

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO ENDINGS

by

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OVER BLACK:

We hear the voice of DUKE WHITE - a seasoned storyteller.

DUKE (V.O.)
I've done a terrible thing.

1 EXT. WHITE FAMILY BUNGALOW (BACKYARD) - NIGHT

1

IN TIGHT: A hand coils a length of ROPE.

DUKE WHITE looks every one of his sixty-odd years. Porkpie hat, straggly beard, tattooed arms. He stands by a dead tree.

DUKE (V.O.)
Granted I've done a lot of shaky things
in my time, but today I finally punched
my ticket to hell.

In the distance, the ROAR of the Niagara Falls. NEON HOTEL SIGNS dot the horizon.

ANGLE ON: Duke's hands. He fashions a NOOSE from the rope. The rope is SLUNG over a high branch.

MOMENTS LATER: Duke sits high up on a branch. He pats his breast pocket which holds a MANILA ENVELOPE.

He slips the noose over HIS OWN HEAD, covering a neck tattoo of a flirty mermaid.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'd put the odds in a hanging going off
without a hitch at one in three. A few
things can happen: Put the noose too high
- swing for days. Too low - choke for
minutes. But hit that sweet spot and the
neck snaps just so. One in three.

ANGLE ON: The earth below. A long way down. Deep, sweaty breaths from Duke. A big beat... and then HE JUMPS!

But the branch CRACKS off the tree. Duke hits the earth and looks around in annoyed disbelief... still alive.

DUKE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Okay. One in four.

2 EXT. STREETS OF NIAGARA FALLS - NIGHT

2

Duke, still in the noose, marches down a road near a touristy area of the Falls. He carries the branch, tied to the rope.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

DUKE (V.O.)

Now I'm no expert on the human condition,
but nothing cuts a sorrier figure than a
man living with regrets he can't fix.

He sees A MAILBOX. DUKE deposits the MANILA ENVELOPE inside.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So today is gonna be the last day of my
life. Because as of today, the odds in
fixing what I broke have gone from slim
to none. It would take a miracle.

3 EXT. CLIFTON HILL - NIGHT

3

Duke continues his death-march down the gaudy neon tourist
strip - clubs, wax museums and penny arcades. He gets strange
looks from PASSERS-BY.

DUKE (V.O.)

But I don't believe in miracles... I
believe in odds.

Duke stops at a light. CLICK! A JAPANESE TOURIST takes his
photo as his LIL' DAUGHTER poses beside an oblivious Duke.

4 EXT. STREETS OF NIAGARA FALLS - NIGHT

4

In tight on Duke, determined. In the distance: NIAGARA FALLS.

DUKE (V.O.)

The odds in survivin' a trip over Niagara
Falls are long.

INSERT 1953 NEWS PHOTO: "BOY SURVIVES PLUNGE OVER FALLS"

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's happened exactly once. Back in '53,
some kid named Roger Woodward lucked out.

INSERT STOCK FOOTAGE: Old "Niagara Falls" IMAX recreation
footage of Roger Woodward going over the falls.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But he had an adult-sized life jacket on,
so I'm not sure it counts. Now that's not
to knock what the lil' tiger went
through, but a boy that small in a life
jacket that big? - the kid's practically
a fuckin' pontoon.

5 EXT. NIAGARA PARKWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

5

Duke, still in the noose, marches toward the looming Falls.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE (V.O.)

But I don't want to beat the odds here.
For once I want them stacked against me.
Just like I stacked them against my
oldest boys...

INSERT FLASH SHOT: A slo-mo NUTS WHITE (40's) - a man who
looks like an urban cowboy - looking skyward.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The one who inherited my mind...

INSERT FLASH SHOT: A slo-mo CAL WHITE (30's) - handsome,
slick, and smirking - also looking skyward.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The one who inherited my soul...

INSERT FLASH SHOT: A slo-mo MILO WHITE (30ish) - a jittery,
skinny, bespecaled hipster.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The one who... well I think we got the
same eye colour.

Back to Duke's death march toward the brink of the Falls.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I need a miracle. For my boys. For
fate to erase the weight of all my
misdeeds. A reversal of fortune. A
resurrection.

6 EXT. BANKS OF THE NIAGARA RIVER - NIGHT

6

Duke now stands on the banks of the Niagara River. The Falls
ROAR in the distance.

DUKE (V.O.)

A real, bona fide miracle.

A deep breath.

DUKE (CONT'D)

But I don't believe in miracles.

DUKE TAKES THE PLUNGE. Rope and log in tow.

MAIN TITLES: "A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO ENDINGS"

7 INT. LIL' CHAPEL OF LOVE - DAY

7

The "Lil' Chapel of Love" is just about what you'd expect: kitschy white wedding decorations and lots of wicker and several gold cupid statues. But for today, it's decorated for a funeral - RIP floral tributes, free coffee, day-old donuts.

On the altar, An empty CASKET. Just an unflattering PHOTO on an easel with an inscription that reads:

EDWARD "DUKE" WHITE (1941-2009)

Duke's younger brother PAL (60's) stands at a podium. He looks like more like a reformed con than a Reverend.

UNCLE PAL

We're here to mourn the passin' of Edward "Duke" White. Some of us knew 'im. Some of us loved 'im. And I guess some of us are here for the free donuts.

In back, some STRAGGLERS guiltily look up from a food table. In the front row sit FOUR BROTHERS we will come to know well:

- 1) MILO WHITE - in a black suit - the scrawny, jittery, hipster.
- 2) TODD WHITE (10) - a precocious, skinny half-Asian boy.
- 3) TOBY "JUICEBOX" WHITE (22) - big, muscular with a dopey look.
- 4) EDWARD "NUTS" WHITE JR. - muscular-yet-paunchy, grizzled, and sporting a Fu Manchu mustache.

A FIFTH BROTHER, lugging a suitcase, enters at the back of the chapel. He's:

- 5) CAL WHITE - handsome, quick, well-manicured.

All eyes fall on him as he knocks a pew with his suitcase. He mouths the word "Sorry". Pal tosses him a stern look.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

Now Duke wasn't one for church. Fact is, the only time he was anywhere near a bible was when he swore to tell the whole truth and nothing but. In case you're wonderin', he didn't. Heh heh. So instead of bible verse, I'm just gonna recite the lyrics from Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Freebird".

As Pal recites, Cal sits beside Nuts and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CAL
(hushed)
Mom didn't show?

MILO
Couldn't get a hold of her. And it's bad
enough you're late.

CAL
I just drove eight hours, had a crazy
detour-

MILO
-Detour? What was her name?

CAL
(wistfully)
Candyanna.

MILO
Wow. Even her name makes me want to put
on a condom. Or strip. Or-

NUTS
-Shut it. Jesus. Funeral.

Pal concludes his "Freebird" recital.

UNCLE PAL
"Lord knows I can't change. Lord help me,
I can't change." Ronnie Van Zant. Truer
words were never spoken. Now I'd like to
get all five boys to come on up and drop
a personal memento into the coffin.
(a beat)
He was the best brother a man could have.

8 INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - MOMENTS LATER

8

The five brothers cue up in front of Duke's coffin.

NUTS
(low, to Milo)
He was the worst father a man could have.

Nuts files past and drops in a deck of nudie playing cards.
Milo drops in a weathered Elvis record. Todd places a drawing
of the family in a homemade macaroni frame.

Juicebox digs in his pocket, pulls out a bus schedule, and
drops it in. Milo shakes his head, disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

JUICEBOX

What? I didn't know we were giving
parting gifts.

Cal drops in a gold watch. Juicebox notices.

JUICEBOX (CONT'D)

That's my watch!

CAL

(hushed, feigning emotion)
Shhh. Don't speak. Don't speak.

Juicebox retrieves his watch and PUSHES Cal. Cal PUSHES back.
A fight erupts. Nuts breaks them up.

NUTS

Look at you! You should be ashamed!

Cal and Juicebox guiltily hang their heads.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Throwin' punches like that... *Here's* how
you throw a punch.

Nuts SNAPS a jab into Cal's nose. Cal falls - and HARD.

NUTS (CONT'D)

(to Juicebox)
Gotta snap the wrist, see. The wrist.

The funeral is over. The boys sit along the altar. Cal sports
a bloody tissue in his nose and rummages through a carry-on.
Nuts takes sips from a flask and passes it to Cal, who takes
a nip and spits it out immediately.

CAL

(off: flask)
See. Why don't you just spray mace in my
mouth?... Here.

Cal passes his bottle to Nuts who looks at it suspiciously.

CAL (CONT'D)

I just discovered this incredible single
malt scotch.

NUTS

You "discovered"? Are you fucking
Magellan? Did you circumnavigate the
globe in search of flavour?

(CONTINUED)

Nuts takes a belt from the bottle.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Don't put on airs. I've seen you drink
lighter fluid.

Uncle Pal returns, holding a satchel.

UNCLE PAL

This family's got a certain reputation
and tonight you boys just cemented it. Do
you think we can get through the wake
without a paramedic or a lawsuit?

MUSIC: GRITTY ROCK

10 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

10

A "vintage" bowling alley. The place is deserted save for the
two OLD-TIMERS who witness Uncle Pal and the boys file in.

OLDTIMER #1

Thought them Dirty Whites were in jail.

The boys file past.

OLDTIMER #1 (CONT'D)

Well, I guess the night's young.

11 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

11

Milo stands before the alley. His four brothers stare at him,
irritated. In his hands, he holds some cue cards.

ON THE BROTHERS: Annoyed, ready to bowl, and drinking.

ON MILO: Shuffling cards, oblivious.

MILO

Okay. Since we never got to the eulogy
I'd like to say a few words.

Juicebox BURPS loudly. Milo fumes - glaring at Juicey.

MILO (CONT'D)

Pure class, Juicey. So I'll start with a
quote: "There is nothing certain in life-

-Milo is hit by a PEANUT. He shakes his head.

MILO (CONT'D)

"There is nothing certain in life-

-and then a SHOE.

(CONTINUED)

MILO (CONT'D)

"There-

-he dodges a BOWLING BALL.

MILO (CONT'D)

OH COME ON! That's just dangerous!

Milo sits back down.

MILO (CONT'D)

Forget this. I've never been to a wake before but I'm pretty sure this isn't how they go.

CAL

I'm pretty sure he's not even dead.

TODD

(hopeful)

So maybe Dad is still alive?

Nuts protectively puts an arm around Todd.

NUTS

Stop. Don't fill him with ideas.

CAL

I'm just saying there's no body. The man's a survivor. I once saw him drink out of a puddle.

MILO

Think about Todd's feelings, Cal.

CAL

Todd's feelings, huh? It wasn't that long ago you and Juicey played X's and O's with markers on his face. He went to school like that for a week. They *still* call him Tic Tac Todd.

MILO

That was like a decade ago. I'm surprised you remember. You must be used to holding on to small things.

CAL

Hilarious.

MILO

You see what I did there?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

CAL

I do.

MILO

When I said 'small things' I really meant something else.

CAL

Got it.

A beat.

MILO

I meant your penis.

12 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

12

A jittery WAITRESS with mascara stains under her eyes comes to the boy's table. She looks strung out.

WAITRESS

(very irritated)

Four beers, O.J., Mint Julep.

She shakily BANGS down four beers and a MYSTERIOUS PINT GLASS that looks like VOMIT. Cal suspiciously hoists his drink.

CAL

(suave)

'Scuse me miss... What exactly in this?

WAITRESS

Beer and Peppermint Tic Tacs from the lost n' found. And that's as close as it's gonna get. Enjoy Fancy Boy.

She turns and leaves. Cal looks back at the Waitress - AWESTRUCK by her - his looks says: "She's *beautiful!*"

All the other men look at Cal like he's INSANE - even Todd.

PAL

I'm tellin' you son, she's bad news.

CAL

Her?

ANGLE ON: A lower-back tattoo that actually reads "BAD NEWS". Cal winces.

NUTS

And you put that DOWN.

*

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON: Juicebox. He's about to hoist his pint.

NUTS (CONT'D)

No beer. You box tomorrow.

UNCLE PAL

Before I read it, a toast. "To Duke".

CLINK! They all drink but Juicebox. Uncle Pal pulls out an ENVELOPE from his coat. It's Duke's MANILA ENVELOPE.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

(reading)

Last Will and Testament of Edward White.

The boys fall quiet.

INTERCUT WITH:

13 INT. DUKE'S DEN - MORNING (WEEKS EARLIER)

13

Duke's den is lit by plug-in Tiki torches and is crammed with many brightly coloured curiosities. Seated behind a desk, Duke puts pen to paper.

DUKE

My Boys: I'm leaving you all with a heart full of regret. I should have been a better father and been there for you instead of myself.

AT THE BOWLING ALLEY: We push in on Nuts. He frowns.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I should've settled down and been a better husband.

AT THE BOWLING ALLEY: We push on Cal, looking surprisingly pensive.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Your mother was a good woman... Juicey's too... even Soo Ling wasn't that bad.

AT THE BOWLING ALLEY: Todd perks up.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And most of all I should've led a life that didn't end with a list of regrets.

AT THE BOWLING ALLEY: We push in on Milo. He too looks affected.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The fact is the only I don't regret is
you boys. And I'm proud of you all.

BACK IN THE DEN: Duke pauses and scans his desktop.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So let's get right down to who gets what.
To Nuts, I leave my bar of silver.
Remember to keep your chin up - there's
always a silver lining, Boy-o.

ANGLE ON: A BAR of SILVER on the desk. It has an ENGRAVING of
a FLIRTY MERMAID - identical to Duke's neck tattoo.

AT THE ALLEY: Nuts nods slowly.

BACK IN THE DEN: A WEDDING RING sits beside the silver bar.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To Cal, I leave the White family wedding
ring. Marry a good one, son. And be *sure*
she's a good one. Can't run around like a
bull in a vagina shop forever.

AT THE BOWLING ALLEY: Cal rolls his eyes. The other boys
SNICKER.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To Milo, I leave the Elvis suit from the
'72 "Burnin' Love" tour. Worn in Phoenix
and Albuquerque. I know you'll cherish it
as much as I did.

ANGLE ON: A folded ELVIS JUMPSUIT covered in RHINESTONES.

AT THE BOWLING ALLEY: Milo is choked up. Then wrinkles his
brow.

MILO

Wait - *who* wore it in Phoenix and
Albuquerque?

UNCLE PAL

(consults will)
It's not clear.

Duke stops writing. He digs in his pocket and pulls out CASH.

DUKE (V.O.)

To Juicey and Todd, I leave...

Duke counts the money.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... three hundred and eighty in cash.
Truth is, I'm not sure what you kids are
in to, so just buy whatever it is you're
in to. And it better not be drugs.

AT THE BOWLING ALLEY: Todd looks baffled.

