

[NOTE: The direction "Rough cut" is meant to suggest a abrupt cut within a continuous scene as if the intervening material was shot but crudely lifted out.]

**OPEN ON**

*Black screen. Pre-title credits. The soft chirping of birds and distant sound of children laughing can be heard.*

**FADE UP**

*The title, white lettering on black, appears one line at a time.*

**Shooting**

*A beat. Then*

**Stewart**

*With the second line, the loud grinding sound of a LAWNMOWER STARTING can be heard.*

**SHOCK OPEN ON:**

**INT.—STEWART'S TRAILER—MORNING**

*Even though the door is closed and the windows have towels and/or blankets covering them, light streams into this low-rent trailer home from everywhere, including through several small holes that have been punched through the wall with a screwdriver in an ill-conceived attempt to bringing in TV cable. Huge clouds of dust float through the beams light beams. Sounds from the outside—kids LAUGHING, a dog BARKING, a LAWN MOWER—filter in.*

*The phone RINGS LOUDLY. Twice. The answering machine picks up.*

*As the message plays, we take in the sorry scene: food wrappers of various vintages (including several from someplace called Munchies), assorted heavy metal artifacts, a lot of unopened mail.*

**MESSAGE**

*Hey, man, this is Stewart. This machine doesn't have a message tape right now, but if you like leave a message, maybe I'm here and I'll pick up the phone.*

*The tape BEEPS. The camera settles in at the far end of the trailer. On a bench seat bed is a large lump under a zipped-out sleeping bag. Three-quarters of a leg hangs off the side of the bench; it's completely bare except it's wearing sneakers. It remains oblivious as an automated system leaves a message.*

PLEASANT FEMALE VOICE

Hello, this is the office of  
social services calling to remind-

DOUR MALE VOICE

*(electronically dropped in)*

Stewart Bone.

PLEASANT FEMALE VOICE

-that you have an appointment with  
case worker-

DOUR MALE VOICE

Ralph Petrie.

PLEASANT FEMALE VOICE

-today, *Friday*, at *two fifteen*  
*pee-em*. Please arrive promptly.  
Failure to appear may result in  
the loss or reduction of benefits.  
Good Bye.

*The phone clicks off. The lump does not move. The BARKING becomes sharper and the CHILDREN'S VOICES can now be clearly discerned.*

KID ONE

Beg, beg!

KID TWO

C'mon, beg for it, stupid dog!

*The lump SHUDDERS and heaves.*

STEWART

Whuh.

**CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—CONTINUOUS**

*The rusted out mobile home sits on an empty lot in an otherwise track-housing filled subdivision of a suburb somewhere in America. A pale blue Hornet is pulled up next to the trailer. Closer to the street but still on the yard is another, late model compact.*

*THREE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOYS, wearing backpacks, have ridden their bikes up into the yard and are squirting the dog, a mutt-terrier, with a Supersoaker. The dog is lunging at them, BARKING, but the kids are just out of reach of the chain.*

KID TWO

Lick it! Lick it!

*The door to the trailer opens and out steps STEWART, 28. Despite his long bass-player hair, fu manchu mustache and a better than decent physique, Stewart is undeniably one of God's lesser creations. He is wearing only tennis shoes, white jockey briefs and reflective sunglasses.*

STEWART

Hey, man, stop squirting my dog!

KID ONE

It's the Boner!

KIDS TWO AND THREE

Bone! Bone! Bone!

*Stewart throws an empty beer can at them.*

STEWART

Get off my property! You're trespassing! I could shoot you, man! *Legally!*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart unties his dog.*

STEWART

C'mon, Sparky, let's go—

*Sparky escapes and scoots under the trailer. Stewart chases him.*

(continued)

STEWART  
C'mere, Sparky! C'mon, Sparky-

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A FEW MINUTES LATER**

*The door opens, and Stewart walks out, having added red gym shorts to his ensemble. He walks to his car and gives the door a special jerk, opening it.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A SECOND OR TWO LATER**

*Stewart pulls out a boombox he keeps on the floor of the car, wired into the car's stereo system. He places the boombox on the roof, and turns it on. The initial blast of the THRASH METAL is so loud even Stewart flinches. Stewart then turns the volume knob UP.*

*Stewart reaches into the car and removes a pair of nun-chucks.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MOMENTS LATER**

*CREDITS begin as "STEWART'S THEME" on the boom box imperceptibly shifts to soundtrack quality. Stewart holds the numchucks dramatically. He swings them around but for only about two seconds before one of them hits him in the face.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart waves the numchucks around for even less time before he gets hit.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart vogues with the numchucks, in various menacing poses.*

**ON SIDEWALK**

*A six-year-old girl stands watching, holding the hand of her three-year-old brother .*

**ON STEWART**

*Stewart pulls out a concrete block from under the trailer*

(continued)

**ON STEWART**

*Stewart bench-presses the concrete block.*

**ON SIDEWALK**

*The little girl watches with rapt attention, while her crying brother pulls on her hand.*

**ON STEWART**

*The concrete block is set up for a karate chop . Stewart approaches, zen-like, but halts in mid-chop.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart goes at the block full speed but at the last moment, goes into a slow-mo chop, as if he is just mapping it out.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart runs at the block, leaps in the air as if to kick it, but flies right over.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart stands in a dramatic pose with his num-chucks, holding them in front of himself, his biceps glistening. He makes a jerking GRUNT, and does a standing back flip. He lands off-kilter, topples onto his butt, but rolls out of it into a kung-fu pose.*

**ON SIDEWALK**

*Two Catholic school fifth-grade girls walk by, giggling.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:****ON STEWART**

*Stewart leaps around the yard, making various martial arts moves.*

(continued)

**THE STREET**

*Just before the "Directed by" credit, a car with tinted windows and an illegally jacked-up rear axle appears driving on the far side of the street. It pulls across the on-coming lane of traffic with a SCREECH and drives halfway up onto Stewart's lawn. Driving the car is DAN, a mediocre high school halfback turned mostly 28-year-old fat guy; in the passenger seat is GLENN, a scrawny guy with a half-assed beard. Glenn leans across Dan and yells out the window; he can't be heard above the music.*

*Stewart turns DOWN his music.*

STEWART

What can I do you for, Glenn?

*Playing in Glenn's car is Al Stewart's "The Year of the Cat."*

GLENN

Boner! Donnie says he's gonna kick your ass!

*Dan hits the accelerator and the car PEELS out with a THUMP, narrowly missing a family car coming from the other direction.*

*Stewart waits as the car RUMBLES down the street and SQUEALS around a corner, fading out.*

STEWART

Yeah, well, Donnie can.....forget that, man.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—STEWART'S TRAILER—MOMENTS LATER**

*Stewart, wearing faded Bill Blass jeans but naked from the waist up, picks a shirt off the floor. He smells it, recoils, and throws it back down. He picks a red striped sports shirt off another pile, smells it, is undecided.*

STEWART

Your opinion, Sparky?

*Sparky grabs the shirt and starts to tug on it, GROWLING. Stewart grabs it back, and starts to scold Sparky by waving the shirt in his face. Sparky just looks for another opportunity to grab it.*

(continued)

STEWART

No, Sparky. A shirt is not a toy, man.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—MOMENTS LATER**

*Stewart emerges from his trailer, wearing that striped sports shirt. He CRACKS open a new beer. A baby can be heard CRYING.*

OFF FRAME VOICE

Hey, shithead!

*The camera swings around to reveal CAROL, a thirtyish woman who's had a few kids and looks it. She is yelling out the side window of a house abutting Stewart's lot.*

STEWART

Don't call me shithead, Carol.

CAROL

Why not, shithead? Your head is full of shit.

STEWART

Well, that's no reason to call me a shithead.

*Ignoring Carol, Stewart lifts the hood of his car and starts to pour some brake fluid in it.*

CAROL

Listen, asshole, you woke my baby again with your shitty loud music!

STEWART

Read the Constitution, man.

*Stewart SLAMS the hood of his car. The baby CRIES LOUDER.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

CAROL

Stewart, we're all tired of your shit. Everybody in the neighborhood wants you and your shit out of here!

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

(continued)

*Stewart stands pointing at the compact car.*

STEWART

I want your car out of my property.

CAROL

My car isn't on your property. Your shitheap is on *my* property.

STEWART

Don't insult my car, man. People who drive Japanese cars shouldn't throw stones, man.

CAROL

It's a Ford, you fucking moron!

STEWART

*(momentarily confused)*

Ford. Yeah, well, this is what I think of your stupid Ford.

*Stewart kicks the side of the car, apparently causing no damage.*

CAROL

That's it, I'm calling the police.

STEWART

Go ahead, you called 'em before.

CAROL

I'm calling the police.

*Stewart, half way inside his car, jumps out.*

STEWART

Here, let me give you something to call them about!

*He charges the house, and hurls his half full beer at Carol. It misses her by a significant margin. He gets back into his car.*

STEWART

There. Tell 'em I threw a beer can at you!

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*(continued)*



*Stewart backing his car out rapidly. It stops abruptly. Suddenly, the stereo BLASTS again. He continues backing out, more leisurely.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—ABOUT THE SAME TIME**

*SAM, the female officer in passenger seat, is easy going and has a sense of humor about her job. MAX, the black officer who is driving, is much more officious, the way he imagines a cop acts and talks. Both are in their late 20s. They are down a quiet suburban street. Max remains ever alert nonetheless. Suddenly, he something attracts his eagle-eyed attention.*

*It's an old man dragging a lawn chair into the yard. Max looks forward again.*

*The police radio CRACKLES to life.*

RADIO

Adam One, we've got a report of a domestic disturbance, 747 Hackberry.

SAM

*(matter-of-fact)*

Stewart.

*Max picks up the handset.*

MAX

Adam One proceeding to the scene.

*Max executes a sharp macho turn, and hits the accelerator.*

MAX

Let's move.

*The car is cruising at almost 25 mph when the radio breaks in.*

RADIO

Adam One, cancel that. Stewart has left the area.

*Max quickly slows the car back down to 5 m.p.h. They cruise silently for a couple of more seconds.*

*(continued)*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—MALL—EARLY AFTERNOON**

*Stewart's car pulls into the parking lot of a large indoor mall. He gets out and looks up at a location pole, which has a symbol of an Apple with the numeral 3.*

STEWART

*(to himself)*

Apple lot, sector Three. I'm  
juggling three apples. Check.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—MALL—CONTINUOUS**

*There's a fountain in the middle of the mall. Sitting there as if she owns it is VIKKI, 16. She is thin and probably considered attractive by her peers, but in fact wears too much make-up, has an strangely high forehead and tiny rat-like features squeezed into the middle of her face. With her is DEBY, 15, prettyish but plump, with a round open face and eyes. She is much younger emotionally than her age.*

*Vikki notices something approaching, and rolls her eyes. Stewart walks up, pretending like he didn't expect to find the girls here.*

STEWART

Oh, hey there, Deb, Vik!

*While it's clear that Deby has a naive teen crush on Stewart, Vikki is cold. She considers herself her high's school's social lieutenant, her number one duty to enforce the pecking order, at the very bottom of which is this old loser Stewart.*

VIKKI

My name is Vikki, Stewart. And  
Deby's name is Deby.

DEBY

You can call me Deb if you want,  
Stewart. I don't mind.

STEWART

So...Oh, what a beautiful morning.

VIKKI

It's almost 1 o'clock.

*(continued)*

STEWART  
*(frowning)* Beautiful afternoon  
then. Uh, so, where's Becky?

VIKKI  
Someplace where you're not,  
Stewart.

STEWART  
That's kind of obvious, isn't it,  
Vik-keee?.

DEBY  
I think she's at work, Stewart.

*Vikki shoots Deby a look.*

STEWART  
Oh, work.

VIKKI  
*Work.* Ask a grown-up .

STEWART  
I'm getting a job, man.

*Vikki SNIFFS.*

STEWART  
You tell Becky I'm getting a job.

VIKKI  
I'm not telling Becky *anything* you  
say.

STEWART  
That's censorship, man!

VIKKI  
Okey-dokey. [*Said like*  
*"whatever."*] C'mon, Deb.

*The girls start to walk away.*

STEWART  
It is not "okey-dokey" Vic-keeee!  
Ask your social studies teacher!

*Deby moons at Stewart over her shoulder as she leaves.*

*(continued)*

DEBY

Nice seeing you, Stewart.

*Vikki elbows Debi, and talks without looking back.*

VIKKI

You don't exist, Stewart.

*Stewart looks on for a long moment, then yells after them.*

STEWART

I'm getting a job, man!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—MALL PARKING LOT**

*CLOSE ON the location pole, which has a symbol of an Orange with the numeral 3.*

*Stewart wanders around looking for his car. He looks at the pole, mimes juggling oranges, and scans the area, puzzled. He HARUMPHS.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*Again, the squad car cruises slowly through an almost stereotypical suburb: kids playing kickball, etc.*

SAM

Lunch?

MAX

I want to check out the situation  
on Cottonwood, first.

*With great earnestness, Max turns the wheel of the car, onto another quiet street.*

**CUT TO:**

(continued)

**EXT.—MUNCHIE'S DRIVE-THRU—A FEW MINUTES LATER**

*Stewart's car pulls up. Included on the large colorful outdoor Munchies' menu are cartoons of Mr. Munchy dressed in various international outfits next to submenus with names like "Muy Munchos," "Les Munches" "Herr Münchfest" and "Moonchi Szechuan." Stewart talks into the little box, which sounds perfectly clear but apparently can't be heard very well on the other end.*

MUNCHIE'S INTERCOM

Munchies. What are you craving?

STEWART

Becky? I know you're there, Becky.

*A beat.*

MUNCHIE'S INTERCOM

Would you like an international cheese on that?

STEWART

Tell Becky to come to the box, man.

MUNCHIE'S INTERCOM

Would you like a beverage?

STEWART

I don't want a beverage, man. I want Becky.

MUNCHIE'S INTERCOM

Okay, uh, drive through.

**ROUGH CUT TO:****MUNCHIE'S DRIVE-THRU WINDOW**

*At the window is an inexperienced 16-YEAR-OLD Munchies employee. He tries to hand a Munchies bag to Stewart.*

MUNCHIE'S EMPLOYEE

That'll be \$2.28

STEWART

I just want Becky.

*(continued)*

## MUNCHIE'S EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry, sir. I'm new here.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**SECONDS LATER**

*The manager, ALISON, appears over the 16-year-old's shoulder. She's apparently done this routine.*

ALISON

She's not here, Stewart.

STEWART

You're lying.

ALISON

Becky doesn't work here anymore.

STEWART

You're a big liar, Alison. You lied to me about the Homecoming Dance.

ALISON

Becky does not work here.

STEWART

The dance was on Friday. It wasn't on Saturday. The gym was *empty*, man. That's how I know Becky is in there.

ALISON

We had to fire Becky, Stewart.

