

Only in Select Theaters

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OVER BLACK

MICK and CONNOR argue over pronunciation.

CONNOR
You're saying it wrong!

MICK
Thee-ay-ter.

CONNOR
No! No! It's thee-uh-ter.

MICK
That's what I'm saying. Thee-ay-ter!

CONNOR
You sound like you have a speech impediment!

MICK
Thee-ayter!

CONNOR
Fuck it!

MICK
Yeah, fuck it! Thee-ayter.

CONNOR
Thee-uh-ter!

MICK
Thee-ayter!

CONNOR
Go fuck yourself.

EXT. MICK'S HOME -- MORNING

A cozy lower-middle class home complete with a tire swing and a bicycle strewn across the front lawn.

INT. MICK'S ROOM -- MORNING

Mick, 24, medium build, is sprawled across the bed in his clothes from the night before.

His room is adorned with posters paying homage to classic and contemporary cinema. The shelves are stacked with VHS tapes of cult classics and films from the 80's.

His mother yells from downstairs.

MRS. DONNOLLY (O.S.)
Mick, get your ass up! You're going
to be late for work!

Mick, eyes closed, drooling saliva, GRUNTS.

MICK
No, I'm not! I don't have to be in
until ten.

MRS. DONNOLLY
It's nine-forty-five!

Mick begins to doze off. He then sporadically jumps out of
bed but his leg is asleep; he tin soldiers over.

MICK
Shit!

The land-line RINGS. Mick dives to the bed to pick it up as
he tries to get dressed for work.

CONNOR (V.O.)
Did you tell anyone that I fucked
Erica?

MICK
I don't know. Maybe Jared?

CONNOR
Why! Why would you do that?

MICK
He's not going to tell anyone.

CONNOR
You're sabotaging my credibility as
a gentleman!

MICK
We're going to be late!

CONNOR
No shit, we're always late.

Mick hangs up.

INT. MICK'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

MRS. DONNOLLY, a brunette hag-in-a-housecoat, cooks eggs.
BARRY, 14, dressed like Gordon Gecko from *Wall Street*, eats
a bowl of cereal as he reads the *ECONOMIST*. Mick speeds by,
heading for the door.

MRS. DONNOLLY
Hey! Get your ass back here!
(MORE)

MRS. DONNOLLY (CONT'D)
You're not leaving this house without
breakfast.

MICK
I don't need this right now. I'm
gonna get fired!

Mick opens the fridge, frustrated.

MICK (CONT'D)
Where's the orange juice?

BARRY
You mean this orange juice?

Barry pours the last bit of OJ and chugs it.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Wake up earlier. Trading floor's
been open for a whole twenty two
minutes.

MICK
Is that the same suit you plan on
wearing to your indictment?

MRS. DONNOLLY
Mick quit being a shit to your
brother!

BARRY
It's ok, Mommy. His anger is just a
classic projection of his failed
life as a person.

Mrs. Donnolly sets down a plate of congealed eggs in front
of Mick who scarfs them down. He dead-arms Barry in the
shoulder and hurries out the door.

MICK
Love you!

MRS. DONNOLLY
I'll believe it when I see it.

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A pock-marked GINGER PAPERBOY coasting by on his Schwinn
bicycle spies Mick exiting his house.

He chucks a paper. *SMACK*. It ricochets off Mick's head.

GINGER PAPERBOY
Suck a dick, Mick!

The Ginger Paperboy speeds off.

MICK
You're lucky I'm running late!

GINGER PAPERBOY
Then wake up earlier tomorrow!

Mick gets into his beat up 55' Ford truck. Mrs. Donnolly rushes outside to his car window.

MRS. DONNOLLY
This came in the mail this morning.

She hands him a letter. The return address reads: *New York University*. Mick's face goes blank.

MRS. DONNOLLY (CONT'D)
Why are you getting mail from NYU?

MICK
I don't know, I applied.

MRS. DONNOLLY
Honey, you know we don't have money for something like that...

MICK
I know!...I just wanted to see if I could get in.

Mrs. Donnolly's gaze is fixed on Mick as he turns the letter over.

MRS. DONNOLLY
I don't want you to get your hopes up.

MICK
Thanks, Mom.

He crams the letter in his pocket and backs down the driveway onto a

RESIDENTIAL STREET

Mick spots the Ginger Paperboy. He hits the gas and swerves close to the kid, sending him into a mailbox.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOME -- MORNING

Mick pulls up outside of a dilapidated home pathetically decorated in christmas lights, he HONKS the horn.

Connor, a disheveled teen who doesn't realize he's 24, extinguishes a joint on the porch and hops in the

CAR

MICK
It's May and your house is still
decorated for Christmas.

CONNOR
Don't be a Grinch.

MICK
You reek of pot.

CONNOR
Don't say pot. It makes you sound
like a prohibitionist.

MICK
Put your seat belt on.

CONNOR
You're wearing one of your sandpaper
tampons, aren't you?

Connor casts a shit eating grin Mick's way; he's not
entertained.

CRANE UP as the truck sputters down the road.

MICK (O.S.)
We're going to be lucky if we still
have jobs.

CONNOR (O.S.)
(rhetorically)
You ready to pop some corn, drink
some soda, watch some movies?

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT -- MORNING

They pull into the parking lot of a run down 1920's
Vaudevillian theater. Mick and Connor walk to the front of
the building.

CONNOR
So, I have to tell you about this
dream I had last night.

MICK
Later.

CONNOR
I won't remember it later.

MICK
So write it down.

They reach the front door.

CONNOR
You mind getting that for me?

MICK
Why?

CONNOR
I'm very statically charged.

Mick rolls his eyes and pulls on the door. It's locked. He BANGS on the door anxiously. No answer.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
He's on the computer rubbing one out.

MICK
He's not rubbing one out.

CONNOR
No, I mean it. I caught him the other day.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. MOVIE THEATER -- MORNING

Connor reaches for the door handle and gets ZAPPED, statically speaking.

CONNOR
Fuck!

To his surprise the front door is unlocked, he enters and turns on the lobby arcade games.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Garth?

The silence heightens his suspicion as he slowly rounds the corner towards the office.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Garth? Is anyone here?

*

HALLWAY

The faint SOUNDS OF SEX emanate from the manager's office as Connor warily approaches the door.

CONNOR
Hello?

He slowly reaches for the handle and pushes the door open to the

OFFICE

Connor, delightfully horrified.

CONNOR (V.O.)
And there he was...in O'Malley's
chair.

Reveal a silhouetted FIGURE illuminated by a computer screen.
This is GARTH, 35, douche bag extraordinaire. His pants are
around his ankles as he masturbates furiously.

COMPUTER SPEAKER (V.O.)
I'm gonna drive this ball into your
end zone for a touch down, baby!

CONNOR
Garth?

Garth whips around, humiliated.

GARTH
Get the fuck out!

SLAM CUT TO PRESENT

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- MORNING

CONNOR
You don't believe me?

MICKEY
No, I don't believe you.

CONNOR
Ok, I was trying to spare you the
details, but he did the monitor hug
thing.

MICKEY
The monitor hug thing?

CONNOR
Don't play games.

SLAM CUT BACK TO FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE -- MORNING

Pants still around his ankles, Garth jumps up and hugs the
monitor to desperately conceal the feast of carrion and
squalor.

GARTH
I said get the fuck out!

COMPUTER SPEAKER (V.O.)
Time for the two point conversion!

Connor tries to catch a glimpse of the screen.

SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- MORNING

CONNOR
Like that was going to hide anything.

MICK
You're such a liar.

Connor RAPS on the glass incessantly.

CONNOR
Open up!

Garth opens the door slightly, putting on a wretched British accent.

GARTH
While I nodded, nearly napping,
suddenly there came a tapping, As of
someone gently rapping, rapping at
my chamber door-

Connor pushes past Garth.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

CONNOR
Nearly napping? Right.

GARTH
You guys are late!

CONNOR
If you'd open the fucking door on
time then this wouldn't be an issue.

GARTH
Perhaps I lock the door when I'm in
back so we don't get robbed.

Connor notices Garth's zipper.

CONNOR
Your fly's down.

GARTH
I was in the bathroom.

CONNOR

When you're inside your own hand,
Garth Vader, do you pull out?

GARTH

Next time you show up smelling like
"Mary Jane". I'm gonna have a little
pow wow with Mr. O'Malley.

CONNOR

Pow wow away. We smoke together all
the time.

Garth turns defeated, but then casually wheels back around
with a conniving smile.

GARTH

Oh, I left you a present in one of
the stalls. Unclog it.

CONNOR

Of course you did.

GARTH

Once I'm running this place Connor,
I think I'm going to make you my
school girl.

CONNOR

You mean school boy?

GARTH

No. I mean school girl.

Garth leaves, pleased with himself, Connor walks over to
CONCESSIONS

MICK

So he really beats off back there?

CONNOR

Why would I lie about Garth savaging
his pud? There's nothing funny about
it.

MICK

There's nothing funny about you
telling me my mom died either.

CONNOR

There's a difference between a joke
and a lie.

MICK

And since when do you smoke with
O'Malley?

CONNOR
See, that was a lie.

MONTAGE OVER CREDITS

Bags of trash are cleared and replaced.
Popcorn seed is refilled into the bin.
Straws are placed into dispensers.
Bits of popcorn are swept up.
Connor unclogs a toilet, he gags.
Butter bags are replaced.
Connor flips the poppers on.
A key turns on the soda machine.
Arcade games are switched on.
The screening room lights are successively turned on.
A projector is loaded.

INT. MOVIE THEATER CONCESSIONS -- MORNING

Mick and Connor stand at concessions ready to serve.

Connor swipes a bag of Twizzlers from the drawer and hops onto the counter.

MICK
You shouldn't be eating the candy
unless you're going to pay for it.

CONNOR
What are you the sheriff all of a
sudden?

MICK
I don't think I'm the sheriff.

CONNOR
Alright, Wyatt.

Enter ERICA, 22, an adorable blonde who lights up the room.
Connor gets flustered.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Don't make this weird.

MICK
You're already making it weird.

ERICA

Hey Connor!

Connor pretends to barely notice her by fiddling with the cash register.

CONNOR

Sup?

ERICA

I need to go change. Do you want to come with?

CONNOR

I'm kind of busy right now. Just in the middle of a heavy convo with Mick.

MICK

I think we're done.

CONNOR

No, I still need to tell you about my dream from last night.

ERICA

(dejected)

Oh, okay. Well maybe we can talk later?

CONNOR

Yeah, probably not, but ok. Yeah, later.

Erica, clearly upset, walks away to the bathroom.

MICK

I don't know why you're doing what you're doing. You've had a crush on this girl since high school.

HOPE, 23, beautiful and earthy, walks straight to concessions. Connor's jaw drops.

CONNOR

Speaking of crushes.

MICK

Holy shit, Hope? What're you doing here?

HOPE

I just moved back to town.

MICK

That sucks!

HOPE
Gosh, thanks!

Mick is tongue-tied.

MICK
No, this town sucks, it's great that
you're back.

HOPE
Yeah, listen is a manager in?

MICK
A manager is in, but I don't think
you'd really want to talk to him.

CONNOR
He's politely trying to say the guy's
an asshole.

HOPE
Hey Connor.

CONNOR
Hope.

MICK
Mr. O'Malley should be here soon
though.

HOPE
I can wait.

Time has made them strangers.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Sorry to hear about you and Maria
breaking up.

MICK
We're still dating. Almost four
years now. On and off, but you know
how she is.

Connor grabs a broom and makes his way behind Hope, he
pantomimes humping the air. Mick tries to ignore this
routine.

HOPE
Oh. Then I must have mistaken her
for someone else.

MICK
What do you mean?

HOPE
Well, I thought I saw her with that
Trent guy.

Connor halts mid-pump.

MICK
Trent?

HOPE
Hipster guy. He's in the paper for
some sort of art installation.
Anyway, seemed like they were
together, but I could have been
mistaken.

MICK
Trent.

CONNOR
Yeah, Mick. Trent.

Hope turns to see Connor with the broom stick still firmly
lodged between his legs.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Hipster Kid. I told you she was a
cum draper.

MICK
Don't call her that.

HOPE
I don't want to know. Actually, I
do. What is a cum draper?

CONNOR
Picture a girl on the back end of a
massive bukkake with just loads of
cum dripping off her face, like
hanging drapes. A cum dra-

Mick tries to drown Connor out.

MICK
You say you may have been mistaken
right? I mean, right?

HOPE
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

MICK
I'm sure there is some sort of
explanation for this.

CONNOR
There is, it's an open and closed
case of "I love dick!"

HOPE
Maybe I should go.

MICK
Hold on. Give me five minutes.

Mick pulls out his cell phone as he marches toward an empty theater.

HOPE
Is he going to be alright?

CONNOR
He works in a movie house. He'll be
fine.

INT. THEATER SCREENING ROOM -- MORNING

MUZAK drones on over the P.A. system. On his phone, Mick paces in front of a blank screen.

MARIA (O.S.)
Hello?

MICK
Who the fuck is Trent?

MARIA
(sighs)
Ah....Mick, I'm sorry...it's over.

MICK
It's over? It's over. And it didn't
occur to you to tell me this
yesterday? Maybe when we were making
plans? Maybe around the time I was
inside of you?

MARIA
I didn't want to end things with you
until I was sure that Trent and I
were going to be official.

MICK
And you guys are official?

Silence.