UNCLE PAL
(reading)
Pal, sell what's left and divide it by
five. Take care of Todd. And that's that.

The boys sit in silence. Pal turns the page.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)
(reading)
Now for the hard part.

BACK IN THE DEN: Duke starts assembling some familiar items.

DUKE (V.O.)
I've done a terrible thing...

Duke picks up the same five objects he placed on the branch
at the beginning and a length of rope. He fashions a NOOSE.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Nuts, Cal, Milo - Boys, you three are
gonna die. And it's my fault.

14 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 14

All the boys FREEZE. Cal drops his "Mint Julep".

15 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY (1999) 15

Duke drives his pick-up down the far end of a motel strip. He
BLEEDS PROFUSELY from a head wound and HUMS to the RADIO.

The SONG ends and an ADVERTISEMENT comes on.

Super: 1999

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Are you male? 18 to 31? Non-smoker?

DUKE (V.O.)
I thought it would be a good bonding
experience. Plus some spending money.
Like summer camp. But with... drugs...
instead of canoes -look, I didn't really
think it through.

(CONTINUED)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

If so, Bio-max Pharmaceuticals has an opportunity for you!

Duke perks up and turns up the volume.

DUKE (V.O.)

Now this ain't an excuse. But I was concussed at the time. A man doesn't think clearest after a concussion. But concussed or not, I called a bad shot and I gotta take responsibility for that... but take heed: I *was* concussed.

Duke's eyes widen. He grabs a pen from the glove box.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

- and just ask Rudy Allen what you can do with the two thousand dollars!

RUDY (O.S.)

I got a Ski-Doo with my money! And I only had to take two pills a day for a month!

ANGLE ON: Duke jotting down the info:

"Bio-max - 873-6573 - \$2000 - Rudy - Ski-Doos - "

BLOOD drops on the pad of paper. Duke checks his head wound and starts to pass out.

DUKE

Uh-oh.

FREEZE FRAME on Duke losing consciousness.

MILO (O.S.)

Hold it. Stop. That's not right.

16 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

16

Cal is pacing and Nuts rubs his face. Milo is practically standing on the table.

MILO

We never got two grand. We only got one.

Uncle Pal lowers the will and SIGHS heavily.

UNCLE PAL

Yeah. Duke took half. Called it a finder's fee.

INSERT SEQUENCE: FOLLOW THE PILL

17 INT. PHARMACEUTICAL FACTORY - DAY

17

We follow the BIRTH OF A PILL. White gooey residue is poured into mechanical moulds for hardening...

The hardened pills are punched out onto a conveyor belt.

DUKE (V.O.)

The side effects of Affekterol are mood swings and loose bowels...

We follow one pill as it is painted in a pink coating and dried on a moving rack.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And sharin' a house with five hyper boys and one bathroom... hell if it all didn't seem normal.

The pill is put into a funnel and deposited into a bottle.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The one long term side effect is a lot worse - permanent cardiovascular damage.

The bottle is put in a cardboard box and closed. Darkness.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Affektorol weakens the walls of your ticker. Now a stiff breeze can do you in.

IN TIGHT: Light. A box is opened a MAN'S HANDS - the cuff tells us he's wearing A LAB COAT. He takes out the bottles.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's bloody amazing none of you have cashed out already.

IN TIGHT: A bottle changes hands - one is a younger Duke's (we can tell by a familiar tattoo on his wrist).

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And there it is. Sudden death. My last fucking gift to you all.

FROM BLACK: We are inside a cupboard in the WHITE FAMILY KITCHEN. Duke opens up a cupboard and puts in the bottle. There are TWO IDENTICAL BOTTLES beside it - each has one of the boys names on it. Darkness falls as the door shuts.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am sorrier than you'll ever know.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Light again. Milo opens the cupboard and pops the pill we've been following.

18 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

18

All the boys sit in stunned, devastated silence. Uncle Pal looks up from the will.

UNCLE PAL

"And it gets worse."

19 EXT. WHITE FAMILY FRONT PORCH - MORNING

19

Duke, wearing a housecoat and smoking a cigarette, holding a LARGE FEDEX ENVELOPE.

DUKE

I've known for three weeks.

From the FEDEX package he pulls THREE IDENTICAL ENVELOPES:

DUKE (CONT'D)

A lawyer shows up asking me to pass on documents to you boys. Some kinda legal settlement that I woulda known about earlier but you know how I feel about letter-mail.

ANGLE ON: "BIO-MAX PHARMACEUTICALS - Private & Confidential"

DUKE (CONT'D)

So I forged a few signatures to speed up the process - for you. Long story short - A hundred thousand per head.

ANGLE ON: Duke's hands hold three CHEQUES for \$100,000.

DUKE (CONT'D)

I wanted to find the right way to break it to you is all. And there's no easy way to say this next part. I saw all those zeroes...

ANGLE ON: Duke's eye's widening.

INSERT SHOT: RACE HORSES explode out of the gates.

20 INT. HORSETRACK RACING BAR - DAY

20

Duke clutches beer and betting slips. He YELLS at a monitor.

DUKE

C'mon, you bloody nag! C'mon!

(CONTINUED)

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I could tell you it was a sure thing. I
could say I was only doin' it to make you
all a pile more dough - plus a finder's
fee for myself -

Duke's face falls. Clearly bad news on the track.

JUMP CUT TO:

Duke, looking more frazzled and more inebriated.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But that doesn't make it right. And the
strategic long-shots I backed to recoup
my initial loses... weren't so strategic.

Duke is YELLING at the monitor.

DUKE (CONT'D)
C'mon! Move your ass! C'mon!

Duke's expression begins to sour.

JUMP CUT TO:

Duke, alone in an empty track. Completely deflated. Just
stunned, staring into spaced.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now I figure a man whose done what I've
done is only fit for the grave. I can't
look at you boys. Or myself. So I'm gonna
go on dyin' cause I can't go on livin'.
Goodbye, boys. I love you all. Even if I
never did show it very well.

21 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

21

All the boys sit in a stunned stupor.

Uncle Pal puts down the will. A BEAT.

Suddenly, Nuts FLIPS over the table.

CAL
Well, if I'm dying, my liver goes first.

ANGLE ON: The Old-Timers.

OLDTIMER #1
And so it begins...

MUSIC: something fast and loud.

(CONTINUED)

MONTAGE: AN OUT-OF-CONTROL IRISH WAKE

- 1) Cal pounds back a bottle of hard liquor.
- 2) Nuts drunkenly staggers over a fallen Cal.
- 3) Milo and Cal dance like robots in slo-mo.
- 4) Cal chats up the Waitress - both down a shot.
- 5) Milo is out cold. Cal writes on Milo's face with a marker.
- 6) Milo pounds back the last of a bottle and topples to the pavement. We now see what was written on his face: "INSERT COCK HERE" with an arrow pointing to his mouth.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: EDWARD "NUTS" WHITE - 1973-???

22 INT. NUTS' ROOM - MORNING

22

ANGLE ON: A HELLO KITTY ALARM CLOCK clicking "8:12" AM. Nuts sleeps in a room covered with boxing paraphernalia.

IN TIGHT: On the Hello Kitty electrical cord. A furry little hamster named MISTER AWESOME chews on the cord.

SFX: ALARM MUSIC: Twangy Country.

Nuts tries to silence the alarm. He only makes it louder. He finally grabs the clock and THROWS it at the bathroom door.

SFX: CELL PHONE. Nuts GROANS and groggily answers his phone.

NUTS

Yeah?

FITZ (OVER PHONE)

So's baby brother ready for his debut?

NUTS

Nope. Not at all.

FITZ (OVER PHONE)

Heh ha. Well Tank Boy is. Cracked two jaws of his sparring partners this week. The whole pie, that one.

NUTS

Just don't let him kill Juicy.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (OVER PHONE)

I'm only padding Tank's record, but ping-pong it is not. Three good rounds.

CLICK! Nuts rolls out of bed.

23 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

23

SFX: Bathroom shower.

Nuts enters. At table sits Juicebox - wearing sunglasses, eating a giant bowl of Lucky Charms - and Todd - happily swinging his legs while playing a handheld video game.

NUTS

You fight tonight and you eat this? It's like giving your stomach a perm.

Nuts removes the bowl.

JUICEBOX

It's still on? I just... I just thought-

NUTS

-Nothin's changed. Hit the gym. And take off those stupid shades.

Nuts snatches the glasses off Juicebox, revealing a shiner.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Man... who did it?

TODD

Me.

NUTS

You got beaten up by Todd?

JUICEBOX

Please. I'd hardly call it "beaten up". It was a lucky shot and if I had any warning I-

A tiny little Asian fist comes into the frame and POPS Juicebox in the other eye.

JUICEBOX (CONT'D)

You little twat!

Juicy lunges. Todd hides behind Nuts. Nuts pushes Juicy away.

TODD

What's a twat?

(CONTINUED)

NUTS

Ummm. It's... the... smallest cone they
sell at Dairy Queen.

Nuts ushers a feisty Juicebox out the door.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Save it. Hopefully you do better against
Tank-Boy than against *ten year old Asian*
boys.

Juicebox slinks off. Nuts pulls out pancake mix as CAL RUNS
THROUGH THE BACKGROUND, then Nuts starts making pancakes.

24 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

24

Nuts, still cooking, has already whipped up a stack of
pancakes and a pile of toast - everything is burnt.

Cal enters - cleaned up and dressed in his suit. He holds up
a burnt pancake skeptically.

TODD

He's making me a pancake shaped like a
race car.

NUTS

I'm tryin', Toddy. But it's not gonna
be... it's sorta...

Cal grabs a box of Twinkies, Nestle's Quick, a can of gravy,
and a jar pickled eggs. Nuts walks to the table with the pan.

He plops a pancake down before a very excited Todd.

ANGLE ON: The sorriest looking pancake you've ever seen. It
looks EXACTLY like a blackened, erect penis with testicles.

NUTS (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry...

Todd, shattered, pushes the plate away and exits.

CAL

(laughing, off: pancake)
Oh, Jesus! Sometimes a cigar is just a
cigar but that, my friend, is a cock.

NUTS

Well it beats gravy for breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

I'm turning the food pyramid on its' ass.
There's now only one food group: the
terrifyingly awesome. I'll even eat your
erotic cock-cake. Who cares anymore?

Cal starts eating the "race car" pancake.

NUTS

Look, we're gonna be fine. When I hear
I'm dying from a man like dad, all I hear
is the million tall tales he ever told.

INSERT SHOT: DUKE - Looking right at us.

DUKE

-and next morning I wake up, roll over...
and realize that woman was... *Bette*
Midler. The Divine Miss M herself. Swear
to Jesus.

INSERT SHOT: More Duke storytelling.

DUKE (CONT'D)

The dust settles, Maxie turns to me and
says: "Duke, that man you just cold-
cocked? - *Elliot Gould*." On the Virgin
Mary's eyes.

BACK TO NUTS: He puts pancake into his mouth, suppresses his
gag reflex, and returns the half-chewed food to his fork.

NUTS

Now if he said he beat Dale Earnhardt in
drag race in Daytona, you know he's
straight up lying. But when he says *Liza*
Minelli? *Handjob*? In a *K-mart*? Too
random. Too fucked up to be fiction. Duke
could teach a master class on bullshit.

CAL

I think you're in denial, here.

NUTS

Don't tell me what I'm thinking.

CAL

See, this is how you work. You ignore the
facts-

NUTS

-I do not-

(CONTINUED)

CAL
-then get defensive-

NUTS
-wrong again-

CAL
-then you lash out.

NUTS
Well fuck you!

CAL
And scene.

Nuts stands and starts pacing.

NUTS
We're not dying.

Milo pops in from nowhere.

MILO
Well we're dying.

Nuts throws up his hands.

MILO (CONT'D)
I just got back from the doctor.

A beat. Nuts throws a plate.

NUTS
Are you sure?

MILO
I'm sure.

Broken, he slumps into a chair.

CAL
Man. Duke dealt us a bad hand.

NUTS
A bad hand? Fuck - I don't even have
cards - I got like a bus transfer and a
coupon for tampons.

A beat.

MILO
It's a wake up call.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

I hear it.

MILO

There's gonna be changes. I got a million things to do. I'm starting a list.

Nuts stares incredulously at their almost casual banter.

CAL

That seems like a Milo thing to do-

NUTS

-Are you both high?! We're getting ripped off! Where's the anger?!

MILO

We can spend our last days pissed at dad, or we can make things count-

NUTS

-stop. I don't need life lessons from my baby brother who - by the way - I caught watching the View and pulling his goalie.

MILO

What? Shut up. I had an itch. I didn't. You did. What did you say?

CAL

He's right, Nuts. No time for regrets.

A beat.

NUTS

Any regrets I got can't be fixed.

Milo softens and tries to hug his defeated brother.

NUTS (CONT'D)

No hugging. I know where those hands have been.

A SHRIEK can be heard from the living room. Then CRYING.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Jesus. What now?

25 INT. WHITE FAMILY HOME (LIVING ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

25

Nuts enters to find Todd standing beside the television.

ANGLE ON: The electrocuted corpse of Mister Awesome... who evidently just chewed his way through the power cord.

(CONTINUED)

NUTS

Too much death for one week, eh buddy?

26 EXT. WHITE FAMILY HOME - DAY

26

Nuts and Todd stand in the backyard beside a hole, a shovel, and a Frankenberry Cereal box (containing Mister Awesome).

A makeshift CROSS stands in the earth above the hole.

In the B.G.: Juicy works over a heavy bag in the garage/gym.

NUTS

We are gathered here today to bid
farewell to Mister Amazing.

TODD

Mister Awesome.

NUTS

Right. Mister Awesome. He was a fine
hamster. And I'd like to personally thank
him for dyin' on what's gotta be the
hottest day of the year to dig a hole.
He'll forever be remembered as a good
friend and an excellent chewer. Happy
trails, Mister Awesome.

Todd drops in the cereal box and Nuts shovels. The THUDS of
Juicy in the garage are matched by dirt hitting the box.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Tell you what: we'll get you another one.

TODD

I don't want another one.

NUTS

What do I say when you get all upset?

TODD

Walk it off.

Todd starts walking. Nuts drops the shovel and follows him.

NUTS

No. No. The other thing.

Todd hugs Nuts.

NUTS (CONT'D)

That's right. Hug it on out.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

You're the best brother in the world.

Nuts freezes - eyes widened. He casts a sideways glance to the garage where Juicebox throws punches. Nuts is sickened.

27 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

27

Nuts drives - still sickened. He smacks the dashboard.

NUTS

I'm the worst brother in the world.

He pulls up in front of a vintage boxing club.

28 INT. BOXING CLUB - DAY

28

The cavernous interior of this boxing club hasn't been updated in decades. Nuts enters.

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! TANK-BOY (18 and utterly enormous) is murdering a skinny SPARRING PARTNER in the ring.