STEWART

You can't fire Becky. She's a totally conscientious worker.

ALISON

She was getting too many unwanted "visitors" at work.

STEWART

Uh, oh. Did she leave like a forwarding place of employment?

*A HORN blasts behind Stewart, startling him.*

(continued)

ALISON

We've got customers waiting.

STEWART

Okay, but if you see Becky, tell her I'm going to get a job, all right?

ALISON

What did I just tell you?  
She...doesn't...work..... here.

*A HORN blasts again, followed by others. Alison picks up a phone.*

ALISON

I'm calling the police.

*Stewart HARUMPHS and the car jerks out of frame. A second later, the car lurches back, BANGING bumpers with the car behind it.*

STEWART

Can I get a Pepsi? And don't cram it with ice like you usually do.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*They're cruising quietly. The police radio comes on.*

RADIO

Adam One, Adam One, Stewart's harassing Munchies again.

*Max goes to hit the SIREN. It WAILS for a second before Sam wearily reaches across and turns it off.*

RADIO

Adam One. Cancel that. He's gone.

*There is a beat of a second or two.*

MAX

You know, he will kill somebody someday.

**CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**INT.—STEWART'S CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart is driving along, his hair blowing in the breeze. He goes to sip his Munchie's drink; it makes an EMPTY SUCKING SOUND. He shakes the cup; ice RATTLES. He HARUMPHS.*

**CUT TO:****EXT.—BECKY'S HOUSE—MINUTES LATER**

*Stewart's car pulls up to a well kept up Cape Cod, nicer than where Stewart lives. He gets out, holding his drink. He dumps all the ice on the ground, and throws the empty cup back in his car.*

**BECKY'S DOOR**

*Stewart keeps RINGING the bell. The door opens; it's two five-year-old white-haired identical twins.*

STEWART

Hey, man, is Becky home?

TWIN ONE

No.

TWIN TWO

No Becky.

*An OLDER MALE VOICE can be heard coming from inside the house.*

MALE VOICE

Who's at the door?

TWIN ONE

The man.

TWIN TWO

It's that man.

STEWART

It's me Stewart, Mr. D'Agastino.

*A beat.*

MR. D'AGASTINO'S VOICE

Ah, could you hold on a minute there, Stewart?

(continued)



STEWART

No problemo, Mr. D'Agastino.

*Stewart looks down. The two kids look up at him innocently. Stewart looks around, sweeps some hair off his face.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—BECKY'S HOUSE—MOMENTS LATER**

*The squad car pulls up and Sam and Max get out and start approaching the front of the house. Stewart walks toward them. Max is officious, Sam more understanding.*

STEWART

I'm not disturbing anybody's peace, man. It's the middle of the day.

MAX

Trespassing is a 24-hour-a-day offense, Mr. Bone.

STEWART

I didn't trespass. I used the doorbell, man.

*Sam gently takes Stewart's arm and starts leading him away.*

SAM

C'mon, Stewart. You know you're not wanted here.

STEWART

*(Motioning back toward the door)*  
Mr. D'Agastino asked me to stay. I was entrapped into trespassing, man. *(back to door)* Ask him.

*The two boys stand at the door watching. Mr. D'Agastino is not there.*

STEWART

*(yelling)*

Mr. D'Agastino, could you tell Becky I'm gettin' a job? Thank you in advance!

**CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**INT.—STEWART'S TRAILER—A HALF HOUR LATER****ON TV**

*It's a commercial for a professional trucking school.*

**ON STEWART**

*With Sparky in his lap, Stewart is watching this, drinking a beer, frowning.*

STEWART

Been there. Done that.

**ON TV**

*The announcer extols the great pay, flexible hours, etc.*

**ON STEWART**

STEWART

Why don't you talk about how you have to pay your own speeding tickets, man? Why don't you talk about that?

**ON TV**

*A half full beer can bounces off the TV screen.*

**ON STEWART**

*Stewart opens another beer; it foams all over Sparky, who leaps off his lap, causing him to spill even more on his shirt. He starts trying to flick the beer off as if it was just dirt.*

STEWART

Whoa there, Spark. Just beer. Beer never hurt anybody. In moderation.

*Stewart notices the time. He HARUMPHS.*

**CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**INT.—PUBLIC ASSISTANCE WAITING ROOM—HALF HOUR LATER**

*Stewart is sitting on a lime green vinyl couch, reading a pamphlet with the title, "So you want to be a valuable employee?" He is HALF-LAUGHING at this and that.*

**ON DOOR**

*Glenn and Dan enter.*

GLENN

Ho, look who's unemployed. The Boner doesn't have a job? I'm so shocked.

*Glenn feigns theatrical shock; Dan tries to follow suit, but lamely; he just sort of hangs his mouth open dumbly.*

STEWART

It's an unemployment office, Glenn! *Everybody* here is unemployed. We're all sucking off the goverment teat here, man.

*Stewart gestures at the five people in the waiting room, who all look down or away in embarrassment.*

STEWART

*(suddenly realizing)*

What are you doing here, Glenn?

GLENN

*I'm here to tell you that Donnie says your ass is history. Donnie going to kick your Boner ass.*

STEWART

Donnie can kick my ass anytime, man...Except Donnie won't be able to kick my ass.

GLENN

When Donnie says he's going to kick your ass, he kicks your ass. *Guaranteed.*

*(continued)*

*Their witty repartee is interrupted by RALPH, the dour male voice on Stewart's message machine earlier. Ralph is a chunky but very taciturn black guy in his late twenties, who sticks his head into the waiting room.*

RALPH

Stewart Bone?

STEWART

Ralph!

*With a baleful look, Ralph disappears behind the door. Stewart gets in the final word as he exits.*

STEWART

Nobody kicks my ass but me, man.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—RALPH'S CUBICLE—CONTINUOUS**

*They enter Ralph's cubicle.*

RALPH

Have a seat, Mr. Bone.

*Ralph's cubicle is spare; on his desk is one of those rubber squeeze toys people use to relieve RSI, one of those little pink guy whose eyes pop out when you squeeze it. Stewart sits.*

STEWART

Hey, Ralph, man, how's it hangin'?

*Ralph doesn't respond. He walks to a book shelf at the far end of his cubicle.*

STEWART

Hey, man, sorry I'm late. I was unavoidably delayed by an illegal police action.

*Again, Ralph doesn't respond. He is standing at a book shelf, which contains several binders with names on the spine. Near the beginning is a very thick one; he pulls that down.*

STEWART

I really want a job this time, Ralph.

(continued)

RALPH  
(sitting down)

Good.

STEWART  
I need to have a job, man. For me  
and Becky.

RALPH  
(one eyebrow raised)  
The 13-year-old?

STEWART  
She's not 13 anymore.

RALPH  
You're 28.

STEWART  
Just barely.

RALPH  
(looking down at the binder)  
They'll put you in jail.

STEWART  
Becky's sixteen. She'll be sixteen  
in... soon.

*Ralph raises an eyebrow, as he opens Stewart's binder.*

RALPH  
Not my jurisdiction (sigh) Now  
let's see here.

*Ralph looks in the binder. Inside are official looking state forms, each with a polaroid of Stewart at his various jobs: Stewart in a turn-of-the-century waiter's outfit with fake handlebar mustache, hair parted in the middle and plastered down, red garter on arm; as a bagger in a supermarket; a grease monkey at a garage. Stewart is standing in virtually the same position with the same expression in each of them. At the bottom of each form is a big red stamp that reads DISMISSED FOR CAUSE. Ralph thumbs through, stopping on a picture of Stewart in a Munchies uniform, his hair half out of its hair net.*

(continued)

RALPH

We haven't had too much luck with you, have we Mr. Bone?

**ON STEWART**

*He leans over and looks into the book.*

STEWART

Yeah, well Munchies violated my First Amendment rights. I only said shit once—well within Constitutional guidelines, man.

*Ralph glumly turns a page.*

**ON BOOK**

*Stewart is standing in a goofy caddy outfit—bloomers, big tartan cap—holding two buckets of balls.*

**ON RALPH**

RALPH

Striking your boss with a five iron. That's not in the Constitution.

**CUT TO:**

**FLASHBACK—GOLF COURSE—DAY**

*Stewart is collecting balls on the range as balls fly by his head.*

STEWART (VO)

Maybe it should be, man.

*Several balls start hitting Stewart all over.*

STEWART (VO)

He was, like, offering customers a free bucket if they hit me, man.

**BACK TO:**

**RALPH**

*He turns another page. For the first time he cracks a smile.*

(continued)

STEWART

What's so funny, man? *(He leans over)* Yeah, well—

**CUT TO:**

**FLASHBACK—DOG GROOMING SALON—DAY**

*Stewart, dressed in fancy black pants and white shirt, is working on what may have once been a championship poodle. Half of its puffs are either gone or mangled. There is hair everywhere.*

STEWART (VO)

That dog had some major cowlicks.

**BACK TO:**

**ON RALPH**

*He closes the book and reaches over for some paperwork.*

RALPH

Well, that it.

STEWART

What's it?

*Ralph talks while writing, not even looking at Stewart.*

RALPH

Mr. Bone, ever since high school you've been on public assistance of some sort or another. I've been your caseworker for seven years, and during that time you've held 37 jobs, each for an average of—*(he punches some numbers in a calculator.)*Six-point-three days.

STEWART

I had that carnival job for almost the whole summer.

RALPH

Which is why the average is as high as it is.

STEWART

Oh. *Average.*

RALPH

We learned about it in math class.

*(continued)*

STEWART

I know what average is. *(A beat)*  
You were in my math class?

RALPH

And as much as I've enjoyed these  
visits, we're doing things  
differently around here now.

*Ralph hands Stewart some paper; he picks up his squeeze toy.*

RALPH

Here are your last three  
employment leads. We're also  
permanently cutting off all your  
benefits, so let's hope one of  
them works out.

STEWART

Or else what, man?

RALPH

That's it.

STEWART

Three strikes and I'm out, man?  
What kind of policy is that?

*Ralph leans back in his chair, and methodically squeezes the  
rubber toy, making the eyes pop in and out.*

RALPH

That's it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—WAITING ROOM—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart yells back into the office as he leaves, waving around  
his job leads.*

STEWART

I'll get a job, man! But not for  
you, man! Not for the State! For  
Becky, man! And I don't need your  
stupid job leads, man!

*(continued)*



*Stewart throws them to the ground and stalks out of frame; a moment later he stalks back in, grabs the papers and stalks out past Glenn and Dan, who are both reading pamphlets.*

GLENN

*(under his breath)*

Kick. Your. Ass.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*The squad car is stopped. Sam and Max are eating burgers from Munchies. They are apparently revisiting an ongoing debate that Sam is uninterested in..*

MAX

Let's not forget that Stewart's father killed six people.

SAM

Max, that was in Viet Nam.

MAX

*Be that as it may.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STREET—CONTINUOUS**

*A side view of Stewart, driving down the street with the window open, his long hair blowing in the wind. The radio is BLASTING, sounding especially inappropriate since the song is "Silent Lucidity" (Or some equally inappropriate quiet HEAVY METAL song)*

*He pulls up to a red light. At the light he looks down at the three job leads. He HARUMPHS at one, momentarily considers the second, before starting to read a third.*

*Stewart is startled by a HORN blowing behind him; without looking up, he lurches his car forward.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—BARBER SHOP—A LITTLE LATER**

*Stewart sits in the barber's chair, his hair wet and stringy from a shampoo. The YOUNG BARBER has a short-long mullet cut.*

*(continued)*

BARBER

What would we like today?

STEWART

*(derisively)*

Job haircut.

*Stewart looks around, then points at the barber's head.*

STEWART

Just give us what you got there,  
Sparky.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STREET—LATER**

*SIDE ANGLE Stewart in his car, the wind flowing through his new do. The radio is blasting the Eagles "Peaceful, Easy Feeling."*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—DRUG STORE—SOON THEREAFTER**

*Stewart strolls in. An older man behind the counter sees him and grimaces. Stewart walks right up.*

STEWART

Hey there, Mr. Gower.

*The man's nametag clearly reads: MR. HANSEN. He frowns.*

STEWART

It's me, Stewart. I got a haircut.

*Mr. Hansen smiles at him evenly.*

STEWART

So, I'm in the market for a comb.  
What do you got?

*There is a carousel of combs right next to Mr. Hansen. He gestures to them.*

STEWART

Thanks.

*Stewart pulls a big pink comb out of the rack. He holds it in his hand, judging the weight, the feel, etc. And then he begins to comb his hair.*

*Mr. Hansen doesn't quite believe it.*

*(continued)*

MR. HANSEN

Are you going to buy that comb?

STEWART

Quite possibly. Taking her for a test drive.

MR. HANSEN

You can't do that. It's unsanitary.

STEWART

I just got a professional shampoo—less than an hour ago, man.

MR. HANSEN

I can't let you do that.

*Stewart HARUMPHS*

**SHORT MONTAGE**

*Stewart tests out various combs—including long skinny styling combs, steel combs, afro pic—very self-consciously keeping the comb at least an inch from his hair. The song "Back When My Hair Was Short" plays over.*

**OUT OF MONTAGE:**

**ON COUNTER**

*A simple black plastic comb. The cash register rings.*

**MR. HANSEN**

MR. HANSEN

Eighty three cents.

*Stewart places a some change on the counter. He looks at the TAKE A PENNY tray, and takes about eight pennies, and places them down.*

STEWART

Thanks, man. I don't need a bag.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**NEAR THE COUNTER**

*Stewart spies the free blood pressure machine.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart sits in it, reading the instructions. Mr. Hansen glowers.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart struggles in the inflated cuff, trying to get comfortable.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Stewart gets a reading. He makes a thumbs up with the cuffed hand.*

STEWART

Average!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STRIP MALL—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart exits the drug store, combing his hair. He gets into his car, backs out, then drives a few stores down in the same strip mall—never leaving the parking lot—and pulls into an EZ Liquor store.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT—POLICE CAR—LATE AFTERNOON**

*Out the side window, the squad car cruises down a commercial strip for several seconds. The camera swings back toward Max, who is taking it all in suspiciously.*

MAX

You know what we called him in high school? Stewart the Boner.

SAM

Of course.

(continued)

MAX

*(earnestly)*

Not because of his name. We called him that because in gym, he was always pointing at other guys in the shower and saying they had a boner.

SAM

He was a kid.

MAX

But once you turn eighteen, it all goes on your rap sheet.

*Looking through their windshield, Stewart's car pulls out in front of them. The squad car comes to an abrupt halt.*

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

*Stewart's car pulls out of the parking lot of an E-Z Liquor, in front of the police car, causing the squad car to break suddenly.*

**SIDE ANGLE**

*The wind flows through Stewart's blow-dry as the radio blasts "Dust in the Wind." Stewart reaches a green light and begins to turn left; he makes a left turn signal by waving his hand and pointing his finger, almost like a disco move.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—POLICE CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*From their POV, Stewart's manual turn signal looks ridiculous. Stewart turns.*

MAX

We have a violation.

