TRAILER WARS

by

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# TRAILER WARS

FADE IN:

EXT. BONNER TRAILER - DAY

Beer CANS litter the brown patch of grass fronting CLEATUS BONNER'S single wide late 1970's mobile home. Matching DOG HOUSES sit haphazardly next to a failing deck and stained Bar B Que. Assorted car PARTS and half finished wood working projects surround two crooked saw horses. A mid 1980's EL CAMINO with a mismatched door, Arkansas license PLATES and chrome rear wheels sits parked on the grass.

The front door opens and DONNA LOU CREEKS exits the house with a large garbage BUCKET. Donna is in her late 20's with dirty blond hair and a large chest bulging out of a "Jerry's Truck Stop, Put in 24/7" tee shirt. She tosses the garbage over the side of the deck opposite the Bar B Que into an already heaping pile of TRASH.

DONNA LOU

(surveying the yard)

Cleatus, God dammit, you need to make a trip to the dump. Cleatus!! You hear me..Christ, this place is starting to look like an ad for white trash leasure world.

CLEATUS (os)

Dammit Donna Lou, you know I've been busy. Give me a break will ya..

DONNA LOU

(under her breath)

Busy, my fat ass..

Donna heads back into the house.

INT. BONNER TRAILER - DAY

Donna walks into a living room filled with LAUNDRY a flickering TV, assorted beer CANS and BOTTLES and a wall of bowling TROPHIES. She looks down the length of the home towards the bedroom at the far end of the hall.

DONNA LOU

You gonna get to that dump!!

(stomps to the
bedroom doorway)

(MORE)

DONNA LOU (cont'd)

God, it smells in here.

### MASTER BEDROOM

Centered in the undersized bedroom is a king size WATER BED. The headboard is massive and covers almost the entire rear wall. Littering the headboard is a wide assortment of beer bottles, cans and cigarette boxes.

Cleatus is sprawled out on his side wearing only leopard skin UNDERWEAR. His brown mullet HAIRDO is pointing in all directions. Cleatus scratches his ass, then lets go with a loud belch.

CLEATUS

(to his pillow)

Opps, excuse me.

DONNA LOU

Jesus, what the hell am I doing with you?

CLEATUS

Wait honey, please. Let me get you some breakfast. Eggs ala Cleatus!!

Donna Lou returns to the living room, grabs a Piggly Wiggly plastic bag and starts packing her shirts, panties and a bra. Cleatus half limps down the hall in a very short kimono ROBE. His skinny chest and slight paunch peek out.

### CLEATUS

Honey, you know I always drink a little too much on bowling night. Hell, I least I got home without wrecking the car this time. Give me some credit will you.

DONNA LOU

Dammit Cleatus, look around this place. I can't live like this.

Donna Lou and Cleatus both look around the trailer.

QUICK CUTS

Kitchen sink piled high with dirty dishes.

Empty microwave dinner containers cover the counters

Heavy waters stains cover the ceiling

A piece of plywood half covers a hole in the floor in front of the door.

The retractable dining room table hangs from the wall.

CLEATUS

I guess things are getting a little run down.

DONNA LOU

A little?

**CLEATUS** 

You know I can't afford one of those fancy new manufactured homes. I barely make enough at the plant now to keep me in beer and brats.

CLEATUS

Yeah, well I'm done. Call me when you decide to grow up and get your act together.

Donna stuffs a couple more items into her bag and storms out. On the way, she trips in the hole at the entry.

DONNA LOU

Ouch!! Piece of shit..

Cleatus hustles to the doorway and watches Donna Lou scurry across the yard, jump in a rusting Chevy Vega, and drive away in a cloud of exhaust. He sighs, scratches his ass again, smells his hand and turns back into the trailer.

Standing in the living room, he looks around, spots a clear spot on the COUCH where Donna Lou removed her cloths and sits down. He grabs the remote control out from under the cushions, hits play and porn starts on the TV. He leans back, pulls a beer out of the inside of his robe and pops the top.

# EXT. PULASKI COUNTY SEWER TREATMENT PLANT - DAY

Cleatus pulls the El Camino into his named parking spot. He jumps out wearing white coveralls with several stains on the legs and arms and enters the building.

### INT. PULASKI COUNTY SEWER TREATMENT PLANT - DAY

Cleatus and MAC JACKS stand in a large white room at a railing that surrounds a large pit. In the pit SEWAGE flows from two large pipes on either side of the pit walls. Both men lean over the railing staring at the refuge. Both wear pensive FACES.

MAC

She really said that?

**CLEATUS** 

Yeah. Go figure. Like her shit doesn't stink. Take it from me. I'm the professional here. Her shit stinks.

MAC

(chuckling)

I think that's hers down there now.

(nods towards the
 pit)

So whats your plan?

CLEATUS

Damn if I know. I'll tell you what though. I don't know how I am suppose to work any harder than I am now. Know what I mean?

MAC

Oh yeah.

Both men continue to lean against the railing staring at the pit.

SEWER PLANT LATER-SAME DAY

Mac and Cleatus are in a locker room changing out of their coveralls into street cloths.

**CLEATUS** 

Tough shift.

MAC

You know it.

**CLEATUS** 

You going to the 'Vern' tonight?

MAC

You're going out after what happened this morning. What about Donna Lou?

CLEATUS

I figure after an entire day without talking to moi, she'll see that I'm the best thing she ever had.

While Cleatus makes this statement, he stands in front of his locker in grungy pale underwear, black socks and a stained too tight wife beater tee shirt.

MAC

I can see that.

Suddenly BELLS start ringing and yellow SIRENS in the ceiling start flashing. The men give other concerned looks and run out of the locker room.

CONTROL ROOM

A large control PANEL takes up one wall of the control room. Opposite the control panel is a lighted grid MAP showing the layout of the sewer system. A section of PIPE flashes red.

**CLEATUS** 

Grid 34, section 14, plot 6. Check it out.

MAC

I don't need to check it out. I know what the problem is.

CLEATUS

What?

MAC

The Stoners.

CLEATUS

The Stoners?

MAC

The Stoners. Come on, lets gear up. I'll fill you in on the way.

EXT. PULASKI COUNTY SEWER VAN-ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. PULASKI COUNTY SEWER VAN - DAY

**CLEATUS** 

(in disbelief)

How many kids?

MAC

Eight, plus the parents and the grandmother.

CLEATUS

How often do they clog up the main.

MAC

Ever since they got their new house, seems like every month. Damn place has three bathrooms.

**CLEATUS** 

Come on, three bathrooms, in one house?

MAC

You'll see.

The van turns off the road and drives down a dirt driveway. The driveway opens up to a large well lit parking area with several cars and truck in disrepair scattered around. Beyond the parking area is a bright white sparkling triple wide TRAILER. There's a huge ANTENNA on the roof, a HUMMING AC UNIT hanging from a window and a bubbling HOT TUB on a deck that runs the length of the house. Cletus's MOUTH hangs open in amazement.

MAC

(grabbing Cleatus' arm)

Come on, lets see what kind of crap we're in here.

The men walk up towards the front door. Cleatus continues to be in awe of the house. When they reach the front door, Mac pushes the bell. Several CHIMES ring inside the house. RANCE STONER answers to door.

RANCE

'Bout time you boys shagged it out here. We got ourselves a heaping pile of trouble.

(points to their

shoes)

Leave those there please.

The three men troop through the house with Cleatus bringing up the rear. As Rance rambles on, Cleatus stares in amazement at the amenities.

QUICK CUTS

Cupid wall paper boarder that runs around the entire living room.

Matching orange velour couch and love seat.

Extra tall shag carpet with patterns swirled in by a rake that rests in its own holder.

A TV held by a pole in the corner of the room.

RANCE

You would think spending over thirty five thousand dollars on a house would elevate you beyond these type of problems.

CLEATUS

(whispering to himself)

Thirty five thousand dollars...

Rance stops at the bathroom doorway. All the men stare in. Rance and Mac have looks of concern on their faces. Cleatus still has his mouth hanging open.

The bathroom consists of a green soaking TUB and a two pink sink vanity with an OAK LIGHT BAR above the mirror. A separate room for the brown toilet with a pocket door for privacy completes the picture.

RANCE

(to Cleatus)

You gonna stand there drooling, or you gonna check out my toilet.

**CLEATUS** 

Sorry sir.

Mac and Cleatus cross the bathroom and stop at the pocket door to the toilet room. Both look down into the BOWL.

RANCE (os)

The twins were in here over an hour. Being that they just started, you know, menstruating, I think between the two of them, they may have gone overboard a bit with the feminine hygiene (MORE)

RANCE (cont'd)

products.

MAC

It looks clear here. The alarm was from the city side. Come on, lets check out the stub at the street.

(into Cleatus'

face)

Hey, you coming?

**CLEATUS** 

Uh..yeah..yeah..lets go.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF STONER HOUSE - NIGHT

Rance Stoner and Mac are standing next to a large man hole. The man hole cover is next to the hole. Both men are drinking beer. At their feet is a cooler and several empties.

MAC

You almost done down there. Christ, its been over an hour.

RANCE

(looks at his
watch)

Over an hour, is that right? Damn, time flies when you're working hard.

MAC

Fucking A.

Both men drain their beers, grab one each out of the cooler and pop the tops. In unison, they take big pulls off the cans. Cleatus' head comes out of the hole. His face is covered in grim. He has a red hardhat on.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF STONER HOUSE-LATER - DAY

Mac and Rance are sitting in lawn chairs complete with cup holders in the arms and foot rests. Cleatus is sitting on the cooler.

RANCE

Like I was telling Mac here while you were in the hole, the place to go is Big Earls Mobile Estates. He's got a house for any budget.

Any budget?

RANCE

Everything from your basis twin slide all the way up to my Montecello there.

MAC

I do like those premium amenities.

**CLEATUS** 

There's no way I can afford that kind of quality on my sewer salary.

RANCE

Give him a call, you never know what he may have on the lot.

(hands Cleatus a card from his pocket)

Tell 'em Rance sent ya.

# EXT. KISSING COUSINS TAVERN - NIGHT

Cleatus' El Camino and Macs dirty brown Ford Astrovan both drive up and park in front of the tavern. The T and A on the neon LIGHT on the roof of the building have failed. The sign reads "vern." Next to Cleatus' car is a late 1970's red Cadillac convertible. The license PLATE reads BG EARL. The MEN jump out of their cars and swagger in.

# INT. KISSING COUSINS TAVERN - NIGHT

A crowd fills the smokey bar. In the rear of the large main room are two pool tables and a dart board. On the wall next to the bar is a juke box blaring COUNTRY MUSIC. Surrounding one of the pool tables is a group of four WOMEN in cheesy tramp wear and a tall late 50's MAN in a white cowboy hat.

Mac and Cleatus walk in and scan the scene. Mac points to a couple stools at the bar. They head over and take a seat.

**CLEATUS** 

You see her anywhere?

MAC

I can't spot her. What would she have on?

(looks at Mac with a frustrated

expression)

How the hell should I know what she is wearing, jeez..

The bartender, RONNY CULLER approaches the men. Culler is short, fat and bald with sweat stains under his arms.

RONNY

Evening gentlemen. What can I do you for?

MAC

We put in some O.T. tonight. Lets go top shelf. How about some Ten High.

RONNY

Cleatus? Cleatus!!

CLEATUS

(looking out over
 the bar)

What?

RONNY

Jesus, I haven't seen her. What are you drinking!

CLEATUS

Uh, just give me my usual.

Ronny grabs a BOTTLE of Ten High whiskey from the lower rail in front of the mirror behind the bar. He pours a good 4 fingers into an ice filled GLASS and slides it to Mac. Then he opens a fridge under the bar and pops the top off a BOTTLE of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Both men take long drinks and again scan the bar. They settle on the group of women and the man in the cowboy hat.

CLEATUS

(to Ronny)

What the story over there?

RONNY

You don't know that guy?

(sarcastic)

Yeah, I know him, that why I'm asking you..idiot.

MAC

Easy buddy.

CLEATUS

Sorry Ronny, just a little stressed about Donna Lou.

RANCE

(grinning)

No problemo. That there is Big Earl Masters, the mobile home king.

**CLEATUS** 

That's Big Earl?

