

HANK GREY AND THE MASTRER-PIECE OF SHIT

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FADE IN:

EXT. UPSCALE SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A luxury SUV meanders down a long driveway surrounded by a pond, trees, and manicured bushes.

INT. SUV - DAY

Behind the wheel: HANK GREY, 54, a bearish, loud man in a three-piece suit, shouts into his cell phone.

HANK

You're the experts; you fix it!
That's what I pay you guys for!

Something in the driveway calls his attention: A brand new SPORTS CAR.

Eyes on the convertible and phone on his ear, Hank maneuvers into the garage.

HANK

Listen: I'm home. I ain't got time
for this, alright? ... Yeah. Bye.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Hank hurries back to the sports car. Only, he finds not a sports car but a dented, rusty rattrap.

Incredulous, he examines it; taps on a wheel with his foot.

INT. HANK'S HOME, LIVING-ROOM - DAY

The opulent interior matches the exterior.

Hank strides in and tosses his suit on a couch.

HANK

Candy! Doreen! Anybody home?!

Footsteps: CANDY, 42, well maintained trophy type, comes in -- tights, hair curlers, and a telephone in her hand.

CANDY

What's all that shouting about?

HANK

Where's everybody?

CANDY
Calling you.

She waggles the phone and clinks her rock encrusted wedding ring on it.

HANK
Those goddamn morons at the office.

CANDY
My poor little big baby bear.

She gives him a peck on the cheek and moves away, but he snags her, playful.

HANK
One minute, young lady. Who're you hiding?

CANDY
What? Don't be silly!

She wiggles out of his arms.

CANDY
Want your Scotch now?

He stares at her while she pours him a generous glass.

CANDY
Everything OK at work, I hope?

He downs half of the liquor and looks at her in the eye.

CANDY
What?

He checks his wristwatch and gives her another look.

CANDY
OK -- it's Basil... The artist.

HANK
Ah, goody.

CANDY
You don't know what he's able to do. He comes so recommended.

HANK
Yeah? By who -- Doreen?

CANDY

By whom. And that's what happens when you ask people to choose their gift instead of buying it yourself.

HANK

Sure. And she's paying for it, too.

CANDY

It's her birthday, OK? So let it go already.

HANK

Yes, dear.

He gulps the rest of the Scotch -

HANK

So, where's this Picasso?

- and burps.

CANDY

Hank!

HANK

Hey! If I'm feeding that monkey, he better be that good! Where's he?

SECOND FLOOR STAIRCASE

Candy chases Hank, climbing the steps two at a time.

CANDY

He needs quiet to concentrate!

HANK

Oh, I see how talented he is: A real charmer!

CANDY

She's perfectly fine!

HANK

No shit, she is!

DOREEN'S ROOM

A painting on an easel. Curtains wave at an open balcony.

A couple kisses on a sofa: DOREEN, 18, curvy, half naked; and BASIL the artist, 23, scrawny with a crooked nose.

Hank barrels in to witness Basil's hands all over Doreen.

HANK
How'd you like a prosthesis, kid?

Hank grabs and twists one of Basil's arms.

DOREEN
Daddy! What are you doing?!

HANK
What am I doing? I'm gonna mak'im
real famous: The handless painter!
(to Basil)
Your Christmas cards will be a
riot!

Basil directs Hank to the painting on the easel.

BASIL
Her portrait is finished! Look!

THE PAINTING shows two birds preening each other.

HANK tosses the canvas to the floor and twists Basil's arm further.

HANK
You see me sucking on my thumb?!

CANDY
Hank, please!

DOREEN
Dad, are you drunk?

HANK
Drop it, missy. You may be eighteen
now, but this is still my house!

Hank shoves Basil out of the room.

FOYER

Hank pulls Basil towards the front door with one hand and fights both women off his back with the other.

BASIL
Hey! What about my money?

Hank waves a fist.

HANK

Hey! What about a nose job?

DOREEN'S ROOM

Here all is quiet but for the shouting that comes through the open balcony:

HANK (V.O.)

You wait here! What the hell do you think I want that... thing for?

Meanwhile, on the floor of the room, the portrait flutters.

The painted birds come to life and jump from the canvas.

They fly around the room and escape through the balcony.

A moment later, Hank rushes back into the room.

HANK

Where's that master-piece of shit?

He grabs the painting; his fingers smear some fresh bird droppings all over it.

He gapes at the empty canvas when a sports car roars outside.

Hank darts to the open balcony in time to see

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Basil peels off in the sports car followed by the two birds from the painting.

Doreen waves goodbye at him and cries. Candy hugs her.

Once the car disappears in the distance, both women look up and see Hank on the balcony.

CANDY

So?

Hank studies his soiled hands for a moment.

HANK

You two grab your things -- we're going shopping.

FADE OUT.