*Max hits the SIREN and the gas.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**EXT.—STREET—MOMENTS LATER**

*Stewart is standing with his hands on the trunk, feet spread apart, with Max standing behind him, thumbs in his belt.*

MAX

*(mimicking Stewart's turn signal)*  
What's this?

STEWART

*(guessing)*  
Uh, left turn signal?

MAX

No, this—*(He makes an exaggeratedly precise left turn signal.)*—is a left turn signal.

*Sam appears in the frame; she looks disgusted.*

SAM

Max.

*Max kicks at the back light of the car.*

MAX

How long has this signal been out, Mr. Bone?

STEWART

It broke this morning, man. I was on my way to have it fixed.

MAX

This morning. *Two years ago.*

SAM

C'mon, Max.

MAX

Hold on, Sam. Hey, what's that I smell? Is that the unmistakable aroma of marijuana I smell coming from this trunk?

STEWART

There's no pot in that trunk, man. And if there is any pot in there, it's not mine.

*(continued)*

MAX

I have a reasonable cause to suspect there are illegal narcotics in that trunk.

SAM

*(exasperated)*

No, Max, you don't. C'mon, let's go.

*Max walks back to the car, pouting. Sam addresses Stewart.*

SAM

Stewart, if you'd just get it fixed, we wouldn't have to go through this every week and half.

*Sam waits for a reply, and getting none, turns to return to the car. Stewart calls after her.*

STEWART

I was on my way, man. Before I was illegally seized and searched!

**CUT TO:**

**ON STEWART'S TRUNK**

*It opens. It is filled with beers of many denominations.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT—LATE AFTERNOON**

*Stewart is surrounded by perhaps twenty kids. He pulls out an order list he has scribbled down on a napkin.*

STEWART

Sean.

*SEAN, about 17, steps up. Stewart pulls out a six pack and rips one off.*

STEWART

Okay, that's five for you, and one for me.

*Stewart throws the single back in the trunk.*

*(continued)*

STEWART

Howard. *(repeats with another six-pack)* Five for you, and one for me. Danny.

*DANNY comes forward. Stewart opens a forty ounce beer, takes a sip and then hands it to Danny.*

STEWART

Jimbo.

*Stewart pulls open a 12-pack, removes three beers.*

STEWART

Nine for you, three for me.

JIMBO

That's not fair. You take three on a 12-pack and you only one on a sixer.

STEWART

Yeah, so?

JIMBO

It's more. If you got two six packs, you'd only take two.

STEWART

It's a volume discount

KID

It's not a discount.

STEWART

Yeah, well, uh, I'm encouraging you to practice moderation, man.

KID

You don't practice moderation.

STEWART

That's different, man. I'm an adult. And if you don't like the rules, you can take your business elsewhere. No shoes, no shirt, no beer.

*(continued)*



**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MOMENTS LATER**

*There are eight kids left. Dan and Glenn drive up; Starland Vocal Band's "Afternoon Delight" is playing on his radio.*

GLENN

Hey, Bone. Donnie says your ass kicking has been scheduled for tonight.

*Dan hits the accelerator and they drive off. Stewart HARUMPHS and goes back to the list.*

STEWART

Billy.

*BILLY, who is perhaps fourteen, steps up. Stewart pulls one beer off a sixer and hands it to him.*

BILLY

Hey, I said I wanted imported.

STEWART

That is imported. It's from Wisconsin.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MOMENTS AFTER THAT**

*There are only a couple of kids left. Stewart sees someone and SLAMS the trunk.*

*VICE PRINCIPAL SCHNELL, about 50 but still trim and not particularly uncool looking, walks up, his face a mixture of sternness and bemusement.*

SCHNELL

Mr. Bone.

STEWART

You can call me Stewart now, Vice Principal Schnell.

(continued)

SCHNELL

I'm surprised to find you on school property, Mr. Bone. It's not as if you spent a lot of time on the premises when you were actually enrolled here, which was as I recall, more than ten years ago.

STEWART

I'm just meeting some friends.

SCHNELL

You don't have any friends, Mr. Bone.

STEWART

Sure I do, man.

*Stewart looks at the two kids still standing there, both 14, one much smaller than the other.*

STEWART

This here's Sparky and this is... Sparky Jr.

SCHNELL

Well, you and your friends don't belong here.

STEWART

This is public property, man.

SCHNELL

It's private property as far as you're concerned, Mr. Bone

STEWART

I pay taxes, man.

SCHNELL

In order to pay taxes, Mr. Bone, you have to have job.

STEWART

I have a job, man. Starting tonight.

*(continued)*

SCHNELL

What's in the trunk, Mr. Bone?

STEWART

Private property

SCHNELL

Mr. Bone, I've taken the liberty of photocopying for you, state criminal statute 1124-6, "Contributing to the delinquency of a minor" and 6534-3, "Statutory Rape."

STEWART

I still have the last copy you gave me, man.

SCHNELL

*(moving in close, getting tough)*

Mr. Bone, let me make myself clear, I need you to vacate the premises, immediately, and to never return. Is that clear?

STEWART

Yeah, you're yelling right in my ear, man.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—STEWART'S TRAILER—LATE AFTERNOON**

*Stewart sits in the mess of sheets he was sleeping in earlier, drinking a beer. His dog is lying next to him. He looks as if he's thinking. He swallows. He continues.*

STEWART

It's warm and slippery and, uh... that about covers it. Slippery and warm. And of course, if you're with somebody you love, it's beautiful. Can you toss me another onethere, Sparky?

*The dog perks up its ears.*

STEWART

Not you, Sparky.

*(continued)*

**ON SPARKY AND SPARKY JR.**

*Awkwardly perched on the other side of the trailer are SPARKY and SPARKY, JR., the two kids from earlier. They are nursing beers. Sparky looks into a garbage can filled with assorted beers.*

SPARKY

What kind?

STEWART

*(off frame)*

What do you recommend there?

*Sparky Jr. sips foam off the top of his beer.*

SPARKY JR.

This kind's good.

STEWART

*(off frame)*

I'll have what Sparky Jr.'s having.

*Sparky finds a match. He leans over and hands it to Stewart.*

**ON STEWART**

STEWART

Thank you, Sparky.

*Stewart, still holding the first beer, opens the second can. It sprays, causing Sparky the dog to jump off his lap and out the door. Stewart HARUMPHS. He drains the first beer and tosses in at the camera, where it can be heard CLANGING off the wall and some other cans.*

STEWART.

Bank shot! *(He sips)* Okay, I don't know if you guys have ever spanked your chicken...

**ON SPARKY AND SPARKY JR.**

*They looks down and away.*

STEWART'S VOICE

All the time, right?

*(continued)*

*Sparky Jr. LAUGHS and Sparky slugs him.*

STEWART'S VOICE

Well it's kind of like that—except  
your hands are free to do other  
stuff.

*The Sparkys laugh like the little boys they are, but then get  
sober up with Stewart's next speech.*

STEWART'S VOICE

Oh, and you've got to wear a  
condom. I forgot to say that  
earlier, but it's really  
important. Always wear a condom.  
That's the downside.

**ON STEWART**

*He is drinking the beer, listening.*

SPARKY

*(off frame)*

So, did you ever like... *do it*  
with Becky?

SPARKY JR.

*(gleeful, off frame)*

That would be utterly superb!

*Stewart finishes his sip and frowns. He is stern and fatherly.*

STEWART

You don't intercourse and tell,  
man. And you don't talk about  
Becky like that. Understood, man?

**ON SPARKY AND SPARKY JR.**

*They are chastened.*

STEWART'S VOICE

Okay then. Didn't mean to bust  
your little chops like that, but  
Becky is special. Okay. Any more  
questions?

*Sparky and Sparky Jr. think; Sparky Jr. has an idea.*

*(continued)*

SPARKY JR.

*Yeah (his voice cracks, he takes a swig of beer, then continues, earnestly). What do boobs feel like?*

**ON STEWART**

*He mulls this over, drinking beer.*

STEWART

*There's more than one answer to that question.*

*He takes another big swig, puts down the beer, and in an almost instructional way, makes a cupping gesture with his hands. He then sees his wristwatch—*

STEWART

*(spitting out beer)*  
*Whoa, I'm late for work, man.*

*Stewart gets up and makes toward the door.*

STEWART

*You two remember to lock up, man.  
Just slam the door real hard.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—TRAILER—LATER**

*Stewart walks out and something catches his eye.*

*It's Sparky the dog, mounting the back of a large dalmation.*

*Stewart gives him a thumbs up.*

STEWART

*Way to go, Spark!*

*ANGLE FROM BELOW on the two dogs, a long arty shot as the Commodores "Three Times a Lady" plays.*

**DISSOLVE TO:**

*(continued)*

**SHOT OF A BOWLING BALL MAKING A STRIKE****INT.—BOWLING ALLEY—LATER**

*The camera roams over various establishing shots—league bowlers, women carrying beers back to their husbands, etc—and lands on Stewart in the office of BILL, the friendly but creepy manager.*

*Bill stands in front of a large tote board. On the board are the pieces of colored paper with the names of various employees on them. Next to each name is a small pyramid made out of paper cutouts of bowling pins, arranged to suggest a full set of pins. Some names have all the pins standing; some have only a couple pins left standing. Stewart listens attentively.*

BILL

Okay, now, Stewart, every employee starts out with ten pins, just like in the lane. But then, let's say you're late, like you were tonight.

*Bill takes one of Stewart's pins, and turns it sideways.*

BILL

We knock one of those pins down. Any questions so far?

STEWART

What happens when they're all knocked down?

BILL

That would be a strike. Now out there (*pointing to lanes*), that would be (*waving hands*) Yay! But in here, you don't want a strike.

*Stewart looks dumbfounded.*

BILL

It's a little confusing, but that's our system.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**SHOE RENTAL**

*Stewart sprays disinfectant in bowling shoes.*

(continued)

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**AT A LANE**

*Stewart is talking to a six year-old, handing him a ball.*

STEWART

You're a big boy, Sparky. You should be using at least a ten pounder.

*The kid takes the ball and immediately drops it.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MOMENTS LATER**

*The six year-old waddles with the ten pound ball up to the lane and drops it. It rolls into the gutter.*

STEWART

Gutter! That's a goose egg, Sparky.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**BY THE LANES**

*Stewart is emptying overflowing ashtrays, spilling half of them. He looks up and sees something.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**NEAR THE LOUNGE**

*Vikki and Deby are flirting with BRETT and ALEX, who are a bit older but equally callow.*

BRETT

College is *definitely* harder than high school.

ALEX

*(as if this is a funny joke)*  
That doesn't mean we don't party!

*Vikki and Deby OVER-LAUGH at that.*

*(continued)*



VIKKI

*(like "excellent!")*

Oh-key doh-key!

*Stewart walks up and interrupts them, much to Vikki's annoyance.*

STEWART

*(To Brett and Alex)*

Hey Guys, I heard them call your lane.

ALEX

*(Blowing him off)*

Great, thanks.

STEWART

They call your name and you don't come, they put you right at the bottom of the list.

*Brett looks over at the counter, back at the girls.*

BRETT

We'll catch you girls later, okay?

ALEX

Catch ya.

*Brett and Alex exit; Vikki glowers at Stewart.*

DEBY

Heya, Stewart.

STEWART

Hey. So, is Becky here tonight?

VIKKI

Yeah, she's standing right next to me.

*Stewart glances next to Vikki, then HARUMPHS.*

DEBY

So, is this your new job, Stewart?

*(continued)*

STEWART

Yeah. It's just temporary until something in the front office opens up. So, uh, I'm sorry to hear about Becky getting fired. Alison told me she was getting too many visitors, so I guess you guys must be feeling pretty bad.

VIKKI

Becky didn't get *fired*.

STEWART

Alison said—

DEBY

Becky got a better job at the mall.

*Vikki shoots Alison a look.*

STEWART

But Alison said...*(realizing)* Man, a liar never changes her spots.

*Stewart spys the manager looking at him.*

STEWART

Gotta go, man. I'm in deep demerit territory.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**BALL RETURN**

*Stewart collects up too many balls at once, drops them all.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**BY VIDEOGAME**

*Stewart is talking a break, playing the latest Mortal Combat. He is getting his assed kicked. Glenn and Dan walk up.*

GLENN

So, when you getting off work, Bone?

*(continued)*

STEWART

Who wants to know?

GLENN

Donnie says he wants to know. He's waiting outside to kick your ass.

DAN

Kick your ass.

GLENN

And Donnie says he can't wait all night.

STEWART

Well, he's gonna have to wait until 1, man. I don't get off until then.

*Glenn looks at his watch.*

GLENN

Don't you get a break before then?

STEWART

I'm on break now, man. And *(he looks down at his watch)*, Whoa, I gotta get back.

*Stewart walks off; Glenn calls after him.*

GLENN

Okay, 1 a.m.—Donnie kicks your ass.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MANAGER'S OFFICE—VIEWED THROUGH WINDOW**

*The manager smiles at Stewart, apparently explaining as he knocks over another pin. Stewart frowns.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**BEHIND THE PIN SETTER**

*Stewart, being industrious, is polishing pins as they go into the pin setting mechanism. This goes all right for a couple, but then he drops one. In an effort to retrieve it, he falls into the mechanism.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:****IN THE ALLEY**

*Stewart's leg can be seen hanging down in the lane. Unfortunately, someone has already let a ball loose. It hits him in the leg.*

STEWART

Ow! Shit! (A long beat) Please excuse my language.

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—NIGHT**

*They are driving along quietly.*

MAX

In biology? When we were dissecting frogs? He cut the head off his. Said he didn't want it "staring" at him.

SAM

Max, I was his lab partner, remember?

MAX

Well, does that sound like anybody you know? Jeffrey Dahmer maybe?

*Sam LAUGHS derisively.*

MAX

Laugh now.

*The police radio CRACKLES.*

RADIO

Adam One. Something going down at the bowling alley. One person seriously injured. Ambulance on it's way. Oh, and Stewart's involved somehow.

*Max looks at Sam for a moment, then turns back to his driving.*

(continued)

MAX

We could have had him off the street this afternoon.

*Max hits the SIREN.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—BOWLING ALLEY—MINUTES LATER**

*Glenn stands outside the car in the parking lot with Dan, smoking cigarettes. Donnie is presumably inside the car. Playing loudly from inside the car is Roberta Flack's "Killing Me Softly."*

*All of a sudden, a fire truck pulls up, followed by an ambulance. Firemen with big tools and paramedics run around.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—NIGHT**

*Sam and Max view the pandemonium through their windshield.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—BOWLING ALLEY—CONTINUOUS**

*Amid general CROSSCUTTING hysteria, Stewart is wheeled out . Glenn yells at him as he passes.*

GLENN

Get well, soon, Bone! Because Donnie can't wait to kick your ass.