Nuts ambles up to skinny, ruddy-nosed FITZ THE NEWF (60).

NUTS

Fight's cancelled.

FITZ

Is it, now?

NUTS

Juicey ain't fighting.

FITZ

Tank-Boy is. An' I don't give a lick who he kills s'long they're light-heavyweight and get hurt.

NUTS

He's not ready.

Nuts hands him an envelope. Fitz doesn't even look at him.

FITZ

I'll be blunt, lad: times is some tight for boxing. It's all mixed martial arts this and UFC that.

Fitz turns to Nuts and places a hand on the envelope.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ (CONT'D)

Success in the crowded marketplace of
large men hittin' other large men
requires a product that stands out. Tank
Boy is such a product.

Fitz forcibly places the envelope back in Nuts' pocket.

FITZ (CONT'D)

Tonight means nottin' in and of itself.
But if he's gonna fight the Olympic
trials next year we's gotta fatten his
record now, like. Ya took money. Yer been
bought. No refunds. Don't make me go ta
the office and get Big Daddy.

Nuts spins and walks four feet before stopping.

NUTS

How much? To call it off?

Fitz mulls it over.

FITZ

Twenny.

NUTS

Thousand?! I don't got twenty thousand!

FITZ

Really?

(sizes him up)

Wallet chain? Whiff o' Old Spice? Prison-
grade tattoos? And here I had you pegged
as "old money" fer sure.

NUTS

There's no way you're makin' twenty grand
off this!

FITZ

Don't be daft, b'y. 'Course not.

(low)

But I'll make a far sight more in two
years when an undefeated Tank Boy, in on
the fix, loses to an unranked pug no
one's heard word of. Jesus, I got the
chessboard out and yer playin' bingo.

NUTS

Maybe we can work something out.

(CONTINUED)

FITZ

Twenny thousand up front. Or an acceptable replacement.

NUTS

I can't find anyone to sub in on the day!

FITZ

So's I'll see Juicey later. Or does Big Daddy need to be consulted?

NUTS

No. I'll be back. With the money.

FITZ

Sure you will. Just hop on yer unicorn and go shake down a leprechaun and I'll see you later.

Nuts starts to walk off but is THUNDERSTRUCK by an idea.

NUTS

I weigh one ninety. What about me?

FITZ

As a *fighter*? Heh ha. Oh Jesus, yer a little past your prime, my friend. No one wants to see that.

NUTS

And you get this back.

Nuts proffers him the envelope again. Fitz mulls it over.

DING! Tank Boy finishes his round.

FITZ

Tank Boy! C'mere and meet a legend.

Tank Boy ambles over to the ropes.

FITZ (CONT'D)

You heard tale of Nuts White?

TANK BOY

Why they call you Nuts?

NUTS

Just a nickname, son.

TANK BOY

You fight stone-cold crazy like Ricky Hatton? That why you're called Nuts?

(CONTINUED)

Fitz CACKLES.

FITZ
G'wan! Tell him!

Nuts shuffles.

FITZ (CONT'D)
Eddie White. Twelve and oh. Never fought
above the undercard but never touched
canvas.

Fitz, jovial, embraces a furious Nuts in a headlock.

FITZ (CONT'D)
But Nuts isn't called "Nuts" on account
of his pugilistic talents-

NUTS
-This is bullshit Fitz-

FITZ
-but on account of every fighter in the
country bein' magnetically drawn to
punching his balls.

NUTS
I gotta go.

Fitz won't let go. He's much smaller than Nuts but is clearly
the bully and not listening.

FITZ
Undefeated. All disqualifications for
shots to the cherries. People smell the
fix, everyone knows his old man is
riggin' his bouts. And now ol' Nuts can't
even line up a bout o' diarrhea.

Nuts finally breaks free.

FITZ (CONT'D)
'Til today.

A beat.

NUTS
So am I fighting?

FITZ
You are fighting.

Fitz takes the envelope.

29 EXT. STREETS OF NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

29

The sign reads: "LIL' CHAPEL OF LOVE" - Reverend Roger White - "I'll Marry Anything!"

Nuts pulls into the parking lot as Cal, in a sedan, pulls out. They slow down as Uncle Pal, at the door, watches them have a conversation.

SECONDS LATER: Nuts hops out of his truck and approaches Pal.

NUTS

I need twenty thousand dollars or I'm getting murdered tonight.

UNCLE PAL

What the hell is wrong with this family?

30 INT. LIL' CHAPEL OF LOVE (BACK OFFICE) - LATER

30

Pal, seated, slowly shakes his head. The BAR of SILVER on the desk. Nuts removes a pair of BOXING GLOVES from the wall.

UNCLE PAL

You can't dust 'em off.

NUTS

Well I can't raise twenty grand. You still got my robe? With red piping?

Nuts flops in the chair and starts lacing up his left mitt.

UNCLE PAL

Anytime you deal with Fitz you come up bloody and a few dollars short. You can't fight.

NUTS

So what do I do? You gotta see this Tank Boy - it's like he's been drinking nuclear milk. Best case scenario is he seriously injures Juicey.

UNCLE PAL

Nuts... listen to me - you can't fight.

NUTS

I let Juicey do it and I'm no better than Duke. Fixin' fights, lyin', cheatin'...

UNCLE PAL

You got it all wrong, Son.

(CONTINUED)

NUTS

Please. Duke made a mint fixing fights.

UNCLE PAL

No. I mean you'll get killed. You *can't* fight.

NUTS

I don't know if you've heard the news, but that's happening anyway.

UNCLE PAL

Do you wanna die sometime in a few months, *or do you wanna die tonight?*

Nuts freezes. Uncle Pal stands and starts pacing.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

I promised your father I wouldn't tell you this...

NUTS

Tell me what?

UNCLE PAL

But since he's passed...

NUTS

What?

Uncle Pal considers for a beat.

UNCLE PAL

You remember Detroit?

NUTS

(sighs)

Dom the Baptist. My last bout.

UNCLE PAL

There's a pile you don't know about Detroit. And Duke.

NUTS

What's to know? Nobody was gonna call me "Nuts" after Detroit. Remember the new name?

UNCLE PAL

Eddie "the Power" White.

NUTS

Eddie "the Power" White.

(CONTINUED)

SFX: DING!

INSERT SLO-MO SHOT: A hulking man, covered in religious tattoos, stares right at us and throws monster haymakers, his giant crucifix swinging wildly. Meet DOM THE BAPTIST.

NUTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I line up the bout with Dom myself so
Duke couldn't run his old grift... Jesus
freaks never take bribes.

31 INT. LOCKER ROOM - THE PAST

31

SFX: Muffled Crowd.

Nuts is in an empty locker room. He wears a robe pulled half down and smears a bottle of ITALIAN DRESSING on his body.

Duke enters the room carrying a pair of folded BOXING TRUNKS.

DUKE

When I tell my son to oil up and he
smears on the Italian dressing, I can't
help but think he's 30 percent retarded.

NUTS

Nah it's fucking genius. I'm confusing
him - his brain thinks "time to fight"
but his nose tells him "time to eat".

DUKE

40 percent.

Duke tosses him the trunks.

NUTS

Those the new trunks?

MOMENTS LATER: Nuts unfurls the new trunks. He looks down at his glittery white trunks with giant rhinestone letters as Duke gloves his left hand. Nuts grows FURIOUS.

The front of his trunks reads: "EDDIE THE".

NUTS (CONT'D)

Eddie The?...

DUKE

I told 'em "Eddie The Power White" six
times.

(shrugs)

That font is pretty big... Maybe they ran
outta room, Boy-o.

(CONTINUED)

NUTS

Two minutes before I tussle and you
spring this on me. I ask you to do one
thing.

Then he turns them over... AND PANIC CROSSES HIS FACE.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus CHRIST!

ANGLE ON: The back side of the trunks.

NUTS (CONT'D)

I can't wear these!

DUKE

Why not?

The backside reads: WHITE POWER.

NUTS

Why not?! I can't wear White Power
trunks! In DETROIT!

He throws the trunks at Duke. He reads the back.

DUKE

We're in a tight spot.

NUTS

Tell me you packed a back up.

Duke slowly shakes his head.

DUKE

They musta run outta room...

NUTS

What do I do?! Wrap a sweater around my
waist LIKE I JUST GOT MY PERIOD?!

DUKE

We gotta forfeit.

NUTS

I can't!

SFX: DING! DING! DING!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Now entering the ring from Bethuda, P.A.,
weighing in at 217 pounds. The Apostle of
Muscle. Dom "The Baptist" Coleman!

32 INT. THE PALACE - THE PAST

32

A dark and smoky auditorium.

SLO-MO: Nuts approaches the ring. Although we can't see the CROWD, they are already CHEERING and JEERING.

All we see is the terrified look on Nuts' hooded face.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And hailing from Niagara Falls. Weighing
in at 195 pounds... Eddie White the *Power
Puncher!*

Duke holds down the ropes as Nuts hops into the RING.

DUKE

(low: to Nuts as he enters)
We gotta call it off, Boy-o...

NUTS

I can't.

MOMENTS LATER: Dom, like a mountain in the middle of the ring, disrobes as a SKINNY OLD BLACK REFEREE (70's) puts on rubber gloves.

MOMENTS LATER: SLO-MO: Nuts goes to undo his robe. He looks positively sick...

NUTS (CONT'D)

I can't.

MOMENTS LATER: The MURMURS of a CROWD IN CONFUSION. The Referee now stands with Nuts - still in his robe.

REFEREE

-No - ya can't fight in your robe, Son.

NUTS

What about a sweater wrapped around my
waist?

The referee just looks at him like he's insane.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Look, I... listen-

Nuts leans in to talk. We don't hear the exchange, but judging by his gestures, he's explaining his trunks.

IN TIGHT: On the face of the referee. A look of HORROR.

AND THEN THE REFEREE TAKES A SWING AT NUTS. He charges him.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

PANDEMONIUM: Duke, Dom, and another TRAINER pull the referee off Nuts.

TITLE CARD: FIFTEEN SECONDS LATER

33 INT. THE PALACE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

33

Nuts and Duke HUSTLE out of the arena.

Nuts is shaken as sounds of UTTER MAYHEM echo from the hall.

NUTS (V.O.)

I never even took my robe off.

They enter the change room, but we stay outside of the door.

NUTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I never got my shot.

SLO-MO: Duke slowly shuts the door on us...

NUTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And when word spread I lost to *the*
fucking referee...

...and a slight SMILE spreads across Duke's face.

NUTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...my career was over before it began.

CLICK! The door shuts.

34 INT. LIL' CHAPEL OF LOVE (BACK OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS

34

NUTS

So thanks for reminding me about that.
You're a real champ, Pal.

UNCLE PAL

You don't know it, but Duke might very
well have saved your life that night.

NUTS

What?

UNCLE PAL

You ever ask yourself why they were
always punchin' your groin instead of
your noggin? Or why the other guy just
didn't take a dive?

Nuts opens his mouth... but he has no answer.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE PAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You were one blow to the head from
permanent brain damage. That fresh start
coulda been your funeral.

NUTS
Whoa, whoa, whoa, stop right there.

FREEZE FRAME: In tight, on Nut's head.

UNCLE PAL (V.O.)
Duke told me the day you were born you
got dropped on your melon.

INSERT GRAPHIC: "July 5, 1971" and an arrow pointing to the
top of Nuts' head.

UNCLE PAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Fell down the stairs at six months.

INSERT GRAPHIC: "January 12, 1972" and another arrow.

UNCLE PAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and again when you were one.

INSERT GRAPHIC: "July 7, 1972" and another arrow.

UNCLE PAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Fact is, by the time you hit
kindergarten, you musta been concussed
upwards of ten times.

INSERT GRAPHICS: Ten DATES and twelve ARROWS pop up.

UNCLE PAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You were one uncoordinated little hombre.

35 INT. LIL' CHAPEL OF LOVE (BACK OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS

35

UNCLE PAL
Doctor said one more tap on the noggin
could be your last.

NUTS
You're makin' this up.

UNCLE PAL
(touching his skull)
I am? Touch your skull right here.

Nuts immediately touches a familiar bump.

NUTS
My Lucky Bump?

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE PAL

Not sure how lucky it is. Your third birthday. Who the hell thought a pinata would be a good idea I'll never know.

Nuts furrows his brow.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

When you told Duke you wanted to box just like he did, it almost killed him.

NUTS

He never told me.

UNCLE PAL

He didn't want you to live without a dream. That's just who he was.

NUTS

Then why did he let me fight at all?

UNCLE PAL

Duke said your career was supposed to last one or two bouts tops. A couple of shots to the balls and you'd get bored. Call it a day. But he was weak. He found it profitable knowing the outcome. And you... you just never know when to quit.

NUTS

I didn't know...

UNCLE PAL

You were a shitty boxer, Nuts. So Duke protected you the best way he knew how. By fixin' fights. 'Cause he loved his son...

(a beat)

...and bettin' on sure things.

Nuts is FLABBERGASTED.

NUTS

Oh my god.

UNCLE PAL

You could take some light sparring - no problem. Even the odd knock. But an honest to goodness fight? And you go and line up an honest bout? With a bona fide contender? So Duke asks me how the hell can he save your concussive ass-

(CONTINUED)

NUTS

-so he came up with the trunks.

UNCLE PAL

Actually that was my idea. But he came up with the idea of bettin' on your D.Q.

Nuts looks utterly AWESTRUCK.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

The proceeds from which bought this silver bar.

Uncle Pal taps SILVER BAR.

NUTS

Jesus.

UNCLE PAL

Just remember it the next time you say you don't wanna be like Duke. And that's why you can't fight. Ever. Again.

A beat.

NUTS

I've turned my life into a steaming pile of shit.

UNCLE PAL

Sometimes flowers come from shit.

Pal slides over the silver bar.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

It ain't 20 grand, but it's a start.

36 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - LATER

36

Nuts drives. His cell phone RINGS.

NUTS

Yeah?

AUTOMATED OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

This is AT&T. You have a collect call from -

GOLDIE (OVER PHONE)

(confused)

- or do I press zero? Operator? What do I-

AUTOMATED OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

- Press one to accept the charges -

(CONTINUED)

Nuts presses one.

NUTS

Mom?

INTERCUT WITH:

37 INT. AIRPORT PAY PHONE - SAME MOMENT

37

GOLDIE WHITE (60, pretty, lots of jewelry and colours... one part 'Hippie' one part 'Vegas') stands at a pay phone. Behind her a DESERT LANDSCAPE fills the floor-to-ceiling window.

GOLDIE

I just heard! I was at a meditation retreat with Wendell and I heard this morning! I'm on the next plane. Is everyone okay? There's no one at the house!

NUTS

It's been a crazy day, Mom.

GOLDIE

I know honey. It's sad. And confusing. I know you and Duke had your ups and downs.