RONNY

The one and only. He started coming in here a couple weeks ago after the Olive Garden burned down.

MAC

(to Ronny)

No kidding... You guys are really reaching the big time to bring in that high class Olive Garden clientel.

RONNY

You know it buddy. Last night he left a twelve dollar tip.

CLEATUS

Twelve dollars, Jesus, you can get an entire dinner for four at the Kenny Rogers for that.

(finishes his

beer.)

I gotta take the horse for a walk. Hit me again, will ya Ronny.

Cleatus gets up and strolls over to the men's room and goes inside.

MEN'S ROOM

Cleatus walks up and starts to relieve himself in the trough urinal. While he stands there, whistling, he reads the PAPER posted on the wall. He focuses on an AD for "Big Earls Summer Spectacular." The picture has a full head shot of Big Earl wearing his cowboy hat. Under his head shot are small pictures of several different mobile homes. In bold LETTERS, the ad proclaims, "No One Turned Down. We Can Finance Everyone." As he continues to pee, the door opens and Big Earl unzips right next to him and lets go with a loud SPLASHING stream. CLEATUS moves over a step to avoid the spray. Both men stare at the advertisement.

EARL

So, do you think I'm too big?

Cleatus does a quick look down at Earls penis.

CLEATUS

Excuse me?

EARL

My head shot in the ad. Do you think it's too big. My ad people think by making me a quote,

(holds up both
hands while
peeing and makes
quote signs with
fingers)

personality, it will help sell more homes.

**CLEATUS** 

Oh, uh, I don't know, no, I don't think so.

Cleatus zips up and goes over to the sink and starts washing his hands. A few seconds later, Earl joins him at the next sink. Both men are looking in the mirror at each other. Earl removes his hat and messes with his hair.

CLEATUS

That a pretty impressive gaggle of hens you've got out there.

EARL

Those pigs, I wouldn't let them buff my bumpers. There is a little sweetheart in the back room I've been sending drinks to for a while. A couple more and she may get the honor of the Big Earl (MORE)

EARL (cont'd)

stretch loan, if you know what I mean.

(Puts his hat back on, never washed his hands.)

Well, nice talking to ya, little chubby. Good luck.

Big Earl pats Cleatus on the back and leaves the restroom. Cleatus stare at him as he goes. He finishes drying his hands and gets out back to the bar.

BAR

Mac now has three empty TUMBLERS in front of him and is half way through his fourth. Cleatus takes his seat next to Mac.

CLEATUS

(pointing at the tumblers)

What the hell?

MAC

(drunk)

Hey, buddy, we put in an extra four hours tonight. I'm fat as a milk fed sow.

CLEATUS

Great, come on, I'll drive you home. Obviously Donna Lou isn't going to show up tonight. What's the damage Ronny?

RONNY

Fifteen dollars.

CLEATUS

(irritated)

Great. Here you go.

Cleatus peels off a twenty from his gold money clip.

RONNY

Thanks.

CLEATUS

Thanks my ass. Where my change?

Ronny frowns and turns to the register to get the change. Mac is past out with his head on the bar. Ronny returns and puts a five on the bar. Cleatus shoves it in his pocket.

(to Ronny)
Little help here?

As Ronny and Cleatus help a floundering Mac out the front door, the view into the back room past the pool tables shows BIG EARL and DONNA LOU clinking glasses. Big Earl puts his arm around Donna and give her a little pat on the ASS.

EXT. BONNER MOBILE HOME-ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. BONNER MOBILE HOME - DAY

Cleatus sits on the couch looking out over the disaster that is his home. He settles on a PICTURE of Donna Lou on top of the TV. He then looks down at the newspaper laying open next him on the couch. The page shows a large all color AD for "Big Earls 24 Hour Clearance Bonanza. Everything Must Go!!" Cleatus sighs, gets up and leave the trailer.

EXT. BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES - DAY

Big Earls Mobile Estates lot encompasses a huge stretch of busy highway. The space is covered with large double and triple wide mobile homes of various shapes and colors. Artificial turf spreads out before all the homes, with pink flamingos and water features completing the entirely cheesy and artificial layout. Colorful plastic flags flutter everywhere in the morning breeze.

Cleatus wheels the El Camino into a parking stall right next to a salmon colored triplewide. The SIGN on the mobile reads, "Imperial Squire Limited." Cleatus looks around wide eyed and slowly get out of the car. He is immediately approached by WHITEY BARNES. Barnes is in his late 60's with a loud plaid sport coat that fails to cover his enormous gut.

WHITEY

(big grin)

Welcome, welcome, welcome. First time to Big Earls?

**CLEATUS** 

(hesitating)

Uh...

WHITEY

(shaking Cleatus'

hand)

WHITEY (cont'd)

studied us. Obviously by the looks of you, you do your homework!!

Cleatus is wearing cut off denim shorts, sandals with black socks and a flannel shirt that is too tight on his gut. His mullet is sticking up in the back.

CLEATUS

Well..

WHITEY

(patting the Imperial)

You've got a good eye. She's a beauty. What do you say we take a looksee..

Whitey immediately leads Cleatus by the arm across the AstroTurf, up the steps to the deck and past a hot tub to the french doors of the mobile.

WHITEY

We just got these in, only ones south of the Carolinas. Before going in, just take a look at this outdoor living environment. You're standing on a poly fiber resin injected composite. Not that faux cedar the the other dealers are pushing this season.

CLEATUS

hmm..

WHITEY

..And right now, we are throwing in the 26 jet Master Blow 3000, manufactured by Big Earls own in house tub design firm. It's head and shoulders above the Yard Soak Plus down the street.

Whitey points across the street to another mobile home dealer, "Westside Leisure Living."

WHITEY

So, if you will just slip these booties over your shoes, we can start the grand tour!!

### EXT. BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES-LATER - DAY

Cleatus and Whitey walk back out onto the deck of the Imperial, having finished their tour. Both have on blue paper booties and matching paper hats.

## WHITEY

Well now, are we ready to go inside and start the paperwork? This is the start of your future in luxury living.

## **CLEATUS**

Well, sir. This may be a little more than what, uh, my current needs are.

### WHITEY

We need to look to the future. A handsome young man like yourself will need a nice place to bring young ladies home too. And don't forget, down the road, there may be little ruggers under foot.

### CLEATUS

Uh, well, I think for now, I need to look at my immediate needs. Do you have something, that is like, less, than this. You know, something that doesn't have a sauna or heated towel racks.

# WHITEY

I see.

Whitey looks Cleatus over and walks down the steps to a golf cart. Cleatus follows. Both men get into the cart.

### WHITEY

I think I have exactly what you need.

Whitey pulls away and drives across the lot. He crosses under an archway that reads, "Big Earls Reincarnated Classics."

### INT. BIG EARLS OFFICES - DAY

Whitey and Cleatus walk into a large open office area. Each desk is covered by one of the girls who were with Big Earl from the bar the night before. When the men walk in, all the girls look up and start primping and flirting.

WHITEY

Well, here we are. Janie, whose up for Mr. Boner?

CLEATUS

Bonner.

WHITEY

What's that?

**CLEATUS** 

You said Boner, I'm not a Boner, I'm a Bonner.

WHITEY

Of course. Janie, whose up for Mr. Boner?

JANIE DICKERSON looks down at a sheet of paper on her desk.

JANIE

Sara's up next Whitey.

WHITEY

(concerned)

Oh..

CLEATUS

Problem there Whitey?

CLEATUS

(smiling again)

No, oh no, Sara is great. Here, follow me.

Whitey leads Cleatus across the office to an open door in the back of the room. As they cross the room, all the girls smile at Cleatus. He smiles back while smoothing down his pompadour mullet. Whitey stops at the office door and looks in. SARA BIRCH sits behind mountains of paperwork on an undersized desk. Sara is mid 20's with light blond hair and a beautiful face hidden behind large framed glasses.

WHITEY

Here we go. Sara, this is Mr. Boner. He is making a positive step towards his future, aren't we (MORE)

WHITEY (cont'd)

Mr Boner.

(slaps Cleatus on the back)

Unit 1405, 10 big ones Sara...Well you have a grand day sir. Trust

me, you are walking out of here a

better man!!

Whitey leaves as Sara motions Cleatus to take a seat in front of her desk. The name PLATE on the front edge of the desk reads "Sara Bitch." Someone has put piece of tape with a "t" over the "r" in her last name. Cleatus looks down and reads the name plate.

CLEATUS

Good morning, Ms. Bitch.

SARA

(shocked)

What did you call me?

CLEATUS

(defensive,

pointing at the

name plate)

Uh..Ms. Bitch..

Sara stands up part way and grabs the name plate. She rips the tape off and sets it back down with a BANG.

CLEATUS

(embarrassed)

Oh, sorry, Ms. Birch.

JANIE

(irritated)

It's not your fault. So, what are we doing to you today?

CLEATUS

Doing to me?

SARA

Sorry, doing for you. You are making a deal on 1405?

Sara punches some numbers into her computer.

SARA

The 1958 Sargent Eagle. A true

Classic!!

(strained smile)

And only ten thousand. That's

(MORE)

SARA (cont'd)

quite a deal.

CLEATUS

(brightens)

I certainly thinks so. Whitey explained how the classics hold up so much better over time than the newer models.

SARA

Did he now?

CLEATUS

Oh yes, true wood framing, vermiculite insulation that resists insects, lead lined ovens that retain heat better. Even the first available microwaves that used atomic particles for an all over better cooking experience.

SARA

(typing on the computer)

Sounds like a real thing. Well, here we go.

(grabs paperwork from the printer)

Sign here. 30 days free financing. Quite the bargains here at Big Earls.

Cleatus makes a big deal of signing the paperwork and finishes with a flurry.

CLEATUS

(smiling)

I'm on my way!!

SARA

Yes you are. Keep the pen. You should have delivery in a couple days.

(stands and shakes Cleatus' hand)

Have a Big Earl Day!!

Cleatus struts out through the showroom. All the ladies tell him to have a great day. He smiles as he strolls out to his El Camino and jumps in.

(sitting in his

car)

Yes indeed. Donna Lou, I am on my way!!

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BONNER NEW TRAILER - DAY

Over the shot the caption reads, "Two Months Later."

The new trailer is bright red with wood paneling on the lower half of the exterior walls. The same rickety PORCH is attached to the trailer. The porch has new 2x4's scabbed onto the old frame members. The front door has a small round window with an awning. A large carpet of bright green artificial turf runs along the length of the trailer. Cleatus' El Camino is parked along side a U.S. Postal Jeep used by JIMMY JOHN MEEKS.

# INT. BONNER NEW TRAILER - DAY

Cleatus and Jimmy John are both sitting on a green Naugahyde couch built into the end of the trailer. They each have a hand tucked into the waistband of their jeans. In front of the couch is a coffee table that matches the paneling on the interior walls. The TV is turned on to "Dancing with the Stars."

CLEATUS

That Ed Asner can really move.

JIMMY

I've always had a thing for Tina Louis.

CLEATUS

So, uh, you gonna come up with that one twenty five for this month.

JIMMY

(frustrated)

Jesus, Cleatus, you are the dumbest cow in the herd...

**CLEATUS** 

Oh, here we go again..

JIMMY

What kind of idiot buys a 50 year old trailer for 10 grand!!! And doesn't even read the paperwork before signing on the dotted line!!

**CLEATUS** 

This place is a classic, just look around!!

JIMMY

I need me a beer.

Jimmy gets up and walks into the kitchen. He grabs a beer out of the 1950's era gold refrigerator that has the cooling elements on the top. The kitchen also has a wall mounted green double oven and star embossed Formica counter tops. He opens his beer and take a long pull.

### JIMMY

Awe..that's what the doctor ordered... Look Cleatus, I'm happy to live here and be your room mate. Things have gone pretty well. We get along good and all, but I can't stay here forever. I've been talking to my cousin, you know, the one down at the rendering plant, and they may have a opening in a couple weeks.

### CLEATUS

Jesus, Jimmy, you know I can't swing these payments without your help. What the hell am I suppose to do?

JIMMY

Look, that's not my problem. You're the genius that thought buying this castle would get your girlfriend back. You really think with your pecker don't you.

**CLEATUS** 

She'll call me back. I'm sure she's just been busy.