STEWART

I got bigger problems, man. They're gonna have to amputate my leg here.

GLENN

Yeah? (*momentarily stumped*). Well, if they amputate your ass, save it for Donnie. Donnie says he's gonna kick your amputated ass all the way down the street.

**FADE TO BLACK**

(continued)

**FADE UP ON:**

**INT.—HOSPITAL ROOM—THE NEXT MORNING**

*Stewart is sitting in the hospital bed; sitting next to the bed are Bill the manager and a older man in a suit who is apparently a LAWYER. Throughout this conversation, Stewart plays with a hand control that keeps changing the angle of his bed.*

LAWYER

I understand you were drinking;  
isn't that correct, Mr. Bone?

STEWART

I never drink on the job, man.  
Maybe a couple of beers before  
work, or during a break or  
something, but never on the job.

LAWYER

You had a blood alcohol level of  
.08.

STEWART

My blood can hold its alcohol,  
man. And who told you you could  
even have any of my blood?

*The lawyer looks to Bill as if maybe this guy is smarter than they thought.*

LAWYER

*(dissembling)*

How we got the results at this  
point is ir—

STEWART

Nobody ever showed me a search  
warrant. My blood is my personal  
property, man.

LAWYER

Let's move off that point. So, Mr.  
Bone, what do we have to do to  
make this go away?

*(continued)*

STEWART

*(pointing to his leg)*

This is never going to go away,  
man. I'm scarred for life here,  
man.

LAWYER

We're willing to write a you check  
for \$1,000 right now.

*Stewart thinks for a moment.*

STEWART

Can I get some of that in cash?

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**SECONDS LATER**

*The lawyer is handing Stewart a bunch of crinkled bills and a  
check, followed by a clipboard .*

LAWYER

All right, here's \$240 in cash,  
and a check for \$760. If you could  
just sign this.

*Stewart fakes looking it over. He begins to sign.*

STEWART

One other thing, man. I'm not  
going to get another pin knocked  
down for this?

*The lawyer is confused; he looks to Bill.*

BILL

Well, Stewart, you did leave work  
early. And you swore.

STEWART

That wasn't my fault! I had a life  
threatening injury, man! *(throwing  
clipboard back)* I'm not going to  
sign this!

LAWYER

Let's all calm down here. Now, Mr.  
Bone, I think for our part we can  
agree to not "knock down any  
pins"—

*(continued)*

*The lawyer looks to Bill, who seems unwilling to do this; the lawyer gestures to Bill to not say anything.*

STEWART

Damn right.

LAWYER

-If you will agree that this payment also constitutes your severance package.

*Stewart looks down, suddenly panicked.*

STEWART

What? Did they sever something, man?

LAWYER

No, it just means you agree to find employment elsewhere.

*Stewart absorbs this; the lawyer hands him the clipboard back.*

STEWART

*(signing)*

Well, okay, just as long as I'm leaving with a full set of pins.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**INT.—HOSPITAL ROOM—A LITTLE LATER**

*Stewart is on the phone.*

STEWART

Listen, I'd like to order a hundred roses for delivery. To Becky D'Agastino. How much is that? *(He HARUMPHS loudly)* Okay, man, let's do it *(A Beat)* No, man, not eight dozen—a hundred! It's got to be a hundred or else it doesn't mean the same thing. *(A beat)* Credit card? I'm kinda maxed out. Make that cash. *(A Beat)* Yeah, well, if I have to come down there, I might as well deliver 'em myself! *(He hangs up)*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*(continued)*



**INT.—HOSPITAL ROOM—A LITTLE LATER**

*Stewart is dressed and sitting on the edge of the bed. The pants leg of his injured limb is slit all the way up to the side, revealing his bandages. A male nurse is standing next to him, handing him a prescription.*

NURSE

Okay. Take one of these for pain, as needed. No more than four a day; try to take them with food. No alcohol. *(Reaching for a stainless steel cane)* And you should try to keep your weight off it for a few days.

*The nurse hands the cane to Stewart; he tosses it to the ground.*

STEWART

I'm not a *senior citizen*, man.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT—MORNING**

*It's empty except for Stewart's car. A cab pulls up. Stewart gets out, and limps very badly to his car. He pops his trunk and grabs two beers. He limps back to the cab, handing the cabbie some cash.*

STEWART

Here you go, Sparky, keep the change. *(Then, handing him a beer)* And here's a little something extra, for when you're on break.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S HOUSE—LATER**

*Stewart pulls up onto the yard with his car, and gets out holding a beer. Sparky the Dog runs up to him.*

STEWART

Hey, there, Spark!

CAROL'S VOICE

Fuckwad!

STEWART

Don't call me a fuckwad, Carol.

*(continued)*

CAROL

Listen, shithead, keep your mutt on a leash! I caught him fucking my dog this morning!

STEWART

Well, it takes two dogs to tangle.

CAROL

I don't want your shitty mutt fucking my purebred.

STEWART

Purebred? It's got spots all over it, man!

CAROL

It's a dalmation, you fucking moron!

STEWART

Dalmation? Oh?

*Thinking, Stewart puts his beer on the roof of Carol's car.*

CAROL

Hey! Get your fucking beer off of my car!

STEWART

Get your car off my fucking beer!

CAROL

I'm calling the police!

*Stewart picks up his beer and pours it all over the car.*

STEWART

Tell 'em I poured beer on your car, man. I'm sure that's a felony.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MOMENTS LATER**

*Sam and Max are talking to Stewart. Max is being a total hardass; Sam more sympathetic.*

*(continued)*

STEWART

Criminal destruction of property?  
I didn't realize that was a  
felony.

MAX

We're going to let it go this  
time, Mr. Bone, on account of your  
recent hospitalization.

SAM

Stewart, do you think, maybe, it  
might be time for you to grow up?

STEWART

You're positively right, Sammy. I  
mean, your officer. Thank you.

MAX

All right then.

*Sam and Max walk off.*

MAX

This is textbook.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—STEWART'S TRAILER—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart enters. His machine is going.*

MESSAGE

...machine doesn't have a message  
tape right now, but if you like  
leave a message, maybe I'm here  
and I'll pick up the phone.

*There is a CLICK and a DIAL TONE before the machine hangs up.*

STEWART

*(to machine)*

I was here, man. You should've  
left a message!

*The place is even more trashed than usual. He takes off his  
pants, grimacing in pain. He goes back to where his bed is,  
looking for something. Lifting up his sleeping bag, he discovers  
the two Sparkys, asleep.*

*(continued)*

STEWART

Sparkys? What are you two still doing here?

*The two Sparkys make GROGGY RESPONSES. Stewart reaches under one of the Sparkys.*

STEWART

Excuse me, man.

*Stewart pulls another pair of pants out from under Sparky Jr., and starts to put it on.*

STEWART

You little dudes should be out playing, man. It's a beautiful day outside.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S TRAILER—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart steps outside and is temporarily blinded. He limps toward his car.*

CAROL

I mean it. If your dog comes near my dog again, I'm going to cut his fucking nuts off!

STEWART

You better not, man! I'm gonna check when I get back.

*Stewart charges by her car, again.*

STEWART

And when I get back, I want your car off my property.

CAROL

It's not on your property. Look at the fence—

*Stewart points to the backward fence, which is off-frame.*

(continued)

STEWART

That's an illegal fence. I should be able to swim in three-quarters of your pool, man.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**SEVERAL MINUTES LATER**

*Stewart is getting in the car.*

STEWART

I don't have time to argue with you all day, Carol. I have to go to work, because I have a *job*. I'm getting one. (*Waving his job leads*) So I don't have time to sit around all day having illegal babies.

CAROL

What the fuck? What are you trying to say, Stewart? That my children are illegitimate?

STEWART

That too, man.

*Stewart starts backing out; Carol continues ranting.*

CAROL

You fucking piece of shit! What if one of my kids heard that, huh—you fucking prick?

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—CAR WASH—LATE MORNING**

*It's not very busy. Stewart is off to the side, wearing a big orange jumpsuit, with the name KYLE over the pocket. CARL, the easy-going, middle-aged manager of the car wash, is giving him the low-down.*

CARL

Okay, this isn't rocket science.

STEWART

I do know some rocket science.

(continued)

CARL

Well, it won't be much of a help here. Just make sure they've got their windows rolled all the way up—all the way.

STEWART

All the way. That a check.

*Carl produces a roll of coat-check type tickets.*

CARL

Then tear one of these tickets in half (*he demonstrates*) give one to the customer and put the other under the wiper. All there is to it. Questions?

STEWART

Which half do I give the customer?

CARL

It doesn't matter.

STEWART

Check. Okay, do I put the other half under the driver side windshield or the other side.

CARL

Doesn't matter.

STEWART

Check.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A LITTLE LATER**

*Stewart is trying to talk to a six-year-old kid sitting in the back of a car with its window rolled 90 percent of the way up.*

STEWART

Sparky? (*louder*) Hey, there, Sparky? (*exasperated*) Can you roll your window down there, Sparky?

*Stewart makes a roll-down-your-window gesture. The kid powers the window about three-quarters of the way down.*

(continued)

STEWART

Good job, Sparky. Now what I want you to do is roll that window all the way up. Roll 'er up there.

*The kid powers the window to the 90 percent level it was before.*

STEWART

*(giving a thumbs up)* All the way up, Sparky.

*The kid gives him a thumbs up back and smiles. Stewart HARUMPHS.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A LITTLE LATER**

*Stewart lifts a windshield wiper to put the ticket under it, but then can't get the wiper to go back down.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A LITTLE LATER AFTER THAT**

*A car pulls in. It should be clear to virtually everyone that the sun roof is open. Stewart super conscientiously checks the tops of all the windows, and gives the driver her ticket.*

STEWART

Here you go. *(Pointing to waiting area)* Free coffee in there, for your convenience.

*Stewart places the ticket, and gives an unnecessary high sign as the car lurches toward the wash.*

*Stewart stands there, trying to look official. The car starts to disappear into the wall of water.*

*Stewart glances over at the waiting area, and sees the customer, her mouth agape, pointing at her car.*

*Stewart looks and sees just as the sun roof is hit with the nozzles and the inside of the car is flooded.*

*Stewart, limping, rushes in after the car.*

*(continued)*

*Stewart, being bounced around by the rolling brushes, makes it to the car and opens the door just as a nozzle was spraying the door, flooding the inside even worse.*

*Stewart, inside the car, tries to operate the sun roof as suds float down, but it's electric.*

*From the other end, we see the car appear; the inside is almost obscured with bubbles. Stewart steps out of the car, completely soaked and soaped, looking pissed.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STREET—SOON THEREAFTER**

*Stewart, his hair matted and soapy, drives as a TRIPHOP REMAKE of "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head" blasts on the radio. He reaches down and looks at his last job lead. He HARUMPHS.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**INT.—CONVENIENCE STORE—ABOUT NOON**

*Stewart is wearing a 7-11 uniform. His hair has dried quite awkwardly, flipping up in a little curl. NANCY, the no-nonsense owner of the store, is giving him his orientation.*

NANCY

Three simple rules, okay? One: I count the register personally at the end of your shift. If there's any money missing, you're fired. Two: You steal anything or eat anything you haven't paid for—I don't care if it's past it's freshness date and we were going to to throw it out anyway—

*Stewart was thinking exactly that.*

NANCY (CONT.)

—you're fired. Three: If your let your friends steal anything, you're fired. That clear?

STEWART

So, you have to do all three of those things to get fired?

(continued)



**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**BEHIND THE COUNTER—A LITTLE LATER**

*Stewart conscientiously re-arranges the point of purchase snacks and candies.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*A ten-year-old kid is standing on the other side of the counter.*

STEWART

I can't sell you cigarettes. It's the law. Sorry.

KID

C'mon, don't be a dork.

STEWART

Don't call me a dork. *(Pointing)*  
Okay, listen, there's a vending machine down at the bowling alley.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A LITTLE LATER**

*Glenn and Dan at the counter. They are buying various snacks.*

STEWART

Can't I get you guys anything else?

GLENN

Yeah, can I have your ass in a bag? For Donnie to kick?

DAN

In a bag.

STEWART

*(Pointing up)*  
I got that on security cam, man.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**A LITTLE LATER**

*Danny, the kid who bought beer from Stewart earlier, is on the other side of the counter, with a YOUNG FEMALE FRIEND. There's a six-pack on the counter.*

DANNY

Why not?

STEWART

Selling beer to minors is illegal.

DANNY

You did before.

STEWART

That was different. Before *I* bought the beer and I just gave you some.

DANNY

You bought it with *my* money.

STEWART

That's a technicality, man.

*Danny looks at his potential new girlfriend, who is looking at him like he's a loser. He reaches to the six-pack, and starts to peel off a couple of cans.*

DANNY

*(imploring)*

I'll give you two.

*Stewart grabs Danny's hand.*

STEWART

That's a big N-O.

DANNY

Three. *Half.*

STEWART

I said *No*, Danny. Now you and your little female companion can get yourself some Slurpees, but otherwise I'm going to have to ask you to stop loitering.

*(continued)*

*Danny walks away with his girl.*

DANNY

Dork.

STEWART

Double dork to you, man!

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MOMENTS LATER**

*Stewart is leaning against the counter, reading a little booklet about his SUN SIGNS. The girl from before comes up to the counter.*

GIRL

Sir, something's wrong with the Slurpee machine.

**AT THE SLURPEE MACHINE**

*Danny has the top open, and is emptying one of those large plastic jars of ketchup into it. Meanwhile, there is cherry Slurpee pouring out.*

STEWART'S VOICE

Oh, great. I haven't been trained in Slurpee.

*Danny quickly steps back and looks innocent. Stewart comes up and sees the Slurpee pouring out and the ketchup container sticking out of the top.*

STEWART

Okay, what's the problem here?

DANNY

I don't know. It won't stop.

*Stewart HARUMPHS. He reaches for the machine.*

STEWART

Well, all you gotta do, man-

(continued)

*As Stewart grabs the handle, it comes off in his hand. Slurpee and ketchup starts to pour out of the handle as well. The two kids, starting to CRACK UP, take off. Stewart is too pre-occupied to notice. Lucille Ball-like, he starts to scoop up the cherry Slurpee with extra big cups, while getting Slurpee all over him. He puts a couple of the cups on the top of the machine.*

DANNY  
(off frame)

Hey, Boner!

**ON STORE ENTRANCE**

*Danny and the girl are standing there, each with a six-pack in each hand.: cheap stuff.*

GIRL

Dork!

*They run out.*

**ON SLURPEE MACHINE**

*A wide shot from the front of the store.*

STEWART

Hey, man!

*Stewart goes to chase them, but slips on Slurpee and falls against the machine into a pool of red Slurpee. The cups he's propped up all fall down.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—CONVENIENCE STORE—A FEW MINUTES LATER**

*Nancy is standing in the doorway, scowling. Stewart, who is covered from head to toe in cherry Slurpee and glops of ketchup, is responding.*

STEWART

That wasn't one of the rules, man!