NUTS

I need to know something. Why did he fix my fights? The truth.

GOLDIE

Honey, we better not get into this over the phone. Just you know your father was many things. Some good. Some not so good. But he loved you boys. And if he could protect you, he would... And if he couldn't protect you, I would. That's what families do. And I'll-

AUTOMATED OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

Out of Minutes.

Nuts hangs up.

38 INT. BOXING CLUB - LATER

38

*

Nuts enters the now empty club.

We follow Nuts as he walks past the empty rows of speed bags and toward an office in the back.

39 INT. FITZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

39

Fitz sits behind a desk, ending a phone call. His office looks straight out of the back pages of "Ring" magazine.

FITZ

Why're you darkenin' my door, Nuts?

Nuts drops the silver bar on his desk.

NUTS

Call it a down payment.

FITZ

Oh, Jesus! He hah! Are you a pirate? Are you gonna sweeten the deal by throwin' in a few doubloons?

NUTS

You'll get the rest of later.

FITZ

I'm no pawn broker. It goes on tonight.

NUTS

It's off. What are you going do? Hurt me? Cause I gotta tell you, Fitz, that's a very ineffective threat these days.

Fitz, sighs, stands and walks to the corner of his office.

FITZ

Nuts lad, if it were only up to me. But we need to ask Big Daddy 'bout all 'dis.

He opens a filing cabinet containing a large, old school CRICKET PADDLE with the words "BIG DADDY" burned in to it.

NUTS

That really ain't necess-

Fitz SWINGS the paddle at Nuts' head. He ducks.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Fitz! Fuck! FITZ!

Nuts, backing up, narrowly DODGES two more SWINGS.

FITZ

T'ain't me. It's Big Daddy.

Nuts scurries backward but TUMBLES over a chair.

(CONTINUED)

NUTS

Mother fu--

Fitz stands above him and WHACKS him four times in the ribs.

NUTS (CONT'D)

AWWW! STOP! STOP! FITZ! FITZ!

Two more HITS to the kidneys.

FITZ

It's Big Daddy, b'y.

NUTS

BIG DADDY STOP!!! FUCKING STOP BIG DADDY!

Fitz places the end of the cricket bat on Nuts' throat.

FITZ

You knows how it works. If ya don't care a lick about yerself, maybe ya care 'bout baby brother. One of ya can get hurt in the ring. Or both of ya can get hurt in the street. Choose wisely.

NUTS

Okay. He'll fight. He'll fight.

Fitz stands and tousles Nuts hair.

FITZ

Make sure it looks good.

40 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - AFTERNOON

40

Nuts, visibly upset, drives on a HIGHWAY OVERPASS.

He spots his gloves on the passenger seat, grabs them and BANGS the dashboard three times before chucking them angrily into a CUT BUCKET on the floor (a bucket containing boxing accessories used in the corner).

He eyes the silver bar - the FLIRTY MERMAID glistens in the sunlight.

Nuts makes eye contact with the Mermaid on the silver bar.

He calms - transfixed.

We move in closer to the Mermaid as Nuts still eyes her.

AND THEN SHE TALKS.

(CONTINUED)

FLIRTY MERMAID
(in Duke's voice)
You've done it now, Boy-o.

Nuts snatches up the bar and BANGS the bar three times on the dashboard.

Impulsively, he THROWS the bar of silver out the window AND OVER THE OVERPASS RAILING.

41 INT. GYM/GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

41

Nuts, smoldering, enters to see Juicebox's back.

NUTS
It's time. Let's go.

He walks in to see Juicey smearing 1000 ISLAND DRESSING on his arm.

NUTS (CONT'D)
Thousand Island dressing? Looks like you got a skin condition.

JUICEBOX
Maybe I woulda got a better dressing if you were *there for me*. Where were you?

NUTS
Doesn't matter. Let's get you weighed in... maybe pick up some Crisco.

42 INT. NIAGARA FALLS MEMORIAL ARENA (DRESSING ROOM) - LATER

42

Nuts is taping up his dressed, oiled brother's hands.

JUICEBOX
The second the bell rings, I'm gonna come out with one-four-three. Then jab, jab-

NUTS
-maybe you should stay on the outside.

JUICEBOX
Fuck that. I'm goin' for the early K.O.

NUTS
(ill)
That's a real possibility.

Nuts finishes taping and Juicey punches his hands into his palms. He hops up and throws a few in front of the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

Nuts looks positively sick with guilt. He pulls out Juicey's gloves from a change bag just as Juicey spots Nuts' CUT BUCKET with his gloves on top.

JUICEBOX

Hey - you brought your gloves?

NUTS

What? Oh - yeah. I...

Nuts drops Juicey's gloves and picks up his own.

NUTS (CONT'D)

...I slid by Pal's and... I, want you to have 'em.

Nuts places the gloves on Juicey and starts lacing them.

JUICEBOX

Really? You're giving me your mitts?

NUTS

Don't make a big deal out of it.

Nuts glances at Juicey's face and finds him genuinely touched. It only sickens him further.

JUICEBOX

I don't know what to say, Nuts...

NUTS

Don't say anything.

Nuts, moving quickly, laces up the second glove.

JUICEBOX

I'm... fucking touched.

Nuts swallows hard, avoiding eye contact. A beat.

JUICEBOX (CONT'D)

You're the best brother in the world.

Nuts SNAPS! He throws away Juicy's hand.

NUTS

Why'd you hafta go and say that?!

He KICKS the cut bucket.

JUICEBOX

What the fuck, Nuts?

(CONTINUED)

NUTS

I can't do this!

JUICEBOX

What?

Nuts squares to face his brother.

NUTS

You're not fighting.

Juicebox stops cold.

NUTS (CONT'D)

You're not ready for Tank-Boy.

Juicebox springs up.

JUICEBOX

I *am* ready! You said Tank-boy was scrawny as fuck.

NUTS

He's recently filled out.

JUICEBOX

Forget it. I'm in prime form!

NUTS

Juicey, you're oh-and-two against Todd.

Juicebox SMACKS the wall.

JUICEBOX

You're just jealous!

Juicebox, hurt, starts shadow boxing.

NUTS

Tell me what I gotta do to stop you.

JUICEBOX

Nothing. I'm ready!

A beat.

NUTS

Listen, Juicey. I've done some things in my life that I'm not proud of. But things have come to light and I'm seein things different. I'm lookin' at ya right now and I'm seeing my brother that I want to help and protect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NUTS (CONT'D)

I've got a confession to make and I hope you won't hate me for it. I signed you up for the fight knowing that you are going to get your ass handed to you. This is gonna be an annihilation. Like Foreman against Ellis.

Juicebox stops shadowboxing - confused.

NUTS (CONT'D)

I sold you out. For money. And not much.

Juicebox slumps into a chair.

NUTS (CONT'D)

Just like dad did to me. And I never wanted to be like dad... but I didn't really know who dad was. So I'm begging ya, Juicey, don't get in that ring.

A beat.

JUICEBOX

I'm gonna fight. And I'm gonna win.

Nuts deflates. Just then, the door opens.

SLO-MO: In walks the giant TANK-BOY - in full boxing attire.

TANK-BOY

Uh. Sorry. I thought this was my room.

Tank-Boy shuts the door behind him.

ANGLE ON: Juicebox's face. He is ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED.

JUICEBOX

(exploding)

What-the-fuck-was-that!?

NUTS

That... was Tank-Boy.

JUICEBOX

(in full panic)

I'm not fuckin' fighting with that! Take these fucking gloves off! Why won't these gloves come off?!

Juicebox frantically tries to take off his mitts. Nuts grins.

43 INT. NIAGARA FALLS MEMORIAL ARENA (HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER 43

Fitz, flanked by a BURLY COHORT, walks toward the dressing room. Coming from the other direction is Uncle Pal.

The share a quiet, tense nod as they approach the dressing room door at the same time. Uncle Pal let's him go first.

44 INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 44

A KNOCK at the door. Fitz sticks his head in the locker room.

FITZ

So do I got me a fighter?

SFX: DING! DING! DING!

45 INT. NIAGARA FALLS MEMORIAL ARENA - EARLY EVENING 45

SFX: The din of a roaring crowd.

The DOOR OPENS.

ANGLE ON: Nuts' face, bobbing as he's walking down the hallway of the low-end arena.

Walking behind him is Juicebox, carrying a bucket and a water bottle.

Uncle Pal hurries up to reach his nephews.

UNCLE PAL

Goddamn it. You're gonna get killed!

NUTS

Sooner or later.

The trio walk into the dark, smoky arena. The crowd ROARS.

UNCLE PAL

But not today. We'll figure out something!

NUTS

Nah. For once in my life, I'm gonna do something that isn't all about me.

The trio make their way to the ring. Tank Boy looms large in the centre.

NUTS (CONT'D)

For the first time. Today.

Juicebox holds down the top rope for Nuts.

(CONTINUED)

NUTS (CONT'D)

If that means taking a hook to the head
and making my short life even shorter,
then so fucking be it.

Tank-Boy stands like a mountain in the middle of the ring
while Nuts bicycles around him, pumping his arm.

ANGLE ON: Nuts' face. He looks calm. He touches his head with
a gloved hand.

NUTS (CONT'D)

C'mon, Lucky Bump.

SFX: DING! DING! DING!

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: CAL WHITE - 1975-????

46 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

46

ANGLE ON: An ALARM CLOCK clicking "8:00" AM.

BLARING RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

-degrees and sunny-

A woman's hand silences the alarm.

Cal opens his eyes to find himself in a strange pink bedroom.

He looks over to see a WOMAN beside him - face down. He
gently slides down the sheet to reveal a tattoo:

"BAD NEWS".

CAL

Oh boy.

WAITRESS

Morning.

CAL

So it is. Did we... do... it?

WAITRESS

If "it" means you throwing up in my purse
and crying yourself to sleep, then, yeah,
we "did it".

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Sorry. Yesterday was... emotional. I buried my father. Allegedly.

WAITRESS

You mentioned. Sorry for your loss.

CAL

Don't be. Duke led his life so hard he made Iggy Pop look Amish.

WAITRESS

Wait... *Duke White?*

CAL

Why? -You know him?

An excruciating beat. A horrible realization befalls them.

Both Cal and the Waitress BOLT OUT OF BED.

47 EXT. STREET OF NIAGARA FALLS - LATER

47

Cal runs. He runs past low-end motels and colourful souvenir shops.

His expression - PANIC.

48 EXT. WHITE FAMILY BUNGALOW - LATER

48

Cal runs up the street toward his father's house. He passes Juicebox on his way out.

CAL

Can't-talk-gotta-shower.

49 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

49

We're back at the breakfast table. We REPRISE part of an earlier scene - just as Milo hugs Nuts and Todd SHRIEKS.

NUTS

Jesus. What now?

Nuts exits. Cal rolls an egg in Nestle Quick.

MILO

(arms wide)

I'm just handing them out. You want one?

CAL

What, a hug? No thanks. It's cool. I'm cool with it.

(CONTINUED)

MILO

(skeptical)

Really? Is that why you're on the Marlon Brando diet? Because you're cool with it?

Cal just BREAKS. He buckles completely.

CAL

Fine! I'm not fucking cool with it! At all! I'm the opposite of cool! I woke up with this woman and - let's just say I walked where angels fear to tread.

Milo sits beside his brother who is now choking up.

CAL (CONT'D)

(dabbing eyes)

What is this hot eye-urine?

MILO

Tears, Cal.

CAL

No shit. I'm *trying* to use humour to preserve my dignity but you just want to take it all from me. You robot!

Milo puts a comforting arm around his brother.

CAL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna end up like Duke.

MILO

No you're not.

CAL

Yes I am. I don't want to play Junior Freud here but by the transitive property of penises I think I slept with mom!

MILO

What?!

CAL

I know! It's sick! I gotta change. The wedding ring - that was a sign. I need to stop whoring around and settle down. And I know with who...

Milo looks worried.

MILO

Don't say it.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Miranda Samson.

MILO

Oh God.

CAL

Miranda. The one who got away.

MILO

She didn't get away. She was
incarcerated. Don't do it.

CAL

She's the only one who ever gave me that
rush.

MILO

That might've been the clap.

CAL

You don't understand. I want to feel what
I felt with her again. You don't know her
like I did.

MILO

By the transitive properties of penises,
I couldn't be happier about that.

Cal smiles and softens. Milo hugs his brother.

CAL

Okay. We better butch this up before Nuts
comes back.

Nuts enters to see his two emotional brothers.

NUTS

Jesus. It's fucking all Steel Magnolias
around here...

50 INT. LIL' CHAPEL OF LOVE - DAY

50 *

Uncle Pal, scrubbing Cal's old blood stain, looks up to see
Cal standing over him, eating a smoked meat sandwich.

CAL

I'm getting married.

UNCLE PAL

Well, you sure came to the right guy.
I'll talk you out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

I'm not asking for a blessing, just the ring.

UNCLE PAL

Who's the lucky lady?

CAL

Miranda.

UNCLE PAL

(horrified)

She aware of your intentions?

CAL

Haven't seen her in years.

UNCLE PAL

Right. You just found out some pretty terrible news. And I'm guessin' you're still drunk. So I'm inclined to believe you aren't thinkin' clearly right now.

Uncle Pal guides Cal to the back room.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

But you force my hand. My hand is forced.

51 INT. LIL' CHAPEL OF LOVE (BACK OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS

51

Pal and Cal stand facing a wall covered in POLAROIDs. A sign above the photos reads "WALL OF FAME".

UNCLE PAL

(off: Polaroids)

See the Wall of Fame?

Cal spots the RING on the desk beside the other bequeathed items in Duke's will. Cal grabs the ring and turns to leave.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

I was tryin' to spare you this.

Uncle Pal walks him over to the WALL OF FAME and points.

ANGLE ON: A POLAROID of MIRANDA (20's) - Wild hair, crazy eyes, and in the company of an AGING METALHEAD GROOM.

CAL

Fuck. She's married.

UNCLE PAL

And then some.

(CONTINUED)

Uncle Pal points to another Polaroid. MIRANDA getting married to a GREASY WEIGHT-LIFTER.

CAL

She's on her second husband?

UNCLE PAL

(points to another photo)

Actually she's a "Three-peat".

ANGLE ON: MIRANDA getting married to a DRUNK LOUNGE SINGER.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

It's not what you think. This girl... she didn't get one divorce. They died. All three of 'em. Now I'm not saying she killed 'em. But someone should slap a warning label on that girl. So you see the moral of the story?

CAL

Yes. Yes I do. She's single.

Cal exits.

52 EXT. LIL' CHAPEL OF LOVE - MOMENTS LATER

52

Cal goes to unlock his Buick but discovers he has no keys. At the entrance, Pal leans on the door - holding the keys.

UNCLE PAL

Can't let you go, buddy.