MICK (CONT'D)
Ok, funny! You got me! You put
Hope up to this!
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

The whole hipster/art installation thing was the best part, especially since you know how much I hate hipsters.

MARIA

Oh, God. You're going to do that begging thing aren't you?

MICK

Are you really sleeping with some skin-tight jean-wearing, fucking elitist?

MARIA

Goodbye Mick!

MICK

Don't go.

CLICK.

MICK (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. MOVIE THEATER CONCESSIONS -- MORNING

Connor and Hope are deep in conversation.

HOPE

-so then I graduated, and here I am...looking for a job. The market seems to be a little weak though.

CONNOR

You came to the right place. There's no health insurance, no dental, no 401k, but none of that shit matters if you're an eligible young bachelor on the market, which I am. But, you have to weigh the heavy economic truth.

HOPE

Which is...

CONNOR

What is the number one dating venue in America?

HOPE

Restaurants.

CONNOR

Besides that.

HOPE
Movie theaters?

CONNOR
Do you know how expensive it is to
take a girl to the movies nowadays?

HOPE
I think I have an idea.

CONNOR
Right alongside taking her to fine
dining.

HOPE
How do you figure?

CONNOR
You buy her a ticket, eight or nine
bucks right there. God forbid it's
a 3D flick which is becoming ever so
popular. Fuck you James Cameron.
That's thirteen fifty. Times two,
twenty seven flat. Plus popcorn and
a soda? And then you offer her some
candy, because everyone knows candy
makes girls horny...forty bucks.

HOPE
Candy doesn't make girls horny.

CONNOR
Forty bucks and the movie hasn't
even started. I make forty bucks on
a good day and that's before federal
tax, state tax, social security,
medicare, and gas. And don't get me
started on gas.

HOPE
Why don't you take her out for a cup
of coffee instead?

CONNOR
Because coffee isn't going to get me
any pussy.

Hope is taken aback at his honesty.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
But...the squawkers can just keep
squawking because I'm the guy watching
movies in a palace. For free.
Drinking free soda. Eating free
popcorn. Getting hand jobs in the
back row. For free. Perks.

Mick walks in.

HOPE
Is everything ok?

CONNOR
How's the ol' cum draper?

MICK
You were right.

HOPE
I'm so sorry!

CONNOR
I've been saying it for...

Mick snatches the open Twizzlers and WHACKS Connor across the cheek so hard it leaves a red lash mark.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
That's a felony in some states.

MR. O'MALLEY, 40s, stocky, with a budding "gin-nose" and a forlorn expression, walks through the door carrying a coffee and the local paper.

MR. O'MALLEY
You look like shit run over thrice,
Mick.

MICK
I just found out Maria is sleeping
with some guy named Trent.

MR. O'MALLEY
Where've I heard that name before?

CONNOR
Beatnik, has an art installation at
the gallery on third.

MR. O'MALLEY
Right! Read about him in the paper
this morning.

O'Malley tosses his paper down on the counter showing a photo of TRENT, a hot artist next to a canvas with a line drawn down the middle.

The heading reads, *"Local artist unveils masterpiece at Gallery 906."*

MR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)
Can't paint for shit, but he makes
Adonis look like Steve Buscemi.

Connor begins to pour a fresh batch of seed into the popper.

MR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

(to Connor)

Ey! Ey! What are you doing?

CONNOR

Making popcorn.

MR. O'MALLEY

You've worked here four years and you still manage to screw this up every day. What popcorn do we use in the morning?

CONNOR

I forget.

MR. O'MALLEY

You'd suck the smoke off a tailpipe if it would get you stoned, wouldn't you?

Garth hurries by.

MR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Where you going, dip shit?

GARTH

Gotta grab something from my car.

As Garth leaves, Connor pulls out a big black garbage bag of left over popcorn and pours it into the bin.

MR. O'MALLEY

Just put the heater on, it'll taste fresher than a new batch.

(to Hope)

Tricks of the trade.

CONNOR

I need to talk to you about Garth.

MR. O'MALLEY

What happened to your face?

CONNOR

Ask Mick.

MR. O'MALLEY

What happened to his face?

Mick quickly tosses the candy rope to the side.

MICK

Some homeless guy ran in and whacked him with a coat hanger.

MR. O'MALLEY

Really?

MICK

We tried to chase him down but he was too fast.

MR. O'MALLEY

Looks more like numb nuts over here pissed you off and you whipped him in the face with a Twizzler.

The mark on Connor's face has the woven lines of a Twizzler.

HOPE

Mr. O'Malley? My name is Hope.

MR. O'MALLEY

What kind of hippie bullshit name is Hope? Doesn't exist.

HOPE

I was wondering if you had any openings.

MR. O'MALLEY

Funny, I bet Connor was thinking the same thing about you.

After an awkward pause, a look of sadness crosses his face.

MR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

I'm afraid we won't be offering any more jobs here.

Mick looks confused.

MR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

And you two better get in the unemployment line, because it's so long it snakes around the building.

CONNOR

It's Garth's fault! If he wasn't stroking his shit in back again, the door wouldn't have been locked, and we'd have clocked in on time!

MR. O'MALLEY

What the hell are you talking about? We're getting bought out!

MICK

What?

MR. O'MALLEY

We're broke. I have to sell.

CONNOR
(off-handed)
To who?

MR. O'MALLEY
Elite Cinemas.

MICK CONNOR
You can't! The fuck?

MR. O'MALLEY
They've been pressing me for years.

MICK
We don't need some franchise
bulldozing the last piece of
identifiable history in this town.

MR. O'MALLEY
It's been a magical place to a lot
of people.

CONNOR
You're telling me, the first time I
got my hands on a set of lactoids
was in theater five.

Mr. O'Malley's gaze shifts to Connor.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Just kidding!

Mr. O'Malley turns back to Hope. Connor mouths the words-

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I'm not kidding.

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

Erica composes herself in front of the mirror as she anxiously waits for the results of a "at home" pregnancy test.

INT. MOVIE THEATER CONCESSIONS -- AFTERNOON

JARED, 24, a lanky "here to do business" type, sporting Buddy Holly glasses and a Kurt Cobain haircut, walks in carrying a 35 mm film canister.

JARED
Connor, John. Mick Mouse.

MICK
What's in the canister?

JARED
I'd tell you guys, but I cannot in
the presence of a lady.

Garth reenters the theater and beelines it to the back.

CONNOR

Predator...

MICK

The Graduate...

JARED

(to Hope)

I'll give you guys a clue! "How far does a girl have to go to untangle her tingle?"

HOPE

I have no idea.

MICK

Something with Sharon Stone?

JARED

35 mm print, original, Deep Throat. This copy played at the World Theater, June 5th, 1972 in New York.

CONNOR

Are you kidding me? Deep Throat?

MICK

Fuck me.

HOPE

Isn't that a porno?

JARED

On the surface yes, but not really.

HOPE

Semantics.

JARED

May I gentlemen?

(to Hope)

This was one of the first pornographic films to feature plot, character development and have relatively high production standards. It's no more a "porno" than *Monster's Ball*. Clock me in Mick.

HOPE

Monster's Ball was not a porn!

MICK

Where the hell did you get an original print?

JARED

Finally, a question of significant value. Some old timer croaked and his daughter was having a patio sale.

MICK

You bought a dead guy's skin flick from his daughter?

JARED

I know, right? She was going to sell it to me for two bucks. Out of principal alone I demanded I pay at least fifty.

MICK

That's great, Jared.

The two resume cleaning up the concessions area.

JARED

Why aren't you two jumping out of your shoes right now?

CONNOR

Maria left him for a guy named Trent. Skinny-jean wearing motherfucker.

JARED

She left you for that pretentious little cork-sucker?

MICK

You know him?

JARED

Candice dragged me to one of his shows a few weeks ago. The ass-wipe is a self-proclaimed prodigy, you know the type.

MICK

And?

Jared serves himself popcorn and a soda. The breakfast of champions.

JARED

If I were to drink dye and piss on a canvas, said canvas would be of higher quality than what he's producing. I'm sorry you are suffering, but Connor has always said it best, Maria...is a cum draper.

MICK
I'm *so glad* you all speak up now
that it actually matters.

JARED
Live and let die my friend.

CONNOR
And if you don't know, now you know.

JARED
Listen, is O'Malley in? I was hoping
to put this artifact up on the big
screen!

Hope checks her watch.

HOPE
And that's my cue. Mick, sorry about -

MICK
Come by later, watch a movie one
last time before it gets turned over!

HOPE
(chuckling)
Are you already rebounding?

MICK
No! I just.

HOPE
We already played that game and I
got burned, remember?

MICK
I thought that-

HOPE
Lighten up...I'm fucking with you.

She exits the front door.

CONNOR
I'd do things to her that would make
Linda Lovelace blush.

JARED
A Sodom and Gommorrah before the
fire.

Mick, silently agrees.

MICK
Of all the theater joints in all the
towns in all the world she walks
into mine.

CONNOR

Thee-uh-ter.

JARED

Mick, what's getting turned over?

MICK

The movie theater. O'Malley is selling!

JARED

You've gotta be fu-

MR. O'MALLEY

Jared!

Mr. O'Malley walks up to them carrying mail.

JARED

Mornin', Gannon!

MR. O'MALLEY

I've gotta head to the post office boys. Garth is in charge.

JARED

Naturally boss.

(O'Malley exits)

Rendezvous at five in five.

MICK

Who's going to watch the front?

JARED

The ushers.

MICK

They're not on the schedule.

CONNOR

Fuck the schedule!

INT. MESSY FAMILY ROOM -- AFTERNOON

FRANK, 16, a short, beady eyed kid, with faux tough-guy bravado sits next to RICHARD, 16, an acne ridden boy sporting a terrible "bowl" haircut and Quasimodo's posture.

The two are in a heated game of MORTAL KOMBAT on an antique SEGA. The phone RINGS, Frank pauses the game and answers.

FRANK

Yeah?

CONNOR (V.O.)

Get your asses to the theater.

FRANK

No way. It's our day off.

CONNOR
It's an emergency.

RICHARD
(chiming in)
Fuck that.

FRANK
Yeah, yeah, it's always an emergency.

CONNOR
Maria cheated on Mick, he's falling apart.

FRANK
No can do, my mom's at work. No ride.

Richard unpauses the game and TKO's Franks character.

CONNOR
You guys live across the street!

Frank realizes Richard has resumed the game.

FRANK
Son of a bitch.

Frank hangs up and begins to repetitively punch Richard's arm.

INT. OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Garth lecherously watches the tantalizing beginning to an internet MILF SMUT FLICK.

GARTH
(singing)
Here's to you, Mrs. Robinson.

He looks at the security monitor and sees Connor hang up the phone.

After checking the clock on the wall, he reaches to the bottom drawer of his desk. He pulls out one of two identical ledgers and leaves the office.

INT. SCREENING ROOM 5 -- AFTERNOON

Mick sits alone in the back row about to open the envelope.

JARED
Dear John letter?

Mick abruptly stops, as he notices Jared hanging out of the projection window.

MICK
It's from NYU.

JARED
What are you waiting for?

MICK
I don't know.

JARED
You're girlfriend just left you for
a third rate Pollack. And you're
scared of a little more rejection?

MICK
What if I got in?

JARED
As most people apply for acceptance
that would be a great thing. Here's
a thought-

MICK
I mean, I don't understand what I
did wro-

CONNOR (O.S.)
Ladies and Gentlemen.

Connor waltzes in carrying a snack tray of sodas and popcorn.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Please keep your cock and balls tucked
inside of your pants at all times.
Take a good look to your left, and
to the right, now avoid eye contact
with those individuals for the
duration of the screening at all
costs.

The film leader pops onto the screen. 6...5...4...

Jared climbs out the projector window, dangles, and THUDS to
the ground. Connor hands out the refreshments.

JARED
Mick, the conversation is irrelevant
until you open the envelope.

CONNOR
What envelope? What did I miss?

Deep Throat starts.

JARED

Mick might have been accepted into film school, but he's too chicken shit to find out.

MICK

(whispering)

We'll talk about it later.

He sips his soda.

CONNOR

How's your coke?

MICK

It's good, but it could use a little more carbonation.

CONNOR

That's why I only drink the bottled stuff.

TSSKT. Connor pops the top to a soda bottle. The carbonation burns so good.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER ALLEY -- AFTERNOON

Garth clutches the ledger anxiously as a black Lincoln Town Car with tinted windows rolls into the side alley.

INT. SCREENING ROOM 5 -- CONTINUOUS

Clip of Deep Throat. (No nudity)

The gang watches the film, but Mick's mind is elsewhere.

Clip of Deep Throat. (No nudity)

Connor chomps his popcorn and slurps his soda.

ALLEY

The car halts as the back window rolls down to reveal FRANCESCA, 40's, a want-to-be cougar in a pantsuit, swilling a tumbler of bourbon.

Garth hands her the ledger.

SCREENING ROOM 5

Clip of Deep Throat. (Nudity)

Jared stares in amazement at the perfection. He and Connor reach for some popcorn. Their hands accidentally touch.

Their expressions change from delight to rigidity as they nonchalantly retract their hands from the bag.

JARED

Go ahead.

CONNOR

I'm good.

ALLEY

Francesca reads the ledger, she flashes him a beauty pageant smile, her pearly whites smeared with lipstick. She hands him a package.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- AFTERNOON

Frank and Richard approach the movie theater.

FRANK

You won because you cheated.