*Nancy shakes her head and goes into the store without a word. Stewart stands there for a second, staring out, thinking. He looks down at his watch.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

(continued)

**EXT.—STREET—EARLY AFTERNOON**

*Stewart drives along, covered in Slurpee and gloppy ketchup. Blasting on the radio is THE DOOR'S "RIDERS ON THE STORM" Stewart's car pulls up to a light. He looks into the car next to him, where a mom and a young kid are eating "Munchies." The woman looks shocked.*

*A REVERSE ANGLE shows Stewart, covered in red mess, just as the lyrics "There's a killer on the road/His mind is swerving like a toad" play. He smiles.*

STEWART

Afternoon, Mrs. Erganian. Sparky.

**EXT.—MUNCHIE'S**

*Stewart's car pulls up; as he gets out people stare at him.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—MUNCHIE'S—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart waits patiently in line, as customers give him strange, disgusted looks.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**AT THE COUNTER**

*Stewart looks up at the menu and orders.*

STEWART

I'll have a chicken bacon burrito burger. And a Pepsi. No ice. And can I have ice on the side?

*REVERSE ANGLE on SHYRL, a 16-year-old Munchies' employee. She keeps wrinkling her nose.*

SHYRL

Would you like to try our new Texy-Mexy spicy hot curlies?

STEWART

Mm. Sure. Can I get some barbeque sauce with that?

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

(continued)

**MUNCHIE'S BOOTH**

*Vikki and Deby sit at the same side of the booth, Deby on the inside near the window. Vikki has her head down, and keeps nudging Deby, who is staring over in Stewart's direction.*

VIKKI

Don't look. Don't look.

*Stewart slides into the other side with his lunch.*

STEWART

You guys mind if I join you?

*Vikki gives Stewart a good long stare.*

VIKKI

Okey Dokey.

*She gets up and leaves. Stewart HARUMPHS. Dipping a spicy fry into BBQ sauce with one hand, he starts taking ice from his extra cup and putting it in his Pepsi.*

STEWART

Have you tried these spicy hot curly, Deb? Usually, I'm not into fancy fries, but these are pretty good.

*DEBY stares at Stewart, trying to be diplomatic.*

DEBY

Uh, Stewart, you've got something on your shirt.

*STEWART looks down, shrugs.*

STEWART

Slurpee mishap.

*Vikki appears at the window and RAPS on it, gesturing to Deby to come join her.*

STEWART

I'm a little bummed. Hey, did you tell Becky I got a job? Because I had three, but I lost them. Don't tell her that part, okay?

(continued)

*Alison appears, frowning. When Stewart sees her, he gets pissed.*

ALISON

Stewart, I don't know if this is your idea of a sick joke or something.

STEWART

No, Alison. (*standing*) You're the one with the sick jokes!

ALISON

I need you to leave now...

STEWART

You lied to me. First about homecoming! Then about Becky getting fired! I don't know how many other things you lied to me about!

ALISON

Stewart. Leave.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—MUNCHIE ENTRANCE—CONTINUOUS**

*The camera follows Max, Cops-style, as he bursts through the door of Munchies, and to the booth where Stewart is, yelling at Alison.*

STEWART

You're just a big liar, Alison!

*There is a jumble as Max grabs Stewart.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MUNCHIE'S BOOTH—MOMENTS LATER**

*Stewart stands at the booth with his legs spread, and his hand on the table. Everybody is watching.*

STEWART

I didn't kill anybody, man. I never killed anybody.

MAX

Right. You cut yourself shaving.

(continued)

STEWART

This isn't blood, man.

ALISON

*(reluctantly defending Stewart)*  
It's some kind of a joke.

DEBY

It's Slurpee, officer.

STEWART

It is Slurpee, man. Taste it, man!  
Cherry royale!

*Sam looks on, amused. Max sees that he is apparently the only person who thinks Stewart is covered with blood. He looks a little embarrassed, but is trying to save face. He officiously runs his finger along Stewart's shoulder. He tastes it.*

MAX

This is ketchup.

STEWART

I didn't know about the ketchup! I swear!

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—MUNCHIE—MOMENTS LATER**

*Stewart is calling after Sam and Max, who are getting into their car with Munchie's bags.*

STEWART

I was police brutality-ized here!  
This is going on your permanent record!

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—AFTERNOON**

*Stewart pulls up and jumps out, still all covered in red muck. He's in a foul mood. Carol is at the window, nursing a baby. She is shocked.*

STEWART

Don't mess with me, Carol. I'm on the warpath!

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*(continued)*



**INT.—STEWART'S TRAILER—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart shoves open the door and stomps inside. He turns and looks across the trailer, very angry.*

*Sparky and Sparky Jr. are on the other side of the trailer, nursing beers. They are looking at Stewart completely terrorized. The theme from JOSIE AND THE PUSSYCATS is on the TV.*

**ON STEWART**

*He glares at them for a long moment, the light hitting him in a very scary way. In the semi-dark, it really does look like he's covered in blood.*

STEWART

I thought I told you kids to play outside, man!

**ON SPARKY AND SPARKY JR.**

*They stare in horror, sipping their beers. They start to get up.*

SPARKY

Okay.

SPARKY JR.

We're going.

**ON STEWART**

STEWART

*(Regardsing them sternly.)*

When I was your age, man—.

*He notices their terror. He HARUMPHS.*

STEWART

Slurpee. Slurpee!

*The Sparky's look at him, more puzzled than anything. Stewart sits down dejectedly.*

STEWART

Throw me a beer, willya there Sparky Jr.?

*Sparky Jr. throws Stewart a beer; he opens it.*

*(continued)*

STEWART

I didn't mean to unload on you little dudes, man. I just having a really bad day. I got fired from two jobs today. That's gotta be some kind of personal record.

**ON SPARKYS**

*Sparky Jr. is trying to open a beer, holding it away from himself.*

SPARKY

Way to go, Stewart.

SPARKY JR.

*(wincing, expecting spray)*

Yeah, cool.

**ON STEWART**

*Stewart sits on his bed. Sparky the Dog immediately hops up and starts sniffing. Stewart pets him.*

STEWART

It's not "cool" to get fired, man. Every time I've gotten fired, I've thought, "This is not cool." Every time. *(He sips his beer)* I've got no job. No more leads. And the state is cutting off my checks. Becky's gonna think I'm some kind of loser.

SPARKY JR.

*(Off frame)*

Hey, why don't you get a job at the mall?

STEWART

*(lashing out)*

Why don't you get a job at the mall?

**ON THE SPARKYS**

SPARKY JR.

*(sipping beer)*

I can't. Not until I'm sixteen.

*(continued)*

STEWART'S VOICE

Oh, right. Well, I can't get a job at the mall, either. Becky has a job at the mall, man. It'd look like I was stalking her or something.

*A long silence as the Sparky's look in Stewart's direction.*

STEWART'S VOICE

I'm *not* stalking her, man.

SPARKY

We believe you.

STEWART

Who says I'm stalking her?

SPARKY JR.

Everybody.

**ON STEWART**

*He's up, and pacing back and forth across the trailer.*

STEWART

Well I'm not, man. If I was stalking Becky, would I be buying her a hundred roses? *(The Sparkys don't respond)* Well, I'm not stalking Becky. I mean, if I was stalking her, wouldn't she be dead by now?

**ON THE SPARKYS**

*They look quite uncomfortable.*

**ON STEWART**

*He's sits down on his bed, again, staring down. Sparky the Dog starts licking the stuff off him.*

STEWART

What am I supposed to do, man? I don't know what to do.

*(continued)*

**ON SPARKYS**

*They are silent for a few seconds.*

SPARKY  
You should throw a big party.

SPARKY JR.  
That would be superb.

**ON STEWART**

*He sips his beer, mulling this over.*

STEWART  
Maybe.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**INT.—STEWART'S SHOWER**

*Stewart, covered in red muck, turns on the shower. A trickle comes out. He HARUMPHS.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD**

*Stewart in a thong bikini, stands in the middle of the yard, as Sparky Jr. sprays him with the hose. Sparky the Dog dances in the spray. Carol looks on concerned.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—MALL—LATE AFTERNOON**

*Stewart's car pulls into the mall. He gets out, wearing a t-shirt over the thong bikini, a baseball cap and sandals. He still is stained pretty red. He limps to the mall with the two Sparkys*

STEWART  
Okay, we're in Plum 16. Remember that, Sparky and Sparky Jr. Here's a trick I learned: Think about how you would feel if you ate 16 plums.

(continued)

SPARKY

I'd get diarrhea.

*Sparky and Sparky Jr. LAUGH like little kids.*

STEWART

*(serious)*

Okay, man. Now just visualize that.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—MALL—CONTINUOUS**

*Vikki and Deby sit next to that same fountain in the mall. Stewart limps up with the two Sparkys.*

STEWART

Hey, Deb, Vik-kee.

DEBY

Hi, Stewart.

*Vikki regards the two Sparkys.*

VIKKI

I see you've made some friends.

SPARKY

*(awkward)*

We're in your school.

VIKKI

Okey Dokey.

STEWART

*(looking around the mall)*

So, uh, I guess Becky is at work at the—

*Deby starts to finish for him, but suddenly SQUEALS as Vikki pinches her thigh.*

*(continued)*

STEWART

That's okay; I don't need to know.  
It's not like I'm stalking her or  
anything. I just wanted to tell  
Becky that I'm throwing a big  
party in her honor tonight, and,  
like, she's invited.

*Deby looks at Stewart hopefully; Vikki disgustedly.*

STEWART

And you're invited too.

*Deby smiles geniunely, Vikki much less so.*

VIKKI

Okey dokey.

STEWART

So you'll tell her.

VIKKI

Okey dokey.

STEWART

Tell Becky about the party.

VIKKI

Okey dokey.

*Stewart starts to limp away, still unsure.*

STEWART

Okay, see you esta noche, man.

VIKKI

Okey dokey.

STEWART

Tell her, there's gonna be  
refreshments.

**CUT TO:**

**MONTAGE**

*To a remake of Prince's "1999" by someone like Metallica*

*(continued)*

**EXT. -PARTY SUPPLY STORE**

*Stewart and the Sparkys walk in.*

*Stewart and the Sparkys leave with several bags of crap; Sparky Jr. has dozens of Hawaiiin leis around his neck.*

**INT. -SUPERMARKET**

*Stewart and the Sparkys in the chips aisle. Stewart is reading the nutritional information on the back of a package.*

*A jar of "hot" salsa. Stewart picks it up and looks at it. He opens the jar, sticks his finger in and tastes it. He is unimpressed.*

*Sparky Jr. holds a watermelon to his ear and Stewart raps on it. Sparky Jr. can't make a call. Stewart grabs the melon and starts to shake it, dropping it.*

**INT. -MALL**

*Stewart and the Sparkys, loaded with crap, pass a photo booth.*

*All three are inside the booth, taking several pictures: the Sparkys make faces behind him and he's being serious; they give him devils horns; he catches them.*

*They all look seriously at the camera and Stewart gives both Sparky's devil's horns.*

**THE MUSIC FADES**

STEWART

Out, dudes. Stewart's flying solo.

**ON STEWART**

*Four shots of Stewart, posing seriously, as if he is being shot for the cover of GQ.*

**CUT TO:**

**A LARGE BOUQUET OF ROSES**

*Stewart's hand sticks the strip of photos into the center of the bouquet.*

**CUT TO:**

(continued)

**EXT.—BECKY'S HOUSE—LATE AFTERNOON**

*Stewart's car is at the curb. The passenger side doors open and Sparky and Sparky Jr. exit, both carrying 50 roses apiece.*

STEWART

Tell her there's more where that  
came from!

**INT.—LIQUOR STORE—LATER**

*A couple of dozen three-packs of condoms land on a counter; Stewart stands across the counter from store owner Mike, who he also went to high school with.*

MIKE

Big plans for the weekend,  
Stewart?

STEWART

They're party favors, man.

MIKE

Some party.

STEWART

*(on a different wavelength)*  
Yeah, I know, but you gotta be  
responsible.

MIKE

Ah, sure. Will that be all today?

STEWART

No, give me two kegs of Busch and  
a case of long neck Buds.

MIKE

The cops are on to you, Stewart.  
They were in here the other night.  
Danny O'Keefe's dad's a cop. He  
found Danny passed out drunk on  
the front lawn lying in his own  
vomit. Danny said you bought him  
the beer.

*(continued)*



STEWART

I don't even know anybody named  
Danny.

MIKE

The cops came in here and told me  
if I sell beer to you, knowing  
you're dispensing it to minors, I  
could be held responsible.

STEWART

That's why you don't know  
anything.

*Mike looks out the door and sees Sparky and Sparky Jr. looking  
in expectantly.*

MIKE

Stewart, it's been ten years since  
we were in high school, bud. Don't  
you think you should play with  
kids your own age?

*Stewart is distracted by a beer display that features a giant  
bear.*

STEWART

Are you done with that Pabst  
display yet, man?

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—COP CAR—EARLY EVENING**

*Out the window a woman is dragging a sprinkler across the lawn.*

MAX

Pretty quiet for a Saturday night.

SAM

*(teasing him)*

Almost too quiet.

MAX

He *wanted* it to look like blood. I  
mean, "accidentally" spilling a  
couple of gallons of ketchup and  
Slurpee on yourself? How, exactly,  
does that happen?

*(continued)*

SAM

It's a mystery.

MAX

There's something wrong with that  
guy.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—EVENING**

*Stewart, wearing a big Hawaiian shirt over his thong bikini, holds a long neck with an umbrella sticking out. He is talking to DOUGIE, the 14-year-old leader of the band, GAG REFLEX.*

DOUGIE

If you wanted Hawaiian music, you should have hired a fucki-tiki band. Gag Reflex plays thrash metal, and only thrash metal, 24 hours a day. Every day

STEWART

There's an extra ten, man.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**MOMENTS LATER**

*As Gag Reflex, with no member over fifteen, plays a THRASH METAL VERSION OF THE HAWAII FIVE-O THEME, Stewart walks around with his long neck checking to make sure all the tiki lamps are lit. He bends down to put a lei on Sparky.*

STEWART

Y'gotta wear this, Sparky. Show everybody you're a real party hound.

*He re-adjusts the lei on the beer display bear.*

*ANOTHER ANGLE shows the arriving guests, all high school students.*

STEWART

Aloha, man. If you wanna get lei-ed, there's a big pile over there.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

(continued)

**A FEW MINUTES LATER**

*The party is cranking. Gag Reflex is playing a THRASH METAL "WIPEOUT." Several kids wearing leis are drinking and chatting amicably. Stewart walks through the crowd, taller than everybody else, toward his trailer. He opens the door.*

STEWART

Hey, man! Cut that out!

