. I gotta get back inside.

CORKY

That's what she said--

But Hank's already hung up.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY - DAY

Corky hands Danny the phone.

CORKY
Keep it. I can't deal with it.

Suddenly, the phone RINGS. Danny answers.

DANNY
Yes?

CORKY
Is that your mom?

By the excitement on Danny's face and the shaking of his head, the answer's "no."

INT. CAFE - DAY

Corky and Danny sit at a tiny table. The place is packed with YOUNG FILMMAKERS. Two sandwiches are unceremoniously dumped on the table by a disinterested WAITER. Corky looks inside his sandwich.

CORKY
Fourteen bucks for a sprout sandwich--

Pushing through the crowd is HENRY WINESTOCKING, 50, short, stocky, wrapped up for the cold. He's mobbed--

FILMMAKERS
Mister Winestocking-- Excuse me,
could I speak to you a minute? I
have a DVD--
(etc.)

WINESTOCKING
Out of my way. Out of my way. Not
now.
(etc.)

Winestocking goes right for Corky's sandwich.

WINESTOCKING (CONT'D)
You gonna eat that?

Winestocking's already got it in his mouth.

The crowd of filmmakers crowd in, not at all shy about listening in on:

WINESTOCKING (CONT'D)
Did you get my deal-napkin?

Corky pulls out a napkin with some numbers on it.

CORKY

Yeah, but I don't get it--you're not going to give us any money at all?

WINESTOCKING

Exactly. Instead, we spend a million and a half on advertising, stick it in two dingy theatres--one in New York, one in Los Angeles, try to get Dougie here...

Winestocking rubs Danny's shoulder affectionately while he grabs his sandwich.

WINESTOCKING (CONT'D)

...some sort of stinking award, then we shoot that baby out on DVD.

CORKY

And then we get the money?

WINESTOCKING

No way. Not a chance.

CORKY

So the producers never get paid?

WINESTOCKING

That's the way it works. Now if you'd come to me before you made the movie--

CORKY

Then you'd have paid us?

WINESTOCKING

Then we'd have never let you in the office. What do we need with a bunch of rubes from Minnesota? Do you mind?

Winestocking washes the sandwich down with Corky's drink.

CORKY

So it's a Catch-22.

WINESTOCKING

Good book but the script was a mess and I still say Alan Arkin can't carry a movie.

CORKY

I'm afraid we're going to have to pass on this deal.

DANNY

Dad!

CORKY

He likes the movie, he's gonna make money on the movie, but he's not going to pay us a dime.

WINESTOCKING

Not true. We hate the movie, the movie sucks and it's gonna cost us a fortune to release it. But we like Traci Cooper and if we take your turkey she says she'll do Hell-Hole Three and show one nipple and an ass-cheek, and maybe some cootch--we're still negotiating on that.

Corky and Danny look lower than dirt.

WINESTOCKING (CONT'D)

But look on the bright side--you're in show business!

Corky and Danny stare--is that supposed to be funny?

WINESTOCKING (CONT'D)

And whenever Dennis here comes up with another script, we'll shoot it right over to Traci, 'cause she's your biggest fan, and if she likes it there's a couple hundred thousand in it for you upfront--

CORKY

Two hundred thousand dollars?

WINESTOCKING

We'd have to see the script--

Danny pulls a script from his backpack. Though both hands are full, Winestocking manages to pin it under his arm.

WINESTOCKING (CONT'D)

So you wanna sign the deal-napkin? I gotta pen here somewhere--

CORKY

I gotta talk to my partner.

WINESTOCKING

Talk all you want, but the offer's only good till end of business today. Gotta go.

Winestocking heads out. The filmmakers start up again.

FILMMAKERS

I just need a minute-- It's both a love story and an action thriller-- Casablanca meets Harry Potter--
(etc.)

WINESTOCKING

Out of my way. Leave me alone. Let me out of here.
(etc.)

The crowd moves away, leaving Corky and Danny alone.

CORKY

Well, that went well.

DANNY

Thank you, Dad.

Corky's moved.

CORKY

Dan, I want you to know I'm very proud of you. So's your mother and so's Hank.

DANNY

I'm very proud of you too, Dad.

Corky is filled with so much emotion, he can't stand it.

CORKY

Don't...don't be like me. Be like your Uncle Hank. I always just goofed around, figuring whatever happens happens, not trying too hard. My whole stupid, wasted life. But I was wrong. And scared, trying to avoid disappointment, which never worked anyway. But Hank, he keeps pushing, pushing. That's the way you want to be.

Corky's going to cry--

Fortunately, the Waiter comes by with the check. The sandwiches are gone and so are the drinks--Winestocking ate it all.

CORKY (CONT'D)
You wanna go get something to eat?

DANNY
Sure.

CORKY
I'm starved.

Corky picks up the check. He and Danny head for the cash register.

CORKY (CONT'D)
How many more scripts you got in there anyway?

EXT. FILM FESTIVAL MAIN STREET - DAY

Corky and Danny step out onto the street. Down the road, a herd of PAPARAZZI surround a victim.

CORKY
You think it's J-Lo?

No, it's Traci Cooper, in the middle of the crowd, smiling for the cameras.

Danny, filled with joy, starts to move in her direction.

Traci spots Danny.

Danny starts to run.

Traci runs from the pack, the paparazzi give chase.

In the middle of the street, Traci and Danny meet and embrace in a whirl while the photographers have a field day.

Back down the street, Corky grins.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Hank and Corky sit by their fishing hole, piles of scripts next to them. They're reading, and by the looks on their faces, not enjoying it. Hank throws down a script.

HANK
These are terrible! It's all "happy-happy, aren't-we-cute, life's-a-bowl-of cherries."

CORKY
That's what people want, Hank.

HANK

Life's a steaming pile of crap and if you're lucky you get to step in it once in awhile to get your feet warm before you die.

CORKY

That's nice. You remembered.

HANK

Tell me again why we're reading this crap?

CORKY

We make one of these, then we get to make Danny's second movie.

HANK

And we get paid money for this?

CORKY

Tons of money.

Hank picks up a stack of scripts and heaves them one by one across the ice like frisbees. They slide over the smooth surface.

CORKY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

HANK

I'm turning over a new leaf, Corky. I'm a brand new father and a brand new person. No more fighting my way to the top, no more hunkering down to the grindstone. The script that slides the farthest is the script we produce.

CORKY

I'm so proud. I'm so damn proud.

Corky hugs Hank from the side, pinning his arms.

HANK

Okay, that's enough.

Corky releases Hank. Hank spins another script across the ice--the winner so far.

CORKY

There you go--

Hank frisbees more scripts.

HANK
Hup hup hup.

Corky cheers.

CORKY
Slide, baby, slide!

HANK
That's what your wife said to me.

CORKY
Good one, Hank. Very funny.

Hank spins another script, then another, as we--

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.