RICHARD

Bullshit, it was a best of five series and I smoked your ass on the two rounds before that.

As the two get closer they notice Garth in the alley.

FRANK

What's going on over here?

Richard notices Garth in the alley and enthusiastically waves.

RICHARD

Hi Garth!

GARTH

You guys are late!

FRANK

(to Richard)
Late? We ain't even 'posed to be here.

The two continue walking.

INT. SCREENING ROOM 5 -- LATER

Lights on.

CONNOR

You paid 50 bucks for that?

JARED

This is the *Battleship Potemkin* of porn.

MICK

It was ok.

JARED

Hello! It's 1972! You're seeing a girl swallow a dick whole for the first time. Your minds just got blown to microcosmic dust.

CONNOR

Li-li-li-li-linda Lovelace!

MICK

So, this was one of the top grossing pictures of all time?

JARED

Some skeptics put it under a hundred mill', others say it's as high as six hundred.

Connor's eyes light up.

CONNOR

What if we held a secret screening?

JARED

Opening ticket prices were five dollars a pop when it opened and they made a raping. I can make my fifty bucks back.

CONNOR

Fuck your fifty bucks, I'm talking about fifteen hundred.

Mick jumps out of his chair.

MICK

A: we'll never get away with it. B: porn, better porn, is free on-line.

CONNOR

A: Yes we will. B: The main attraction is that you're seeing a woman the size of King Kong with nipples bigger than your face and a twat you could go spelunking in!

MICK

That does not sound enticing.

JARED

There would be no jerking off!

CONNOR

Of course there'd be no jerking off.

In walk the "Ushers".

FRANK
Who's jerking off?

Frank gives Connor an overly elaborate hand shake, the two sit down next to him.

JARED
This isn't going to be some smutfest, Connor. This is a film of historical relevance, it's about censorship, and the freedoms we enjoy today.

CONNOR
So it's gonna be a Deep Throat screening...slash kegger. We can black out the front windows; no one will know.

MICK
Except if a cop sees a parking lot full of cars after hours in *Smallville*. That's not gonna arouse suspicion.

JARED
You're telling me that you couldn't use a little extra money right now?

RICHARD
What the hell's going on? Did Maria cheat on Mick or not?

MICK
We're going to get caught.

CONNOR
We're not going to get caught.

Jared playfully echoes off of Connor.

JARED
Not going to get caught.

INT. CONCESSIONS -- AFTERNOON

ERICA
Of course you're going to get caught!

*

Erica rips a ticket and hands it to a YOUNG TEENAGE COUPLE. Mick stands behind her.

MICK
That's what I said!

ERICA
(extremely politely)
Up the ramp and to the right. Theater
number 9. Enjoy the show!

Erica puts hot dogs on the burner.

MICK
But then again, what do I have to
lose?

ERICA
Your dignity for one, plus what if
the cops bust you.

MICK
That's *also* what I said!

ERICA
Well if you need my help I'm here.
I need to talk to you about something.

MICK
You're pregnant.

The silence says it all.

MICK (CONT'D)
Holy shit, I was just kidding.

ERICA
Don't say anything to anyone. Am I
glowing or something?

MICK
Wait...

Mick has a moment of total realization of who the father is.

MICK (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck.

ERICA
Why does this have to happen to me?

MICK
Does he know?

ERICA
Not yet. Look, I'm sorry to hear
about Maria breaking up with you.

MICK
It was a mutual thing.

ERICA
Maria is...

MICK
(defeated)
A cum draper?

ERICA
Not the word I was looking for, but
solid word choice. If only all ex-
boyfriends referred to their exes as
cumdrapers.

MICK
In the future, they do.

Garth enters the concessions area. Jared is across the room
putting up a new poster.

GARTH
We're about to get hit with the next
rush.
(To Jared)
Make sure all the films are ready to
go on time. And try to keep the
friggin' things in focus. Connor
you rip tickets.

Connor, already at the usher stand, smiles a Cheshire grin.

CONNOR
Oh, hey Garth! Why the fuck do you
think I'm standing over here where
the usher stands?

GARTH
Erica and Mick you take concessions.

Frank and Richard overhear Garth as they are playing STREET
FIGHTER on an arcade.

FRANK
Ryu-ken motherfucker!

RICHARD
What a dickhead.

FRANK
Right?

INT. USHER STAND -- AFTERNOON

Connor awaits his first guests. THREE TEENAGE GUYS walk up,
one of whom has down syndrome.

CONNOR
That will be number five down the
hall to the left.

As they step into the hall, the patrons realize number five is to the right.

KID 1
Hey man, five is to the right.

CONNOR
Yeah, that's what I meant.

DOWN SYNDROME KID
And I'm the one with down syndrome?

The kids strut away, chuckling.

INT. LOBBY -- AFTERNOON

CUE *She's Gotta Have It* from the Deep Throat soundtrack as Francesca enters the front door. Something about the smell of failure turns her on. Connor makes eye contact and holds his gaze until she looks away. Upon spotting Mick at concessions, she advances towards him with the sex appeal of a Golem.

FRANCESCA
Gannon, please.

MICK
He should be back any minute.

FRANCESCA
I'll wait.

Francesca likes what she sees in Mick and talks like a vintage porn star.

MICK
Can I get you anything?

FRANCESCA
How about a hot...tub...of popcorn.

MICK
Yeah. Sure.

As Mick fills a tub, Francesca stares at his ass with a purpose. He sets the popcorn down.

FRANCESCA
Didn't I say I wanted butter?

MICK
I don't believe you did.

FRANCESCA
Oh, well I do. Lots of it.
Everywhere.

Connor notices the display, fixes his hair, and walks over.

CONNOR

Comment allez-vous...? Je suis Connor.

He extends his hand, she ignores it.

FRANCESCA

What a cultured young man.

CONNOR

I took French in high school.

FRANCESCA

I'll be one of the owners of this establishment. Post mañana.

MICK

You're part of Elite Cinemas?

FRANCESCA

If by a part, you mean I run Elite Cinemas. Then yes, I'm a part of it.

Francesca examines Connor from head to toe.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

Don't fret. So long as I'm running this dump you two little Studebaker's will be employed.

MICK

It's not a dump.

CONNOR

And that's if the theater gets sold.

Connor's naive bravado excites her.

FRANCESCA

(to Connor)

I bet you could paint a Picasso with that tongue.

CONNOR

Excuse me?

FRANCESCA

Make my vagina a canvas?

CONNOR

What?

FRANCESCA

Yeah.

Francesca adjusts her pants.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
God, I love wearing suit pants. I
always have the crotch tailored extra
tight.

CONNOR
I don't speak that language.

His bewilderment bores her.

FRANCESCA
I'm a busy woman. Here's my card.

She hands them each a card and an envelope to Mick.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
This envelope is for Gannon. Tell
him I'll pick its contents up
tomorrow. Signed.

She exits.

MICK
I keep thinking I'm going to wake up
any minute.

CONNOR
A tongue like Picasso and a canvas
vagina?

MICK
Do you mind if I take a break?

CONNOR
Just hurry up! I don't want to be
caught alone with Erica!

Mick is annoyed at Connor's lack of maturity with the
situation.

MICK
A week ago, all you talked about was
sleeping with her and now you're
acting like she has the plague.

CONNOR
She does. She has my cock coodies.

MICK
Ok.

Connor gets serious for a second.

CONNOR

She's going to want to talk about what happened, and I just can't have that conversation.

MICK

But you slept with her.

CONNOR

Don't do that! Don't judge me.

MICK

I'm not judging you. You're judging yourself because you know you're acting like a jerk.

CONNOR

It's April, man. In case you didn't notice, my house is still decorated for Christmas. I hail from a dysfunctional family, but I'm okay with that because that's who I am! I've come to terms with being the John Bender of this town. Not everyone's perfect, dick!

Mick, at a loss for words, stares at him.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Don't you have to go on break?

INT. SUB SHOP -- AFTERNOON

Mick sits at a booth, his cell phone is open displaying a "Missed call" from Maria.

HOPE (O.S.)

How are you holding up?

Reveal Hope holding her purse and a sandwich.

MICK

Been better.

HOPE

That's good.

Hope hefts her purse onto the table and pulls up a chair next to Mick, and then proceeds to unwrap her sub.

MICK

Do you remember when I was a kid, I played little league?

HOPE

Of course.

MICK

I had these fantasies of being in a big game. Being up at bat and just knocking the shit out of the ball. Just leaning back and watching it coast through the sky past left center. But every time I was at bat, I'd back away from the plate in fear of getting pegged in the face.

HOPE

(mouthful of lettuce)
How'd you overcome that?

MICK

I didn't.

HOPE

(mid-bite)
Hrmm.

MICK

I was a hell of an outfielder though.

HOPE

What made you think of that?

MICK

Just stuff that-

HOPE

I've got to tell you, I never liked Maria!

MICK

That makes about a million of you now.

Hope gives him a smile we haven't seen before.

HOPE

A heart-broken aspiring filmmaker from a small town with big dreams... and a shitty batting average. Is that all you've amounted to since I've been away?

Mick looks down at his sub embarrassed.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Why film?

MICK

I want to tell stories, and people don't read any more.

HOPE
I've always wanted to be an actress!

MICK
Wait. I forgot about you you in
Fiddler Senior year!

HOPE
That's terrible!

MICK
You looked cute as hell as the
butcher, what's his name. Lazar.
I'm not gay or anything, but, like,
you portraying him was cute as hell.

HOPE
I'm glad that me playing a *bearded*
man made you smile.

MICK
So why did you give it up?

HOPE
Accounting was a safer bet.

MICK
You can be in one of my movies one
day and you won't have to go through
that whole starving artist phase.

HOPE
So long as it's not a porn.

MICK
Why would it be a porn?

HOPE
Why wouldn't it be?

Hope is dead serious, and then smiles.

MICK
Still funny.

HOPE
I've gotta run.

Hope leans in close and whispers in his ear.

HOPE (CONT'D)
A Deep Throat party? What happened
to you?

Mick is embarrassed. Hope walks towards the door.

MICK
Yeah, uh, that, that was Connor's
idea.

HOPE
I'll be there, save me a seat.

Mick nods, a little too much. Hope looks back and smiles.

INT. MOVIE THEATER CONCESSIONS -- AFTERNOON

Garth sits on the counter stuffing his gullet with popcorn. Connor cleans an unused popcorn machine. Jared hands change to a teenager.

JARED
Next time it says out of order, don't
put any coins in.

He gets back to work organizing the concession area with Connor.

CONNOR
I'm talking about old school ska:
Less Than Jake, Goldfinger, Reel Big
Fish. Some of that early 90's good
vibing shit.

Garth dumps the remainder of his used popcorn into the heater.

GARTH
This popcorn's spoiled.

CONNOR
Shouldn't you be locked away in your
jack-cave, right now?

GARTH
After you pop a new batch, go around
the building and sweep up cigarettes.

CONNOR
You're always two steps behind me,
Snarf. J-Rod, let's roll! The smell
of dickhead is making me nauseous.

The two pick up a set of brooms and dust pans.

GARTH
Elite Cinemas offered me the manager
spot here. So it would behoove you
to start kissing my ass now.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER ROOF -- AFTERNOON

The roof is their playground, strewn with forgotten relics
of the theater.

Richard rolls a joint in a lawn chair as Frank paces back and forth.

RICHARD
I'm inviting Amy tonight. The time
is nigh.

FRANK
Someone told me she gave McDaniels a
tugger under the bleachers.

RICHARD
Who gave you that kind of classified
information? Can we trust your
source?

FRANK
You're never gonna get it.

RICHARD
I want to suck on her tits so bad.

FRANK
"Hey, Amy, want to come to a porn
screening?" Like that'll get you a
mouthful of nip.

CONNOR (O.S.)
The fuck are you dick-lickers doing
up here?

Frank bolts up out of his chair while Richard freezes mid-lick. WHIP PAN to see only Connor's head. He pulls himself up the ladder onto the roof as Jared follows behind him.

FRANK
You scared the shit out of me.

CONNOR
Fork it over.

Connor lights the doobie and takes a hit. He's about to hand it to Richard, but Jared intercepts it.

JARED
Elders first.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- AFTERNOON

Mick walks around the exterior of the building and hears a whistle. He looks up to the roof to see Connor and Jared.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER ROOF -- CONTINUOUS

Jared bogarts the joint. Connor, Frank, and Richard eye the wandering doobage as Jared gesticulates purposefully.

JARED

Seats! We need to fill seats people!
I hit up Twitter, MySpace and
Facebook.

FRANK

What the fuck is MySpace?

Richard eats from a popcorn box.

JARED

Put that popcorn down. Popcorn is
for promoters.

RICHARD

I told my friends to tell their
friends.

JARED

Great. Our party just became the
House of a Thousand Cocks-es.

RICHARD

I know every chick in this town!

JARED

No, you do not.

CONNOR

Are you gonna pass that? You're
like the Caterpillar in Alice in
Wonderland over there.

Mick comes up over the side of the roof. Jared nonchalantly
passes the joint to Mick. Frank and Richard's eyes anxiously
follow.

MICK

Which one of you assholes told Hope
about the Deep Throat screening?

CONNOR

What's it matter? She said she's
coming.

JARED

Don't be so selfish, Mick. Do you
want to make some greenback or not?
Registration costs money you know.

MICK

I don't want her thinking I'm some
sort of porn freak.

JARED

If anything she thinks you have good
taste.