JIMMY

Gettin' busy is more like it. Word down at the P.O. is that she has taken up with your chattel holder, old Big Earl himself.

**CLEATUS** 

(spits the beer out he was drinking)

What!!!

JIMMY

Sorry, pal, I didn't want to burst your bubble or nothin', but we've been delivering Victoria Secret to her at Big Earls spread for a couple weeks.

Cleatus stands up and starts pacing in his tiny living room.

CLEATUS

It just keeps getting worse and worse. What the hell can happen next!!

With the words barely out of his mouth, there's a loud CREAK from the floor. Cleatus looks around the room, then down at his feet as the floor suddenly collapses under him and he drops in a cloud of dust all the way through the floor. Jimmy walks over, beer still in hand, and looks down through the hole.

EXT. BONNER TRAILER SAME DAY - DAY

Cleatus is standing next to the trailer. A piece of the skirting has been removed and two feet stick out from under the house.

CLEATUS

Well?

JIMMY (os)

You've got some trouble under here.

CLEATUS

No shit, Villa, what's the problem?

JIMMY (os)

Right off, you've got serious dry rot. The entire floor system is shot. I've never seen a wiring schematic like this. Looks altered to me.

(Jimmy comes out from under the house)

Now I'm only a certified house inspector from the mail in course I took, but I think this place may need to be condemned.

CLEATUS

Great, just great.

JIMMY

(looks at his watch)

Well, I gotta get going. Have to at least try to look like I work a six hour shift at the old P.O.

(starts walking to the mail truck) Good luck there buddy.

# EXT. KISSING COUSINS TAVERN - NIGHT

Cleatus and Mac are sitting at the bar. Cleatus has 5 Pabst Blue Ribbon cans on the bar in front of him. Mac is nursing a Diet Coke.

# CLEATUS

I don't know what I'm going to do. My house is shot, my girlfriend is shacked up with the guy I bought it from and I'm losing my cash paying tenant!!

MAC

Oh, forgot to tell ya, no work tomorrow. Some consultants are coming by the plant to review some things.

CLEATUS

Consultants?

MAC

Yeah, something to do with the ponds out back. An EPA matter. The bitch of it is, we lose a days (MORE)

MAC (cont'd)

pay.

CLEATUS

Wonderful.

RONNY (os)

Cleatus, phone!!

Cleatus gets off his stool and walks to the end of the bar and picks up the receiver.

CLEATUS (into the phone) Hello..uh huh..uh huh..WHAT!! OK,

I'll be right there. Yeah, bye.

Cleatus slowly walks back to his stool, shaking his head.

MAC

What's the trouble there buddy?

**CLEATUS** 

That was my neighbor. My trailer just burned down. The fire departments there now. Something to do with the wiring. I gotta go..

MAC

Jesus, I'm sorry, do you need a ride, you've been hitting it pretty hard.

**CLEATUS** 

I'm fine, see you later.

EXT. BONNER TRAILER - NIGHT

Cleatus pulls his El Camino up in front of his now smoldering trailer. Firetrucks and firemen are everywhere. The response is overkill for the small size of the house. In shock, Cleatus gets out and walks towards the house. He is approached by the fire chief, LEE MAJORS.

CHIEF MAJORS

You the homeowner son?

CLEATUS

(still staring)

Uh huh.

CHIEF MAJORS

Looks like you had some type of electrical problem in the floor under the living room.

Cleatus is still in shock and non responsive.

CHIEF MAJORS

You had anyone working under there lately?

(shakes Cleatus's

arm)

Son, you alright.. son!!

EXT. BONNER TRAILER LATER- - NIGHT

Cleatus is being treated by two mullet sporting paramedics next to an aid truck.

PARAMEDIC 1

Sir, I think you will be alright. It appears the shock of the fire coupled with your severe intoxication created some type of brain atrophy we usually only see with mad cow disease.

PARAMEDIC 2

Sir, we are concerned that your dogs may have perished in the fire. Can you describe them for us?

CLEATUS

Dogs?

PARAMEDIC 1

You've got two dog houses next to your trailer over there. Did you keep the animals in the house?

**CLEATUS** 

I don't have any dogs.

PARAMEDIC 2

But you have two dog houses right there.

CLEATUS

Yes, that's right.

Both paramedics stare at Cleatus like he is a complete idiot. He just stares right back at them. After a few seconds of silence, battalion chief DICK RITCHER walks up. Ritcher is at least 75 years old, with a rough leather worn face and hawk like eyes.

CAPTAIN RITCHER

You the homeowner?

CLEATUS

Thats right.

CAPTAIN RITCHER

Had this place long have you. Get it from your grandparents or something?

CLEATUS

Uh, no sir, just bought it a couple months ago.

CAPTAIN RITCHER

Boy, these Sargents haven't been made in over 50 years.

**CLEATUS** 

So?

CAPTAIN RITCHER

(chuckling)

So??!!..Son, I wouldn't house my worst enemies in these things. There was a total recall on the Eagles over 40 years ago. They had more problems than my prostate.

CLEATUS

Recall?

CAPTAIN RITCHER

Total.

EXT. BONNER TRAILER - DAY

Cleatus is asleep in the back of his El Camino. Crows sit on him picking at his mullet. Off screen a van door slides shut with a BANG.

JOHN (os)

(loud)

Morning sir!!

Cleatus stirs and looks up out the bed of his car. Standing above him is JOHN CHARTER. Charter is mid 50's with a terrible comb over. He wears a loud plaid sport jacket that barely concealing his enormous gut. A too short tie completes the picture.

CLEATUS

What the..

JOHN

Name's John Charter, you can call me Chart!!! Sorry it took me so long to get out here. Busy you know, busy, busy, busy..

CLEATUS

Why are you here?

JOHN

Oh, sorry, I'm with Manu-surance.

Charter points over his shoulder to a white VAN parked on the street. The side panel reads, "Manu-surance Inc. Providing Quality Insurance for America's Mobile Needs for over 50 Years."

CLEATUS

Manu-surance?

JOHN

(smiling, quick)

I've finished my assessment of the damages. Although the mobile home had no value what so ever, your personal property loss totals 5000 dollars!!

(rips a check from his clipboard)

Here you go, Mr. Boner. You have a nice day now!!

Charter marches off back to his van, jumps in and speeds away in a cloud of dust. Cleatus sits up in the back of his truck and looks at the check.

## EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Mac's van is parked next to Cleatus' El Camino. Big Earl's red Cadillac bombs into the spot next to the El Camino. Earl throws his door open and hits the El Camino passenger door. The mirror on Cleatus car shatters and his DOOR suffers a huge dent. Earl slams his door shut, goes around the car and

opens his passenger door for Donna Lou. They stroll into the bowling alley arm in arm.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Cleatus, Mac, Jimmy John and RAINARD BUTTS are gathered around lane 24. All the men are wearing matching bowling SHIRTS. Each has their NAME on the front. Several pitchers of beer cover the counter.

**CLEATUS** 

(slightly drunk)
Are you kidding me!!!

MAC

I wish. No, it's true. We've been shut down.

CLEATUS

How can that happen? Where will the sewage go?

MAC

Being tankered overseas and dumped. Someone crunched the numbers and dumping is cheaper than treating.

(sees Cleatus

rubbing his head)

No worries buddy, get this, because the sewage is being taken into, quote, foreign waters, we will be paid our regular salaries, plus a special NAFTA surplus for losing our jobs to a foreign company. Hell, we'll be gettin' paid for 6 months of doing nothing!!

JIMMY

Thats sounds familiar.

RAINARD

Don't worry fellows. Six months is a long time. There's bound to be something that opens up down at the rendering plant by then.

(reflective)

I've always wanted to work down at the rendering plant. That's damn good money.

MAC

I hear you boys make upwards of ten dollars an hour.

RAINARD

You can get there, if you put in your time.

JIMMY

You know Cleatus, that fire may have been the best thing to ever happend to you.

**CLEATUS** 

What?

JIMMY

Lookie here, you got five thousand bucks in your pocket, you're going to get paid for six months to not work, and...holy shit!!..

All the men look the same way that Jimmy is looking. Strolling across the lobby is Big Earl with a dolled up Donna Lou on his arm. Cleatus spots the couple and hustles over to them.

RAINARD

Think we should stop him?

MAC

Nah, let him go, he needs to settle this thing with her.

The remaining men all take big drinks of beer.

JIMMY

Hey Rainard, is that the new Lane Master Elite?

Jimmy points at a red bowling BALL on the settee.

RAINARD

Which one?

JIMMY

That red one there.

MAC

I've been eyeballing that one too.

RAINARD

(boasting)

Oh, that little number.. no.. that's the Ebonite Hurler, 16 pounds of lane pounding fury. No better ball in my book.

JIMMY

Guess that's what rendering money gets ya, huh?

RAINARD

You know it buddy, you know it.

## BOWLING ALLEY LOBBY

Cleatus approaches Big Earl and Donna Lou as they talk with several other bowlers in the lobby area. Cleatus paces next to the group waiting for an opening. Finally Big Earl addresses him.

EARL

Can we help you with something son?

**CLEATUS** 

Just need a moment with Donna Lou.

EARL

(to Donna)

Honey?

DONNA LOU

(exasperated)

Its fine.

Donna peals off from the group and leads Cleatus to a quiet spot.

DONNA LOU

(irritated)

What is it, Cleatus? You're embarrasing me.

CLEATUS

Embarrassing you? Jesus Donna Lou, I've been trying to reach you for months!! Why didn't you ever call me back. Christ, I bought a new trailer and everything. Isn't that (MORE)

CLEATUS (cont'd)

what you wanted?

DONNA LOU

Are you kidding me? You think a new trailer is what I was looking for. I need a man with confidence, a man with drive and vision. Look at yourself Cleatus. You are not exactly that guy.

**CLEATUS** 

I am that guy. You have to give me a chance. This guy you are with now, he's like a hundred years old. He can't give you what ole Cleatus can. Come on Donna Lou, waddaya say?

DONNA LOU

(looks over toward Earl)

I gotta get back, Cleatus.

CLEATUS

Wait Donna, I've got 5000 dollars in my pocket. Plus, I've just been retained by the US Government for the next six months on a special NASCAR project. Lets make the leap and run down to the hitching post, please!!

DONNA LOU

NASCAR, 5000 dollars? What the hell are you talking about?

Cleatus pulls his insurance check out of his pocket and shows it to Donna Lou.

CLEATUS

Here, take a gander at all those zeros.

DONNA LOU

Who the hell is Manu-surance?

CLEATUS

Oh, that, uh, that's part of the government deal. I can't say anything more about it...So, are you ready to take a leap.

Donna Lou eyes Cleatus for a second.

DONNA LOU

I do like NASCAR.

While Donna Lou holds the check, Big Earl walks up next to her.

EARL

Honey, they're ready for us. (looks at Cleatus, bragging)

Upstairs..in the 300 Club.

Earl notices the check in Donna Lou hand and grabs it.

EARL

What do we have here?

CLEATUS

(tries to grab the check)

Hey!!

EARL

Looks like someone came into the big bucks...Manu-surance. That's the firm we hawk down at the lot. (eyes Cleatus)

Whats up bub?

CLEATUS

(grabs the check)

Nothing you need to worry about.

DONNA LOU

(jumping in)

Earl, this is Cleatus Bonner..an, uh, old friend of mine.

EARL

Bonner..you wouldn't be the Bonner that bought the Sargent from me a few months back would you?

DONNA LOU

What?

EARL

Yeah, you're him alright. Saw your name on our accounts receivable this morning. Seems you owe Big Earl 10 big ones.

What?

EARL

Couple months behind too. Better get on it boy, or you'll be getting a visit from some of my associates.

(puts his arm
 around Donna Lou)
Lets go darling...Cleatus, you
have a nice night now, ya hear.

### INT. KISSING COUSINS - DAY

Cleatus sits alone at a corner table. The rest of the bar is empty. Ronny wanders over and takes a seat.

**CLEATUS** 

I'll take a shot of Poncho Villa, hold the training wheels.

RONNY

You sure that's what you need. Kinda early for top shelf stuff.

CLEATUS

Ronny, I don't know what I'm going to do. Big Earl has basically destroyed my life. All because of a stupid trailer!! Sometimes, I think I'm the dumbest idiot walking the earth.