Cal snaps off the Buick's radio antenna and starts using it to "pick" the lock.

CAL

You believe in signs, Pal?

UNCLE PAL

I believe in not marrying the woman who invented the body shot.

CAL

Duke wills me a wedding ring on the day I find out I'm gonna die? That's a sign. And I'm not dying alone. Not like Duke. I'm settling down.

UNCLE PAL

You don't wanna be like your dad? Fine. Stop whoring around. But not Miranda. That's just reckless. And that's more like Duke than anything else.

(CONTINUED)

Cal opens the door.

CAL
Know what I drank for breakfast? Gravy. I
drank a pint of gravy.

UNCLE PAL
How was it?

CAL
Disgusting. For lunch I'm thinking
sausages and PCP.

Cal hops in his car. He takes a deep breath. A beat.

CAL (CONT'D)
(looks at Pal)
So are you going to make me hot-wire the
car or what?

Pal considers. Then tosses him the keys. He drives off as
Nuts enters the lot in his truck (we've seen this before...)

53 I/E. CHAPEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

53

Cal and Nuts pull up beside one another.

NUTS
I'm about to do something stupid.

CAL
Me too. You'd think we're related.

A beat.

NUTS
Say hi to Miranda for me.

CAL
How do you know?!

NUTS
That you'd go after her? Please, I know
everything you say and do before you do.

CAL
No you don't. Okay... I'm thinking of a
person-

NUTS
-don't be stupid-

CAL
...famous-

(CONTINUED)

NUTS

-c'mon-

CAL

...actor-

NUTS

-Billy Dee Williams.

A beat.

CAL

I hate you.

NUTS

No you don't.

He puts his truck into drive.

NUTS (CONT'D)

And there's no time for that anymore.

Nuts rolls off. So does Cal.

54 EXT. WORKING CLASS SUBURB - DAY

54

In the driveway of a small home, a motorcycle sits half-destroyed in a carport.

CRUNCH! A sledgehammer KNOCKS the motorcycle onto it's side.

Swinging the hammer is none other than MIRANDA (30) -skinny and tattooed. She is GORGEOUS - like a 50's pin-up from hell.

She angrily GRUNTS as she murders the motorcycle.

55 INT. LATE MODEL BUICK - CONTINUOUS

55

Cal, driving, spots Miranda at work on the motorcycle.

56 EXT. WORKING CLASS SUBURB - CONTINUOUS

56

THUNK. Cal closes his car door and approaches Miranda.

MIRANDA

Not interested.

CAL

What?

MIRANDA

A man in a suit comes to my house, he's either pushing a religion or a warrant.

(CONTINUED)

Cal takes two feet closer to her.

CAL

Don't remember me, huh?

MIRANDA

Look - my seven foot tall boyfriend carries a machete wherever he goes. Just so you know. Just throwing it out there.

CAL

It's Cal.

Miranda squints, drops the sledgehammer.

MIRANDA

Jesus, is that you, Pee Wee?!

CAL

Don't really go by Pee Wee anymore...

MIRANDA

Sure you do!

Miranda SHRIEKS with glee and runs up to him. She lunges and wraps her legs around his torso.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

You look so grown up and clean! Whatcha doin' in town?

CAL

Family business.

MIRANDA

And you find time to visit me. I feel so flattered! Flattered *and* stalked.

CAL

Seeing as I'm not from these parts anymore, I was gonna ask you to play tourist. But your seven foot machete-wielding boyfriend might object.

MIRANDA

Aw, I just say that to keep the pigs at bay.

Miranda tosses the hammer.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

So let's play tourist.

57 INT. PENNY ARCADE - LATER

57

Miranda and Cal, both wearing Niagara Falls visors, fire air rifles at "Wild West" themed shooting arcade.

CAL

So you're a mechanic these days?

She looks at him like he's crazy.

MIRANDA

Oh. The motorcycle. Sure. A mechanic. And what about you?

CAL

Oh, you know me.

Cal gives her a winning smile.

MIRANDA

Still getting by on charm and good looks?

Miranda fires off four bull-eye shots in quick succession.

CAL

Wow. And I bet you're coasting by on your knowledge of the deadly arts.

Miranda snaps down her rifle, quick-to-anger.

MIRANDA

Is that a clever reference to my marital difficulties?

CAL

I just meant-

MIRANDA

-All because a gal can handle firearms and knows her way around explosives doesn't mean she killed anyone.

CAL

Wow. I meant no offence.

MIRANDA

I don't know what you've heard. But it's just one of those things. Or in this case - three of those things. So don't get all Sherlock Holmes on me.

CAL

Hey, I just wanna solve the case of how did you get so beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

She breaks. Smiles.

MIRANDA

You always were a velvet tongued devil.

58 EXT. CLIFTON HILL - DAY

58

A giant white Ferris wheel - "The Skywheel" - rotates slowly in the middle of Clifton Hill.

59 INT. SKYWHEEL POD - CONTINUOUS

59

Miranda and Cal sit across from one another in a pod of the Skywheel. Beside Miranda is a giant stuffed TOP CAT.

Below them - neon signs and Niagara Falls itself.

Cal has one hand completely coated in cotton candy. He eats.

CAL

(off: cotton candy)

You want in on this?

She sizes him up for a beat.

MIRANDA

So. Are you hunting or gathering?

CAL

Sorry?

MIRANDA

Boys don't look up old girlfriends unless they're hunting for a date or going through an identity crisis and gathering information as to where it all got fucked up. So. Are you hunting... or are you gathering?

CAL

No small talk with you, I guess.

MIRANDA

I don't do weather.

CAL

Me neither.

MIRANDA

Spill it, Pee Wee.

Cal takes a deep breath: "Here Goes."

(CONTINUED)

CAL
I want you back.

MIRANDA
Really.

CAL
I got a soft spot for train-wrecks and
you're the biggest train-wreck of a woman
I've ever known.

MIRANDA
There's that velvet tongue again...

CAL
Being with you is like being coked-up and
shot out of a cannon filled with
rattlesnakes. And you kinda scare the
shit out of me. And that makes me feel
alive. And I figure that none of us
really know how long we got so we best
feel alive while we are.

MIRANDA
Rattlesnakes, huh? You sure know how to
melt a lady.

CAL
So I'm hunting.

Miranda smiles.

MIRANDA
Fair enough. But I'm no easy prey.

CAL
Just 'cause it's not easy doesn't mean I
won't try.

MIRANDA
Sure it does. You forget - I *know* you.
You've never done anything hard in your
life.

CAL
I dated you for a year.

MIRANDA
'Til I dumped you because you had no
spine.

(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

So a pretty little speech about coke and rattlesnakes and the nature of existence isn't gonna win me over like I'm some drunk teenage girl on prom night. You need to try harder. You need to earn it.

CAL

I'm up for the challenge.

MIRANDA

Then game on.

CLUNK! The wheel begins to decelerate. The doors open.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Okay! Let's go!

(mischievously)

I know just the place.

She jumps up, leans over, and give him a peck on the nose and immediately scampers.

60 EXT. SATAN'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE CLUB - AFTERNOON

60

Railroad tracks run under an overpass. In the middle of an empty yard sits a brick building. A few motorcycles line the entrance. This is not a friendly place.

Miranda and Cal stand between his Buick and the front door.

CAL

Umm. I don't think we're welcome.

MIRANDA

Why would you say that?

CAL

I read.

ANGLE ON: A sign: "PRIVATE CLUB - STAY THE FUCK OUT" surrounded by skulls.

MIRANDA

Don't worry. They know me here.

Cal warily follows her into the doorway to hell.

61 INT. SATAN'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE CLUB - EVENING

61

A neon sign above the entrance reads:

"WELCOME TO HELL"

Miranda and a nervous Cal sit up at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

A LIL' BIKER sits silently at the far end of the bar - glancing nervously over at Miranda.

Miranda hops behind the bar and grabs two beers. She grabs a couple of shot-glasses.

CAL

You work here, too?

She looks at him like he's slow as she pours two shots.

MIRANDA

I'm a mechanic. Give it a good home.

Miranda downs her shot. Cal chokes back his. He notices the Lil' Biker staring at them as she pulls out two beer bottles.

CAL

That little dude's eyeing me so hard I got bruises.

MIRANDA

Him? Don't worry. It's a boyfriend thing.

Cal freezes.

CAL

I'm missing a vital piece of information.

MIRANDA

Oh. My ex is at the end of the bar.

Cal spills some beer he's drinking.

CAL

Okay. Time to bounce.

MIRANDA

Hey, we just got here. I'd think a guy like you would be nonchalant about this.

CAL

Wrong. I'm usually pretty chalant about stuff like this. Very fucking super chalant.

MIRANDA

You're not scared of Big Mitch, are you Pee Wee?

Cal looks at the Lil' Biker - he looks harmless. Cal relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

No. That still doesn't make it swell for me to drink at the same bar as your biker boyfriend.

MIRANDA

(loudly)

Ex-boyfriend. We broke up.

CAL

When?

MIRANDA

Last night.

Cal bolts up, turns to leave, spins in a circle and sits back down in under two seconds.

CAL

You're fishing for jealousy and using me as bait.

Miranda smiles seductively.

MIRANDA

Tell you what. I can use *you*...

She leans over the bar. Time slows.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

....and you can use *me*.

Miranda extends her TONGUE. It gently grazes Cal's lips for what seems like an eternity. Cal melts.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Any way you like... Deal?-

CAL

-Deal!

LIL' BIKER (O.C.)

You just crossed a very fine line, Hoss.

Cal pounds back the rest of his beer.

CAL

Here we go.

The Lil' Biker turns to face Cal.

LIL' BIKER

Perhaps you should go on home.

(CONTINUED)

Cal hops off of his stool. He swaggers on over to the Lil' Biker as Miranda gleefully watches from a safe distance.

CAL

(cool)

I'm Cal White. I take it you're Big Mitch. I believe you already know Miranda.

LIL' BIKER

Lookit-

CAL

-Just let me finish. Miranda is a grown woman and she's capable of making her own decisions. And right now she's decided to spend a little time with me. So I think you oughta respect her decision. Whaddya say, Big Mitch?

The Lil' Biker smiles mightily as Cal stares him down.

LIL' BIKER

Well - I say, "Cal White... meet Big Mitch".

Just then, a GIANT HULK OF A MAN rises from the end of the bar.

Cal wilts.

Meet BIG MITCH (30's). He's almost seven feet tall, 300 pounds, long hair, and a huge tattoo of the Virgin Mary lopping the head off of Satan with a samurai sword.

Clad head-to-toe in leather, Big Mitch has a LARGE BOWIE KNIFE strapped to his leg and a pair of HANDCUFFS on his left jacket lapel. He holds aloft another pair of HANDCUFFS.

BIG MITCH

Fuckin' A! I thought I dropped my 'cuffs under the bar!

The Lil' Biker hops behind the bar. Big Mitch affixes the handcuffs onto the other loop on his leather jacket.

CAL

(weakly)

I'm Cal White. I take it you're Big Mitch. I believe you already know-

BIG MITCH

-just heard the speech, fella.

(CONTINUED)

Big Mitch, smiling mightily, is handed a drink by the Lil' Biker.

Cal turns to leave but Big Mitch effortlessly grabs him by the scruff of his neck and forces him down on a bar stool.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

Sit.

Cal looks over to Miranda who is calmly making herself a cocktail.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

Now, Cal, the way I see it, Miranda and me are havin' a tiny ole lover's quarrel. The way you see it, she's movin' on to you. I call that a difference of opinion.

Big Mitch finally stops smiling.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

And do you know how we solve differences of opinion here at Satan's Finest?

CAL

I hope to God you say "reasonable discourse".

LIL' BIKER

The Wheel of Misfortune.

CAL

What's a wheel of misfortune?

62 INT. SATAN'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE CLUB - LATER

62

CLACK!-CLACK!-CLACK!-CLACK!

IN TIGHT: On a large CARNIVAL GAMBLING WHEEL dubbed "The Wheel of Misfortune".

The wheel is split evenly into pie wedges - each of which has a different title like "LUMBER-HACK", "AXE-DUEL", and "KNIFE BOXING". It all sounds deadly... except for one odd wedge that reads "Forgive and Forget".

The Lil' Biker is setting up the Wheel of Misfortune. Miranda stands behind her two suitors.

MIRANDA

If you're doin' this to impress me, Mitch, it's not working.

(CONTINUED)

BIG MITCH

Rules is rules, baby.

MIRANDA

You don't own me! I can see anyone I want!

BIG MITCH

Sure you can, Honey Bee. You're gonna see Cal again at his funeral.

MIRANDA

Well I'm pullin' for Pee Wee.

She puts her hand on Cal's other shoulder.

BIG MITCH

Sure you are, baby. Pullin' him all the way to the hospital.

MIRANDA

That doesn't make any sense, Mitch.

BIG MITCH

(to Lil' Biker)

Spin it, Jimmy.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The Wheel of Misfortune spins around.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

You see, Cal, it's all part of the grand tradition of Satan's Finest Motorcycle Club. It started back in the 60's when Rollie Dawes started the first chapter with only a bike and a simple dream - control crystal meth distribution from Buffalo and surrounding counties to the Greater Hamilton Area. So ol' Rollie builds the first Wheel of Misfortune as a way to haze new recruits. Now any time you get a bunch of motorcycle enthusiasts together, you're bound to get the odd disagreement about religion or politics or - in this here case - who gets to fuck my girlfriend. So we started using the Wheel as a way to solve petty disputes. It's tradition! And if you don't respect tradition, what do you got?

It almost stops on "Forgive and Forget"... but at the last second clicks over to "STICK AND NAIL FIGHT".

CAL

What's a "Stick and Nail Fight"?

(CONTINUED)

BIG MITCH
(like it's obvious)
It's a fight with sticks and nails.

CAL
Look, I can't do this right now. I got a
lot of gravy in my system and-

BIG MITCH
-I don't know what that's code for and I
don't care. Let's go.

Big Mitch rises.

CAL
Wait! I... gotta use the bathroom.

BIG MITCH
Sure you do. And you need your inhaler.
And you know karate. And you're a
hemophiliac. I've heard 'em all. Let's
go.

CAL
Please. Just... I need to use the
bathroom.

Big Mitch reaches in to Cal's jacket and pulls out his cell.

BIG MITCH
Outside in five.

He lifts his meaty paw from Cal's shoulder.

63 INT. WORLD'S DIRTIEST BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

63

Cal shuts the door behind him. He runs into the stall and
VOMITS.

Cal lifts his head and spots a tiny WINDOW in the stall.

JUMP AHEAD TO:

Cal stands on the toilet. He throws back the curtain. BARS.

JUMP AHEAD TO:

Cal studies himself in the mirror.