Fed up with not being high, Frank and Richard walk up to Mick seriously and pull him in for a bro hug.

FRANK

Sorry to hear about Maria.

Frank grabs the joint from Mick's hand.

MICK

It's ok. Thanks guys!

JARED

It's too bad there are no Mormons around here. Utah has the highest consumption of internet pornography in the country.

MICK

So?

JARED

We could fill the house in a heartbeat.

MICK

The mormons are thousands of miles away.

CONNOR

We're on the verge of throwing the greatest party Holton County has ever seen.

JARED

The greatest party every "dude" in Holton has ever seen. Yertle the Turtle over here told his "friends".

MICK

Your only friends are guys.

RICHARD

Alright, then don't let me catch any of you talking to my lady guests.

MICK

Hope-fully, I'll be talking to one female guest at the party.

JARED

People, this is about the screening!

A hot piece of ash falls off the joint and burns a hole into Connor's pants.

CONNOR

Fuck, these are my only pants!

MICK
If we're going to do this, we need
to do this right.

JARED
Each one of us has to drop a hundo
for the kegs, but it's an investment.

MICK
We need flyers.

CONNOR
Already taken care of.

Connor motions to Frank and Richard to show him the goods.
They each pull out a thick stack of flyers in an assortment
of neon colors.

MICK
Where'd you score these?

CONNOR
Jimmy Chang, that chinese kid down
at the FedEx store. I owe him a
favor now.

Everyone looks at Connor suspiciously. Richard breaks the
awkwardness by abruptly jumping up, extending his hand in a
musketeer fashion.

RICHARD
Porn for one.

Nobody follows suit.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
And porn for all.

A gust of wind blows several flyers off the roof. The CAMERA
FOLLOWS a flyer to reveal:

A caricature of Linda Lovelace performing fellatio-

*"The return of Linda Lovelace. A 'Nadir of Decadence' One
night only Deep Throat screening and beer. \$20"*

INT. MOVIE THEATER HALLWAY -- AFTERNOON

Mick, Connor, Jared, Frank, and Richard walk through the
hallway, time expands. They are fucking heroes.

BEGIN MONTAGE

*Connor rips tickets. He returns small flyers instead of
stubs.*

Mick hands a receipt attached to a flyer with change to A CLIENT at the register.

Garth pulls out Francesca's package from his desk, he rips it open to find a puke green polo with Elite Cinema's logo embroidered on the chest.

Outside the theater, Jared gives a GROUP OF GIRLS some flyers. One of them tries hitting him with her purse. He aborts.

A GRANDMA smiles excited as she reads the flyer.

A RANDOM GUY takes a leak in the restroom while talking on his cell phone.

RANDOM GUY
Deep Throat kegger. Yeah, at the
Golden Marquis. Tell everyone.

Show confirmed guests on Facebook.

All the comments on twitter.

JIMMY CHANG, the FedEx chinese kid, photocopies more flyers and hands them to the ushers.

INT. LOBBY -- AFTERNOON

Frank and Richard are at their posts, Erica and Connor are standing at concessions.

ERICA
Connor?

CONNOR
Erica.

ERICA
Why are you acting like this?

CONNOR
I'm not acting like anything.

ERICA
Did you mean what you said that night?

CONNOR
I would have to remember what I said to know if I meant it or not, which I don't, because I was drunk.

ERICA
Really? You're going to play that card.

CONNOR
It's not a card if it's the truth!

ERICA
You're such an asshole.

CONNOR
You weren't piping that tune the other night.

ERICA
Well, you would have to remember what I was piping, which you don't, because you were "drunk".

CONNOR
You took advantage of me!

ERICA
Unbelievable! Excuse me! May I have everyone's attention?

A HANDFUL OF MOVIEGOERS stop and watch.

CONNOR
What are you doing?

ERICA
Connor has the smallest dick I've ever seen.

CONNOR
She means the biggest!

Hope enters the lobby.

ERICA
He can't use condoms because they won't stay on.

CONNOR
I said that so I could raw dog her!

Erica can't believe her ears. It's heartbreaking.

JARED
Really? That's your retort?

ERICA
You really are just like your father!

CONNOR
And I'm allergic to latex!
(To Erica)
My father is a king among men!

ERICA
So yeah, Connor. Small Penis, that's all. Enjoy the show!

CONNOR
Really, you're going to play that
card?

ERICA
I'm pregnant you fucking asshole!

The blood flushes from Connor's face. Hope chases after Erica who hurries off to the bathroom.

Connor throws a rag against the wall.

INT. BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Hope finds Erica crying at the counter.

ERICA
He won't even look at me.

HOPE
You shouldn't let him talk to you
like that.

ERICA
Everything was perfect before. And
then we had sex. And, now, I'm
fucking pregnant...

HOPE
Do you want me to talk to him?

ERICA
No, it'll only push him away. He
has...issues.

HOPE
(lightly)
Does he really have a tiny dick?

Erica's sob turns into laughter.

INT. USHER STAND -- AFTERNOON

CONNOR
Who wants to see it!

JARED
That won't be-

CONNOR
It's bullshit!

MICK
That's what you got out of that
conversation? That you have a little
dick. You're even more fucked up
than I thought.

CONNOR

I had her screaming like a chimpanzee.

O'Malley enters and marches to his office.

O'MALLEY

Mick! Connor! My office. Right now.

INT. OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

O'Malley brushes past Garth sitting at his desk. Garth smiles as Mick and Connor trudge through the door.

O'MALLEY

Garth. Give us some privacy please.

Garth turns around to face his computer.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

That means get the fuck out of the office.

Connor gives Garth the bird as he exits. O'Malley puts two extra mugs on his desk and pours some whiskey from a flask.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

The guy has problems.

MICK

Then why has he been here all this time?

O'MALLEY

I couldn't let you run the place, Mick. You've got, "I'm getting the fuck out of Dodge" written all over your face. I needed someone long term. And God knows I couldn't let Connor take the reigns.

CONNOR

Why not?

O'MALLEY

You really don't know why?

O'Malley presses play on a remote and a montage of security footage rolls.

Connor, conspicuously next to a dumpster, sparks a bowl.

Connor lets Jimmy in for free.

Connor humps the air behind an attractive customer as Mick shakes his head in disapproval.

Upset at a customer, Connor throws a bag of popcorn on the floor.

Connor naps in one of the theaters.

Erica yelling out that Connor has a small dick.

Mr. O'Malley pauses the tape.

CONNOR

I don't have a small dick.

O'MALLEY

You're pal Garth assembled that. I don't need anyone to show me security footage to know what you guys are up to in my own theater.

CONNOR

Things would have been different if you would have just given me the responsibility.

O'MALLEY

I don't give a shit what you do. My grandfather wanted this place to be a haven for kids like you. Mick, if my Papaw could see that his theater inspired you to go to film school.

O'Malley breathes in deeply.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

He would say it was all worth it.

O'Malley takes a heavy pull off his flask.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

I just don't get it. We make money! This place has always made money...Did you know I've been here every day for three years since Margie died?

Mick looks down at O'Malley's desk to see a photo of a younger, happier O'Malley with MARGIE.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

I called you in to tell you guys to enjoy your last day. To happy endings -

O'Malley raises his glass and they follow.

ALL

- and the fact that they do *not* exist.

The shots go down. The boys move to exit, but Mick stops at the door.

MICK

Don't you have any family or friends
that can help you out?

O'MALLEY

All my family is dead, and I've burned
all the bridges with any friends
that could.

MICK

If you don't mind me asking, how far
behind are we?

O'MALLEY

Forty grand.

MICK

What if we could get you some of the
money?

O'MALLEY

The bank needs to see a sign of good
faith, anything north of five figures
and I could keep this place.

Mick exits to the

HALLWAY

Where he meets Jared and Connor.

MICK

We can't keep the money for ourselves.

JARED

What are you talking about?

MICK

O'Malley owes the bank forty grand.
What if we can stop this place from
going under?

JARED

You realize there is no way we can
make forty grand off this, right?

MICK

Fuck, Jared if we can make at least
ten then this place stays open.
What do we have to lose?

CONNOR

Ten grand. Split three ways.

MICK

This is a chance to contribute around
here for once.

The guys silently agree.

MICK (CONT'D)
Time to go balls to the chin.

INT. USHER STAND -- AFTERNOON

Jared is on the phone by the usher stand.

JARED
Well how many cups of beer will come out of one keg? That's it? Alright, well give me ten. Am I what? Just have the kegs delivered at 9 PM. And tell your guy to park around the back. The occasion? Oh, we're having a special screening of "Deep Throat" tonight, tell your friends.

Jared sees Maria and Trent entering the lobby.

JARED (CONT'D)
Oh no.
(to guy on phone)
Not you! Just tell your guy not to be late!

CONCESSIONS

Connor sees Maria holding hands with Trent.

CONNOR
Oh, fuck!

Connor grabs the walkie talkie and radios Jared at the usher stand.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Run interference on Mick now!

Jared runs. Maria and Trent walk up.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I find it particularly cunt-worthy that you would come to the theater today.

MARIA
I can be and go wherever I choose.

Richard is heard over the walkie talkie.

FRANK (V.O.)
The Aniston sex scene
is on right now in
theater four. Can
anyone bring me some
pop and some kernels?

RICHARD (V.O.)
And Goobers!

Connor turns off his radio.

CONNOR
Of course you would choose to come
here.

TRENT
Is this what you guys call customer
service?

CONNOR
Zip it you trust fund dumpster diver.
Just do me a favor and get your
tickets before Mick sees you.

MARIA
Maybe I want him to see me.

HALLWAY

Mick opens the door to the lobby, but Jared stands in front
of him.

JARED
Do you have a minute? Can you teach
me how to change the syrup for
the soda machines?

Jared moves forward, pushing him back into the hallway.

MICK
You've been doing it for years!

Mick forces his way past Jared.

JARED
Don't go out there!

MICK
What are you talking about?

JARED
I need you in the back, right now.

Awkward silence.

MICK
You're so weird sometimes.

JARED
Just don't...go...

Mick walks out to the

LOBBY

To see Maria smiling back at him like the succubus she is.
Mick turns right back into the

HALLWAY

MICK
You couldn't warn me?

JARED
I tried!

MICK
You couldn't just tell me that Ilsa,
Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks was
out there?

JARED
I thought you didn't like it when I
called her that. Just stay here where
it's safe.

MICK
Hide in my own theater?

Mick proceeds to walk back to

CONCESSIONS

Connor backs away as Mick approaches the register.

MICK
Maria. That's funny that you would
come here after our conversation
this morning. You must be Trent!

TRENT
That's right. Trent Bukowski.

MICK
Bukowski. Too easy.
(admiring his jeans)
Your sister's jeans look good on
you. I'm surprised we haven't met
until now. I mean I used to hang
out at Maria's all the time.

MARIA
I knew you'd embarrass yourself.

MICK
Embarrass myself? In front of who?
Trent? Trent and I...we're bearded
clam brothers!

Mick extends his hand to Trent. Trent mistakes this gesture for a gentlemanly peace offering, but Mick quickly pulls his hand back. Sike!

TRENT
Mature.

MICK
Ah, man. Brospam Broskowski!

TRENT
Bearded clam brothers?

MICK
Yeah. I was fucking her, you were
fucking her. That makes us brothers,
via her bearded clam. We're
practically family now.

Hope and Erica round the corner.

TRENT
Let's get out of here. He's not
worth it.

MICK
Oh, I'm worth it Trent.

TRENT
The lack of talent in this room just
reminded me you guys should come
check out my installation when you
get some time. See an artist who
actually works.

MICK
What's that?

Hope grabs Mick by the arm.

HOPE
Mick! Can I talk to you for a second!

MICK
Yeah. I was just finishing up here.
Enjoy the show! Sit in the back,
Trent. She'll blow your whistle.

Mick turns to leave.

TRENT
I hear your little video projects
are just adorable.

Mick doubles back angrily towards Trent. Hope runs up to him and steers him in the opposite direction.

HOPE
I need to talk to you! Now.

MICK
Maybe you didn't get the memo Trent,
dressing like a dickhead isn't cool.

Mick and Hope disappear around the corner.

CONNOR
You guys should come to our screening
later. You say you're an artist.
You might appreciate a little oral
vintage.

TRENT
I heard about your pathetic little
screening.

MARIA
Get two tickets. I want to go.

TRENT
Maria, why would we come back here
if we know...

MARIA
I said I want to go!

TRENT
Put us on the list.

CONNOR
There's no list shit brick. Just
show up and pay at the door.

TRENT
Maybe I'll kick your teeth in too
when I come back.

CONNOR
Maybe I'll ride the school bus to
your house and rape your grandma.

Trent shudders at the thought.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I'll make nipple clamps out of those
dentures!

MARIA
Who's that girl Mick is with?

CONNOR
Who Hope? That's his new squeeze,
his fuck buddy.

Maria gives Connor the vile skank-eye.

INT. THEATER -- AFTERNOON

The two are in the deserted upper balcony as a trailer to an action film plays below. Hope sits as Mick paces back and forth.

HOPE
What the hell are you doing out there?

MICK
She knew exactly what she was doing
when she came here.

Machine gun fire is blazing on the screen.

HOPE
Yes and you gave her exactly what
she was looking for.

MICK
I want to do very bad things to that
guy.

HOPE
You said you didn't care.

MICK
I don't. He's just such a pretentious
prick.

On-screen, a wounded guy screams like a banshee.

HOPE
Be the bigger person.