RONNY

You'll get no argument from me there, Cleatus, but look, I think I may have something for you.

(Ronny looks around)

My second cousin on my stepfathers side works for F.E.M.A. You know the government outfit that give away money and trailers when

disasters hit.

CLEATUS

(head hanging)

So.

RONNY

So, I was talking to him the other day about my customers and what fuck ups they are and everything and, uh, well, I got to telling him about you and your situation.

**CLEATUS** 

My situation?

RONNY

You know, homeless, out of work, debt up the ass..your situation..

CLEATUS

Uh huh..

CLEATUS

So, he starts telling me about all these mobile homes the government owns. They ordered 'em after Hurricane Katrina. But, by the time they were actually built, a lot of people didn't need them anymore.

**CLEATUS** 

Again, so..

RONNY

You really are stupid aren't you?

CLEATUS

Well..

RONNY

Cleatus, the government is trying to get rid of all these mobile homes. You can get 'em up for cheap, some for free, if you just pick em up. Buddy, you could go into business against Big Earl!!

CLEATUS

(brightening)

You think?

RONNY

Piece of cake buddy. Look, Big Earl only loves two things, himself and money. You start selling trailers in this town, he'll get pretty nervous. Hell, you might even be good at it. You (MORE) RONNY (cont'd)

sure as hell can relate to the average buyer.

CLEATUS

No argument there.

RONNY

Wait here a second, let me get his number. I'll let him know to expect your call. One thing though, my cousin is kinda, well, strange. Don't let him put you off.

Ronny leaves the table to get the number. Cleatus grins and nods his HEAD as he contemplates his new future.

EXT. F.E.M.A DISTRICT OFFICE - DAY

A phone RINGS inside the F.E.M.A. district office. A SIGN on the trailer reads "F.E.M.A District Main Office, Do Not Trespass."

INT. F.E.M.A. DISTRICT OFFICE - DAY

Several desks overflowing with paperwork cover both sides of the trailer. These are separated by a narrow walkway. The only employee, CAL WICKERS, SNORES with his head down at his desk. Wickers is late 50's with a shiny bald head, too tight short sleeve dress shirt and a loud wide tie. The phone RINGS at his desk.

After 10 rings, Wickers stirs and raises his head. He has red blotches on his face and a paper clip stuck to his forehead. He answers the phone.

CAL (into the phone)

Wickers.

(listens a few

moments) Who gave you my

number..Ronny?..Oh..yeah..yeah..Well,

I'm real busy

today...Tomorrow?...You'll

buy...where?..(big

sigh)..fine..Ok..

## EXT. GRETTA'S GRITS AND HUSH PUPPIES - DAY

Cleatus parks the El Camino next to a large F.E.M.A truck outside the restaurant. He jumps out and strolls inside.

# INT. GRETTA'S GRITS AND HUSH PUPPIES - DAY

Cleatus walks in and scans the room. All the patrons appear to be fisherman. Alone in the back is CAL WICKERS. Cleatus spots him and crosses the room towards the table.

CLEATUS

Mr Wickers?

CAL

Yes?

CLEATUS

(smiles, offers

his hand)

I'm Cleatus Bonner, we spoke on the phone. How do you do?

(motions to the

empty seat)

Mind if I sit?

CAL

(grunting)

Huh..

CLEATUS

I really appreciate this opportunity. Ronny speaks very highly of you.

CAL

Uh huh..

Cleatus notices how unresponsive Cal is.

CLEATUS

Is, uh, everything all right?

CAL

(looking around)

You said something about buying?

CLEATUS

Oh, sure, of course, anything you want.

CAL

Officially we are not allowed to take gratuities from potential buyers of government property, we clear on that boy?

**CLEATUS** 

No problem.

At that moment, a very pretty young waitress comes up to the table. She has a loud dyed red head of hair, chest almost bursting out of her shirt and short denim shorts.

CAL

I'll have the surf and turf, heavy on the surf, two biscuit baskets, a trough of grits, hold the sugar and a pitcher of Arnold Palmer.

> WAITRESS (finishes writing the order)

How 'bout you hon'.

CLEATUS

(mouth open,
 staring at Cal)

Uh, I'll have the chicken fried steak and gravy fries, extra gravy.

WAITRESS

Ok, thanks fellas.

INT. GRETTA'S GRITS AND HUSH PUPPIES-LATER - DAY

The table is covered with half eaten plates of food. Cal has a stained napkin hanging down the front of his shirt. Cleatus is pushed back from the table with his hand down the front of his unbuttoned pants.

**CLEATUS** 

So you're telling me now you can't help me!!??

CAL

(grease around his
mouth)

No I'm not saying that. What I'm saying is I can get you access to the trailers. But, they don't come free and the good ole' U.S government ain't gonna move 'em (MORE)

CAL (cont'd)

for you.

CLEATUS

(serious)

So, tell me exactly what I need to do.

CAL

First, you need to fill out the requisition forms, you got email?

CLEATUS

No.

CAL

Internet?

CLEATUS

No.

CAL

You even got a computer, boy?

CLEATUS

Well..

CAL

(irritated)

Fine..then come down to my office and I will give them to you.

(take a mouth full

of grits)

After that, you need to go on down to the lot in Jacksonville, pick out the ones you want, pay, and haul them out. 'Course, you need a place to bring them back to. Can't help you there.

**CLEATUS** 

How much do they cost?

CAL

The new doubles are going for about 5000 each, the singles around 2500 and the gently used around 500.

**CLEATUS** 

You guys finance?

CAL

(laughs, spits
food)

Sure, the eagle shits in my account every two weeks... Are you kidding me? Cash on delivery pal, no exceptions. Better hurry though, the word's gettin' out about these. You probably got about a month before the consolidators from the wrinkle farms in Florida and Arizona start sniffing around.

EXT. EL CAMINO ON HIGHWAY-ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. EL CAMINO ON HIGHWAY - DAY

Cleatus and Mac enjoy Kenny Rogers "Gambler" meals as they speed down the highway.

MAC

Damn, this is high living. Gettin' paid for doing nothing. Who woulda' figured?

CLEATUS

Easy for you to say, you got some time into the plant. There's no way I can make the rent on another place and pay back Big Earl.I'm not sure I'm even going to have enough for bowling next week.

MAC

That's messed up.

CLEATUS

I've got to see if I can work something out at Earls. He's either gonna have to deal with me or he'll end up with nothing.

MAC

What about that F.E.M.A. scheme you were telling me about?

**CLEATUS** 

That is a solid plan, but until I get my financial picture cleared up, it's nothin' but a pigs paradise.

(MORE)

CLEATUS (cont'd)

(looks at traffic)

What the hell, lets go see Big Earl now. No time like the present.

Cleatus pulls a U turn on the highway and speeds off in the other direction.

INT. BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES - DAY

Cleatus and Mac walk into the main office. Most of the desks are empty. Sara is working at a desk near the back. Behind her Big Earl peeks out through the office window blinds. Cleatus approaches Sara while Cal hangs back admiring a POSTER for the new "Presidential" mobile home.

CLEATUS

Mornin' ma'am.

SARA

(startled)

Oh..good morning..Mr..

CLEATUS

Bonner, Cleatus Bonner.

SARA

Of course, Mr. Bonner. How's that Sargent working out for you?

CLEATUS

Not so well..

SARA

Oh..

CLEATUS

(getting heated)

Seems the entire floor was rotted out. Seems when I fell through the floor, it disturbed some of the faulty wiring..

SARA

Good heavens!!

CLEATUS

Seems that wiring caused the entire structure to burn to the ground!!

SARA

My god!

CLEATUS

Yeah, so.. I need to talk to someone about the payments on that piece of shit you sold me!!

Suddenly the door behind Sara opens and Big Earl with two large bruiser types hustles over to Sara's desk.

F.ART.

Good morning Mr. Boner, what can we do for you today?

CLEATUS

(gets in Earls

face)

I came here to tell you I can't make those outrageous payments and I need to renegotiated my terms!!

EARL

(tight smile)

We don't negotiate our terms.

Now Cleatus and Earl are nose to nose.

CLEATUS

Well, then, we are going to have a little problem, cause I ain't got the money to pay off that loan!!

EARL

That sounds like your problem, not mine...Now, let me have my re-negotiation team show you the door!!

(Earl gestures toward the two men)

Boys, please show this customer the parking lot..You have yourself a good day now.. I'll be sure to say hi to Donna Lou for you.

The two thugs man handle Cleatus across the office with Mac trailing behind. They take him out the front door and toss him into the back of the El Camino. The men dust off their hands and return to the office. As Cleatus tries to get himself together, Sara runs out of the office towards the car.

SARA

Mr Bonner, are you alright?

CLEATUS

What's it to you? Jesus, I think they broke my coccux.

SARA

(concerned, crying)
I'm so sorry about all of this.
Please, can I help?

**CLEATUS** 

Yeah, you can tell your boss to kiss my ass.

SARA

(starts to giggle)

Uh..ok..

CLEATUS

(gets good look at Sara, grins)

Sorry, just having a bad day.

As Mac helps Cleatus out of the car, Cleatus rubs his ass as Sara dusts him off. Cleatus stares at her.

SARA

Well, mines not much better. I just quit.

**CLEATUS** 

What?..why?

SARA

I can't take anymore of his lying cheating....shit.

While Cleatus and Sara talk, the two goons look out the front window. Cleatus notices them.

CLEATUS

We better get going. Do you need a lift?

SARA

(smiling, pretty)

I've got a car. Thanks though..Well, hope to see you around.

As she walks away, the goons come out the front door of the office. Cleatus continues to stare at Sara.

MAC

Come on Romeo, we gotta get outta here.

CLEATUS

Yeah..yeah..ok, lets go.

The men jump in the El Camino as the two goons try to run it down on foot. As the car pulls out onto the highway, it passes the mobile home lot across the street. The lot is festooned with banners announcing, "Going Out of Business, Everything Must Go!!" Cleatus takes notice and slightly nods his head.

### EXT. BONNER BURNED TRAILER SITE - NIGHT

Loud SNORES sound from a small pup tent Cleatus has erected in the back of his El Camino. Crickets CHIRP as a light breeze ruffles Cleatus' shirt hanging on the remains of the deck railing. Off screen a car door SLAMS and a SHOE kicks a pile of beer CANS.

GOON 1 (OS)

(whispering)

Shit!!

GOON 2 (os)

(also whispering)

ssssshhhhhhh!!

Suddenly the snoring in the tent stops and the flap cracks an inch showing an EYE peering out.

CLEATUS (os)

Uh oh.

The two goons grab the tent from either side and lift it completely out of the car. The men dump Cleatus out of the tent on his head and start kicking and punching him.

**CLEATUS** 

AAHHH....STOP!!! STOP!!!

GOON 1

(kicking)

Time to collect a little interest!!

GOON 2

(also kicking)

Your collateral looks a little weak!!

The goons continue beating on Cleatus. Finally they finish, straighten up their jackets and ties, and leave in Big Earls Cadillac. Cleatus lays in a heap MOANING.

EXT. WEEGIE BONNER HOME - DAY

A green A.M.C. Gremlin, a blue A.M.C. Pacer and a rusting yellow Yugo sit parked outside WEEGIE BONNERS single wide mobile home. Her house sits next to the front entrance SIGN for "Leisure Gardens, Senior Living."

INT. WEEGIE BONNER HOME - DAY

WEEGIE BONNER, BELVA GANDER, EARLEEN PAPPAS and SHANETTA WALLOW sit around Weegie's chrome trimmed dinette table playing Scrabble. Each woman is working their way through a 40 ounce BOTTLE of Schlitz Malt liquor. All the women are late 60's with high set hair-do's, bad dye jobs and multi-colored pants suits without any natural fibers. Weegie plays "INSHIT" onto "KEEP" on the board.

SHANETTA

Keepinshit is not a real word,
Weggie!!

WEEGIE

Like hell it isn't...I was keepinshit in my trailer until Christmas..see it works!!

EARLEEN

Where's the dictionary?

BELVA

I'm good with that word.

WEEGIE

There, it's settled. Majority rules!!

SHANETTA

That ain't no majority, that's two against two!!

WEEGIE

I get an extra half point in all votes, home court rules.