*Danny and his little girlfriend scurry out of the trailer, half dressed.*

STEWART

*(calling after them)*

You shouldn't be doing that at your age, man! And use a condom! They're complimentary!

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**SEVERAL MINUTES LATER**

*Vikki and Deby, both with beers, are talking again to Brett and Alex, who again have beers and are acting like big college students.*

BRETT

This party's lame. At school, this would be, like, a study break.

*Stewart walks up.*

STEWART

*(to Brett and Alex, sort of joking)*

Can I see some IDs, boys?

*Brett, stone-faced, turns his beer cup over and pours it out; he walks away. Alex follows suit. Stewart HARUMPHS, and turns to Deby and Vikki.*

STEWART

So you guys having fun?

VIKKI

Past tense.

*(continued)*

DEBY

Thank you for inviting us,  
Stewart.

STEWART

So, where's Becky?

DEBY

Becky's not coming, Stewart.

STEWART

Becky's not coming?

VIKKI

I guess nobody told her about it.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER**

*Stewart leans against his trailer, tropical drink in hand, brooding. A THRASH METAL "TINY BUBBLES" is playing. Danny staggers in front of him, clearly drunk, and falls to the ground.*

STEWART

Go puke on your own lawn, Danny.

*Deby approaches; she has pulled her top down to reveal more cleavage and appears tipsy*

DEBY

Stewart, I want you to know, I tried to tell Becky about the party. I wanted to. But Vikki wouldn't let me.

STEWART

*(snappish)*

Yeah, well do you not do everything that Vikki doesn't let you do?

DEBY

Yeah, I guess. *(She looks as if she's about the cry)* I'm sorry, Stewart.

*(continued)*

*Stewart, feeling guilty, puts his hand around her shoulder and begins walking. He looks around at the mostly underage drinkers acting like kids.*

STEWART

It's okay, man. This party sucks anyway.

DEBY

*(still sniffing)*

No, it doesn't Stewart. I'm having a really good time.

STEWART

Look at these kids, man. They shouldn't be drinking this much.

*Stewart reaches down and yanks Sparky Jr. by the nape of his neck.*

STEWART

I'm cutting you off, Sparky.

SPARKY, JR.

*(sing song, laughing)*

Soo....Perb.

*Stewart drops him and he crumples to the ground. Deby screws up her courage.*

DEBY

Stewart, um, would you like to dance?

STEWART

*(Clueless)*

No thanks, Deb. I'm saving the last dance for Becky.

*Deby steps up and kisses Stewart; he recoils, eyes abug.*

DEBY

*(frustrated and upset)*

Come on, Stewart.

*(continued)*

STEWART

*(Shocked)*

Deb, we can't be makin' out like that, in front of all these impressionable youngsters.

*Deby grabs Stewart's hand and puts it on her breast.*

DEBY

Stewart, let's go in your trailer.

*Stewart stands there for second, his hand on Deby's breast, not really processing everything. Suddenly, he pulls his hand off as if it had been placed on big soft, white hot coal. Deby pushes back in to him.*

DEBY

What's the matter, Stewart?

STEWART

*(Pushing her away)*

Deb, as much as I appreciate the free walk to second base, I can't be doing that with you.

DEBY

*(leaning in again, desperate)*

Why not?

STEWART

Deb, you may have the body of girl, but you're just a kid

DEBY

I'm a month older than Becky!

STEWART

*(Confused but interested)*

Huh, yeah? So then how old is Becky, exactly?

*Glenn and Dan interrupt. They are drunk and belligerent. The opening thrash bars of a cover of DICK DALE'S "BONZAI WASHOUT" can be heard. Deby stays, but stares gloweringly.*

GLENN

Hey, Bone. You got lucky tonight.

*(continued)*

STEWART

What are you talking about, Glenn?

GLENN

Donnie would be kicking your ass  
*right now*, only he has to work.

STEWART

Donnie can't kick my ass. He's not  
even invited.

GLENN

Donnie doesn't need an invitation  
to kick your ass.

STEWART

Glenn, you keep saying Donnie's  
gonna kick my ass, but he never  
does, man.

GLENN

He will. Donnie *will* kick your  
ass.

STEWART

I don't even know why Donnie wants  
to kick my ass, man. It was *your*  
gym shorts I pulled down in eighth  
grade.

GLENN

That has nothing to do with it,  
Bone!

STEWART

It's not my fault you weren't  
wearing your jock strap, as is  
required.

GLENN

Shut *up* Bone!

STEWART

And I *hope* it's not my fault you  
had a boner!

*Glenn leaps on Stewart.*

(continued)

GLENN

*I DID NOT HAVE A BONER!*

*Over a particularly energetic "Bonzai Washout" cover, a brawl breaks out. Kids push each other around, squirt each other with beer, etc. Stewart and Glenn wrestle like kids.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—COP CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*Sam is now in a talkative mood.*

SAM

I really don't think Stewart is dangerous, Max. Not unless you sat next to him in French class. *(laughing, remembering)* I swear, not a day went by when he didn't ask me if I wanted to *(she makes finger quotes)* "practice French" after class.

MAX

It's cute when you're a kid.

SAM

It was kind of cute.

*The radio CRACKLES.*

RADIO

Adam One, better get over to Stewart's. Some kind of melee going on over there.

*Max, without a word, turns on the siren.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—MOMENTS LATER**

*As a THRASH METAL TRADITIONAL HULA plays, Glenn and Dan have Stewart surrounded. He is frozen in a martial art pose, as if he's about to take them both on, Lorenzo Llamas-style.*

STEWART

C'mon! Time for a little chop suey action!

**CUT TO:**

*(continued)*



**STEWART'S TRAILER**

*A bunch of drunk 13-year-olds—the two Sparkys among them—are rocking Stewart's trailer, threatening to tip it over. Sparky the Dog is BARKING at them.*

**TIGHT ON STEWART**

*Seeing this, Stewart is distracted.*

STEWART

Hey, man—that's not a toy!

*Before he can finish, Glenn and Dan rush into the FRAME from both sides, taking him down.*

**ON TRAILER**

*The whole trailer tips over on its side with a big CREAKING CRASH. The kids CHEER.*

**CUT TO:**

**SQUAD CAR**

*OVER THE SHOULDER shot as the squad car screams up to the scene. Through the windshield, several kids can be seen scrambling. The camera tries to follow Sam and Max as they leap out of the car, but the door is locked. Sam leans back in and unlocks the door and they're off, and into the melee.*

*The camera follows the cop through the sea of drunk kids. Max is in the lead, looking really determined. Then he slips on something, and falls down embarrassingly. Sam runs past him.*

*Stewart manages to extricate himself from Glenn and Dan for only a moment before he is hit by Sam, who knocks him OUT OF THE FRAME.*

STEWART

(OF)

Ow! You hurt my arm, man!

*PAN OVER to show Sam has Stewart's face pushed against the tipped over trailer.*

**CUT TO:**

(continued)

**INT.—JAIL CELL—VERY LATE AT NIGHT**

*Stewart is sitting by himself on the floor of cell. He still has a cherry stain of one half of his face.*

*ANOTHER ANGLE shows the other side of cell, which has two bunk beds housing at least a dozen 14-year-olds. Sparky Jr. is CRYING.*

STEWART'S VOICE

I wouldn't cry if I was you, man.  
They don't like crybabies in  
prison.

SPARKY JR.

My dad's going to kill me.

STEWART

If that's your biggest problem,  
consider yourself lucky.

**ON STEWART**

STEWART

You're lucky, man. You could be some eight year old kid splitting a handful of Cherrios with your little step-sister. And your half-baby brother has been crying so long you don't even hear it anymore, and you don't even notice when the cops take away your mom. You could spend the rest of your life bouncing around foster homes where your foster parents are only in it for the monthly check that they use to build a gazebo in their back yard that you're not even allowed to play in. So consider yourself lucky, man. A lot of kids can't even dream of getting drunk with their friends, let alone having a dad who cares enough to want to kill them.

(continued)

**ON KIDS**

*They're dumbstruck. Finally, Sparky speaks.*

SPARKY

Stewart, you've really had a shitty life.

**ON STEWART**

STEWART

No, that was Ricky Schroder. It was this movie he made right after they canceled *Silver Spoons*.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—JAIL—PROCESSING**

*Stewart is paying his bail.*

STEWART

When do I get my kegs back, man?

CLERK

They're evidence.

STEWART

I got a \$40 deposit on 'em. Can't you just take a picture of them or something?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—2 A.M.**

*Stewart, who has had to walk from the police station, arrives home, limping. He throws a beer can to the ground. He is in a very foul mood, and drunker than before.*

*Carol is at her window, breast-feeding a child. She doesn't really feel like getting in an argument and so speaks in a normal tone of voice. Also, she might be high.*

STEWART

I don't want to see that, Carol!

CAROL

Stewart. Could you have some decency for once and keep quiet?

(continued)

STEWART

You're the one being indecent,  
man.

CAROL

Go to sleep, Stewart.

STEWART

*(getting louder)*

I'm not tired, man. I'm sick and  
tired! Of your car being on my  
property!

CAROL

C'mon, Stewart. Keep it down.

STEWART

*(even louder)*

No, man, you keep it down! On your  
own property!

*Stewart limps over to his car.*

STEWART

This is it, man! The finally  
showdown. Between good and evil!

CAROL

Stewart.

STEWART

I'm going to deliver me from those  
who trespass against me, man!

*Stewart starts his car, revs the engine loudly. The stereo kicks  
in, playing something really loud. Stewart pulls his car up in  
front of Carol's.*

CAROL

*(Yelling)*

What are you doing?

*Stewart puts his car in reverse and slams into the back of  
Carol's car. He revs it hard, to push her car.*

CAROL

*(Screaming)*

You idiot! You stupid dumbfuck!

*(continued)*

*When Carol's car doesn't move very much, Stewart pulls forward a few feet, then slams back into it.*

**INT.—JAIL CELL—VERY, VERY LATE AT NIGHT**

*Stewart is sitting on the floor of jail cell, the same as before. He looks over at the bunk.*

*Danny is the only kid sitting there.*

STEWART

So, your dad teaching you a lesson, huh?

DANNY

Yeah.

STEWART

I wish my dad had taught me that lesson, man.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—JAIL—PROCESSING**

*Stewart is at the bail counter.*

STEWART

I already paid bail, man—before. I got the ticket here somewhere.

CLERK

Do you want to go home or not?  
Makes no difference to me.

STEWART

*(getting money out)*

Okay, but I think that's double jeopardy, man.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—4A.M.**

*Stewart arrives home again, carrying another beer, and walks passed the two cars, which are sort of jackknifed together. He goes to throw the beer can at Carol's house, but instead his hand falls to his side and he just drops it.*

*(continued)*

**FADE TO BLACK**

**FADE UP ON:**

**INT.—TRAILER—MORNING**

*There is BARKING outside, and YELLING. A lump on the side of the trailer comes to life. The camera rotates to show that it's Stewart; the trailer is still turned over on its side and he's moved the mattress to the wall.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—TRAILER—CONTINUOUS**

*The door to the trailer opens, like a submarine hatch. Stewart sticks his head out, and sees something that makes him mad. He struggles, not very successfully, to get out. He is wearing his red-stained pants and a new shirt.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart wades quickly through the disaster, inadvertantly waking a kid, who was sleeping under some refuse, over to where Carol is throwing various large heavy household objects at Sparky, which is barking at her.*

STEWART

Hey, there, Spark!

CAROL

You fucking mongrel shitbag!

STEWART

Don't call my dog a shitbag,  
Carol.

CAROL

Your fucking shitbag dog got mine  
pregnant, Stewart. I told you this  
would happen!

STEWART

Your dog is pregnant?

(continued)

CAROL

What did I just say?

STEWART

*(petting dog)*

Way to go, Sparky! You're gonna have puppies!

CAROL

Oh, no. Oh, no he isn't. My dog is going to have an abortion.

*Stewart moves toward his car.*

STEWART

Those puppies are half mine and Sparky's, man. Your dog can't have an abortion!

CAROL

Yes, she can—and you're going to pay for it!

STEWART

I'm not paying for your dog's abortion, Carol.

*Stewart gets into his car.*

CAROL

Yes you are, you fucking piece of shit idiot!

*Stewart responds by SLAMMING his door shut and hitting the STEREO. He lurches the car forwards, then backs around Carol's car. He stops abruptly, and pulls back up. A beer can flies through his passenger window and hits Carol's car.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—BECKY'S HOUSE—LATE MORNING**

*Stewart pulls up, and he gets out of the car. In the trash can at the end of the drive are 100 roses. Stewart HARUMPHS.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**BECKY'S DOOR**

*Stewart keeps RINGING the bell. The door finally opens, and it's those two five-year-old white-haired identical twins.*

STEWART

I need to see Becky.

TWIN ONE

*(turning back)*

Daddy!

STEWART

Nobody likes a squealer, little dude. C'mon, as a personal favor, mano a mano, I need to know where Becky is. It's an emergency.

*The twins look at each other and then back at Stewart.*

TWIN ONE

She's at church.

TWIN TWO

She's praying.

STEWART

Thanks, dudes. I owe you.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—CHURCH—A LITTLE LATER**

*Stewart enters the back of the church. Mass is in progress; they are singing a very religious HYMM.*

ALL

*(singing)*

*One man come in the name of love  
One man come and go  
One man come he to justify  
One man to overthrow*

*Stewart stands in the back quietly, looking around.*

ALL

*(singing)*

*In the name of love  
He died in the name of love*

*(continued)*



*In the name of love  
He died in the name of love*

*Stewart scans the faces of the wonderful families, including several couples his age with small children.*

ALL  
(singing)  
*One man came from Galilee  
One man he led us  
One man washed the apostle's feet  
One man betrayed with a kiss*

*In CLOSE-UP, Stewart looks as if he's having an epiphany.*

ALL  
(singing)  
*In the name of love  
He died in the name of love  
In the name of love  
He died in the name of love*

*The hymn ends. The priest steps up to the altar to continue.*

STEWART'S VOICE  
Uh, excuse me.

**ON STEWART**

STEWART  
Sorry to interrupt, but I was wondering if Becky D'Agastino was, uh, in the house of worship.

**ON ALTAR**

*The perplexed priest looks around for a moment.*

OFF-FRAME PARISHIONER  
They were at the 10:45.

*The priest nods.*

**ON STEWART**

*He talks as he exits.*

(continued)

STEWART

Thank you. Please continue. God  
bless you.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—BECKY'S FRONT DOOR—MOMENTARILY**

*It's the twins.*

TWIN ONE

She's at work.

TWIN TWO

She's working.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—MALL—LATER**

*Vikki and Deby are at the fountain. Stewart limps up anxiously.*

STEWART

Hey, Deb, Vikki.