MICK
Everyone here acts like they're
fucking nuts and I'm the one who has
to always hold it together?

HOPE
You don't have to hold it together,
but don't act like a crazy person
either.

MICK
Why are you here right now?

HOPE
Come here. Sit.

Mick sits.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Come here.

MICK
I am here.

HOPE
No, come here!

Mick leans in closer, awkwardly, uncertain of what she wants him to do. Hope grabs his chin and turns it towards him. They lock eyes.

HOPE (CONT'D)
You will never make it through today
if you do not calm down. Okay?

MICK
Okay.

HOPE
There is a lot of shit going on.

Mick looks away, but she pulls his chin towards her.

HOPE (CONT'D)
I'm not done.

Hope kisses him softly, then passionately. She mounts him in his chair. Mick raises the arms for space.

MICK
These are the good chairs. See? You
can lift the arms.

HOPE
I can see that.

She kisses his lower lip, then his neck. She sticks her hand down his pants.

MICK
Aren't we moving a little fast?

HOPE
Time is relative to the beating of
your heart.

MICK
I like that.

HOPE
How fast is your heart beating right
now?

MICK
Pretty fucking fast.

Hope dry humps him, slowly.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Connor and Jared are looking through the projection window
at Mick and Hope.

CONNOR
You've got to be fucking kidding me.

Connor takes a sip of his soda and notices Jared hogging the
popcorn.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey!

Jared passes him the popcorn.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
He's not going to respect her after
this!

JARED
There's a lot of primal psychology
at play here.

CONNOR
She knows where he works!

JARED
Did it occur to you that he might
want to see her again?

CONNOR
You've probably never had a one night
stand. There are three things to
always consider on an O.N.S.

JARED
Such as?

CONNOR
The relationship factor. Is this
going to go past tonight? Are we
dating now? The escape plan. Know
your way out before you find your
way in. And STD's. He's not wearing
a condom.

JARED
How do you know? Did you look at
his--

CONNOR
No! Did you?

JARED
No.

Silence.

CONNOR
But who knows what he could have
contracted from Maria because who
knows what kind of toilets Trent
stuck his plunger in.

JARED
Who knows where Hope has been.

CONNOR
They'll become vulnerable to each
other before any trust is built
between them.

JARED
Seems like you've put a lot of thought
into this recently.

CONNOR
What are you saying?

JARED
I'm not saying anything, but according
to the APA...

CONNOR
Don't quote shit like the APA.

JARED
Is it wrong of us to be watching
this?

CONNOR
Why would there be anything wrong
with us watching this?

INT. BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Garth takes the most enjoyable piss of his life, his eyes
are drawn to a fluorescent flyer crumpled on the overfilled
trash can. He reaches for it, but gets some urine on his
pants.

GARTH
Shit!

He uncrumples the flyer.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- AFTERNOON

Mick and Hope descend the stairs holding hands.

MICK

That was...

HOPE

I'm going to to go home now.

MICK

That's it?

HOPE

That's it.

MICK

Okay.

HOPE

I'll see you later?

He throws her a half-smile, uncertain.

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND -- DUSK

Jared pitches baseballs to Mick as Connor lackadaisically plays catcher.

JARED

Did you guys have a good "talk"?

CONNOR

Yeah. That was a LONG talk.

JARED

Did you guys talk hard?

CONNOR

Did you guys talk...I don't know.

(pissed to Jared)

There's not much more to go on with that.

MICK

What are you guys talking about?

JARED

We watched the whole thing, guy.

MICK

You guys are sick! The both of you!

CONNOR

How did you cut her loose? Let me guess, it's just a really bad time in my life right now. I just got out of a bad relationship? I need some me time?

MICK

I'm going to see her tonight.

JARED

I told you!

CONNOR

You mean you're going to try to pursue something with this girl?

MICK

You know what she said to me in there? Time is relative to the beating of your heart!

JARED

She said that?

MICK

Yeah, tell me about it.

CONNOR

What does that even mean?

MICK

She's great...she's great...

JARED

Why do I feel there's a "but" coming?

Connor chuckles like an idiot.

MICK

When she left she said, "That's it".

JARED

That's it? As in?

MICK

I don't know!

CONNOR

See...you didn't go in knowing the relationship factor.

MICK

Don't start with that again.

CONNOR

I'm serious, listen to me for once.
Let me guess what you're feeling
right now: elated, confused,
apprehensive. You have no idea if
this chick needed a good dicking or
if she fucking loves you.

Jared and Mick are in awe at his fleeting moment of wisdom.

JARED

Forget what she's thinking. What do
you want, Mick? Is this a rebound?
Are you trying to numb the pain?
Kill some time?

Mick shrugs as he waits for another pitch

JARED (CONT'D)

If you don't know what you want, you
can't know how to get it, or if you've
got it when you do...

Jared brings the HEAT...Mick is hit by the pitch.

CONNOR

Walk it off!

INT. PROJECTION ROOM -- EVENING

Garth rummages through the film cans and finds the *Deep Throat* print.

GARTH

I'll give you guys some Deep Throat.
Motherfuckers!

He sees Richard and Frank sweeping popcorn down below. They
look up to see Garth holding the flyer and the film canister.

GARTH (CONT'D)

You two! Come here!

Richard and Frank scatter like roaches. Garth is bewildered
wondering which one to chase, he pursues Richard through
the exit into the

ALLEY

It's empty.

EXT. BASEBALL DUGOUT -- EVENING

The guys sip beers.

CONNOR

Did you open the letter yet or what?

MICK

I was busy buying you some "Its-a-Boy"s.

CONNOR

Don't joke about that.

JARED

So I assume that means you have not opened it yet.

MICK

No, I haven't.

CONNOR

What's the big fucking deal?

MICK

The big fucking deal, Connor, is that this outcome could affect the rest of my life.

CONNOR

Good, I hope it does. Jared and me, man, we're lifers. I'm never going to leave this town, and he's definitely never going to leave this town. You've got a legitimate chance to do something, and if you don't you're an idiot.

MICK

No, it doesn't make me an idiot. I'm too poor to go even if I did get in. So either I'm not good enough, or I am good enough and I can't go.

JARED

What about scholarships?

MICK

Scholarships are for smart kids. I'm so tired of being broke.

JARED

Then you might not want to get into film. What about a student loan?

MICK

Considering that when my father left he opened a card in my name and destroyed my credit, that's not an option.

The guys rest in silence.

MICK (CONT'D)
Remember that game freshman year?
Connor shat himself sliding into
third.

CONNOR
I wobbled home that night, because I
didn't want to sit on my bike,
motherfucker.

Frank sprints across the field at full speed, while Richard
lags behind flailing his arms.

RICHARD
Atticus! Atticus! Atticus!

MICK
What now?

RICHARD
He knows about the screening.

MICK
Who knows about the screening?

RICHARD
Garth.

MICK
How does he know?

FRANK
I told him not to leave a paper trail.

MICK
What did he say?

FRANK
We don't know, we ran.

MICK
Why would you run? Guilty people
run.

In a heartbeat, Mick is out of the dugout and crossing the
field. The others follow, Frank and Richard much slower
than the others.

FRANK
What about the balls?

MICK (O.S.)
Fuck 'em.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The group rounds the corner in a dead sprint as a "shit-hammered" O'Malley stumbles towards his car.

MICK

Shit. Connor, take care of O'Malley before he goes all "Death Race 2000" on this town.

Connor veers from the pack, intercepting O'Malley before he gets into the drivers seat. He ushers him to the back and then takes the wheel.

The rest of the gang hauls ass into the

THEATER LOBBY

Garth approaches them with a Hannibal Lector grin. Jared keeps booking it, ascending the stairs three at a time.

GARTH

Do you think you could undo in one day what I've been working my whole life for?

MICK

It's not what you think.

GARTH

What a relief! For a second, I thought you guys were going to sell alcohol and screen a pornographic film in my theater without my knowing, in a pathetic attempt to stop the turnover, and thus preventing me from becoming manager.

MICK

We were going to tell...invite you!

INT. PROJECTION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jared scans the prints. Deep Throat is missing.

JARED

Oh, hell no!

INT. LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Garth, with his victorious smirk, grabs a handful of popcorn.

GARTH

I wonder what the police would say about this. Better yet, what would your little film school say about it.

MICK
Please don't do this.

GARTH
You're never gonna leave Holton
County. See you're gonna die an old
man here. Just like every one else
in this town.

MICK
Why are you such a piece of shit?

Cue Thin Lizzy's "Hey You" over MONTAGE in slow motion.

*Garth throws a piece of pop corn in the air to catch in his
mouth.*

The kernel flies through the air.

Jared walks down the stairwell from the projection room.

Jared kicks the doors open to the hallway.

Mick looks to the ground in defeat.

*Connor looks over at O'Malley who is passed out with his
head against the window.*

Erica re-touches her smeared make-up.

*Jared approaches Garth who is watching his pop corn kernel
fall through the air.*

*Jared pushes Frank and Richard out of the way and punches
Garth in the face.*

Garth flies against the popcorn machine and to the floor.

Jared jumps on him and let's the fists rain down.

Mick, Frank, and Richard struggle to pull him off.

Garth is unconscious.

END MONTAGE

INT. CONCESSIONS -- CONTINUOUS

MICK
What the fuck?

Jared spits on him in a fit of rage.

JARED
Don't fuck with my copy of Deep
Throat!

MICK
We should tie him up.

JARED
Tie him up? I mean you're talking
about kidnapping.

MICK
Do you want save the movie theater
or not?

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

O'Malley rests on Connor's shoulder as he helps him to his
front door.

O'MALLEY
Are you ever going to do anything
with your life?

CONNOR
I might be a professional loser for
the rest of my life, sir.

O'MALLEY
As long as you're aware of it.

CONNOR
Cherish the state of unconsciousness
you're about to stumble into.

O'MALLEY
Peees off.

CONNOR
You got it sir. I'll peeees off.

O'MALLEY
Wise ass.

The door SLAMS shut.

CONNOR
And then there was one.
(to himself)
Pregnant. Fuck.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

Connor enters the lobby. Concessions looks as though it has
been looted.

CONNOR
What the fuck happened here?

Frank and Richard survey the area.

RICHARD
In the office.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

Garth, unconscious, disheveled hair and a bloody nose, is tied to a chair.

CONNOR
I'm gonna go ahead and assume that a lot of shit went terribly fucking wrong while I was gone.

MICK
Outside. Now.

Jared stands guard. Mick and Connor step into the
HALLWAY

Connor sticks his head in the doorway and looks in one more time.

CONNOR
Just double checking that I haven't completely lost it and there really isn't a scene from fucking Rambo going on in the office!

MICK
He's not talking.

CONNOR
It's usually difficult for unconscious people to talk.

MICK
He threatened to call the cops. He threatened to call my school!

CONNOR
You don't even know if you got in yet!

MICK
If you wanna go home and call it quits, then go home. You've always quit everything you've ever done, what's one more thing?

CONNOR
You don't think this is going a little too far?

MICK
Why do we always have to *read* about cool shit? Or *see* it on the screen?

CONNOR
Because cool shit doesn't happen
here!

MICK
It's happening right now.

CONNOR
Fine!
(beat)
But if we're gonna get him to talk,
we're going to do this my way.

MICK
Ok.

CONNOR
I mean once you commit there's no
backing out.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

Enter Connor and Mick. Cue some old school FUNK.

MICK
(to Jared)
You won't be needed here anymore.

Jared leans in to Garth's ear. Garth's eyes start to open,
things are blurry.

JARED
Screening or no screening, I'm going
to get my print back.

Exit Jared. Mick puts a cold wet rag on Garth's eye.

MICK
That should help the swelling. I
believe you know my colleague, Connor.

Connor pours himself a hot cup of coffee.

CONNOR
I hear you have something we need.

MICK
We've got the entire staff looking
for the print as we speak. You can
cooperate or you can choose to do
things the hard way. The hard way
is never good for anybody. What's it
gonna be?

GARTH
It's not like you're going to kill
me.

MICK

We just want you to cooperate.

The good cop, bad cop display causes Garth to laugh.

CONNOR

No, Garth. We're not going to kill you.

Connor smiles as he puts on a set of brass knuckles.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

That would be too easy.

GARTH

Movies have fried you're little peanut brains.

CONNOR

Wrong answer.

With the same hand he takes one last sip of coffee.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Oooh, that's hot.

Connor throws the hot coffee on Garth's balls and then punches him in the face with his bare fist.

INT. CONCESSIONS -- CONTINUOUS

Garth's SCREAMS reverberate through the halls. Erica looks at Jared wide-eyed.

JARED

Keep working.

Mick emerges from the office. Connor follows shortly thereafter with a smug look on his face wiping coffee off his hands.

MICK

Richie! Underneath seat 7C in theater 8.

Richie takes off running.

RICHIE

You got it!

Jared goes to the office. Mick goes to the bathroom. Connor and Erica are left alone.

CONNOR

Erica?

ERICA

Connor.

CONNOR

Maybe we should talk.

ERICA

Leave me alone, please.

CONNOR

I thought that maybe...

Erica puts her headphones on.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

...maybe we could give it a shot.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Mick goes into the theater and washes his face, he's greeted by his own thousand yard stare. He pulls out the film school letter as Connor barges in.

CONNOR

I just tried talking to her and now she doesn't want to talk?

Mick sets the letter aside on the counter as he dries his face.

MICK

Why should she talk to you?

CONNOR

What's that supposed to mean?