All the ladies crack up at this, take pulls off their 40's and continue playing.

INT. WEEGIE BONNER TRAILER-LATER - DAY

The ladies have moved into the tiny mobile home living room. Weegie and Belva are squeezed together on the couch with Shanetta and Earleen taking the armchairs. All sip on large martini's. All appear slightly drunk.

WEEGIE

My boy just got hired by the government to work for N.A.S.A!!

Belva and Shanetta both COO at this news. Earleen looks skeptical.

EARLEEN

No offense, Weeg, but your boy is not exactly known for his, well, his strong mind.

WEEGIE

You'd be surprised. He also recently got into a fabulous classic home. Things are really looking up for him. With his beautiful girlfriend, he's become quite the man about town!!

EXT. WEEGIE BONNER TRAILER - DAY

Cleatus pull his El Camino up next to the Yugo and hops out. His HAIR is going in all directions, his shirt is ripped and stained and he is struggling to keep his torn pants up. He limps up the stairs and enters the trailer.

INT. WEEGIE BONNERS TRAILER - DAY

Cleatus stumbles in while the ladies take big drinks from their martini's. All stare up at Cleatus mid drink.

CLEATUS

Momma, I got some big problems. I need your help.

### INT. WEEGIE BONNERS TRAILER - NIGHT

The ladies are gone. Cleatus and Weegie sit at the dinette sharing a heaping plate of corn dogs with gravy.

WEEGIE

How the hell did this happen? What about the N.A.S.A thing?

CLEATUS

N.A.S.A?

WEEGIE

(irritated)

Never mind.

CLEATUS

Momma, I've got a great plan. I know I can get my life back in order. I just need a little scratch, know what I mean?

WEEGIE

And you think Donna Lou will come back to you if you become this so called independent man?

CLEATUS

Mobile homes are the future of this country. The ability to move your life from one place to another is ingrained in our natural gemone!!

WEEGIE

Huh?

CLEATUS

By becoming a successful purveyor of the American dream, Donna Lou is bound to see the inner me. The man she wants and deserves!!

WEEGIE

Boy, you are the dumbest rock in the pile aren't you?

CLEATUS

Well..

WEEGIE

(after a beat)

Still, I do like your gusto. I always say, live high and sleep in (MORE)

WEEGIE (cont'd)

the streets!! I'm not sure if the back of an El Camino counts as the streets, but it's damn close.

CLEATUS

So, whattaya say Ma?

WEEGIE

I say it's time to sleep, I'm beat. You can bunk out in your old room. We can talk again tomorra'

**CLEATUS** 

Thanks Ma.

## WEEGIE BONNERS BEDROOM-LATE

Weegie sits on her bed next to a dusty unopened box. She opens the top which reveals a photo album with the picture of baby on the cover. She leafs through the book smiling at herself much younger with a tall mullet wearing man. As she continues turning the pages, she comes to one where she is alone and frowning. In the picture she is obviously pregnant. Weegie wipes away a tear and closes the book. She then pulls a slip of paper from the spine of the album and grabs the telephone from the headboard.

## INT. WEEGIE BONNERS TRAILER-NEXT MORNING - DAY

Cleatus comes down the hall from his bedroom wearing child like cartoon pajamas that are way too small for him. Weegie has a grease storm going on the stove. On the dinette are two PLATES, one piled high with sausage and one piled high with pancakes. Cleatus takes a seat, grabs a large hand full of sausage, a large pile of pancakes, slaps them on his plate and covers the whole thing with syrup and brown gravy.

**CLEATUS** 

Damn Ma, you have not lost your touch in the kitchen.

WEEGIE

Thank you honey. Glad to see the PJ's still fit.

CLEATUS

Like a glove.

Weegie comes over and takes a seat at the dinette. She pours a large cup of coffee and lights a long cigarette.

WEEGIE

Honey, I think I know someone who may be able to help you?

**CLEATUS** 

(sausage hanging from his mouth)

Really?

WEEGIE

He's an old friend I haven't seen in close to 30 years.

CLEATUS

Who is he?

WEEGIE

Names T-roi Haldean.

CLEATUS

T-roi?

WEEGIE

Haldean, yes. I used to date him back in my day. We didn't end up together.. but.. I called him last night and explained your situation to him. He said he thought he could help.

CLEATUS

That's fantastic,

WEEGIE

The one thing he was clear on. You better have a solid plan and you better not waste his time. He's sort of connected to everything in the county and doesn't suffer fools.

**CLEATUS** 

Don't worry Ma, just give me a couple days to organize myself, then set the meet. Mr. Haldean will be glad he met me.

WEEGIE

I'm sure he will honey, I'm sure he will.

## EXT. T-ROI HALDEAN COMPOUND (GODFATHER PARODY) - DAY

A high chain link FENCE surrounds the Haldean compound. The chain link is married to large multi-colored tarps strung along the inside of the fence blocking any views into the property. "No Trespassing" signs cover the fence every few feet. Two tall MEN with matching MULLETS and huge GUTS patrol the gate area. They each have a shot GUN and leashed rottweiler. The entrance to the property is blocked by an aging Minnie Winnie MOTOR HOME with plywood over the windows and side door. Scattered around the dirt parking area are numerous wrecked cars and trucks.

Cleatus pulls his El Camino up to the fence next to the RV gate and steps out of the car. He is immediately grabbed by one of the men as the other holds back both snarling DOGS. The man pushes Cleatus over his hood and roughly frisks him. The man then nods to other man who speaks into a radio. The Minnie Winnie starts up and backs up to allow access to the property. Cleatus smooths down his HAIR and walks in.

### INT. T-ROI HALDEAN COMPOUND - DAY

As Cleatus enters, he is met by the beautiful, yet trampy 20 something DOCIE HALDEAN. Docie is wearing brief cut off denim shorts and a pink haltertop. The top barely contains her ample chest.

DOCIE

(strong southern

accent)

Mornin' sugar. You have got be Cleatus. I can see it.

CLEATUS

See what?

DOCIE

Oh, nothing honey. I'm Docie Haldean. It's fascinating to meet you.

Docie takes Cleatus' hand, shakes it, then continues to hold it while slowly leading him across the compound. Inside the gates the grounds are immaculate. Expansive lawns cover most of the yard. There is a fountain, cement cupids and swans. Off to the side, a cobblestone walk leads to a stately two story mobile home, which is actually two slightly different mobiles stacked on top of each other. Kids run everywhere with mini mullets and overalls. Older men mingle near the front of the house. Cleatus hesitates when she starts leading him down the cobblestone path.

Docie continues to hold Cleatus' hand. When he slows on the path, she takes both hands and snuggles up next to him. Their bodies press together and their faces are an inch apart.

DOCIE

Don't be nervous sweetie. Docie is right here.

CLEATUS

I, uh, I guess I wasn't expecting all this.

DOCIE

CLEATUS

Uh..

Docie suddenly grabs Cleatus by the head and starts kissing him hard on the lips while grinding on his body. Cleatus puts his arms around her and kisses back.

HOYT (os)

(strong New York
accent)

Docie, get that boy in here, now young lady!!

Docie slowly breaks away from Cleatus, but continues to stare in his eyes.

DOCIE

I guess I'll have to see you later.

(puts her hand on his belt)

He have unfinished business.

HOYT STEINBURG approaches the couple. Steinburg is late 60's with small framed glasses and a short haircut. He wears a three piece polyester suit with a loud stripped tie. As he approaches, Docie leaves.

HOYT

Hoyt Steinburg, Mr. Haldeans attorney. It's a pleasure to meet you Mr. Bonner. Would you please follow me up to the main house.

Cleatus follows Mr. Steinburg up to the mobile. Once they enter, several armed MEN emerge from hiding around the perimeter of the house.

INT. T-ROI HOUSE - DAY

Cleatus follow Steinburg through a well appointed living room area. Women and children visit and play everywhere. In the adjacent kitchen, several more women are cooking. Steinburn leads Cleatus down a short hall and motions for him to have a seat in a chair next to a set of french doors.

HOYT

Let me tell Mr. Haldean you are here. I'll be back in a moment.

Steinburg goes through the french doors and closes them. While Cleatus sits there, he looks around the hall way. The walls carry several framed photographs of T-ROI HALDEAN wearing a tall mullet glad-handing celebrities and politicians.

QUICK CUTS

T-Roi shaking hands with Castro.

T-Roi fishing with both George Bushes.

T-Roi golfing with OJ Simpson.

T-Roi eating dinner with John Gotti.

T-Roi dancing with Hillary Clinton.

HOYT

(back out of the
 office)

Mr. Haldean will see you now.

Steinburn leads Cleatus into a semi dark office. Next to the door, two large men with matching mullets and overalls sit on a couch. Another man looks out a window behind a desk. The desk consists of a piece of plywood supported on either side by three tires. Behind the desk sits T-Roi Haldean. Haldean is early 60's with a graying slicked back mullet, a small moustache and black overalls with a white collared shirt. His enormous stomach dwarfs all the others. T-Roi is enjoying a huge PLATE of sausage.

HOYT

HOYT (cont'd)

the desk)

Please have a seat.

T-roi eyes Cleatus as he finishes a large sausage. He washes this down with some type of amber liquid from a mason jar.

T-ROI

(in a whisper)

Did you eat?

(point to his food)

You're very thin, would you like a sausage..maybe a pork loin?

CLEATUS

Uh, no thank you sir. I'm good.

T-ROI

Your mother speaks highly of you. Did you know that?

**CLEATUS** 

No sir.

T-ROI

Well, she does. She's extremely proud of you.

**CLEATUS** 

Really, that surprises me.

T-ROI

Mothers always speak well of their children. Women and children..family..should always stick together.. support each other..no matter what..don't you think?

CLEATUS

Yes sir.

After Cleatus' answer, several children run into the office, but are quickly ushered back out by one of the men on the couch. Steinburg then whispers something to T-Roi.

T-ROI

(to Hoyt)

Yes, yes, very well.

(back to Cleatus)

So, lets talk about this little business venture of yours. How can T-Roi help you?

## INT. T-ROI HOUSE LATER - DAY

T-Roi and Cleatus both lean forward on their sides of the tire desk. Both are focused. There are three empty mason jars in front of each man.

T-ROI

So if I understand all of this, what you need from me is transport, finance and protection. What assurances do I have you will keep my investment secure?

## **CLEATUS**

As laid out in my business plan, I have secured the rights to a lot across the street from Big Earl's. I've also retained the services of Big Earl's former senior credit and loan manager. She is ready to go.

T-ROI

Why me, why this generousity?

#### CLEATUS

Several reasons, but mainly because you can, because Ma says you would want to and finally because she says you have some type of grudge with Big Earl.

T-ROI

He stole the lease to that lot from me. Blackmailed a council woman. Some tawdry affair. I had big plans to build a casino on that space.

T-Roi stands up and offer his hand.

T-ROI

Son, I like your vision and your chutzpah. I think we can do business. We'll talk again soon.

(gestures to the

door.)

Have a nice day.

Cleatus walks out the french doors into the hall. Docie is there to meet him and leads him down the hall and out the door of the house. At the same time, Steinburg shuts the door and walks over next to T-Roi.

HOYT

Who do you want me to give this one to?

T-ROI

Give the trucking piece to Ciarelli out of Little Rock. Tell 'em to give Cleatus all the trucks he needs.

HOYT

What about the finance?

T-ROI

Cut loose a 150 thousand to start. Have it for the boy when he gets to the F.E.M.A. field office in Jacksonville. Tell Alverez down there I don't want any trouble with the interstate transport permits.. As for protection, have a couple guys tail him. Keep it quiet...that's it..whats next?

EXT. WEEGIE BONNER TRAILER - DAY

A telephone RINGS inside the trailer.

CLEATUS (os)

Hello, yes, this is he..what..really..my God..thank you..yessir..yessir...a councilman..uh..sure..no problem..I will not let you down..Oh..OK..good bye.

The door opens on the trailer and Cleatus walks out onto the deck. He has a beer in both hands. He looks skyward.

**CLEATUS** 

YES!!!!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

30 tractor rigs drive in line down a 4 lane freeway passing a "Welcome to Florida" road sign.