CAL
(to himself)
Alright, Cal. Pull it together, man.
Here's what you're gonna do - you're
gonna hold fast - like a man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAL (CONT'D)

And then when you got a clear path,
you're gonna run. And if he catches you.
You're gonna die. You gotta die some day.

Cal brightens.

CAL (CONT'D)

Fuck - I *am* gonna die!

64 EXT. SATAN'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE CLUB - AFTERNOON

64

Big Mitch holds a two-by-four STICK with a NAIL through it.
He's all smiles.

Cal - confident - strolls outside. The Lil' Biker hands him a
matching stick. Cal and big Mitch walk toward the railroad
tracks and the highway overpass.

CAL

Hey - Where's Miranda?

BIG MITCH

I sent her on home. I don't wanna have
her see me kill you.

CAL

And if I win?

BIG MITCH

You win, you go on and be with her. On my
word of honour. But I don't think either
of us thinks that's likely.

Big Mitch stops.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

Young man, I'm gonna make the jihad on
your skull.

They face each other like duellists at a high-noon showdown.

A beat. The HUM of TRAFFIC from the highway overpass is the
only noise in the world.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

Ready?

CAL

(to self)

Easy, baby. You can do this thing.

SUPER SLO - MO: On Big Mitch. He raises the two-by-four and
RUNS STRAIGHT AT CAL.

(CONTINUED)

Cal CHARGES, but almost immediately trips and FALLS FLAT on the dusty ground.

Cal takes a swing at Mitch's legs but he blocks it with his boot heel. Mitch SMACKS away Cal's stick effortlessly.

Cal tries to rise but Mitch CROWNS him with a butt end.

SUPER SLO-MO: Big Mitch Winds up to STRIKE CAL'S HEAD... But behind him in the far distance... SOMETHING SHINY sparkles in the sky.

INSERT REPRISE: A familiar PICK-UP roars past... and A BAR OF SILVER is flung from the window.

BACK TO THE FIGHT: Big Mitch starts his down-swing... BUT THEN:

SFX: THUNK!

BIG MITCH TOPPLES TO THE GROUND ON TOP OF CAL.

Cal sits in stunned disbelief.

ON THE GROUND: Big Mitch. A pool of blood... AND A BAR OF SILVER.

Cal picks up the bar of silver and looks to the heavens:
"Where did this come from?"

Big Mitch lifts his head and opens his mouth to speak.. BUT PASSES OUT COLD.

Cal stands up and runs three feet and stops. He looks back and sees Mitch's blood pooling in the dirt. He pauses for a moment, takes two more steps, then stops and SIGHS.

CAL (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

CUT TO BLACK.

CAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mitch. Mitch. C'mon. Wake up.

65 EXT. SATAN'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE CLUB - LATER

65

Big Mitch's POV: Cal leans over him and slaps his face.

Big Mitch's eyes flutter open.

CAL

How does this work? Do I take you to a hospital? You okay?

(CONTINUED)

Big Mitch touches his head wound and studies his blood. He is helped to a seated position by Cal.

BIG MITCH

Didn't think you had it in you, dude. But
Big Mitch is a man of his word. So go on.
You go to Miranda.

Cal looks touched until he hears a CLINK of metal-on-metal.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

But you're takin' me with you!

Cal looks down: BIG MITCH HAS HANDCUFFED HIMSELF TO CAL.

CAL

What're you doin'?!

BIG MITCH

Keepin' my word.

CAL

No you're not!

BIG MITCH

Yes I am. This is what they call "passive
resistance". Just like Ganja.

CAL

Ghandi.

BIG MITCH

Sure thing, sport.

Cal tries to pull away but Big Mitch just lies down.

Cal drags him three inches before stopping.

CAL

C'mon! Where's the key.

Big Mitch shows Cal his tongue. On it is a tiny key. He swallows it and smiles.

66 EXT. SATAN'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE CLUB - LATER

66

Cal continues to lug Big Mitch who still lies motionless.

They are approach the train tracks - twenty feet from Cal's Buick... but only ten feet from where Big Mitch fell.

BIG MITCH

Just give up, man. What's the plan? Gonna
take me a-courtin'?

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Nope. I'm gonna pull you to my car and
drive us to the cops.

Big Mitch's eyes widen. Cal pulls Big Mitch onto the tracks.

CAL (CONT'D)

And I got a fiver that says there's a
warrant out on you.

Cal continues pulling until he hears a metal-on-metal CLINK.

Cal pulls for another few inches and is STOPPED COLD. He
pulls again and finds that he can't move an inch.

Cal looks down: BIG MITCH HAS CUFFED HIS FREE HAND TO A
RAILROAD SPIKE (with the other set of cuffs affixed to his
jacket).

BIG MITCH

Can't let you do that, buddy.

Cal SHRIEKS. He's cuffed to Big Mitch who in turn is cuffed
to the railroad spike.

CAL

Are you insane?!

BIG MITCH

Yes.

CAL

So we just stay here cuffed to the tracks
forever?

Big Mitch considers.

BIG MITCH

Didn't really think that far ahead.

SFX: A far-away TRAIN WHISTLE in the far distance.

IN TIGHT: A CROSSING LIGHT coming to life. DING! DING! DING!

Back to: Big Mitch. His eyes widen.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

Man, I really didn't think that far
ahead.

CAL

Please tell me you got another key.

CUT AHEAD TO:

(CONTINUED)

The sound of an APPROACHING TRAIN is much louder.

Cal is HAMMERING the chain with the silver bar.

CAL (CONT'D)
It's not breaking!

BIG MITCH
Use my machete.

Big Mitch rolls on his side and Cal grabs the BIG MACHETE strapped to his leg.

CAL
Who straps a machete to their body?

BIG MITCH
The kind of guy who finds himself in the odd Stick and Nail fight. Now shut it and cut it.

Cal WHACKS the chain several times with the machete.

CAL
It's not breaking!

BIG MITCH
I can see that!

Cal tries to SAW through the chain.

CAL
Jesus! How close is it?

Big Mitch looks down the tracks.

BIG MITCH
Close!

Cal starts to furiously HAMMER the cuffs.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)
Stop. Stop. You're dulling the blade.

CAL
(continuing to saw)
So fucking what?!

BIG MITCH
Stop. We need it sharp...

Cal stops sawing and looks at Big Mitch.

(CONTINUED)

CAL
What? Sharp for what?

BIG MITCH
Gotta hack the limb.

TIME STANDS STILL. Cal's face slackens.

CUT AHEAD TO:

SFX: The TRAIN is MUCH LOUDER.

Cal looks at the machete in his hands.

CAL
I can't do this!

BIG MITCH
You don't and I pull your motherfucking
ass on the tracks with me!

CAL
I can't chop off your hand!

In the background, the train ROUNDS THE CORNER. Cal's
expression changes.

CAL (CONT'D)
I can chop off your hand.

Cal grasps the blade and holds it aloft.

CAL (CONT'D)
On three.

BIG MITCH
On three?! Are you crazy?!

CAL
What?! What's wrong with three?!

BIG MITCH
Don't build it up! It'll hurt more if I'm
expectin' it!

CAL
You'll forgive me I'm not exactly sure
what the proper etiquette is for *hacking*
off a man's limb!

BIG MITCH
Just do it when I'm not expectin'!

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Okay. So I should do it on two, then?

BIG MITCH

You're not grasping the concept, here.

The TRAIN grows to a DEAFENING LEVEL.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)

Hurry up, Sport!

CAL

Okay. I'll just start counting and whenever I-

BIG MITCH

-Just hack the fucking limb!

Cal lifts the machete high into the air.

ANGLE ON: The LIGHT from the train is RAPIDLY APPROACHING.

Cal pumps the blade down a few times to make sure he's on target.

The SCREAM of the TRAIN is THUNDEROUS. Cal hoists the blade and lets out A PRIMAL SCREAM!

Big Mitch let's out an EVEN BIGGER SCREAM!

Cal BRINGS DOWN THE BLADE WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!

BLOOD SPURTS ONTO THEIR FACES. And then...SILENCE.

On the dashboard: A Virgin Mary and a hand in a bag of ice.

Cal, still sprayed with blood, drives down a business street near the Falls. In the passenger seat is a handless Big Mitch with his MACHETE. Cal sits STUNNED staring straight ahead while Big Mitch is decidedly woozy.

BIG MITCH

Whoa.

CAL

Stay awake. We're near the hospital.

BIG MITCH

Didn't think you had it in you, Sport.

Big Mitch turns to face Cal.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)
Thanks, man... High Five.

Big Mitch holds his hand aloft for a high five...except instead of a hand is A BLOODY STUMP wrapped in a tea towel.

BIG MITCH (CONT'D)
Yeah. Bad joke...

68 INT. LATE MODEL BUICK - LATER

68

On a street across from Miranda's, Cal sits alone in his car, bloodied and overwhelmed.

CAL
Well, I wanted exciting...

ANGLE ON: The ENGAGEMENT RING in Cal's hand.

69 EXT. WORKING CLASS SUBURB - MOMENTS LATER

69

Miranda spills out from the door lugging a SUITCASE. She backs straight into Cal.

MIRANDA
(terrified)
Is he dead!?

CAL
No! Don't worry. He's okay. He lost a hand... but

MIRANDA
(nods slowly)
Hmph. Just a hand.

Miranda slowly smiles.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Like I said - I was pullin' for you, Pee Wee.

CAL
So - wanna see some more sights?

MIRANDA (O.C.)
What did you have in mind?

70 EXT. MAID OF THE MIST - SUNSET

70

Niagara Falls towers above the tiny MAID OF THE MIST tourist boat. FOUR OR FIVE TOURISTS mill about the deck.

(CONTINUED)

On a deserted deck, Cal - in an ill-fitting rain slicker - takes in the sight in all it's majesty. He seems to be talking to no one.

CAL

I just wish I had some sort of sign.

Cal looks at the ring. He considers it carefully for a beat. He then looks over to Miranda.

ANGLE ON: Miranda flirting with a 18-year old SHIPMATE.

CAL (CONT'D)

Maybe I got a serious problem. Maybe I am reckless. And Miranda... she's a meat grinder, you know? There's gonna be a limb getting hacked each and every week with that one. But then again, maybe nothing matters anymore. Maybe I should nut up and just do this thing. What do you think?

Cal looks down to the person he's been speaking with: The cutest SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY you've ever seen. He just stares at Cal for a beat, and then RUNS AWAY.

CAL (CONT'D)

Yeah... you're probably right.

Miranda strolls on over to Cal. Cal fingers the ring. He closes it his hand. Miranda now stands beside him.

MIRANDA

Y'know, I was just chatting with that guy over there and - bam - it occurs to me that this boat's pretty ideal to mule drugs over the border. So, I'm thinking - wait - how well can you swim?

She puts a hand on Cal, who takes a deep breath. She moves in close to him, noticing he's distant.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Whoa. You look like a man with somethin' on his mind, Pee Wee.

Cal looks up to the sky.

CAL

I woke up this morning with a plan. I was gonna ask you a big question. But now... I'm not so sure. I'm... I'm just... waiting for a sign.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA

Don't wait forever. Life's short, Pee Wee.

CAL

Very true...

Miranda looks expectantly. Cal swallows hard. He rolls the ring around in his hand.

CAL (CONT'D)

Okay. Here goes. Miranda... Will you-

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: MILO WHITE - (1979-????)

71 INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

71

IN TIGHT: On Milo, already awake - staring at a chrome ALARM CLOCK. The time CLICKS 4:37 AM.

His room is crammed with kitschy pictures, retro toys, and a sizeable collection of Elvis and Evel Knievel paraphernalia.

Milo lies awake in bed. Just staring at the ceiling of his incredibly tidy room.

INSERT FLASH REPRISE: Three bits of Uncle Pal reading the will the night before.

Milo bolts upright.

MILO

I can't take it!

He bolts from bed.

72 EXT. GREATER NIAGARA GENERAL HOSPITAL - PRE-DAWN

72

A 70's era Hospital. We're looking at the EMERGENCY entrance.

73 INT. EMERGENCY EXAMINATION ROOM - DAWN

73

Milo sits on a papered examination table. Beside him stands an older DOCTOR (60's) who consults a clipboard.

DOCTOR

...your vitals are solid, but...

(CONTINUED)

He puts down the clipboard.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
...we won't know for sure without blood tests, but if you took Affektorol-

MILO
-I did.

DOCTOR
Well, you got an opportunity, here. Is there anything you ever wanted to do?

Milo considers.

MILO
About a million things.

DOCTOR
Do them.

Milo nods slowly.

MUSIC: Something moody.

74 EXT. SCENIC OUTLOOK AREA - DAWN

74

The sun rises across Niagara Falls.

Milo soaks in the view from the roof of his car. He holds a NOTE PAD and PEN.

A good, long beat.

Milo pulls out his cell phone and hits a button.

ON THE CELL DISPLAY: OFFICE.

RECEPTIONIST VOICE (ON PHONE)
You've reached Pell and Associates. Our office is now closed. To leave a-

Milo hits the number sign.

MILO
Hi. It's Milo. I won't be coming in to work today. Or tomorrow. I guess I'm quitting.
(a beat)
Actually, it feels pretty good to say that... I've never quit a job before. I quit. My job. *I quit my job...* so tell Gerry in H.R. that he's a total prick. Milo out.

(CONTINUED)

Milo clicks off his phone. A slight smile.

MILO (CONT'D)
Man, that felt good.

He puts pen to paper.

IN TIGHT: On his NOTE PAD: "TO DO LIST".

75 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

75

We've been here before and we pick up right where we left off.
Nuts enters as Milo and Cal hug.

NUTS
Jesus. It's fucking all Steel Magnolias
around here...

Milo and Cal stop hugging.

NUTS (CONT'D)
You'd think we're in Europe with all this
man-hugging.

MILO
Europe... good idea.

Milo pulls out his Note Pad and jots something down.

MILO (CONT'D)
I think I'd like Europe.

CAL
No you won't. I've been there. It's
pretty swishy.

NUTS
They'll elect him king.

Cal giggles.

MILO
There's no king of Europe, Nuts. And I'm
not taking your shit anymore. That's on
the list, too. Growing up with you guys
was hell.

NUTS
Just boys being boys.

MILO
We'd play Hungry Hungry Hippos I'd shit
marbles for a week.

(CONTINUED)

Cal peers at his list.

CAL

You know what you should put on that list? "Give Cal Money." Write that down.

NUTS

Now don't go and do anything that'll come back and bite you on the ass in the long run.

MILO

I've spent my life worrying about the long run.

Milo stands.

MILO (CONT'D)

There is no "long run" anymore. All of a sudden, it's a fucking sprint.

Milo exits, leaving a stunned Cal looking at Nuts.

CAL

He's finally snapped.

NUTS

When a dude wound that tight finally blows - run for the hills.

76 INT. BANK - LATER

76

Milo stands before a TELLER (30).