MICK

You honestly have no concept of who you are, do you?

Mick walks out abruptly, forgetting the letter on the counter.

CONNOR

Fuck you!

Connor spots the letter and opens it, a look of disappointment.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

Jared is going through some files from the cabinet.

GARTH

You're all going to go to jail for this! Every last butt-fucking one of you!

He pulls out a ledger from the bottom drawer and scans the figures.

JARED
We're actually not going to jail.

Jared begins matching receipts with figures from other documents. Garth looks very nervous.

JARED (CONT'D)
Is assistant manager pay not good enough for you?

Jared is pleased with himself and leaves the office as Connor returns bright eyed for the impending "alone time" with Garth.

CONNOR
I knew if I was a patient grasshopper,
my day would come.

MONTAGE:

Connor rolls Garth into a closet.

Frank and Richard black out the front windows.

The last few customers walk out of the theaters.

Erica changes into some revealing clothing.

Mick and Jared fumble with the projector.

Mick and Jared meet the BEER DELIVERY GUY and roll the kegs in on their sides.

Connor, wearing a painting mask, scoops shit water from the toilet bowl into a big bucket.

Erica dangles disco balls from the ceiling.

Frank and Richard hang party decorations all over.

Connor hangs the bucket from the top of the closet above Garth's head.

Front doors lock. Back door opens.

A line of all sorts start coming in.

Frank and Richard collect cash.

People fill cups from the keg.

EXT. BACKDOOR OF THEATER -- NIGHT

Frank takes money and puts it in his cash box. Mick peers around the corner at the massive line.

MICK

Where did all these people come from?

FRANK

I don't know, but they're not all gonna fit in one theater.

Richard takes cash and gives someone a stamp.

RICHARD

The screening starts in about an hour and a half. Beer is down the hall. Don't lose your cup.

Mick sees Richard about to let Barry and his TWO FRIENDS in. Donning pastel polos and popped collars, they look ready for summer in Nantucket.

MICK

Whoa whoa whoa! They can't come in here. They're kids.

RICHARD

He said he was your brother.

MICK

Yeah he is, but you can't let underage people in here.

RICHARD

Sorry man, he said it was for your own good.

MICK

(to Barry)
Really.

Mick approaches them.

MICK (CONT'D)

There's an age restriction.

BARRY

Please, why don't you go make yourself useless somewhere else.

MICK

What?

BARRY

You heard me. I've put up with your shit for long enough. We'll be staying because if we don't I'm going home to tell mom you're screening a porn, and then we're going to watch it online anyway.

Mick and Barry size each other up. Barry turns to his lackeys.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here, my mom just
baked cookies.

Barry and his friends saunter off.

MICK
Wait! As far as I'm concerned you
guys were never here.

BARRY
Deal.

MICK
But if I see any of you drinking
beer-

BARRY
Like I'm gonna bother drinking any
of your diluted horse piss from an
aluminum barrel. Can your barkeep
make a Manhattan?

INT. CLOSET -- NIGHT

Connor takes off one of his latex gloves pleased at his
creation. Enter Mick who sees Garth sprawled on the floor
like the *Vitruvian Man*. Ropes are attached to him in an
elaborate *Rube Goldberg* machine.

MICK
What's this?

CONNOR
Just a deterrent to ensure things go
smoothly tonight.

Garth hurtles insults through his duct-taped mouth.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Down here we have grade A, top notch,
USDA Choice, scum bag. Up here...

He motions to the bucket that is tilted at an angle on the
verge of spilling.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Is a combination of shit and water.

MICK
Human shit?

CONNOR
Oh yeah. And piss, too. Lots of it.
(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)
If Garth moves even the slightest,
it's going to be raining turds.

MICK
Can't he just wiggle his way out?

CONNOR
People will do anything to avoid
being shat upon.

Connor reaches up, dips his still gloved hand in the bucket,
and swipes a finger over Garth's upper lip.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Let that be a constant reminder as
to what's up there.

MICK
We need you out there, it's getting
packed.

Mick exits.

CONNOR
(in Garth's ear)
Just so you know...there's a little
bit of me up in there too.

Garth mumbles through the duct tape. Connor leaves as Garth's
eyes roll upward to see his fate.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

The place is fucking packed.

MICK
Ok, this is good. Real good.

THREE RANDOM GUYS walk by.

RANDOM GUY 1
I can't believe we're going to watch
Deep Throat in a fucking movie
theater.

RANDOM GUY 2
Did any of y'all bring condoms?

Connor approaches Mick.

CONNOR
We gotta talk.

MICK
What's up?

CONNOR
Maybe in private.

MICK
Just come out with it.

CONNOR
You left your letter in the bathroom.
I opened it for you since you were
being such a pussy about it.

MICK
And?

CONNOR
You didn't get in.

MICK
I don't believe you. Where is it?

CONNOR
I trashed it, man.

Connor puts his hand on Mick's shoulder.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Mick slaps his hand off of him and walks off.

INT. MOVIE THEATER HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Tons of party goers mingle as Mick and Jared push through
the fray.

MICK
What am I going to do now?

JARED
You'll be ok. There's other film
schools.

MICK
That's not the point. I'll have to
wait another year just to apply.

JARED
That's one more year of life
experience you bring to the table.

MICK
In Holton County?

JARED
Some of that small town angst.

MICK

At least we'll still have the theater.

JARED

That's the plan.

Enter Jimmy, the FedEx Chinese kid, speaking with a thick Asian accent.

JIMMY

Have you guys seen Connor?

Jared escorts Jimmy through the packed lobby.

Mick observes beers staining the ornate carpet as the theater methodically goes to shit.

A group of "deep v-neck" wearing motherfuckers, smoking self-rolled cigarettes, create an old time haze.

A geyser of foam spews out of an overweight frat bro's mouth as his keg stand comes to fruition.

Frank sidles up next to Mick as he casually sips a beer.

FRANK

Oh, the horror...And so we're gonna pin this on Garth how exactly?

MICK

Why don't you ask Connor and Jared, they seem to have all the answers.

Frank's walkie talkie blares to life.

RICHARD (V.O.)

You guys hear Mick didn't get into film school?

Frank clicks his radio to "OFF". Mick gives him an icy glare.

HOPE

Mick...Hey!...Mick!

Hope shoves her way through the crowd to him.

HOPE (CONT'D)

You need to get a hold of the situation here.

MICK

What's the point?

HOPE

These people are trashing the theater.

MICK

I don't care anymore.

HOPE

What do you mean you don't care?

MICK

Why is this place so important to you?

HOPE

What?

MICK

You've been gone for years, this town doesn't mean a thing to you. We're just a resting stop on your way to bigger things so stop pretending like any of this matters to you. I'm sure it's "cute" and amusing to you, but this is our life.

HOPE

This is my home.

MICK

Your home? For a week every few years? I'd hardly call that a home. We...me and the guys? We live here. This is our home.

HOPE

What's your problem?

MICK

I'm about to be unemployed, the last good thing this town has is going away, my whore girlfriend has been cheating on me for months, you ran out on me this afternoon, and I just found out that I was not accepted to the one school I applied to. All in all, with the exception of that wonderful thing that happened in the theater today I'd say it's been pretty goddamn depressing.

HOPE

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

MICK

For starters, I'm not as educated as you are and I feel stupid to be applying to college at my age.

HOPE

You got pitched a curve ball, Mick.
So what? You just keep swinging.
You're going to forfeit the game
because things aren't happening the
way you thought they would? That's
not the guy I slept with earlier.

MICK

Please. I'm the townie you fucked
on your vacation away from the real
world.

HOPE

My feelings for you never went away.

MICK

You regretted it the second you came
and you couldn't get out of here
fast enough.

HOPE

The second I came? Don't flatter
yourself.

Hope storms off, disappearing into the crowd.

INT. MOVIE THEATER SCREENING ROOM -- NIGHT

The theater is packed. Hundreds of drunks are losing their
buzz. Dissension spreads as people grow restless in the
tight quarters.

CONNOR

We're getting run over here.

MICK

I have an idea. Get half the people
into the theater opposite this one.

CONNOR

Don't tell me what to do.

MICK

Just do it.

Connor grabs Jimmy as he passes by to go to his seat.

CONNOR

Jimmy you gotta stall them. Get up
there and do your bit.

JIMMY

I haven't prepared anything and-

CONNOR
Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to
need half of you to join me in the
other theater.

Those standing and sitting on the ground begin to shuffle
their way toward the hallway.

INT. CLOSET -- NIGHT

Garth moves and the bucket tilts, dribbling fecal water over
his face. He stops.

Garth tries to wiggle out of the ropes again but fails,
more brown goo stains his face. From an "employee of the
month" photo, Connor flashes his signature Cheshire grin.

GARTH
Mmmmmthrrrr fffffrrrrrr!

INT. PROJECTION ROOM -- NIGHT

Jared fumbles with the reel when Mick slams the door open.

MICK
How did word spread so fast?

JARED
I told you this wasn't just any movie,
it's fucking Deep Throat!

MICK
Rig it to run from that projector to
this one.

JARED
In theory that would work. It would
create a ten, maybe fifteen second
delay from one theater to the next,
but no one would ever know the
difference. I need ten minutes.

MICK
You've got five.

Mick vanishes out the exit.

JARED
Hey! This is pretty cool, right?

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

People are herded like cattle into the other theater. Connor
sees Mick.

MICK

Get your asses into that theater
now.

CONNOR

Double projector setup. Genius.
(to all)
Alright guys! Everyone start making
your way into this screening room.

The crowd begins to move into the theater. Trent and Maria
walk by.

TRENT

(to Mick)
There's my guy.

MICK

What the fuck are they doing here?

CONNOR

We needed the ticket sales and besides
you already saw them together once
today.

MICK

(to Trent and Maria)
Enjoy the show!

Mick, business minded, walks away.

TRENT

You were right about sitting in the
back.

Trent gestures a blow job with his hands.

Mick calmly walks over and bitch SLAPS Trent across the face.

TRENT (CONT'D)

What fuck was th-?

Mick POPS Trent in the jaw and his eyes roll back like an
epileptic as his knees buckle *a la* Pinocchio with no strings.

MICK

Cinematically, bad movies would
require I now say something cool and
hip that only comes off as cliché
and cheesy, but I won't.

MARIA

We need to talk!

MICK

No, we don't.

MARIA

Yes, we do!

MICK

Can I just get my fucking copy of *Lawnmower Man* back? It's the only thing my Dad every gave me.

(yells down the hall)

Frank! Rich! Get this piece of untalented shit out of here!

INT. MOVIE THEATER SCREENING ROOM 8 -- MOMENTS LATER

Connor runs onto the stage and stands before the crowd.

CONNOR

And as part of your pre-show entertainment I give you Holton County's very own, Jimmy "The FedEx Kid" Changa!

Jimmy walks out onto the stage, no one says anything, silence.

JIMMY

Who brought the crickets up in this bitch?

HECKLER 1

I didn't come here to see Kim Jong Il do stand-up!

Heckler rises, addresses the crowd.

HECKLER 1 (CONT'D)

We came to see Linda Lovelace suck some dick!

Jimmy is in total control.

JIMMY

They didn't tell you? I am Linda Lovelace.

The crowd members begin to chuckle.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1

This guy's pretty good.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2

For a guy who's barely broken the language barrier, yeah he's hysterical.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1

That's his gimmick. It works.

JIMMY
We're really happy you all can make
it out here guys. Really. At least
I am.

Jimmy stands in profile, revealing a huge boner. The crowd
laughs more enthusiastically.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'm just doing comedy here guys.
This is what I do. Seriously though,
it's been bothering me for some time
now.

He pulls a banana out of his pants.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Why do Chinese guys have small dicks?

Success. The movie flickers on behind him.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM -- NIGHT

Jared, proud of himself, steps back from the projector.

JARED
Show time!

INT. MOVIE THEATER SCREENING ROOM -- NIGHT

The film starts and we hear the audio from *Deep Throat*. We
see the first non-sexual scene of the film. Connor runs up
the stairs and kneels down next to Erica.

CONNOR
We need to talk.

A random guy in back yells.

GUY
Down in front, sit.

ERICA
I'm trying to watch the movie.

CONNOR
Look, I was brainwashed by the ONS
guidelines.

ERICA
ONS?

CONNOR
It doesn't matter.

RANDOM GUY 2

Quiet down there. I'm watching a movie here!

CONNOR

The next eight minutes is of her driving in circles around Florida! So calm the fuck down.

Mick rushes up from the back of the theater and begins to pull Connor toward the door.

MICK

Shhhh.

ERICA

You humiliated me in front of everybody.

CONNOR

I love you.

ERICA

Please. This is all because I told you I'm pregnant.

CONNOR

That's not why at all!

People start to boo and yell at Connor.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

You upholstery staining motherfuckers! I'll kick all your asses!

Mick drags Connor out into the

HALLWAY

CONNOR

Get off of me!

MICK

What the hell is wrong with you? First you like her, then you hate her. Now you love her? Haven't you put her through enough?

CONNOR

Fuck you, I've always loved her.

MICK

Well congratulations, now you can be one big happy family.

CONNOR
I'll deal with it!

MICK
You'll have an abortion?

CONNOR
Do I look like an animal to you?

MICK
You're not even going to have a job!

CONNOR
I'll make it work.
(Beat)
I'm gonna be a father, man.

MICK
You could be a daddy.

Connor gives Mick an embrace.

CONNOR
I might be a mother fucking daddy.