EXT. F.E.M.A. REGIONAL PROCUREMENT FACILITY - DAY

Cleatus doles out hundred dollar bills to a F.E.M.A official. He has a big smile on his face.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

30 trucks pulling various mobile homes cross the Arkansas state line. The trucks then are seen pulling up in front of "Westside Leisure Living". Cleatus jumps out of the lead truck and shakes hands with an elderly man standing in the sales lot.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BONNER MOBILE DREAMS - DAY

Plastic FLAGS festoon the sky over a banner for "Bonner Mobile Dreams." Row after row of glistening mobile HOMES cover the lot. A large "We Offer Credit to Anyone" sign hangs over the entrance to the office. No one is on the lot.

INT. BONNER MOBILE DREAMS - DAY

Cleatus sits in a large wood paneled office. The desk holds several beer cans spread over the top. Cleatus polishes off another beer, burps, then throws the empty into a pile of CANS in the corner.

CLEATUS

Sara!!

From the outer office, Sara slowly gets up from her spotless desk and walks into Cleatus' office.

SARA

What is it Cleatus?

**CLEATUS** 

How's sales looking?

SARA

Same.

CLEATUS

Same as what?

SARA

Same as yesterday, same as last week, same as last month!!

**CLEATUS** 

That bad huh?

SARA

(sighs)

Cleatus, when we started here, everything looked so positive. We had a great selection of homes, a high traffic location, even an angel investor. Now, I don't know. Things ain't looking so good.

**CLEATUS** 

Yeah, but hey, at least T-roi is still letting us run things our way. All we need is a little luck..right..right!!

SARA

Yeah, whatever Cleatus.

Sara leaves and sits back at her desk. Then the front door bell RINGS. Both Cleatus and Sara look up. BIG EARL walks in and looks around.

**CLEATUS** 

Crap.

EARL

What a nice place you have here. And so quiet. Now I know where to go when I need a nap.

SARA

What do you want Earl?

EARL

Oh, I've been watching you since you opened, if that's what you call it. Haven't seen a lot of product leave the lot though. What's up with that?

Cleatus strolls out of his office.

CLEATUS

Help you sir?

EARL

I don't know how you paid off your loan to me, but I'm just here to tell you, I'm going to bury you. Hell, it won't be too hard. I give you two months, tops.

(MORE)

EARL (cont'd)

(chuckles)

By then, you will be begging me to take these rejects off your hands..Well, you have a nice day now.

Earl stroll out of the office leaving a seething Cleatus and Sara. The telephone RINGS and Sara picks up.

SARA

Cleatus..phone...Docie Haldean. Says she has a new marketing plan for you.

CLEATUS

(under his breath)

Great.

Cleatus walks into his office to get the call and closes the door.

EXT. BONNER MOBILE DREAMS - DAY

Five windowless vans pull into the lot. The doors all slide open at the same time. Docie exits the first vehicle and leads two dozen young bikini clad GIRLS out to the lot. Several of the girls string banners onto the mobile homes. The banners read "Free Car Wash with Any Reasonable Offer." The girls start washing the vans in suggestive poses. Within moments, cars start braking and turning into the lot. Cleatus smiles from the office WINDOW.

SARA

(looking out the window) What's going on?

CLEATUS

(smiling)

Plan A... And it's only the beginning.

Montage

A "Bonner Bar B Que Dazes!! Free Ribs with Every Purchase" banner flies from the mobile homes. Docie and Cleatus dress up like hogs and wave at the traffic.

Hooters girls line up at the curb holding a "Hooters love  ${\tt BONnER"}$  sign.

Sara and Docie frolic in a hot tub on a platform. The banner reads, "You Won't Get Soaked with Bonner!!!"

Cleatus jumps out of an airplane with smoke trailing from his chute. The plane drags a banner that reads, "I'll Fly to the End of the Earth to Make a Deal!!"

A T.V. commercial features Cleatus running from mobile to mobile screaming that he will not be undersold. He wears a superhero costume complete with mask. The chest carries a large red letter B.

Big Earl spies on the action across the street from his office window. A newspaper hits the door in front of him. The HEADLINE cries, "Mailman declares candidacy for city council." Another article CAPTION reads, "Local Mobile Home Dealer Honored as New Business of the Year."

EXT. BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES-ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES - DAY

Earl sits in his office with Donna Lou, his two goons and several of his trampy assistance's.

EARL

This idiot is putting a serious dent in my business. How the hell is he doing it?

GOON 1

Maybe he came into some coin. You know, from his deal with the government.

DONNA LOU

Government? I thought he was seeing money from NASCAR?

GOON 2

I love NASCAR.

OFFICE GAL 1

I love that Tony Stewart!!

OFFICE GAL 2

That Ricky Bobby is hot!!

OFFICE GAL 1

He's not a real person.

OFFICE GAL 2

He's not..?

EARL

People, please!! Cleatus Bonner? What are we going to do?

OFFICE GAL 1

Who?

GOON 1

We could rough him up a bit, throw a scare into him.

GOON 2

(grinning)

That works for me.

EARL

We already did that once.

DONNA LOU

You did?

EARL

(ignores Donna Lou)

What we need is a subtle approach. Try to get him to open up on what he's doing, how's he financing his operation, where's he gettin' his marketing ideas. Things like that..So, any ideas?

The group all sit there with blank expressions. Earl looks at each PERSON. Finally, his gaze rests on Donna Lou. Earl grins.

EARL

Donna Lou honey.

DONNA LOU

Hmm..

EARL

You know Cleatus pretty well..

DONNA LOU

Yeah..so..

(sees Earl smile)

No way Earl, you want to whore me out to pump Cleatus for

information!! I won't do it!!

Earl moves over and puts his arm around Donna Lou.

EARL

Daddy would really appreciate it if you would help me out. Come on sugar, our very existence may depend on it.

DONNA LOU

(suspicious)

What do you mean?

EARL

I mean look around. There are no customers here. If this continues, Big Earl's will be out of business. No Big Earls, no cars, no cash..no jewelry... Well?

Donna Lou looks around the room. All EYES are on her. She lets out a big sigh and sags her shoulders in surrender.

DONNA LOU

Fine, I'll do it, but only to save the business!!

EARL

(big smile)

Atta girl, now, here's what we'll do..

EXT. OLIVE GARDEN - NIGHT

Several cars are parked along the front of the restaurant. A big banner hanging on the side of the building reads, "Grand Re-opening!!"

INT. OLIVE GARDEN - NIGHT

Cleatus and Sara are enjoying dinner. The table has numerous plates of different pastas and sauces. Three baskets of rolls complete the picture. Both parties have a 1/2 empty pitcher of beer next to their plates. Cleatus is holding Sara's hand over the table.

SARA

Cleatus, I don't know what to say? This is so sudden. Are you sure?

### **CLEATUS**

I've been thinking about it for a while. With the business going so well and everything, I think its time for this type of commitment. I'm not getting any younger.

SARA

What about Donna Lou, what would see think. Everything you've done so far was to get her back.

**CLEATUS** 

I'm over her Sara, you have to trust me. I'm doing this for us, promise. So, are you ready?

SARA

(smiling)

Ready if you are..Let's go!!

They both stand up and start to leave. Cleatus pulls a wad of cash from his pocket and throws some bills on the table. On the way out, he makes a big deal out of sliding a five dollar bill to the hostess. Sara notices, smiles and hooks onto Cleatus' arm.

EXT. DOO-SKI'S POMPADOURS AND PERMS - NIGHT

Cleatus whips the El Camino into an open parking spot. He and Sara jump out and go inside.

INT. DOO-SKI'S POMPADOURS AND PERMS - NIGHT

Cleatus sits in a raised barber chair. The walls are covered with different PICTURES of hair styles.

OUICK CUTS

Photo of a woman with a mullet. "Herlet"

Photo of a man with a long mullet cut. "The Kentucky Waterfall."

Photo of a child mullet. "Minilet."

A good old boy in overalls with a long badly dyed black mullet stands over Cleatus with clippers buzzing. Sara stands on the other side of Cleatus holding his hand. SARA

Are you ready?

CLEATUS

(nervous)

Ready as I'll ever be. Lets go..

EXT. DOO-SKI'S POMPADOURS AND PERMS - NIGHT

Loud BUZZING comes from the shop.

SARA (os)

Oh my God!!

EXT. MANULIVING AT CRYSTAL SPRINGS - NIGHT

Cleatus' El Camino slowly rolls past the entrance SIGN for Manuliving at Crystal Springs. Next to the sign is a STREAM filled with TRASH and TIRES.

EXT. SARAS MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

The El Camino pulls up and stops in front of the house. MUSIC sounds from the car until the engine is cut.

INT. EL CAMINO - NIGHT

SARA

(shy, flirty)

I'm really impressed with what you have done. You are a very handsome man, you know..

Cleatus has a severe new MULLET, complete with stripes on the shaved sides of his head, highlights on the tips and a severe part down the middle. He gently pats his head.

CLEATUS

I guess it was time to grow up, you know. I think as a business owner, you need to set the tone with your customers that you are someone to be taken seriously.

SARA

You've certainly accomplished that.

Both Cleatus and Sara sit in silence for a moment staring at each other.

SARA

Well then..good night..thank you for that wonderful dinner. The Olive Garden..on a Tuesday even..

Sara starts to open her door. Cleatus grabs her arm.

CLEATUS

Sara..

Cleatus pulls her back in the the car. They kiss tentatively, they go into a full embrace.

INT. EL CAMINO-LATER - NIGHT

Cleatus smiles as he pulls out past the SIGN for ManuLiving at Crystal Springs. His new hairdo is a mess and his cheeks are covered with lipstick. He has a large HICKEY on his neck. As he drives down the darkened highway, he see in the distance a parked car with the emergency lights flashing. He slows to see Earls two goons roughing up Donna Lou. As he pulls over behind the Cadillac, the two men throw Donna Lou to the ground, jump in the car and drive off in a cloud of dust. Cleatus runs over to check on Donna Lou.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

CLEATUS

Donna Lou!! Donna Lou!!! Are you alright? What happened??

A battered and bruised Donna Lou looks up at Cleatus. At first it seems she doesn't recognize him. After a beat, her eyes open a little wider, then she starts crying.

DONNA LOU

It's been horrible Cleatus, just horrible!!

CLEATUS

What's been horrible honey, what?

Donna Lou struggles to catch her breath and compose herself.

DONNA LOU

Big Earl, he's gone crazy. He's obsessed with you!!

CLEATUS

Me? What are you talking about?

CLEATUS

Your success, your dealership, everything!! He's jealous of you.

**CLEATUS** 

(slight smile)

Really?

Donna notices Cleatus losing interest in her. She turns on the charm and grabs Cleatus' face with both hands.

DONNA LOU

Cleatus, honey, Earl threw me out!! Had his goons rough me up and leave me for dead!!

**CLEATUS** 

Why? Why would he do that?

DONNA LOU

Because I told him I still cared for you.

(starts fake

crying)

I'm sorry to lay all this on you, especially after how I treated you, but..but..well..I can't help how I feel..

Cleatus looks down at Donna Lou and takes her in his arms. Donna smiles while looking past Cleatus' shoulder.

CLEATUS

It will be OK honey, I'll take care of you.

EXT. LODGE PINE TRAILER CAMP - DAY

Cleatus' El Camino sits parked outside an older trailer, number 6, set in a long row of matching trailers. Cleatus walks out of the trailer wearing only his leopard skin briefs. He is talking on a cell phone.

CLEATUS (on the phone)

I'm telling you Jimmy John, Earls gone crazy... What happened with Donna Lou?..Well..

(looks back at the

trailer)

lets just say, we have found some (MORE)

CLEATUS (cont'd)

common ground. Now remember, your big fundraiser is set for tonight at the lot..Don't be so nervous..you know whose backing us..OK..see you tonight.

Cleatus smiles as he closes the phone. He lets off a little gas and looks around. He spots a toilet planter, pulls the flowers out and relieves himself in the toilet.

INT. LODGE PINE TRAILER NUMBER 6 - DAY

Donna Lou appears asleep. After Cleatus gets up and walks out, she grabs the phone and places a call.

DONNA LOU (on the phone)

(whispering)

It's me..no, Donna Lou..Christ!.I got it all...how..he's an idiot, that's how..Just come and get me..I'm at the shitty Lodge Pine Trailer Camp..OK..bye.