MILO

I'd like to make a withdrawal and close my accounts.

INSERT SHOT: A PILE OF FIFTIES run through a cash counter.

77 EXT. AUTO LOT - DAY

77

Milo stands in front of a giant 1968 Ford Torino. A SALESMAN stand beside him.

MILO

I'll take it.

78 EXT. WHITE FAMILY HOME - LATER

78

Milo - smeared in engine oil and holding a wrench - works on the underside of the Torino. Music BLARES from the 8-Track.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE PAL (O.S.)

Miss Benatar.

Milo pulls himself up to find Uncle Pal genuinely admiring his new car. In his hand he holds a PACKAGE.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

I had a '68 Torino. Called her Miss Benetar after Pat Benatar - the sexiest woman to ever grace God's green earth. Had to call it Miss Benatar, cause a fella callin' his ride "Pat"? Folks'll think you got a thing for Irish dudes.

Milo smiles.

UNCLE PAL (CONT'D)

Whatcha workin' on, Son?

MILO

I want to make the muffler loud as hell, but I got no clue what I'm doing. I thought if I held a wrench and got dirty, things would just kind of work out.

UNCLE PAL

How about we drill a few holes in the muffler and get her growlin'. Whatcha callin' her?

They walk toward the garage.

MILO

Well, "Pat" was in the lead. I'll add picking a name to my 'to do' list.
(motions to car)
The Torino was number seven.

UNCLE PAL

You got a list?

MILO

I don't want any regrets, Pal. Not like Dad.

UNCLE PAL

See, a list. That's smart.

MILO

Not really. The words "Death defying" appear like six times.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE PAL

Easy. Livin' like there's no tomorrow
pretty much makes sure there won't be
one. Do I hafta worry about you, too?

MILO

Actually, I feel pretty much unstoppable.

Uncle Pal hands him the package and picks up a drill.

UNCLE PAL

Okay. Let's do this thing.

79 INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - LATER

79

Milo removes his dirty shirt. He opens a well organized
closet. He rifles through some shirts before stopping cold.

He looks over at Uncle Pal's PARCEL on his bed.

MILO

Why the fuck not?

MOMENTS LATER: He rips open the parcel - revealing ELVIS'
JUMPSUIT.

80 INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - LATER

80

A hand slides into a Rhinestone cuff.

A bejewelled belt SNAPS into position.

A zipper is closed - revealing a Rhinestone Thunderbird.

In the mirror, Milo looks at himself - decked out in a
GLITTERY ELVIS UNITARD (the one bequeathed to him by Duke).

TODD

You look like a Retarded Elvis.

MILO

Then why are you watching me?

TODD

(shrugs)

Nothing on T.V.

Milo checks himself out in the mirror.

MILO

Are T and V the only letters you know?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

And now you're Spell-vis. Where are you going like that?

MILO

See for yourself.

Milo motions to the NOTE PAD on his bed.

Todd grabs the note pad. His eyes WIDEN.

TODD

Can I come?!

Milo considers for a beat.

MILO

Sure.

TODD

Can I dress up, too?

MILO

I encourage it.

Todd SQUEALS and tears out of the room. Two seconds later, he ducks his head back in the door.

TODD

(excited)

And can we stop at Dairy Queen and pick up a couple of twats?!

Milo stops cold. A brutal beat.

MILO

.....We'll discuss it in the car.

81 EXT. WHITE FAMILY HOME - DAY

81

MUSIC: Rock!

SLO-MO: Milo and Todd strut out of the door.

Milo has completed his Elvis ensemble with a pair of sunglasses and a PLASTIC TOY SHOTGUN.

Todd is dressed in ARMY FATIGUES and a PLASTIC PIRATE SWORD.

As they approach the Torino, Milo SLIDES across the hood a la the *Dukes of Hazzard*.

82 INT. TORINO - MOMENTS LATER 82

Milo and Todd bob their heads in unison to a catchy retro pop TUNE. They pull in front of a TATTOO STUDIO. Milo puts his plastic shotgun on the dashboard.

83 INT. TATTOO PARLOR - LATER 83

Milo holds a cartoon drawing of Evel Knievel in full flight from the cover of "The Further Adventures of Evel Knievel".

Todd looks on as Milo motions to his upper arm. The TATTOO ARTIST looks a little worried about these guys.

MILO
I want it right here.

84 INT. TORINO - EARLY AFTERNOON 84

Milo (with a bloody sleeve) and Todd drive. Again, their heads bob in unison.

TODD
Why won't you let me see it?

MILO
(irritated)
Fine.

Milo pulls down the shoulder of his jumpsuit and lifts the bandage to reveal:

A BUNCH OF BLOODY DOTS.

TODD
That's not the picture! What are those?

MILO
Man... dots.

TODD
What's a Man Dot?

MILO
Look, Todd. It hurt a lot more than I thought. And if you ever think about doing something so stupid as getting a tattoo, it better be of a picture of me because that's the only way the police will know who killed you.

85 EXT. NIAGARA RACEWAY - LATER 85

A deserted, garish speedway that's seen better days.

(CONTINUED)

The Torino stands at the far end of the strip. Fifty feet down, a TINY RAMP stands before SIX SEATED MANNEQUINS.

Milo sits in the driver's seat. Todd watches from the pit area - fuming.

TODD

I want to do it, too!

MILO

I said no! Stay there!

TODD

You never let me do anything!

MILO

This is incredibly dangerous! And if I ever catch you doing anything this idiotic, I'll lock you in the bathroom after Nuts uses it.

TODD

Can I *at least* sit with the manner-kings?

MILO

No! Stay there! If you don't we're not going to pick up any... cones.

Todd kicks the air.

IN THE TORINO: Milo REVVS the throaty engine.

MILO (CONT'D)

Sassy.

He shift the gear and squeals the breaks.

FROM THE PIT: The wheels SMOULDER impressively for a beat before Milo SHIFTS THE TORINO INTO ACTION.

The car EXPLODES down the raceway.

INSIDE THE CAR: Milo looks INTENSE.

The car screams toward the mini-ramp.

SLO MO: The Torino ascends the ramp. LIFT OFF.

ANGLE ON: Milo. He's in heaven.

ANGLE ON. Todd. Mouth agape.

ANGLE ON: A decidedly unimpressed mannequin.

(CONTINUED)

LOW ANGLE ON: The Torino. It could be a hundred feet in the air from this viewpoint.

BACK TO REGULAR SPEED: The Torino, maybe three feet in the air, KNOCKS OFF EVERY MANNEQUIN HEAD... quite possibly the lamest jump ever.

Todd LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY. But in the Torino, Milo WHOO-HOO's like he just jumped 13 cars at the Houston Astrodome.

86 INT. 1968 FORD TORINO - LATER

86

Milo and Todd drive. Again, their heads bob in unison but this time they have the tiniest Dairy Queen ice cream cones.

87 EXT. CLIFTON HILL - DAY

87

Milo and Todd walk down the tourist strip. In the distance Milo spots Cal... right after Cal and Miranda exit the Sky Wheel (we've seen this before).

INTERCUT WITH: Cal spotting his brothers.

MILO

Oh-

CAL

-my-

MILO

-God.

The two pairs converge.

MIRANDA

Hey boys. What's with the threads?

MILO

Long story. How about we say Todd and I landed parts in a very misunderstood off-Broadway play and we leave it at that.

(to Cal)

Can I talk to you for a second?

Milo and Cal step a few feet away, leaving Miranda and Todd.

Miranda looks down to see Todd staring at her... AWESTRUCK. She clearly confuses him in that pre-pubescent way.

MIRANDA

So how's army life?

TODD
(nervous)
Are you a babysitter?

MIRANDA
What?

TODD
(immediately)
I have an X-Box.

INTERCUT WITH: Milo and Cal's conversation.

MILO
Give me the ring. Walk away. Before it's too late.

CAL
Why are you guys always telling me what to do?

MILO
We're the only ones who care enough to call you on your bullshit.

BACK TO: Miranda and Todd. He holds out his cone.

TODD
Do you want some ice cream?

MIRANDA
I certainly do. You're an officer *and* a gentleman, huh?

She takes his ice cream and pinches his cheek.

TODD
You smell like a really nice restaurant.

BACK TO: Cal and Milo.

MILO
Remember how you and Nuts used to stick up for me in high school?

CAL
For a very reasonable rate I might add.

MILO
Well that's all I'm trying to do here.

CAL
I know. But you don't understand what being with her feels like.

(CONTINUED)

MILO

I have had girlfriends before, Cal.

CAL

How many?

MILO

Tons.

Cal gives him a skeptical look.

MILO (CONT'D)

Three.

CAL

Make it four. While there's still time.

Cal pulls Milo's list out of his pocket.

MILO

What are you doing?

CAL

Adding that to your list.

Cal hands him back his note pad. Milo reads it.

MILO

Number Eighteen: "Give Cal Money"?

Cal starts walking off.

CAL

Got anyone in mind?

Milo starts nodding slowly.

88 EXT. CLIFTON HILL - LATER

88

Milo and Todd stand across the street from FRANKENSTEIN'S HOUSE OF HORRORS - a garish green tourist attraction built to resemble a medieval castle with a giant skull for a foyer.

Minding the front till behind a sheet of Plexiglas is a happy young woman with bright green hair and a cardigan and T-shirt that reads "My Other Shirt is a Trans-Am". Meet MINDY (20's).

TODD

Is that her?

MILO

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Well go on.

MILO

I will. I'm just... paralyzed with fear.

Todd rolls his eyes and slaps his brother's backside.

Mindy greets Milo and Todd with a bemused smile.

MINDY

(rehearsed)

Hi! Are-you-brave-enough-for-the-most-terrifying-experience-of-your-lives?

MILO

We're about to find out.

MINDY

So one adult and one veteran?

She winks and Todd in his army fatigues. He smiles gleefully.

MILO

Well, actually, there's something I want to tell you.

Milo takes a deep breath and pulls out his note pad.

MILO (CONT'D)

(reading stiffly)

I am not here to ask you for a date or to be my sweetheart-

MINDY

What's a "sweetheart"?

MILO

(flustered)

I... Look, I didn't have time to proof this. I just...

Milo puts away his notes and looks right into Mindy's puzzled eyes.

MILO (CONT'D)

Okay. Here it is. Sometimes I see you in the mornings on my way to work. I don't mean this is in a creepy stalking way but in a 'on my way to work' kinda way. In the mornings, you smile at everyone who walks by. Everyone. Even me. And I never could force myself to smile back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILO (CONT'D)

Maybe because you have the kindest smile
I've ever seen and I can't compete with
that.

Mindy's smile begins to return.

MILO (CONT'D)

And no one handles stoned teenagers as
well as you. Believe me, it's a gift. And
don't worry, I'm not asking you out on a
date here because of a technical
difficulty with my existence, but I guess
if I wasn't dying I'd lack the courage to
ask you out anyway. I mean, I usually
date girls who are easily distracted or
battling depression. That's my type -
slow and sad. I really shouldn't have
said that last part. But seeing as it
doesn't matter what I say anymore I
wanted you to know that someone in this
world has seen you from far away and
thinks you are beautiful. And if that can
ever make you feel even the tiniest bit
special, then I'm glad I made an ass of
myself.

Milo turns and walks away. Mindy is flabbergasted.

MINDY

Wait! Who are you?

Milo turns back around to face her.

MILO

(like it's obvious)
I'm Elvis.

89 EXT. WHITE FAMILY HOME - AFTERNOON

89

A cab pulls away, leaving GOLDIE WHITE, suitcases in tow,
standing before the house.

MOMENTS LATER: She is KNOCKING at the door. No answer.

She spots a GARDEN GNOME and wrinkles her brow.

MOMENTS LATER: Goldie retrieves a HOUSE KEY that sits beneath
the Garden Gnome.

90 EXT. DAREDEVIL MUSEUM OF NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

90

The kitschy museum is exactly what you'd expect - a garish
tribute to the daredevils who have challenged the Falls. An
ACTUAL BARREL is on display before the building.

(CONTINUED)

Milo and Todd stand before in the car, idling and staring at the barrel.

MILO
(off: barrel)
There it is.

TODD
Is it even for sale?

MILO
(pats his wallet in pants)
Let's just say I got what it takes to
convince 'em right here.

Todd looks very confused, then mortified.

MILO (CONT'D)
Okay. That probably looked a little
weird. I was patting my wallet.

Todd unbuckles his belt and unlocks the door. Milo halts him.

MILO (CONT'D)
Remember - don't use our real names.

TODD
You got it, Smell-vis.

MILO
Let's roll, General Mayhem.

91 EXT. STREETS OF NIAGARA FALLS - LATE AFTERNOON

91

The Torino peels down the street. Hanging out of the back trunk, a spectacular, glittery barrel.

92 INT. TORINO - CONTINUOUS

92

Milo and Todd drive.

TODD
You're gonna be in the newspaper!

MILO
You can't tell *anyone* about this.

TODD
I won't!

MILO
If you ever think about doing something
this completely idiotic... maybe I'm not
a good role model.

93 I/E. TORINO/WHITE FAMILY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

93

The car pulls up in front of the house. Milo spots the open door.

MILO

Okay. Someone's home. I can't let them see the barrel. So what do you say if they ask you where I am?

TODD

What's a Milo?

MILO

Perfect.

Todd hugs Milo.

TODD

I love you.

MILO

I love you too.

94 INT. WHITE FAMILY HOME - ONE MINUTE LATER

94

Todd enters. He runs inside and stops cold when he sees: Goldie sitting on the couch.

GOLDIE

Toddy? Hi!

TODD

(screaming)

WHAT'S A MILO?!

Goldie immediately wrinkles her brow. She seats Todd down. She stares him down for a beat.

GOLDIE

Something's up.

Todd shrugs nervously.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

So. It's a battle of wits, eh?

95 EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - LATER

95

In the distance, the ROAR of Niagara Falls can be heard.

THUNK! Milo pulls the Barrel out of the Torino and starts rolling it.

96 INT. WHITE FAMILY HOME - LATE AFTERNOON 96

The interrogation of Todd continues.

GOLDIE
(sweetly)
Toddy, where's Milo?

TODD
I'll never tell.

GOLDIE
I'll give you five dollars.

TODD
(immediately)
He's going over the Falls.

Goldie's eyes widen.

97 EXT. NIAGARA PARKWAY - LATER 97

Milo rolls the Barrel down the parkway, determined. We've seen this place before... during Duke's death-march.

98 EXT. UNDERBRUSH - MOMENTS LATER 98

Milo hauls the Barrel through some underbrush toward the BANKS OF THE NIAGARA RIVER.

We recognize this jumping point as the exact same place where Duke White leapt into the river.

99 INT. TAXI - LATER 99

Goldie and Todd sit in the back seat.

GOLDIE
What is going on?! What is going on in that boy's head?! Why?!