MICK
That's just redundant.

Connor is happy, but something is bothering him.

CONNOR
I'm sorry about the letter.

MICK
I understand why you did it. Thanks
man.

CONNOR
So you would have gone?

MICK
Earlier I wasn't sure, but yeah, in
a heartbeat.

CONNOR
You got in.

MICK
What?

CONNOR
I lied to you. You were moaning
like such a little school girl bitch
I thought it would help you realize
what you really wanted if you lost
it.

MICK
Don't fuck with me.

Connor pulls out a letter and reads.

CONNOR
Dear Mick. Congratulations! On behalf of the entire New York University, it gives me great pleasure to invite you to attend the New York University as a member of-

MICK
I'm in? I'm in! I got in! I'm going to film school?

CONNOR
You're going to film school. I mean if you could afford it.

Mick embraces Connor with all his might and kisses him on the cheek.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Easy with that kissing shit!

Reveal Jared, Frank, and Richard standing behind them looking disgusted.

JARED
Anyone else getting that *Brokeback Mountain* vibe?

FRANK
I knew it.

RICHARD
(to Frank)
I'm sorry I never believed you.

MICK
It's not what it looks like.

JARED
I'm not a judgmental guy.

MICK
I got into film school.

JARED
Congrats. Now can we please all go back inside before we miss the whole film.

Everyone pats Mick on the back and congratulates him.

FRANK

You know my Mom says I've got a James Dean thing going on.

MICK

Yeah...uh, I can see that...

INT. MOVIE THEATER SCREENING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Connor and Mick stand in the corner. Jared sits, admiring the success of his vintage masterpiece, silently mouthing the dialogue word for word. Suddenly, the projector shuts down.

MICK

Just what we need. Jared!

He bolts up out of his seat and sprints towards the projection room. Mick follows after him.

CONNOR

Where the fuck are you going?

MICK

I want to make sure this gets done right, keep the crowd under control.

This is boner inducing power for Connor.

CONNOR

Stay put ladies and gentlemen the film will resume momentarily.

A HECKLER bursts out.

HECKLER

Right before the climax, I wanna see how it ends!

CONNOR

Spoiler alert! It ends with a cum shot!

INT. PROJECTION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mick rounds the corner to see Jared playing negotiator to a fecal-matter covered Garth holding a lighter to the print.

JARED

Put it down!

MICK

What the hell is going on?

JARED

He's gonna burn down the fucking theater.

MICK
Garth, don't do this, I'm begging
you.

GARTH
You guys think you're so fucking
cool!

MICK
I know you're up...set, you're covered
in shit but you're not thinking
clearly.

INT. MOVIE THEATER SCREENING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd is growing antsy as Connor attempts to calm them
down.

CONNOR
And now the return of Jimmy "The
FedEx Kid" Changa.

Jimmy hops up on stage.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
(to Jimmy)
Work your magic.

Connor sprints off out of the theater to the
PROJECTION ROOM

Mick and Jared are still at a standoff with Garth.

CONNOR
Guys we got that picture goi-

Connor rounds the corner to see the ensuing chaos.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Holy shit! I'm starting to notice a
trend when I leave you two alone.

GARTH
You.

Garth seeing his fecal tormentor lunges at Connor, who evades
the assault like a matador.

CONNOR
Ole!

Jared rushes to protect the print.

MICK
What are you waiting for, grab him!

CONNOR

You grab him.

Garth gets up and hightails it out the door. The gang chases after him into the

MOVIE THEATER

The chase continues through the balcony, they run down the aisles after Garth. The drunken crowd is caught off guard by the spectacle...and the smell.

The group makes its way to the bottom railing.

JIMMY

Boy when they told me that guy was a piece of shit I had no idea they meant it literally.

Garth jukes left and right, finally opting for the fire exit, leading into the

ALLEY

He rams his way through the door, descends the stairs, and books it toward the mouth of the alley.

MICK

We just want to talk.

The gang reaches the bottom of the steps, Jared doubles over to catch his breath.

JARED

He's like a freaking antelope.

Mick and Connor continue their pursuit without him. They round the corner to the

MOVIE THEATER ENTRANCE

Standing there are TWO POLICE OFFICERS. Garth, playing the victim, cowers behind them.

GARTH

Those two right there, they're trying to kill me!

OFFICER DANIELS, a gung-ho rookie, happy to finally see some action draws his gun. The other cop, OFFICER O'REILLY, a seasoned veteran pushes forward. Mick and Connor stop dead in their tracks.

O'REILLY

Come here you little doe-eyed pricks!
(to Daniels)
Put your fucking gun away.

DANIELS

Fine. But I'm keeping the safety off.

MICK

Officer, I know this probably looks...

The officers slam them against the wall, kick their legs open, and pat them down.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Jared, still wheezing, peers around the corner to see Mick and Connor being searched. He retreats back into the alley, entering a side door.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- CONTINUOUS

O'Reilly tugs the inside of Connor's pant seam.

O'REILLY

What the hell is that?

CONNOR

It's my dick.

O'REILLY

You're packing some heat there, boy!

Wink.

INT. MOVIE THEATER SCREENING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jared sneaks his way down the aisle to Hope, the entire crowd is enthralled with Jimmy's stand up routine.

JARED

Mick's in trouble. I need you to come with me.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- NIGHT

O'Reilly and Daniels usher in Mick and Connor who are now handcuffed, Garth struts in after them.

GARTH

You guys are going to jail.

OFFICER DANIELS

We're going to need to clear this place out.

MICK

Officer, this was...

CONNOR

All my idea! I coerced him into doing this.

MICK

He didn't coerce me. I agreed to do it.

OFFICER DANIELS

Even so, you're both being booked for kidnapping.

MICK

We didn't kidnap anyone.

OFFICER O'REILLY

(to Connor)

And assault with...I don't even know what you call what you did.

OFFICER DANIELS

It's not in the books, but it's not right - what you did with the feces. That's how cholera outbreaks start.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

Jared and Hope compare receipts to Garth's ledger. They circle numbers and scribble discrepancies down in the book.

HOPE

How has no one noticed this?

JARED

Aside from O'Malley, Garth's the only one with access to these.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY -- NIGHT

OFFICER O'REILLY

(to Daniels)

How do you charge someone for covering someone else in human shit?

They don't come up with an answer and turn to the guys.

OFFICER DANIELS

Serving alcohol without a liquor license.

OFFICER O'REILLY

And to minors.

OFFICER DANIEL'S

What do you think that is O'Reilly?

OFFIER O'REILLY
That's a fuck ton of community
service, that's what that is.

GARTH
That's exactly what that is!

OFFICER DANIEL'S
Shut the hell up! And if you don't
mind, please...stand over there.

OFFIER O'REILLY
Hefty fine, too.
(to Connor)
But if we get you on kidnapping,
that's real jail time.

OFFICER DANIELS
Oh man!

OFFICER O'REILLY
Oh man!

OFFICER DANIELS
Oh boy!

OFFICER O'REILLY
Oh boy!

Daniels licks his chops.

OFFICER O'REILLY (CONT'D)
You guys couldn't even afford a bribe
could you? I'm guessing you make
what, 40 bucks a day? Before tax.
You guys are going to jail.

Jared steps into the room with Hope at his side. He carries
an assortment of receipts while Hope carries the ledger.

JARED
None of us are going to jail.

Daniel's notices Hope.

OFFICER O'REILLY
Who the fuck are these two? Cuff
'em Daniels!

OFFICER DANIELS
Ummm...

HOPE
Let them go, Bobby.

DANIELS
What are you doing here?

HOPE

Hanging out with friends. I said,
let them go or I'm telling mom what
I found underneath your bed.

OFFICER O'REILLY

Jesus H. Christ, Daniels.

JARED

The theater is closed for business.
This is a private event. We have
Mr. O'Malley's permission to be here
and since we're not operating as an
establishment we don't need a liquor
license to serve. This is a party.
Furthermore, we've carded everybody
here. No one is under age and there
is no law against screening a
pornographic film.

DANIELS

(ever so calmly)

Which one of you is romantically
involved with her?

*

Connor motions with his head to Mick. Daniels casually sticks
his tazer into Mick's neck. TZZZZ. He collapses.

HOPE

What the shit Bobby!

DANIELS

That's for exposing my kid sister to
porn.

HOPE

Oh, please.

Connor taps Mick with his foot to see if he is breathing.
Mick GROANS.

OFFICER O'REILLY

Do you know the amount of fucking
paperwork that little stunt you just
pulled is going to cost me? What's
the one rule? The one fucking rule?

DANIELS

Never in front of witnesses.

OFFICER O'REILLY

Never in front of witnesses!

GARTH

(from across the room)

Don't forget about the kidnapping.

OFFICER O'REILLY

Shut up!

JARED

We didn't kidnap Garth. We placed him under citizens arrest.

OFFICER DANIELS

Citizens arrest, for what?

HOPE

Garth's been stealing money from the company for months. Maybe years.

The cops switch their attention to Garth. Mick mumbles from the floor.

MICK

What?

JARED

I started thinking, how could we be going out of business? See, we're the last place in town that would go out of business. So I thought I'd check out the sales with the help of Hope's expertise.

DANIELS

She just graduated.

GARTH

He's lying!

JARED

You're in charge of accounting, and the numbers don't lie.

HOPE

You've been skimming money off the top. The receipts are way more than the daily deposits.

Hope hands O'Reilly the ledger. Daniels uncuffs Mick and Connor. He covers his hands in napkins and gags as he cuffs Garth.

OFFICER O'REILLY

I'm no mathematician, but these numbers don't match up. You're coming with us, Garth.

OFFICER DANIELS

(to Jared)

Damn, Linda Lovelace, huh?. It's just a timeless piece.

(MORE)

OFFICER DANIELS (CONT'D)
I mean the scene with the Coke bottle
might be the greatest scene in
pornographic history.

JARED
A guy who knows his porn. Did you
know this is an original print?

OFFICER DANIELS
No shit. Any chance there might be a
second screening?

JARE
Anything's possible.

OFFICER O'REILLY
We are going to need to break this
party up of course.

Mick's neck looks charred.

MICK
Why? We didn't do anything wrong?

DANIELS
(to Garth)
You know what they do to guys like
you where you're going don't you?

Garth says nothing.

O'REILLY
They get shanked.

DANIELS
With cocks!

O'REILLY
Huge cocks!

Garth is dragged out the door.

O'REILLY (CONT'D)
You guys got ten minutes to break
this place up.

INT. SCREENING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mick stands in front of the crowd, flabbergasted.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jared quickly pops a new reel in.

INT. MOVIE THEATER SCREENING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MICK

Unfortunately, that's it for our screening guys. I hope you enjoyed what you saw of it and thanks for supporting the theater over the years.

CONNOR

Thee-uh-ter.

MICK

Hopefully your contributions will help us keep this place going. But as of right now this was the last time the The Golden Marquis will stimulate our hearts here in Holton County. And with that I conclude...

Jared flips the projector on.

JARED

(yells out the window)

A short film by Mick Donnolly!

*

Connor stands proudly from the wing of the theater.

CONNOR

Get 'em Mick.

Mick moves out of the way, embarrassed. Melanie Safka's "Look What They've Done to my Song" plays to a beautiful, washed out, 8 mm montage of life at the Golden Marquis over the years.

FOOTAGE OF:

A younger O'Malley runs the concession stand with Margie.

Children wander aimlessly with popcorn and sodas in hand.

Jared working in the projection room.

A couple walking through the lobby holding hands smiling.

Frank and Richard, much younger, with mini-afros, stop sweeping the theater to wave into the camera .

An elderly man walking into the theater on his own.

Connor and Erica talking and laughing as they rip tickets.

An old film playing.

INT. THEATER SCREENING ROOM 8 -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd watches touched and delighted, saddened by the fact that such a hallmark to their lives is being stripped of its grandeur.

The film ends. A standing ovation ensues.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- MOMENTS LATER

Mick, Connor and Jared stand outside as the party goes file their way outside.

MICK
(to O'Reilly)
Thanks for letting us finish up.

OFFICER O'REILLY
No problem. Now if you'll excuse me.

Garth is being uncooperative about getting in the car. Daniel's kicks him in the ass launching him into the back seat head first.

OFFICER DANIELS
Consider that some foreplay
motherfucker!

OFFICER O'REILLY
Damn son. He's gonna feel that in the morning.

OFFICER DANIELS
Starting kicker, two years all state.

The cop car drives off.

INT. LOBBY -- LATER

Frank and Richard clean up the concessions area, pouring out floaters, vacuuming the carpet and wiping down the displays.

Mick nears the end of counting their take. Stacks of money sit near the cash box. Jared keeps track of the tally on a notepad.

MICK
30...35...40.

He looks up at Jared adding up the numbers. Jared looks up at him. Mick, Connor, Richard and Frank wait to hear the total.

JARED
Almost seventy-five hundred.

MICK
Maybe it will be enough.

Jared nods, unconvincingly.

An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN shuffles through the front door. He's got a menacing coffee cake complexion with white hair that contrasts his deep Sicilian tan.

MICK (CONT'D)
Sorry, we're closed.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Who's in charge here?

The group looks around at each other unsure of how to answer the question.

MICK
Err-well the manager won't be in until tomorrow and the assistant manager...is elsewhere.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
I'm not talking about who's in charge of the theater. I'm talking about the dildo who screened my movie.

The Elderly Gentleman produces one of their flyers.

CONNOR
Your movie?