*Deby tries her best to seem uninterested; Vikki is viciously  
solicitous.*

VIKKI

I'm so sorry Becky couldn't be at  
your party. I told her *all* about  
it.

STEWART

You gotta tell me where Becky  
works.

VIKKI

You sound a little obsessed,  
*Stewart.*

STEWART

I just gotta talk to her, man.

VIKKI

What makes you think she wants to  
talk to you?

STEWART

I didn't say she wanted to talk to  
me. I said I wanted to talk to  
her.

*(continued)*

VIKKI

Well, I don't think Becky wants to be seen with an unemployed... practically homeless...28-year-old man who hangs out with 14-year-old boys and gets them drunk and then pours cherry Slurpees all over himself...

STEWART

That's not a fair summary of the events, man.

*Stewart looks to Deby for support. She stares straight at him with quivering indifference.*

DEBY

You are kind of a loser, Stewart.

*CLOSE on Stewart. He takes this in. He shakes it off with a HARUMPH.*

**INT.—ELSEWHERE IN THE MALL—MONTAGE**

*Stewart looks for Becky to a remake of The Police's "Every Breath You Take," preferably by someone like KISS or Alice Cooper in their "Beth" or "Only Women Bleed" mode.*

**PRETZEL STAND**

*Stewart talks to the manager of a pretzel stand, apparently insisting that Becky is there. The manager keeps pointing to the booth, showing he's the only one there.*

**THE GAP**

*Stewart walks in with a pretzel.*

*He walks out wearing a different pair of pants.*

**STEREO STORE**

*Stewart walks in.*

*Stewart walks out, yelling after himself.*

(continued)

STEWART

I didn't steal that boombox, man.  
I don't even own a boombox!

**BEAUTY SHOP**

*Stewart talking to a Japanese manicurist, using his hands apparently trying to describe Becky. She shakes her head no. He bows his head to thank her. She bows back, looking at him funny.*

**SHOE STORE**

*Stewart stands outside, yelling in.*

STEWART

She was too fat for those shoes,  
man! Some one had to tell her!

**ICE CREAM PARLOR**

*Stewart walks out, licking an ice cream cone, looking glum.*

**MONTAGE**

*INTERCUT the façades of several mall stores with Stewart's long face, as he continues to lick his ice cream with increasing desperation. The song winds down.*

**MALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT**

*Stewart is backing out, yelling at someone.*

STEWART

That was a 15-minute break, man!  
You're not supposed to count  
travelling time.

*Stewart HARUMPHS as he walks out of frame. A teenager dressed in the ridiculous turn-of-the-century waiter's outfit/handlebar mustache get-up appears at the door, putting his hands on his hips, like Italian storeowners in silent movies.*

**CUT TO:**

**HAMMOND ORGAN STORE**

*A large sign in the window says EXPERIENCED SALES HELP WANTED. Stewart limps in.*

(continued)

**HAMMOND ORGAN STORE COUNTER**

*COLIN, the slightly affected young manager, takes one look at Stewart and assumes he's not a customer.*

COLIN  
You're here to apply for the job?

STEWART  
*(confused)*  
Uh, only if Becky D'Agastino  
doesn't work here.

COLIN  
No, she does not.

STEWART  
Do you know where she does work?

COLIN  
No, I do not. Do you have any  
sales experience?

STEWART  
Oh, sure. Lots.

COLIN  
And can you play the organ?

*Stewart is flummoxed for a second, then responds.*

STEWART  
Sure. That's like keyboards,  
right?

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**FRONT OF STORE**

*Stewart is playing the main guitar line from EDGAR WINTER'S "FRANKENSTEIN" but with a calypso backbeat turned on. A crowd gathers. Colin is impressed.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A FEW MINUTES LATER**

*Colin and Stewart are shaking hands.*

COLIN  
So then, you'll start Monday?

*(continued)*

STEWART

Uh, sure. I'm not doing anything Monday. That's tomorrow, right?

COLIN

Yes, ten-o'-clock. And good luck finding this Becky.

STEWART

Thanks, man. Same to you.

COLIN

You might want to try the food court. They hire a lot of teenagers there.

STEWART

Thanks again, man.

*Stewart limps off as Colin watches, wondering if he made the right decision.*

**CUT TO:**

**UPPER DECK OF MALL**

*Over the shoulder shot as Stewart approaches the center of the mall, where the food court is. There is a big commotion.*

*Stewart reaches the balcony, and looks down into:*

**HIGH ANGLE--THE BEAR PIT**

*In the center of the foodcourt, a large crowd has gathered around a small bearded man with a large, apparently very old brown bear*

**CLOSER IN--NORMAL ANGLE**

*The circus bear is wearing what appears to be a large red wrestling outfit emblazoned with a Soviet hammer and sickle. A sign behind him reads:*

"Hey, hey, it's

**Yuri Bear!"**

Are you 'American' enough

(continued)

**To beat 'Russian Bear'?**  
**\$10/3 Minutes**

*The man is YAKOV SMIRNOV, playing himself. Speaking into a crappy portable microphone speaker system, he is trying to stir up the mostly young crowd with his trademark comedy.*

SMIRNOV

Back in old Soviet Union, Yuri  
here was KGB agent in Siberia.  
Until they found out he was a  
bear. Then they promoted him to  
Leningrad!

*The crowd doesn't get it. Smirnov tries another tack.*

SMIRNOV

So, everybody asks me, does the  
Russian Bear crap in the woods?  
And I say, in Russia, no toilet  
paper—everybody crap in the woods.

*They all laugh at this.*

SMIRNOV

Good. Okay. Who will take on the  
Russian bear, show him that U.S.  
can kick his ass?

*In the crowd, guys goad other guys and girlfriends prod their  
boyfriends, but no one steps up.*

SMIRNOV

This is your chance to be a true  
patriot.

*Nobody moves.*

SMIRNOV

*(selling it)*

It really impresses the chicks!

*A guy in the crowd is shaking his head no to his girlfriend. A  
voice comes from behind.*

STEWART

I will, man.

*(continued)*

*Stewart heroically steps out of the crowd, between the boyfriend and girlfriend. Smirnov pulls him into the center of the circle.*

SMIRNOV

And what is your name, patriotic American?

STEWART

Stewart.

MALE VOICE FROM CROWD

The Boner!

*Everybody laughs, Stewart HARUMPHS it off.*

STEWART

*(to Smirnov)*

Can I dedicate this match?

SMIRNOV

Your ten dollars.

*Stewart leans too far into the mike.*

STEWART

I want to dedicate this match to the most beautiful creature on this planet earth, Becky D'Agastino.

*There is a BUZZ in the crowd. Two high school girls GASP, and one of them runs off, presumably to tell Becky.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A COUPLE MINUTES LATER**

*Close on Stewart and Smirnov. Stewart is now wearing a blue wrestler's helmet (it's a little small) and an oversized American Gladiators sweatshirt. Smirnov is whispering to Stewart, who is flexing his muscles like a fighter in his corner.*

SMIRNOV

Do not punch the bear. Do not bite the bear. Do not yell at the bear. Let the bear control the match. He knows what he is doing.

*(continued)*



STEWART

But I'm going to win, right?

*Smirnov pats Stewart on the shoulder.*

SMIRNOV

Bear will make you look good.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**ON SMIRNOV**

SMIRNOV

Ladies and gentleman, in this corner, weighing 650 pounds, the Russian mauler, Yuri Bear!

*The bear shifts from foot to foot. The crowd applauds wildly.*

SMIRNOV

And in this corner, weighing... about 150, 160 pounds, the American patriot missile, Stewart D'Boner!

*Scattered applause, some laughs. Smirnov looks down at his watch.*

SMIRNOV

Okay, go. Three minutes.

*Stewart raises a fist defiantly.*

STEWART

For Becky!

*Smirnov turns on THE THEME FROM ROCKY on his crappy tape player.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**THE WRESTLING PIT**

*The two participants circle each other warily.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

(continued)

**MOMENTS LATER**

*Stewart puts the bear in the a front headlock, but it sort of grunts and he backs away. People LAUGH.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**A FEW SECONDS AFTER THAT**

*Again, Stewart is keeping a safe distance.*

MALE VOICE FROM CROWD  
Hey, Stewart, Becky's here!

*Stewart looks over where the voice is coming from and the bear jumps on him.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**ON THE MAT**

*Stewart is squirming on his belly to get up. People are LAUGHING.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**SECONDS LATER**

*Stewart is now squirming on his back, almost pinned. The bear just sort of just lays on top. The "Gotta Fly Now" part of the Rocky Theme is playing.*

*An anxious Stewart looks up.*

**HIS POV**

*LIGHTENING QUICK CUTS of different sections of the crowd. All the teenagers are LAUGHING.*

**CLOSE ON STEWART**

*Smirnov pokes his head in the frame, from above.*

SMIRNOV  
Don't worry. This is not a time to panic.

*Smirnov's head disappears from the frame. Stewart looks panicked.*

(continued)

**HIS POV**

*More LAUGHING teens, peering down at him. Vikki and Brett, entwined, are LAUGHING derisively. Deby just looks down at Stewart, smirking hatefully.*

**CLOSE ON STEWART**

*He starts pushing at the bear.*

STEWART

C'mon, bear! This isn't funny,  
man.

*The bear doesn't budge. Stewart punches him.*

**QUICK CUT TO:****FROM BEHIND THE CROWD.**

*The Bear ROARS.*

STEWART'S VOICE

Hey, man! I'm sorry, man!

*The Bear ROARS again. The crowd begins to turn away, afraid.*

STEWART'S VOICE

Ow! Jesus—! Uncle, man! Uncle!

*More people turn away, looking sickened.*

**CUT TO:****ON TV**

*The Three Stooges. Moe is pulling Larry by the nose, or some such thing to make him yelp in pain. A pair of legs walk in front of the screen and stop.*

GLENN

I'm tellin' you, Donnie. You gotta  
do something about Stewart.

**DONNIE'S LAIR—CONTINUOUS**

*It's an ordinary-looking lower middle-class living room. Glenn, who has a black eye and bruised lip, is standing in front of "The Three Stooges." He starts pacing back and forth again.*

(continued)

GLENN

This Stewart situation demands your attention, Donnie. This kind of behavior can't be tolerated.

*ANOTHER ANGLE reveals DONNIE and Dan sitting on the couch, with a bowl of chips and some beers in front of them. Donnie doesn't quite come up to his billing; he's shorter than Dan, and smaller, with a kind of a goatee thing going. (Casting suggestion: Rick Linklater) He doesn't at all seem the bully he's been portrayed all along. Donnie and Dan both keep bobbing their heads back and forth, to see around Glenn.*

DONNIE

Glenn, I've got no beef with Stewart. I don't think I've even seen him in five years.

GLENN

But he's disrespecting you, Donnie. He says he's not afraid of you.

DONNIE

He doesn't have any reason to be afraid of me. Glenn, could you stop the pacing?

*Glenn stops right in front of the TV.*

GLENN

He's disrespecting you, Donnie.

DONNIE

*(Off frame)*

Glenn.

GLENN

*(seeing he's in front of the TV, moves) He's disrespecting you, man. (He sighs in exasperation, then something occurs to him) You know what he called you, Donnie? He called you...a fat pig. He called you a fat pig, Donnie.*

*(continued)*

*Donnie, with his hand in the potato chips, freezes. Dan watches the TV, oblivious to all this*

DONNIE

He did?

GLENN

Called you a fat motherfuckin' pig.

*Donnie takes his hand out of the chips and mulls this.*

DONNIE

Do you think I'm fat?

GLENN

No, Donnie. I'd never call you a fat motherfuckin' pig.

DONNIE

Dan, you think I'm fat?

DAN

*(reaching in for some chips himself)*

Nope.

DONNIE

I could lose a few.

GLENN

It doesn't mean Stewart can go around calling you a gross oily fat motherfuckin' pig.

DONNIE

I need to work out more.

GLENN

*(trying to get back on track)*  
Listen, Stewart also said, he said you were a fag.

DONNIE

Fag, you mean like a pussy?

GLENN

No, fag, like a homo.

*(continued)*

DONNIE

That's ridiculous. I'm not gay.

GLENN

Yeah, but he says that 'cause you hang around with us.

DONNIE

*(just curious)*

You guys are gay?

GLENN

No, it's just because we're a bunch of guys, hanging out together. He says we're all a bunch of fags. And you're a big fat fag.

DONNIE

That's just silly.

GLENN

*(getting desperate)*

Stewart says he knows you're gay...because...in gym class, you always had a boner in the shower.

DONNIE

*(finally shocked)*

I didn't have gym with him! He said that?

GLENN

Yeah *(making thumb and forefinger gesture)* Little boner. Big fat fag. Little tiny boner.

*Donnie is pissed. He seethes for two full second.*

DONNIE

*(momentously)*

I'm gonna have to kick his ass.

**CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**INT.—HOSPITAL—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart is sitting on a chair in the emergency room, his shirt completely shredded. A nurse is dressing his many and various wounds, talking mostly to herself.*

NURSE

We get enough real injuries in here. We don't need idiots wrestling bears, for godsakes. *Wrestling bears.* Is that even legal?

STEWART

*(looking off-frame)*

Don't ask me, man. I'm not a lawyer.

*REVERSE ANGLE reveals the lawyer from before, sitting on a folding chair next to Smirnov. Again, the lawyer takes Stewart's statement as being smarter than it is.*

LAWYER

I think the salient point is that you signed a waiver.

STEWART

I didn't sign anything, man.

*The lawyer glances at a chastened Smirnov, and momentarily bites his lip in thought.*

LAWYER

There's certainly an implied waiver. What's really germane here is the issue of contributory negligence. Mr. Bone, I understand you punched the bear?

STEWART

He beat the shit out of me, man.

LAWYER

After you deliberately provoked him by punching him, even though you were instructed specifically not to do so.

*(continued)*

STEWART

That bear was humiliating me in front of Becky. He was supposed to take a dive, man!

LAWYER

Did you or did you not punch the bear?

STEWART

Okay, you got me, man. But I want my ten dollars back.

*The lawyer looks smugly to a grinning Smirnov.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—MID AFTERNOON**

*Donnie's car squeals up onto Stewart's yard. Glenn and Dan hop out, and stride purposely toward the trailer like mob thugs.*

*They get to the side (bottom) of the trailer, and Glenn tries to jump up to climb on top. He gets a leg up but then falls down.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

*Dan boosts of Glenn onto the top of the trailer. Glenn, on his knees, knocks on the door.*

GLENN

Oh, Stewart—somebody here to kick your ass.

**CUT TO:**

**INSIDE THE CAR**

*Donnie is stone-faced.*

SONG ON RADIO

*And one tin soldier walks away....*

SUPER-MELLOW ANNOUNCER

You are listening to WSVN, the lite rock you remember...from the seventies.

*The opening bars of the opening bars of Blue Swede's version of "Hooked on a Feeling"*

(continued)



SONG ON RADIO  
*Ugga chakka ugga chakka.*

DONNIE  
*(to himself)*  
I'm gonna kick his ass..