TODD
It's on his list.

GOLDIE
What list?!

100 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - LATER 100

Milo has dropped the Barrel on a STEEP INCLINE several feet from the shore.

MILO
I... am... invincible.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

He steps in the Barrel.

101 EXT. NIAGARA PARKWAY - CONTINUOUS

101

Goldie is wild with fear. Todd is, too.

GOLDIE

-What pills?!

TODD

-the pills they all took for money.

GOLDIE

(beat)

Wait - the pharmaceutical thing?

Todd spots the Torino.

TODD

There's his car.

GOLDIE

Pull over!

102 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

102

SNAP! Milo SHUTS the lid to the Barrel.

103 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS

103

Milo opens a cork AIR-HOLE. A bead of light cuts into the barrel. Milo starts to KICK the Barrel to dislodge it from the rocks.

104 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

104

The Barrel SCRAPES and slides two inches closer to the water with each KICK.

105 EXT. NIAGARA PARKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

105

Goldie and Todd hustle down a familiar walking path.

GOLDIE

Do you see him?! Milo! MILO!

106 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - LATER

106

The KICKING has slowed. The Barrel has moved a few feet.

107 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS

107

Inside. Milo is clearly exhausted. He kicks one more time. Another inch.

108 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS 108

The Barrel has moved exactly one foot. One last kick. One more inch. It's not even close to the water.

109 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS 109

Milo is completely out of energy. He deflates. A beat.

MEANWHILE: Todd and Goldie plow through the brush.

TODD
I see him!

GOLDIE
Stop! MILO STOP!

IN THE BARREL: Milo looks unsure he just heard what he heard.

MILO
Mom?

GOLDIE
You're not gonna die!

MILO
What?

GOLDIE
Get out of there!

Milo tries to pop the lid. Naturally, it's STUCK.

*

THAT MOMENT: The Barrel SLIDES AN INCH CLOSER TO THE WATER.

MILO
Uh-oh.

110 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS 110

The Barrel is painfully, slowly sliding down the gentle slope and into the water.

MILO (IN BARREL)
Mom?!

The Barrel slides two inches closer..

GOLDIE
No!

She grabs the corner of the Barrel and tries to hoist it out but it is much too heavy.

(CONTINUED)

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
(to Todd)
Help me!
(to Milo)
Just open the lid. Open it!

Milo THUMPS from within.

MILO (IN BARREL)
It's stuck!

GOLDIE
Get that rock, Toddy. We're gonna save
you, Milo! You're not gonna die!

Todd grabs a big rock and hands it to Goldie. She starts to
HAMMER the latch.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
You don't understand! You're not gonna
die! Those pills...

INSIDE THE BARREL: Milo perks up.

OUTSIDE: THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! With each hit, the Barrel
inches further into the WATER by the tiniest of degrees.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)
The pills... that was Duke and his stupid
finder's fees!

111 INT. WHITE FAMILY KITCHEN - THE PAST

111

REPRISE: Duke puts the pills into the cupboard.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
It was Duke's stupid idea! You boys came
home with those pills... but I'd never
let you kids be guinea pigs!

112 INT. WHITE FAMILY KITCHEN - THE PAST

112

The cupboard opens. It's Goldie. She takes the pill bottle...

GOLDIE (V.O.)
I filled 'em with Tic Tacs!

...and refills it with TIC TACS.

113 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS

113

Milo is AWESTRUCK.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

MILO
Tic Tacs?!

114 EXT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS

114

GOLDIE
Tic Tacs!

115 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS

115

MILO
(slowly, realizing)
Tics Tacs...

GOLDIE (O.C.)
Swear to god! What kinda mother would let
her kids test drugs for money?

MILO
Oh god! I'm gonna live!

Milo starts to FURIOUSLY HAMMER at the lid of the Barrel.

116 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

116

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Goldie's HAMMERING and Milo's POUNDING
intensify... Finally:

The Barrel SLIPS SIDEWAYS AND QUICKLY ROLLS DOWN THE SLOPE
AND INTO THE WATER.

117 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS

117

MILO
I'm gonna die!

118 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

118

GOLDIE/TODD
No!

119 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS

119

Milo looks out the AIR HOLE to find the Barrel RAPIDLY
MOVING.

He starts to PANIC. He starts to THUMP on the roof of the
Barrel. WATER IS FILLING UP THE BARREL.

Milo - HYPERVENTILATING - presses his eye to the TINY AIR
HOLE which is supplying the only light in the world.

120 EXT. NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS 120

Pulling back, we see that Milo in his Barrel is rapidly heading for:

THE BRINK OF NIAGARA FALLS.

121 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS 121

Milo FREAKS OUT. He starts to CRY from FEAR. He spastically THRASHES in a futile attempt to get out of this Houdini-esque situation.

122 EXT. NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS 122

The BRINK is FAST APPROACHING.

123 INT. BARREL - CONTINUOUS 123

We watch the water level rise.

The air seems thinner and thinner.

The ROAR of the Falls gets LOUDER and LOUDER.

Like a rat in a barrel of water, Milo CLAWS for his life. Between the water and the clawing and the screeching - it's a cacophony of NOISE.

A sudden CALMNESS overtakes Milo...and TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL. And then - SILENCE...time stops moving.

MILO
I want to live.

FROM THE KEYHOLE: THE BRINK OF THE FALLS.

MILO (CONT'D)
I want to live.

124 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS 124

The barrel goes closer to the edge...

MILO
(barely audible)
I want to live.

AS THE BARREL CRESTS THE VERY BRINK OF NIAGARA FALLS, WE...

CUT TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

TITLE CARD: DUKE WHITE (1941-2009)

SFX: GURGLING WATER.

BLACKNESS gives way to DARK BLUE.

Tiny bubbles float by. We are UNDERWATER.

DUKE (V.O.)

Today is the fourteenth day since the end
of my life.

The bubbles continue to float by with greater speed.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now I don't believe in miracles. I
believe in odds. And if you forced my
bet, I'd wager I'm straight-up dead...
And that this is one of those "life
flashes before you eyes" moments.

125 EXT. BANKS OF NIAGARA RIVER - TWO WEEKS EARLIER

125

REPRISE: Duke White stands by the river, wearing his NOOSE
and lugging his BRANCH.

DUKE (V.O.)

Like a dream that you swear lasted months
even though you know you just slept for
an hour.

Duke flops into the river.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or maybe a clever trick your brain plays
on your body to ease that painful
permanent fade to black - wrapping your
head in warm thoughts so you don't feel
the cold hard hand of death.

UNDERWATER: In SLO-MO: A NOOSE floats past...

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or maybe it's straight-up wishful
thinking... a man with regrets is chalk
full of wishful thoughts.

- followed by the log. But no Duke.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I saw things. I saw my resurrection.
And this is what I saw:

126 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

126

SLO-MO: Niagara Falls in it's entirety.

A black dot - maybe a body - slips over the brink.

DUKE (V.O.)
I saw my death.

The black dot finally makes it to the base of the Falls.

DUKE (CONT'D)
But from far, far away. Like it was
somebody else.

BACK UNDERWATER: The fury and rush of water pushing foam and bubbles deep underwater.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Every so often, the pressure from the
Falls keeps a body underwater for days...
even weeks.

IN TIGHT: We see bits and pieces of Duke's body in this watery maelstrom.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now that corpse gets all bloated,
ballooning like a boiled sausage.

BACK TO:

127 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

127

The panoramic view of Niagara Falls we just saw. But this time, we see the sun rise and fall several times. Days pass.

DUKE (V.O.)
...And you don't wanna see what a corpse
that's been under the Falls for two weeks
looks like. Trust me.

BACK UNDERWATER: We're back in the churning waters.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A shift in the current and that monster
corpse shoots down the rapids like a
torpedo...

Suddenly, we slip into fast, smooth water.

DUKE (CONT'D)
And when that giant man-pedo decides to
surface... Well, it's a sight to behold.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

The water gets LIGHTER, shallower. We're SURFACING.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then as clear as day, I saw my boy
one last time.

128 EXT. MAID OF THE MIST - LATE AFTERNOON

128

REPRISE: On deck, Cal and Miranda. Cal fingers the ring. He
closes it in his hand.

CAL

Christ. I just wish I had some sorta
sign.

INTERCUT WITH:

129 UNDERWATER.

129

We continue to SURFACE.

DUKE (V.O.)

My reckless son.

BACK ON DECK: Miranda moves in close. Cal looks skyward.

UNDERWATER.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And I knew... for once in my life... I
was there for him.

BACK ON DECK: Miranda looks expectantly. Cal swallows hard.
He rolls the ring around in his hand.

CAL

Miranda... Will you-

SFX: LOUD GURGLING.

THE GIANT, BLOATED CORPSE OF DUKE WHITE SHOOTS OUT OF THE
WATER AND OVER THE BOW OF THE MAID OF THE MIST.

His clothes have ripped on account of the grotesque bloating.

ANGLE ON: Cal. He is THUNDERSTRUCK.

ANGLE ON: Miranda. She SHRIEKS.

The CORPSE smacks back down in the water and floats off.

CAL (CONT'D)

(low, to himself)

Now that... was a sign.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA

What-the-hell-was-that?!

Cal pockets the engagement ring.

CAL

Miranda, I... I gotta go.

Cal backs away from Miranda.

130 EXT. NIAGARA RIVER - SUNSET

130

SLO MO: We're skimming across the water.

In the distance - the SIR DAM BECK GENERATING STATION.

DUKE

Then I saw my eldest.

INSERT SHOT (REPRISE): It's fuzzy at first, but we can tell we're back at the Arena. When Nuts heads toward the ring.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But he was far away. I couldn't see clear, but it was him. And I was flooded by thoughts of all the wrong I did to him.

Nuts climbs into the ring. The image grows clearer.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the helplessness of it all.

The BELL RINGS and we cut to:

STOCK FOOTAGE: A C.B.S. newsreel from 1965 of New York City.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then I thought about the Great Blackout of 1965...

Building after building tumbles into darkness.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...when the whole Eastern Seaboard fell dark on account of one lonely switch tripped right here in Niagara Falls.

131 EXT. NIAGARA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

131

We're back skimming the water - heading toward the generating station.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE (V.O.)

Then I thought about the odds again: the odds in a corpse sifting through all of them grates and bulkheads. The odds in a body jamming up the turbines of one of the biggest hydro plants in the world. And the odds say it can't happen that way... and it didn't...

132 EXT. HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

132

An AMBULANCE tears out of the hospital.

DUKE (V.O.)

But what can happen is the ambulance sent to fish out a body spotted near the Generating Station...

The Ambulance drives out of frame.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...can skid off the road...

SFX: SKIDDING.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and slam into a hydro pole...

SFX: CRASH!

INSERT SHOT: HIGH SPEED shot running along POWER LINES.

The power lines stop at...

NIAGARA FALLS MEMORIAL ARENA.

REPRISE: ANGLE ON Nuts' face. He's calm. He touches his head.

NUTS

C'mon, Lucky Bump.

SFX: DING! DING! DING!

ANGLE ON: TANK-BOY. He's comes out of his corner like a bull.

AND THEN: THE POWER CUTS OUT.

SFX: The MURMURS of a CONFUSED CROWD. Then... A THUD!

THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON.

DUKE (V.O.)

I saw my boy and a weight came off my heavy heart.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON: Tank-Boy. DOWN on the CANVAS. COLD-COCKED.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Like I could float.

ANGLE ON: Nuts. Sitting on the top ropes. Happy as a clam.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Like the impossible was made possible.

SFX: The ROAR of the crowd. Nuts, beaming with pride, lifts one arm up in victory.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now I'd like to say I had a hand in that
twist of fate. But I know fate works
alone.

REPRISE:

Duke stands with his noose and log, seconds before he flops into the river.

DUKE (V.O.)
And just when I thought I could feel no
more joy, I saw something else.

FLASH REPRISE: Milo claws for life in the barrel in SLO-MO.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My other boy. The one I never understood.

REPRISE: UNDERWATER. The log and the noose float past.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And here's where the long odds become
something else.

REPRISE: Milo inside the barrel heading for the brink.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The odds in surviving the Falls are a
million to one. But the odds in not going
over... by the sheer chance convergence
of a rope...

BACK UNDERWATER: We travel past the noose.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...a log...

We pass the log...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and an impossibly well-placed out-
cropping of rocks...

This time... we follow the rope and realize it's hooked on
some ROCKS.

134 INT. BARREL - LATE AFTERNOON

134

REPRISE: CALMNESS overtakes Milo...and TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL.

MILO
I want to live.

FROM THE AIR HOLE: THE BRINK OF THE FALLS.

MILO (CONT'D)
I want live.

135 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - CONTINUOUS

135

The barrel goes closer to the edge...

DUKE (V.O.)
The odds that noose, that log getting
caught up with that barrel?

AND CRESTS THE BRINK OF NIAGARA FALLS...

THE BARREL STOPS COLD. PERCHED ON THE BRINK OF GOING OVER.

136 EXT. OBSERVATION AREA - CONTINUOUS

136

DUKE (V.O.)
Way more than a million to one. It's
something more than unlikely.

An observation area overlooks the Falls. A GOOFY TEEN looks
through one of the PAY BINOCULARS on pedestals that dot the
walking path.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
More than impossible.

The Teen spots something on the brink. His eyes WIDEN.

TEEN
Call 9-1-1!

The teen exits, leaving us looking at nothing but sky.

DUKE (V.O.)
More than the odds can allow.

(CONTINUED)

A SLOW FLASH OF BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT.

A beat.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then I saw the future.

137 INT. WHITE FAMILY HOME - MORNING

137

The image is hazy, but we float into the kitchen window.

DUKE (V.O.)
And it was cloudier still, but I know
what I saw.

The image grows clearer. Milo enters the kitchen.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I was basking in a light I didn't
deserve.

Seated around the table are Cal, Nuts, Todd and Juicebox.
They eat breakfast in silence. Goldie works by the stove.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For I saw my miracle.

Nuts embraces Milo.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The lives of my boys.

Milo sits. Cal silently hands him the wedding ring.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My family.

Goldie, carrying a pan, musses Cal's hair with her free hand.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Fate erasing the stain of all my
misdeeds.

Juicebox burps, Todd giggles. Even Milo smiles.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I knew everything was going to be
okay...

Goldie deposits the nicest looking race car pancake on his
plate. Todd BEAMS.

The image begins to blur again.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For I had a reversal of fortune.

Goldie puts on a c.d. by the kitchen cabinets (it's "Freebird").

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A resurrection.

She sits. And as the image grows hazier, the entire family eats in silence for a good, long beat...

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A bona fide miracle.

...until it loses all meaning. Just shapes and colours.

And when we're left with pure light...

....we hear Duke one last time.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And I was so happy I knew I must be dead.

CUT TO BLACK.

E N D