Donna Lou jumps out of bed, gets dressed and leaves through the bathroom window. As soon as she leaves, Cleatus comes in with a huge greasy white bag and two extra large Slurpee's. He looks around.

CLEATUS

Sweetheart? Honey? I got some breakfast..Donna Lou?

EXT. BONNER MOBILE DREAMS - NIGHT

Search lights fill the sky over the lot. Pick up trucks and 1970's and 1980's cars line the street. People mingle everywhere. A long bar b que throws smoke into the air. A banner strung up between two homes declares, "Jimmy John Meeks for City Council, He Will Deliver for You!!" Hooters girls pour Pabst from a line of KEGS. Cleatus, Hoyt Steinburg, Mac, Jimmy John and Docie caucus away from the crowd.

**CLEATUS** 

I didn't tell her anything,
really!!

HOYT

HOYT (cont'd)

flushed away because you couldn't keep it in your pants.

DOCIE

(grinning)

Got any left?

JIMMY

(nervous)

What are you talking about Hoyt..shit..you're the one who talked me into this..city council..what the hell was I thinking!!

MAC

(40 ounce beer in hand)

Relax everybody, I don't see what's the big deal, the brats are hot and the beer is cold!!

The group all stare at him in disbelieve for a moment.

HOYT

Did you or did you not mention T-Roi to Donna Lou?..Jesus, Cleatus..think!!

CLEATUS

Absolutely not!! No way..she's totally in the dark. I plugged that hole!!

INT. BIG EARLS OFFICE-SAME TIME - NIGHT

EARL

T-Roi Haldean, that bastard is back!!

DONNA LOU

That's what he said, T-Roi. I'd remember a name like that.

(notices Earls

concern)

Who the hell is T-Roi Haldean, Earl?

EARL

Few years ago, the lease came up on this property. T-Roi wanted the land to build a casino.

DONNA LOU

So?

EARL

So? So he was pissed!! Apparently he had some gulf money all set to invest here. When he lost the lease option, he lost face with these guys, and in his business you don't get too many chances to get your face back.

DONNA LOU

Yeah, but you own it now. What can he do?

EARL

I don't own jack. This land belongs to the city, part of some damn revitalization shit they were pushing way back. Like anything in Arkansas needs revitalizing...OH CRAP!!

Earl jumps up and crosses the office to a file cabinet. He frantically searches the drawers throwing files everywhere.

DONNA LOU

Honey, what are you looking for?

EARL

The lease, the lease!!

Earl finds the file he was looking for. He quickly leafs through the pages. Finally he stops, reads for a second, then slumps to the floor.

DONNA LOU

My god, Earl, are you OK, what is it?

EARL

My lease, my god damn lease, it runs out at the end of this month!!

(seething, under his breath)

T-Roi...

### INT. OLIVE GARDEN - NIGHT

A large group of supporter and friends fills a banquet room. The BANNER on the wall read, "Congratulation Councilman Meeks!!" The long table in the center of the room is buried in heaping PLATES of pasta. Cleatus, Sara, Mac, Docie, Jimmy John, Rainard, Hoyt and Weegie huddle at a smaller table in the corner. The table has several different newspapers with bold headlines.

QUICK CUTS

Arkansas Times, "Meeks Wins Council Seat."

Mena Star, "Local Carrier Delivers Council Slot."

Hazen Herald, "Opposition Drops the Ball, P.O. Grabs Council Spot."

U.S.A Today, "Local Idiot Wins Arkansas Council Position."

HOYT

You know what you need to do, the vote is this week.

JIMMY

I really don't know much about zoning, or land use or..well..pretty much anything.

DOCIE

I like a man with confidence.

**JIMMY** 

I am a quick learner though..

RAINARD

I've talked to the union boys out at the plant, they are on board.

MAC

I love to drink and gamble.

HOYT

All you gotta do is put that lease out to bid, there's no way Earl can swing the cost the way we've run down his business. With Earl out of the way, T-Roi and his partners have a clear path to build their casino. Do you understand?

JIMMY

Uh..

CLEATUS

Don't worry about a thing..

(winks at Hoyt)

I'll be right next to him the whole time, it's in the bag!!

EXT. WAMPOO CITY COUNCIL BUILDING-ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. WAMPOO CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

A five person council sits on a platform behind a long desk. JIMMY JOHN is on the far right. The other 4 people, three women and one man, are dressed in conservative business suits. Jimmy John wears a post office shirt and hat. He has a sheepish grin on his face. The gallery includes Hoyt, Cleatus, Mac, Sara, Big Earl and his two goons. Cleatus is smiling while Hoyt looks nervous. Earl also looks nervous.

MADAM CHAIRPERSON

The next item up is the lease on the interstate 30 revitalization plot currently held by..

(she checks a sheet on the desk) Big Earls Mobile Estates.

Cleatus' GRIN gets wider, HOYT squirms in his seat and Earl looks like he going to throw up.

MADAM CHAIRPERSON

After considerable debate in chambers, the council, with the exception of a dissenting member..

(she glances at Jimmy John)

has determined that if this city and Pulaski county are ever going to make progress in creating an established infrastrucuture...

All parties in the gallery now have nervous looks on their FACES.

MADAM CHAIRPERSON

..we have got to greatly reduce the number of so called, mobile housing units, available in this area. Therefore, the council has agreed to allow only one zoned (MORE) MADAM CHAIRPERSON (cont'd)

mobile home sales lot to continue to exist. As we currently have two such dealers within the city limits, the license will be awarded based on highest gross sales over the last year up to the end of this month...Meeting ajourned!!

CLEATUS

Woo hoo!!!

EARL

(looking surprised)

What the hell?

MAC

(holding a 40

ouncer)

Huh?

HOYT

Fuck..

INT. BONNER MOBILE DREAMS - NIGHT

Hoyt, Cleatus, Mac and Sara sit around the main office. All are seated except a pacing Hoyt.

HOYT

Fucking Jimmy John, Christ, why do I deal with these morons?

CLEATUS

I don't see why this is such bad news, we've been kicking ass the last 6 months..

HOYT

Six months yes, but the ruling is for the entire year. Earl was kicking OUR ass before.

SARA

Plus we still have the rest of this month to deal with.

CLEATUS

(popping a beer)

No problem..

MAC

(also pops a beer)

You go buddy...

HOYT

Yes problem. Next weekend is the annual Mobile Home Jubilee at the Arkansas State Fair complex.

**CLEATUS** 

Jubilee?

HOYT

Yeah, jubilee. Earl has made a killing there the last five years. Hell, he even won the coveted Jubilee King crown last year.

MAC

I look good in crowns.

SARA

So what do we need to do?

HOYT

We need to be at the Jubilee. It's our last chance to beat Earl in overall sales. My review of the numbers from the council shows we are pretty much in a dead heat right now.

**CLEATUS** 

I'm all over it, Hoyt!!

HOYT

Uh huh..Sara, will you take charge of this.

SARA

I'm on it.

INT. BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES OFFICE - NIGHT

Earl is again huddled with Donna Lou, his team of goons and his office girls.

EARL

We're back in the game. T-Roi may have made the first mistake of his life, trying to stack the council with that imbecile mailman. JANIE

What can we do Earl?

EARL

Whatever Cleatus has done, we have to do better. He brings in a bar b que, we bring in a better bar b que, he brings in Hooters girls, we bring in strippers, he skydives from a plane, we bring in jets, whatever. The point is this is war. Our survival depends on it!!

(looks around)

Where is Whitey, did someone call him?

Whitey enters the office. He is rosy cheeked, disheveled and a little drunk.

EARL

Where the hell have you been?

WHITEY

Hooters, five dollar beer and wings night.

EARL

Jesus, and your my top salesman. Come on, we've got work to do.

### EXT. ARKANSAS STATE FAIRGROUNDS COMPLEX - DAY

PEOPLE, MOBILE HOMES and TRAILERS cover the fairgrounds as far as the eye can see. SMOKE rises in various locations from numerous bar b ques. Beer gardens hold dozens of overweight men and women scarfing down heaping plates of ONION RINGS. On Roosevelt Road, long lines of cars cue up to enter the fair grounds. Harley Davidson motorcycles ROAR up and down the lots next to the mobile home displays.

# BONNER MOBILE DREAMS DISPLAY

Cleatus is decked out in his best three piece light blue SUIT with matching tie. Sara looks beautiful in a short summer DRESS. Both stare out at the spectacle with concerned looks on their faces. Behind them are dozens of mobile homes sporting floating balloons and red, white and blue BUNTINGS.

**CLEATUS** 

Where is everyone?

SARA

I don't know?

(checks her watch)
It's already 9am. You told
everyone first thing Saturday
morning, right?

CLEATUS

I think so?

SARA

(hard look at

Cleatus)

What do you mean, you think so? You had one thing to do!! Cleatus, we can't sell these without gimmicks and pompanstance!!

CLEATUS

Hey, I'm here!! We can do it.

SARA

Are you kidding me. I do all the work getting us into this damn thing. I get all these mobiles trucked in and set up. I get water and power established, Hell, I was up all last night texturing marriage boards!!..and all I get from you is that you're here?

CLEATUS

Well..

SARA

Go get on the phone and start making calls...NOW!!!

As Cleatus leave to make his calls, Sara is blinded by white FLASHES of light. She looks out across the parking lot to a cloud of rolling SMOKE.

FAIR ANNOUNCER (os)

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, welcome to the 58th annual Mobile Living Jubilee!! If it moves, we've got it!! Now, let me introduce last years Jubilee king and long time sponsor, Mr. Earl Masters!!!

#### BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES DISPLAY

With Sara still staring, the SMOKE clears to reveal a STAGE with flashing LIGHTS, a live BAND and scantily clad DANCERS. Fronting the stage is a lighted SIGN for Big Earls Mobile Estates. The fair announcer hands his microphone to a smiling Earl. People are crowding in front of the stage with more running in. SCREAMS erupt when the band plays a short dramatic tune.

EARL

Welcome, welcome my many friends!!! Once again we gather to celebrate the best and only way to live, the mobile way!!!

The crowd cheers and dances in place as the band backs Earl's speech.

EARL

Big Earls has again outdone themselves this year in providing you with the finest entertainment plus a few surprises over the weekend. And remember, with every tour of a Big Earl home, you get a free dinner for 4 at the Olive Garden!!

The crowd screams with excitement.

EARL

Now for the fun, let me hand it over to Tex and the Trailer Trash..take it away boys!!

The band starts playing in earnest. Earl bounds down the stairs and gestures for people to follow him into his display of staged homes. Half the crowd follows him.

BONNER MOBILE DREAMS DISPLAY

Sara's mouth hangs open as Cleatus returns from making his call. He looks across the parking lot to Earls STAGE.

CLEATUS

So I left a few messages. What's going on over there?

Sara looks over at Cleatus with hate in her eyes. After a moment, she SCREAMS and attacks Cleatus, kicking, hitting and scratching him. Cleatus tries to fend her off, but

fails. She then starts using karate on him. At that moment, Rainard runs up and grabs Sara off Cleatus.

RAINARD

Hey, hey, hey!! What the hell is going on here?

SARA

(seething)

This idiot did nothing!! I mean nothing to get ready for today!! I can't believe my job depends on this moron!!

RAINARD

Cleatus?

CLEATUS

I've been making calls, people are on the way!!

SARA

Yeah, great, people are on the way. Have you seen what Earl is doing over there?

They all look over to Big Earls display as he directs Tex and the Trailer Trash.

SARA

Jesus, what will he think of next.

BONNER MOBILE DREAMS DISPLAY-LATER SAME DAY

Cleatus, Sara, Cal, Jimmy John, Weegie and Hoyt are sitting on the deck of a display home watching the CROWDS tour Big Earls display. All are grim faced.

SARA

Where is Docie when we need her? She's been the marketing genius behind our success.

HOYT

I've been trying her all day, no luck. Cleatus, T-Roi is not going to be happy with the way his considerable investment in you is turning out. Trust me when I tell you, an unhappy T-Roi is someone you want to avoid.

SARA

We've got to do something to drive people to our display. Come on everybody think, what do these people want that we can offer?

They all stare at each other, but no one speaks. After a few moments Mac chimes in.