*Donnie impatiently turns toward the window.*

**OUTSIDE THE CAR**

*The tinted window rolls down—similar to when the mob chief is revealed in other movies—except it's a manual window and it SQUEAKS.*

DONNIE  
What's going on?

**ON THE TRAILER**

*Glenn's head has disappeared inside the door. It emerges.*

GLENN  
He's not home.

*As he says this, Sparky the dog hops out of the door.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*They drive along quiet streets, silently. Max is pouting. After a few seconds, Sam speaks.*

SAM  
Doughnuts?

*Max doesn't speak for a couple of seconds.*

MAX  
Not hungry.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—DUSK**

*Stewart's car pulls up; he gets out, all bandaged, carrying a 32 ounce bottle of beer. He looks really depressed. He lifts his arm to throw the bottle and winces in pain.*

*(continued)*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**THE TRAILER**

*Stewart struggles up onto it.*

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**SECONDS LATER**

*Stewart looks down the open door.*

STEWART

Hey, Sparky. Your master is home.

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**INT.—TRAILER**

*Stewart climbs a step ladder and out of the trailer.*

STEWART

Sparky?

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**SECONDS LATER**

*Stewart is lifting blankets off his makeshift bed.*

STEWART

Sparky?

**ROUGH CUT TO:**

**THE YARD**

*Stewart is walking around with another beer bottle, this one in a paper bag, scouring his property.*

STEWART

Sparky? C'mere, boy! Come on, Sparky. Olly Olly Auction, come out! Come out! Wherever you are!

CAROL'S VOICE

He's gone, Stewart.

STEWART

I didn't ask for your opinion, Carol.

*Carol is in her window, breast-feeding and smoking a joint. She is in a serene place.*

(continued)

CAROL

I told you if I caught that little  
shit running around, what I'd do.

STEWART

You cut off Sparky's testicles?

CAROL

No, I called Animal Control. They  
said they'd do it for me. Now  
maybe your dog won't be sticking  
his dick where it doesn't belong.

STEWART

You called the pound? You fingered  
my dog?

*Carol takes a drag and exhales. Stewart starts toward his car.*

STEWART

That's it, Carol. That's the last  
straw. You broke the camel's back.  
You and I are no longer friends!

*Stewart jumps in the car and starts it up. He steps out of the  
car, pointing the bag and bottle at Carol.*

STEWART

And I'm definitely not paying for  
your dog's abortion now, man!

*Stewart gets back in the car and slams into reverse, fishtailing  
around, continuing in reverse before peeling forward.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—DONNIE'S CAR—DUSK**

*Everyone looks very earnest and determined, a look somewhat  
undermined by the fact the Leo Sayer song playing on the radio.*

FROM RADIO

*You make me feel like dancing...*

**CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**EXT.—THE POUND—EVENING**

*Stewart's car screams up to the entrance of The Bone Animal Control Center, skidding to a stop. He leaps from the car holding the paper bag and stumbles to the ground. He drinks from the paper bag and walks in.*

**INT.—POUND—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart bursts in holding the bag. There is a young man behind the counter, watching television.*

STEWART

Where's Sparky?

MAN

*(without looking up from the TV)*  
Come back tomorrow. We're closed.

STEWART

I want Sparky, man.

MAN

Tomorrow morning, 10 a.m.

*Stewart, who was fishing around in the paper bag to get his beer, begins waving the bag around.*

STEWART

No, man. Right now.

*The man looks up at Stewart holding the paper bag and his demeanor immediately changes*

MAN

Is that a gun?

STEWART

*(determined, pointing bag at him)*  
Free Sparky, man.

MAN

Okay, okay. Just don't, okay.

STEWART

Okay.

*The man leads Stewart back to the cages.*

*(continued)*

MAN

Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay,  
okay, you're not kill me, right?

STEWART

Sparky, man.

MAN

Okay, okay, okay. here, we'll,  
okay, okay, okay, okay, don't,  
okay. Okay. Uh, okay, so which  
one's yours.

*Stewart thinks for a moment.*

STEWART

No way, man. You were gonna try to  
trace me through my dog.

MAN

No, I wasn't. I wasn't. I wasn't.

STEWART

Release 'em all, man.

MAN

What?

STEWART

I said let 'em all go.

MAN

Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay...

*The cages start opening and the dogs start tearing out.*

STEWART

Go home. Go home to your masters!  
Lassies, go home!

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—DONNIE'S CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*Donnie is sitting in the back by himself. Michael Murphy's  
"Wildfire" is playing on the radio. Glenn and Dan hop in with  
big Munchie's bags and drinks.*

*(continued)*

GLENN

He got his ass kicked by a bear  
down at the mall this afternoon.  
Nobody's seen him since.

*Glenn hands a bag back to Donnie, who opens it and peeks in.*

DONNIE

If he thinks that bear kicked his  
ass...

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—TRAILER—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart sits in his turned over trailer, drinking heavily .  
Elvis Costello's "I Want You" is playing loudly. Outside the  
sound of MANY DOGS BARKING can be heard. Stewart gives Sparky  
some beer.*

STEWART

I'm sorry they cut off your  
testicles, Sparky.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*Outside the window, SEVERAL DOGS run by. Max and Sam stare  
straight ahead and don't seem to notice. Max's eyes are slits.  
Sam, without looking over at him, talks.*

SAM

Look, we can't go on like this.

*Max doesn't respond.*

SAM

I'm sorry.

*Max doesn't respond.*

SAM

*(exasperated)*

I'm sorry I stole your moment of  
glory, okay?

*The police radio CRACKLES.*

*(continued)*

## RADIO

Adam One, Adam One, we have a report of an armed robbery at Animal Control Center. Suspect has released all the dogs. Repeat. He has released all the dogs. Suspect is 28-year-old white male, brown hair, five-foot-ele-*(Catching herself)* It's Stewart, guys. And listen, the victim says he had a gun.

*Sam picks up intercom.*

SAM

We're on it.

*Sam leans over to hit the siren, looking to Max.*

SAM

This one's yours.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—TRAILER—CONTINUOUS**

*The phone RINGS. Stewart lets the machine pick up.*

## MESSAGE

Hey, man, this is Stewart. This machine doesn't have a message tape right now, but if you like leave a message, maybe I'm here and I'll pick up the phone.

*The tape BEEPS. Stewart sits there with his beer, staring.*

## DEBY'S VOICE

Stewart, are you there? I wanted to tell you that I'm sorry about what I said, you know, you being a loser. And, uh, I'm sorry you got mauled by the bear. Uh...—

*The machine hangs up. Outside the sound of MANY DOGS HOWLING can be heard. Stewart sips his beer, thinking.*

**CUT TO:**

*(continued)*

**INT.—DONNIE'S CAR**

*They cruise, grimly, looking out the windows and eating their Munchies. Hot Butter's "Popcorn" plays.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S YARD—CONTINUOUS**

*The trailer sits on its side. The lights are on, shining out of the top. There are about a DOZEN DOGS in the yard. Several of them have surrounded a dalmation and are jumping on it. The sound of a SIREN can be heard.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—SQUAD CAR—CONTINUOUS**

*OVER THE SHOULDER TRACKING SHOT as the car pulls up into the yard, and Sam and Max leap out, followed by the camera. This time the scene is played for a lot more danger, tension. The two have their guns drawn. They run through the dogs to the trailer. Max climbs up on top, very smoothly. He flings open the door like a hatch and points his gun down the hole.*

MAX

Freeze, motherfucker!

**CUT TO:**

**INT.—STEWART'S CAR**

*Stewart drives along with Sparky in his lap.. He's upset. Sonic Youth's creepy cover of the Carpenter's "Superstar" is playing on the radio.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.—STEWART'S TRAILER—CONTINUOUS**

*Max slowly descends into trailer, walking frontways down the step ladder, with his gun drawn. His head disappears below the surface.*

MAX

I said, Freeze, motherfucker!

**CUT TO:**

(continued)



**INT.—DONNIE'S CAR**

*They cruise, even more grimly. David Soul's "Don't Give up on Us" is playing on the radio. Donnie is menacingly sipping the last of his soda. He crushes the cup.*

GLENN

We gonna kick some ass, Donnie?

DONNIE

Yes, we are.

**CUT TO:****EXT.—BECKY'S YARD—CONTINUOUS**

*Stewart is standing on Becky's front lawn. There are several dogs here as well. Stewart's holding his boom box. He turns it on, and holds it up over his head, a la Say Anything. A newly recorded HEAVY METAL VERSION of the Beatles "I Want You" song bursts forth. Played on the boom box it's mostly noise and distortion. Several dogs start HOWLING with it. After a couple of moments, a flashlight begins to shine in Stewart's face.*

STEWART

Hey, man, shut that flashlight off.

MALE VOICE

What the hell are you doing?

*Stewart turns off his boom box. The dogs HOWL for a moment longer.*

STEWART

Good evening, Mr. D'Agastino. Can I talk to Becky?

MR. D'AGASTINO

She's doing her homework.

STEWART

Oh. Can she take a study break?

MR. D'AGASTINO

Why don't you go home and sleep it off?

*(continued)*

STEWART

I'm not leaving until I talk to Becky. I want to tell her I love her... I love her hair and her nails and the way she doesn't call me a lot of bad names. Oh yeah I love the fact that twins run in the family because I think it would be really cool to have two little Stew Man Chews running around.

**CUT TO:**

**THE STREET**

*Donnie's car drives past, suddenly stops and backs up. Glenn jumps out. Carl Douglas's "Kung Fu Fighting" is playing inside the car. Glenn puts his hand on the door handle of the back door.*

GLENN

Bone, may I introduce the man who is going to kick your ass....

**ON STEWART**

STEWART

Not now, man. I'm busy here. (*Back toward the house*) Becky, come to the window. Come to the window like Juliet, Becky. I love you and you know you love me, Becky. You said so right here October 18th 1996.

*Stewart pulls out a micro cassette recorder and presses play. We hear an answering machine BEEP followed by the very, very young, very matter-of-fact voice of Becky.*

BECKY'S VOICE

Hi, Stewart it's Becky, thanks for driving Vikki and me and Deby to the mall. LoveyouStewart, Bye...

*The Answering machine BEEPS again. A new message is playing.*

(continued)

RALPH PETRIE'S VOICE  
This is Ralph Petrie from  
social serv-

*Stewart clicks the tape's rewind button A SIREN is heard approaching.*

STEWART  
You said you loved me Becky. You  
said you loved me. I love you.

**CUT TO:**

**THE STREET**

*The squad car screeches to a halt right behind Donnie's car. Sam and Max jump out, guns drawn. Glenn hits the ground. Several dogs scatter, BARKING.*

MAX  
Freeze!

**ON STEWART**

*Hearing this, Stewart starts to turn with the microcassette in his hand.*

**THE COP'S POV**

*Stewart turns in the dark, something black in his hand.*

*A GUNSHOT is heard.*

**CLOSE ON SAM**

*She stands there with her just fired gun, biting her lip. She turns to Max.*

**CLOSE MAX**

*He glares back at her, really pissed.*

**ON STEWART**

*He is on the ground, face down, not moving.*

**ON STREET**

*Sam and Max begin to approach Stewart's still body.*

(continued)

**ON HOUSE**

*Mr. D'Agastino comes out to his front porch.*

**ON STREET**

*Donnie gets out of the car, a stricken look on his face. Neighbors have started to edge up on the yard.*

**ON STEWART**

*He just lays there. The camera's begin to slowly circle his body.*

**ON CROWD**

*Sam looks horrible. Max stands next to her, putting his gun away.*

**CIRCLING STEWART**

*The flashing police lights flicker off his body.*

**ON CROWD**

*Glenn doesn't look so cocky. Donnie just shakes his head. Dan stands there sipping his soda.*

**CIRCLING STEWART**

*Some dogs start approaching the body, sniffing.*

**ON CROWD**

*Deby, drssed in a nightgown, walks up from across the street, where she lives.*

**ON STEWART**

*The cameras come in close to Stewart's body, where the tape recorder is playing back repeatedly.*

**BECKY'S VOICE**

*LoveyouStewart,  
Bye...LoveyouStewart,  
Bye...LoveyouStewart, Bye...*

*(continued)*

*The cameras circle continue to Stewart's body as a GUITAR DIRGE begins to play.*

*They circle from above, as if to float away to the heavens. The guitar fades as the camera stops, looking down at Stewart's body.*

**FADE TO BLACK**

STEWART'S VOICE

Hey, you shot me! This really hurts, man.

**FADE UP ON:**

**INT.—HOSPITAL—THE NEXT MORNING**

*Stewart is in the hospital bed, facing Sam, the lawyer from before and two other obvious lawyers.*

STEWART

You're not going to rip me off this time. I want the full thousand dollars, man.

*The lawyer looks to the other two, who are trying to suppress their disbelief and glee.*

LAWYER

*(getting up)*

We'll draw up the papers.

*Everyone gets up to leave.*

SAM

I'm sorry I shot you, Stewart.

STEWART

That's okay, man. No harm done.

*The phone rings. Stewart answers.*

STEWART

Stewart. In the hospital.

BECKY'S VOICE

Hi, Stewart.

*(continued)*

STEWART

*(shocked)*

Hi, Becky! Long time no speaky.

BECKY'S VOICE

Yeah, well, I just wanted to call and say I'm sorry my dad called the police and they shot you, Stewart.

STEWART

That's okay, Becky. I made a thousand dollars.

*Stewart sees the camera.*

STEWART

Would you excuse me? This is private.

*Stewart puts his hand over the camera. The screen goes BLACK.*

**CREDITS ROLL**

*Over the credits, Stewart continues talking.*

STEWART

Hey, Becky, I'm in room 218, if you want to come visit.

BECKY

I can't, Stewart. I'm in school right now. In fact, I better go, I'm gonna be late for class.

STEWART

How about after school?

BECKY

I've got band practice after school.

STEWART

You know Becky, I got I job now.

BECKY

That's good.

*(continued)*

STEWART

I start this afternoon. Maybe to celebrate, we could go to dinner on like Wednesday.

BECKY

I can't, Stewart. My dad says I can't date until I'm sixteen.

STEWART

Maybe he'd make an exception

BECKY

I don't think so, Stewart.

STEWART

Okay, then when's your birthday?

BECKY

October 27.

STEWART

How about I take you out for your birthday?

BECKY

That's a school night.

STEWART

How about I take you that Friday.

BECKY

I've got a Halloween dance at school.

STEWART

You going with anybody?

*As the conversation fades out, a medley of Stewart playing HEAVY METAL on a Hammond Organ, with inappropriate accompaniment, comes up.*

*At the end of the credits, cut to a shot of Stewart finishing a big number, in front of a large crowd at the store, with a big flourish. Everyone APPLAUDS.*

**The End**

*(continued)*