MICK
Sorry you just missed the screening.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
I'm not interested in seeing it. Where's my cut?

Mick looks around at the others who have stopped cleaning and are now taking an interest in this ominous man. Jared looks sick to his stomach.

MICK
What cut?

JARED
Hey guys, how about you start cleaning up the theater.

Frank, Richard, Erica and Hope file out of the lobby.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Who's your checker?

Mick is silent unsure of what a "checker" actually is.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
How many people were in the theater
tonight?

MICK
About over 370.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
And how much did you charge for
tickets?

MICK
Twenty bucks.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
And they think we're a bunch of greedy
fucks.

MICK
Excuse me?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
The way I see it, you boys owe us
thirty seven hundred dollars.

CONNOR
Who the fuck is us?

Jared bolts over to Connor to shut him up.

JARED
(to Connor and Mick)
Yeah, I may have forgotten to tell
you guys that the mob had a heavy
influence in creating and profiting
from Deep Throat.

MICK
You got us involved with the mafia?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Now you boys look smart-

CONNOR
Looks can be deceiving.

The Elderly Gentleman shoots Connor a sideways glance, unsure
of his mental capacity.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
You don't want to upset an old man
with unsavory friends.

The others are petrified but Mick's "fuck it" mentality has
hit its apex.

MICK
What if we don't pay?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
I can appreciate what you're doing
here I really can, trying to save
this theater and all. But-

CONNOR
Listen you dago greaseball-

Jared grabs him and spins him around.

JARED
Connor, you know how you like
Goodfellas?

CONNOR
Yeah. It's a good movie, but I think
that-

JARED
You're talking to a living, breathing,
Tommy DeVito who has no qualms with
putting you six feet under in the
middle of the badlands.

CONNOR
What are you waiting for, Mick? Pay
the man.

Mick's eyes are on fire, but he begins pulling bills from
the cash box.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Filmed in 6 days for 25 thousand
dollars. Banned in 23 states. And
we're still making money.

Mick hands him the money, the Elderly Gentleman counts the
bills.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
This place is nice, don't get me
wrong, but why do you kids care if
it goes under?

MICK
It's all we got.

As the Elderly Gentleman puts the bills in his coat pocket,
the glint of a Snubnose .38 unintentionally flashes back at
them.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
You boys wouldn't be interested in
selling that print, would you?

MICK
Actually...

JARED
No. It's not for sale.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Everything is, but I can respect
that.

The Elderly Gentleman walks out of the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER -- MOMENTS LATER

MICK
You know what I could use right now?

Erica's voice is heard coming from a walkie-talkie on the
concessions counter.

ERICA (V.O.)
Hey boys! This joint isn't going to
smoke itself you know!

Mick grabs the walkie talkie.

MICK
Aren't you guys supposed to be
cleaning? Where are you?

ERICA
Rooftop.

Mick goes to radio silence.

MICK
Fucking hoarders.

Connor and Jared follow Mick to the door they exit to the

MOVIE THEATER ENTRANCE

MICK
So do you think they liked my movie,
its really more of a montage than a
film.

JARED
Totally man.

CONNOR
Fuck your movie, Mick. Which was
great by the way. That was extortion.
He had a gun. Did you see that gun?

MICK
Why wouldn't you sell him the print?

JARED
Do you know how much this print is worth?

The group rounds the corner to the

ALLEY

HIGH BEAMS suddenly flash on, illuminating their startled faces.

MICK
You really should have sold him that print.

JARED
He was going to low-ball us.

CONNOR
People with guns can do that. I love this place, but I am not willing to die for it.

JARED
Book it?

CONNOR
I'm down.

MICK
Okay, on the count of three we...

Connor and Jared preemptively bolt into the darkness leaving Mick alone in the blaring lights.

MICK (CONT'D)
Fucking turncoats.

The car door opens and the unmistakable CLICK-CLACK of stiletto's grows louder as a figure moves in front of the lights revealing Francesca.

FRANCESCA
Glad to see one of my bottoms has some balls to him. It's Mick, right? Get in the car.

Francesca CLICK CLACKS back into her limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE -- CONTINUOUS

Mick climbs into the limo and sits opposite her. Francesca uncrosses and recrosses her legs *Basic Instinct*-esque holding a tumbler of bourbon. A burning cigar glows in an ash tray next to her.

FRANCESCA
 (saccharinely)
 Have a seat. Pour yourself a drink.
 Take your pants off.

Mick ignores the last offer, but pours himself a drink which he downs. He begins pouring himself another.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
 That was very clever work you pulled off tonight.

MICK
 We weren't trying to be clever.

FRANCESCA
 Mick, how would you like to be a manager at one of the most profitable movie theaters in the country?

MICK
 I wouldn't.

FRANCESCA
 You could keep this place running like the old days, and in-corporate, no pun intended, that "old soul" you think it might be losing. Of course, there would be some changes.

MICK
 What changes? 3D screens, a sleek new look, higher prices, commercial films. This place is an art gallery. People like you are just after the dollar signs. There's a magical experience here that is so layered...you can't manufacture that through a corporation like yours.

She extends her foot out toward Mick and rests it on his crotch.

FRANCESCA
 It does come with perks.

MICK
 That's right I forgot to tell you, if you rub your foot on my cock I might say yes.

Mick throws her foot off of him.

MICK (CONT'D)
 I said no.

Francesca drops her flirtatious act.

FRANCESCA

Alright you little shit if you don't want to play ball, then fine. Thanks to that nincompoop Garth this theater is mine.

Realization washes over Mick.

MICK

You orchestrated this.

FRANCESCA

I might have made a few false promises here and there.

MICK

Well once he confesses-

FRANCESCA

Why do you think I used him? He's unstable my dear and there's no paper trail back to me. Nothing will stick.

MICK

You convinced him to bring this place down.

FRANCESCA

It doesn't matter anymore. The bank will foreclose on it and I'll purchase it at a lower rate making me look like an all-star with the board. Or don't you know how this works? This is the age of the corporation.

MICK

Maybe, but I'll go to the police.

FRANCESCA

Go ahead. I'm a partner of a multinational business and you're a deadbeat usher. You tell me who they're going to believe.

MICK

How do you sleep at night?

FRANCESCA

With a vibrator and tons of Ambien. You?

Mick gets out of the limo.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Mick walks toward the ladder to the roof. The limo window rolls down.

FRANCESCA

Mick, the offer still stands if you're willing to play ball. For both things.

The car pulls out of the alley. He ascends the ladder.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER ROOFTOP -- MORNING

A view of the small town in the distance. Hope and Erica chill on a cooler conversing. Near the edge of the roof, Connor and Jared lounge on the lawn chairs talking to Frank and Richard.

JARED

-So it's exactly like when Punisher gets himself imprisoned to save Matt Murdoch.

Frank and Richard have no idea who Matt Murdoch is.

JARED (CONT'D)

Daredevil?

MICK (O.S.)

You motherfuckers!

Mick hops off the ladder onto the the roof. The gang cheers, partially because he has joined the festivities, but mainly because they're relieved he's not dead.

JARED

Glad to see you're not wearing cement galoshes.

MICK

You two shits left me.

JARED

Fight or flight.

CONNOR

Did he make you an offer you couldn't refuse?

Connor feigns a blow job with his tongue and hand.

MICK

Yeah he did. Jared, I sold him your print.

JARED

You did what?

MICK

Relax, I wouldn't do that to you.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

But, I did learn some interesting facts. Francesca was behind the whole thing, Garth was just her pawn.

RICHARD

That must have been what he was doing in the alley today.

JARED

I think we all kind of knew it was a lost cause.

CONNOR

It's not fair.

Mick smiles.

MICK

Not all may be lost just yet.

JARED

Everything has its time, I guess.

CONNOR

So that's it? There's nothing else we're going to do? Mick?

MICK

(to Hope)
You!

Mick points to Hope like he's calling his shot.

MICK (CONT'D)

We need to talk.

Hope excuses herself and the two walk off.

Erica reaches into the cooler and pulls out a beer. She begins to twist the top off.

WHAP! Connor slaps the bottle from her hand.

CONNOR

What the fuck are you doing? It's called fetal alcohol syndrome.

ERICA

What are you the Surgeon General?
Besides, that only applies to pregnant women.

Connor stares at her pissed off, but more confused than anything.

ERICA (CONT'D)

I'm not late anymore.

CONNOR

So then you're not...

ERICA

No.

CONNOR

Thank God! I don't mean it like that.

ERICA

I know you idiot.

CONNOR

If you were...I would have...I mean...

ERICA

It's nice to know you would be a man about it.

CONNOR

That doesn't mean you get to pull a fast one on me...I'm not good about these kinds of things, but...I want to be your boyfriend.

ERICA

I'll think about it.

(teasing)

I don't know if I want to be with someone who just wants to raw dog me.

CONNOR

I still want to raw dog the shit out of you, but as your boyfriend.

ERICA

Let's take it slowly.

EXT. OTHER EDGE OF THE ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Mick takes a pull off of the joint and passes it to Hope.

MICK

I was an asshole.

HOPE

Yeah you were.

MICK

I'm sorry. It's been a long day.

HOPE
I wouldn't know.

MICK
No, I guess you wouldn't.

HOPE
Circumstantially, I can see why you might have been on edge.

MICK
I'd like for you to see who I am on a normal day.

HOPE
I'd like that. So what now?

MICK
Time to find some other bullshit dead end job to help pay for school.

HOPE
You got in?
(sullenly)
Congratulations.

MICK
What?

HOPE
I came back because I can't get a job to save my life and I'm knee deep in student loans. At this point any minimum wage paying job while I can live at my parents house helps. I'm not proud of it, but...I guess, I don't want you to be misled by the notion that having a degree is going to change things. Times are different. And maybe I was hoping to spend more time with you.

Mick grins.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Why are you smiling?

MICK
You've had feelings for me this whole time?

HOPE
It's hard to forget the good ones.

Mick pulls her in for a soft, but passionate, kiss.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Jared, Frank, and Richard are sitting on the ledge smoking a joint.

JARED

You know what I just realized.

FRANK

What's that?

JARED

You are both named after dicks.
Richard is long form for dick, and
Frank is Frank Furter. Like frank
and beans. You guys are just two
little penises.

RICHARD

I never thought of that.

FRANK

That's great, Jared.

JARED

Think outside the box. You've gotta
think outside the box.

Mick and Hope hold hands as they join the gang.

CONNOR

Mick, I've got an idea for your first
movie.

MICK

No! No more ideas!

JARED

Anybody want to go to a garage sale?

ALL

NO!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT -- MORNING

Mick kisses Hope, she gets into her car.

MICK

I'll call you.

Hope smiles as she drives off. Mick returns to his truck to
meet a grinning Connor with his arm around Erica.

CONNOR

You're one lucky son of a bitch!
She's hot.

Erica elbows him in the stomach.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
You're lucky too.

He kisses her on the cheek.

JARED
Hey! A little help?

Jared is wrangling a shit-faced Frank and Richard to the back of the truck. Mick heads over to help Jared.

CONNOR
Whatever you do, don't cheat on me.

ERICA
We're going to work on your trust issues.

She smiles and drives off.

INT. MICK'S TRUCK -- MORNING

Jared sits in between Mick and Connor. Mick puts the keys into the ignition, Connor stops him from turning the engine over.

MICK
What now?

CONNOR
You know I've never been to New York City.

JARED
I have a collector up there I've been meaning to do some business with.

MICK
I don't know.

CONNOR
You can search for apartments.

JARED
You're going to need to check out the campus.

Mick stares at them, slightly intrigued by their proposition.

CONNOR
Road trip.

MICK
What about Frank and Richard?

CONNOR
We'll drop them off at FAO Schwartz.
They'll love it.

MICK
Financially, this is the worst idea
ever...

Jared produces a thick wad of CASH.

JARED
I seem to remember us acquiring this
last night.

Mick looks a little mischievous as he REVS the engine.

MICK
We do have to make a pit stop first.

CONNOR
Where?

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

The guys sit in the truck. Mick gets out of the car and
walks towards the front door holding a large manila envelope.

CONNOR
(to Mick)
Hurry up or we're going to get stuck
in traffic.

JARED
There's no traffic on Saturdays.

He scribbles something on the envelope. He seems pleased
and sets it down. He rings the doorbell and hurries back to
his car.

They take off.

O'Malley picks up the envelope and reads: *Sometimes happy
endings do exist.*

He opens the envelope and pulls out two ledgers, some cash,
and a voice recorder. He presses play.

MICK (V.O.)
You orchestrated this?

FRANCESCA (V.O.)
I might have made a few false promises
here and there.

O'Malley looks around and smiles as he sees Mick's truck
round the corner in the distance. He flips the envelope
over and it reads: *Codename Deepthroat*

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- MORNING

The sunlight begins to crest over the peak of the horizon as the opening guitar solo from Boston's "*Long Time*" plays.

The classic truck cruises down the empty road blowing past a sign reading "Holton County Limit."

Wind blowing in their faces, the guys reminisce on the days of yore. Frank and Richard sleep like babies in the bed of the truck.

CONNOR (O.S.)
Eh, guys? You are not going to believe what that little print is going for on E-Bay.

JARED (O.S.)
What do you think this gentleman in New York is collecting?

The truck sputters to a dead silent halt.

CONNOR
Your car is a piece of shit.

JARED
We're never going to leave this town.

CUT TO BLACK

OVER BLACK: *The End and a Deep Throat to you All!*