MAC

I've got an idea, it's probable the biggest reason I come back here every year. Let me see if I can hook it up.

Mac gets up and walks over to his truck, gets in and drives away. Everyone watches him go.

CLEATUS

OK, now we've got something going!! What else can we do?

JIMMY

Well, I can put a call into the post office training center. They usually have some pretty young things there. They actually require new carriers to be physically fit..amazing..

RAINARD

We've got a lot of left overs at the rendering plant. We could set up a bar b que and start giving away food?

Until now Sara has sat with her head down. After Rainard's suggest, she seem to perk up a bit at the different ideas.

WEEGIE

I'll get the girls over here, right quick. We can use the kitchen in the Visionquest over there..

(nods towards a
 mobilehome)

to whip up some good old fashion southern cooking.

SARA

OK, I like where this is heading, we're not out of this thing yet. I'll go put on something a little more friendly and go man trapping.

(MORE)

SARA (cont'd)

Come on everyone, lets get to it.

QUICK CUTS

Weegie hacking up a possum and throwing it into into a pan.

Rainard shoveling piles of cattle guts into the back of his truck.

Jimmy John loading beautiful young post office girls into the back of a postal truck.

Sara zipping up the back of her short skirt and adjusting her white tube top.

Hoyt setting up a boot shining station.

CLEATUS

(nodding his head)
Things are definitely looking up...Rainard, how we doing?

Rainard cooks piles of un-identifiable MEAT on a trailer-que as Hoyt works on a pair of BOOTS with more men in line. Next to Rainard is his truck with a bed full of bloody GUTS.

RAINARD

Rainards raunchy mystery meat is ready to go!!

CLEATUS

Hoyt?

HOYT

(looking into the boots)

I can see myself!!

The postal trainees, complete with shorts and barely buttoned up tops, hold hand written signs "Bonner Will Deliver for You." Jimmy John has set up a picnic table with a, "Ask Your Councilman Anything" sign.

CLEATUS

Looking good ladies..Jimmy!!

At that moment, the door of the Visionquest opens and, in slow motion, Sara exits. She is stunning in her skirt and tube top. Her hair is down and make up perfect. Cleatus see her and his mouth drops open. She motions him over with a sultry look. Cleatus plods to the bottom of the house steps and stares up at Sara.

SARA

Cleatus honey..Do you like what you see?

CLEATUS

(mouth hanging

open)

Uh..huh..

SARA

(sexy)

Do you want some?

CLEATUS

Uh huh..

SARA

(snuggling Cleatus, in his ear)

Then get your ass out there and start selling this shit.

Cleatus pulls back and stares at Sara. She struts away and walks towards group of good old boys eating some Rainard specials. While Cleatus is watching, Mac pulls up in a flat bed truck with a red police light flashing and siren HOWLING. On the back is an enormous copper STILL. Roped next to the still are BOXES of Ball's Mason Jars. Several people next to Big Earls stage start running towards the truck.

Hoyt, Rainard, Sara, Weegie, Cleatus and Jimmy John all wear big GRINS on their faces.

HOYT

(to himself)

We're in business now.

# BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES DISPLAY

Janie and two other office gals stand massaging three hairy bare backed overweight men in massage chairs. Earl is enjoying a tropical drink at a tiki bar set up next to the "Ambassador" mobile home. Donna Lou walks out of the "Intimate Moments Concierges" tent. Her hair is mussed and shirt stretched out.

EARL

Darling, we've got this thing in the bag. Whitey has already signed up 15 new homeowners. We can't lose!! DONNA LOU

(frustrated)

Earl, look at me?

EARL

You are a bit mussed honey. You best get yourself fixed up before the clowns get here.

DONNA LOU

Are you kidding me? Those, quote, customers, think buying a trailer give them a ticket into my pants!!

EARL

Do they now?

DONNA LOU

Jesus Earl, your whoring me about again!! Just like with Cleatus!!

EARL

(picking at his
 teeth)

Oh no honey..of course not. Now, why don't you take five, then you can get back to work..go along now..customers are waitin'..

Donna Lou stomps off behind the bar, grabs a large tub full of fruit punch and dumps it over Earls head. The three massaging office girls snicker.

# BONNERS MOBILE DREAMS DISPLAY

Cleatus leads a large group of customers on the deck attached to the "Regal Commander Sport." Weegie is entertaining several older good old boys with her animal shaped snack foods. The post office trainee's are showing some young men the finer points of licking envelopes. SARA and HOYT are meeting next to the guts PILE in Reanard's truck.

SARA

I just heard at the vendors finance office that Earl has sold 15 homes, including three triple wides. We have got to step it up. Any word from Docie?

HOYT

She left me a message on my cell while I was shining redneck shit kickers. Said to hang in there and (MORE)

HOYT (cont'd)

she was bringing help.

SARA

She better hurry. We only have tomorrow to get this thing done before the council meets on Monday. I'm not sure how much more of Earl's propaganda we can withstand.

As soon as the words are out of her mouth, the WHINE of a dozen high pitched motors cuts Sara off. Both Hoyt and Sara look out towards Earls display.

BIG EARLS MOBILE ESTATES DISPLAY

A dozen clowns driving go carts do various stunts in front of Earls stage. Most of the CUSTOMERS at Bonner's run over to catch the action. Then a SMARTCAR pulling a red Teardrop TRAILER arrives. The crowds starts chanting "CLOWNS, CLOWNS, CLOWNS." A tall clown gets out of the car, followed by 10 more clowns in descending size until an infant in a clown suit is pulled out. The crowd goes wild.

One of the tiny clowns then goes back to the teardrop trailer, opens the door and lets out another 15 clowns. When they finish coming out, another tiny clown on a miniature horse comes out. The clowns then light off fireworks from their clown suits and dance in formation to the tunes of Tex and the Trailer Trash.

BONNERS MOBILE DREAMS DISPLAY

SARA

What a bunch of clowns.

Mac stumbles over from the still truck. He's double fisting mason jars.

MAC

(drunk)

Easy Sara, at least we're trying.

Sara gives Mac a whithering look, then she and Hoyt walk over to Weegie and Cleatus.

MAC

What did I say?

#### EXT. BONNERS MOBILE DREAMS - NIGHT

Bonner's entire crew sits around the still drinking while watching the fireworks display shoot off Earls stage. Cleatus get up and wanders over to a URINAL welded on the back of Rainards Trailer-que. As he relieves himself, DONNA LOU appears over his shoulder.

DONNA LOU

Need a hand there sausage boy?

CLEATUS

(zips up)

Jeez Donna Lou, you made me wet myself!! What are you doing here?

Donna Lou slumps down in a fold out camping chair.

DONNA LOU

I'm done with Earl, Cleatus. He's nothing but a womanizing over the hill trailer salesman.

CLEATUS

Donna Lou, I'd like to believe you. But, well, you've kind of led me on before. I'm not as dumb as you think I am.

Donna Lou get up and walk over to Cleatus. She puts her hands on his face.

DONNA LOU

Cleatus, I'm sorry for what I did to you. I should have given you more credit.

CLEATUS

Hell Donna Lou, the only reason I did all this was to get you back. In a way, you made me the success I am today.

Donna Lou hugs Cleatus, then give him a soft kiss. Cleatus hesitates as she tries to kiss him again, unsure of himself.

DONNA LOU

I guess it worked, 'cause here I am. I'm back, if you'll have me?

CLEATUS

Um..well..

As Donna Lou kisses Cleatus again, Sara wanders over near the trailer-que holding two full mason jars. She smiles when she sees Cleatus, until he turns and she see Donna Lou. Sara gasps and drops the two mason jars. Both Cleatus and Donna Lou look her way.

**CLEATUS** 

Sara wait!!!..Shit..

EXT. BONNER MOBILE DREAMS DISPLAY-SUNDAY - DAY

Mac WHISTLES as he sweeps up all the trash from the prior evening. Cleatus and Weegie come out of the Visionquest and squint at the bright morning sun. Sara and Hoyt are walking towards the display. Cleatus sees SARA and runs to her.

CLEATUS

Sara, where did you go last night. I was looking all over for you?

SARA

What do you care, you got what you wanted didn't you, you got your precious slut Donna Lou back!!

CLEATUS

Thats not true!!

SARA

Look Cleatus, since you don't care anymore, I guess we might as well shut this whole party down!!

CLEATUS

What the hell are you talking about?

HOYT

She's talking about her future, Christ, all of our futures when T-Roi hears about this.

CLEATUS

Hears about what? We're kicking ass.

SARA

You mean getting our asses kicked! We just got back from the finance trailer, Earls up over us by 20 units!! CLEATUS

What!!

HOYT

She's right. Barring some miracle today, Earl's going to keep his lot, yours will be gone, along with T-Roi's money and all of us will be out of work..probably looking over our shoulders the rest of our lives!!

CLEATUS

Jesus..

#### EXT. BONNERS MOBILE DREAMS DISPLAY-LATER - DAY

The entire Bonner crew sits around the trailer-que watching Cirque de Soleil perform on Earl's stage. While they watch, a figure in a white cowboy HAT parts Earls crowd and starts crossing the lot towards the Bonner party. All EYES are on the figure. As he gets closure, Big Earl comes into focus. He walks up to Cleatus. The rest of the party get to their feet.

**CLEATUS** 

(angry)

What the fuck do you want, Masters!!

EARL

Oh, just thought I would check out the view from the cheap seats.

CLEATUS

Go to hell Earl!

EARL

Maybe I will, maybe I won't. Tell you one thing though Boner, plenty of space there for another shitty salesman.

CLEATUS

You bastard!!

Cleatus jumps on Earl and they fight. After several mutual blows with the crowd cheering them on, Earl lands a well placed crotch shot and throws Cleatus into the remaining remnants in Rainard's truck. Earl laughs as he dusts off his hands while Cleatus struggles to unwrap an intestine from his neck and head.

EARL

(walking back to his display)

Good luck son, let me know if you need to get yourself another used trailer now!!

CLEATUS

(pulling meat out
 of his pants)

I hate that guy.

it!!

HOYT

(closing his cell
phone)

Good news team, that was finally Docie. She said to gear up cause the cavalry is about to roll in.

(looks at everyone)
Come on, lets get ready!! This is

DISSOLVE TO

Cleatus, Mac, Jimmy John, Weegie, Sara and Hoyt are all polished in their finest OUTFITS. Sara taps her FOOT nervously as she looks at her WATCH. Across the lot, Earl has a magician cutting WHITEY in half. Suddenly an air horn BLASTS and three Trailways buses pull up in front of Cleatus. The door opens on the lead bus to reveal a smiling DOCIE as the driver.

DOCIE

(grinning)

I hear you fella's are looking for a few customers.

The doors on the other buses both open, then senior citizens in all sorts of unnatural fiber suits and dresses stream out. Mac, Jimmy John, Weegie, Sara and Hoyt all look at each other, then jump into the crowd, introducing themselves and pointing groups of seniors towards the mobile homes in the display.

QUICK CUTS

Sara laying a bed in a mobile, then she pulls a male senior citizen on the bed with her. His wife laughs and jumps on too.

Weegie showing two elderly women the built in vacuum system. The vacuum sucks off one of the women's skirts to reveal support hose.

Mac showing two aging good old boys an exterior built in kegarator complete with retractable urinal.

Cleatus sitting at a desk completing PURCHASE AGREEMENTS for a couple with several more waiting in line. Sara looks over at him working hard and smiles. He looks up from a sale and smiles back.

Earl looking out from his display trying to see past the BUSES blocking his view.

EXT. BONNERS MOBILE DREAMS-EARLY EVENING - DAY

CLEATUS and SARA are standing next to the Visionquest as Mac, Weegie, Jimmy John and Rainard say goodbye to the last group of seniors while they sheppard them onto the buses. The doors close and the buses pull away.

**CLEATUS** 

Sara, you have to believe me, Donna Lou was trying to get back with me, not the other way around. Before I had a chance to tell her off, you walked up. It's the truth, really!!

Sara eyes Cleatus for a second, then give him a sultry smile.

SARA

You were pretty impressive today. With that group of seniors..

CLEATUS

Yeah?

SARA

(smiling)

Yeah..

CLEATUS

I guess I can be a salesman when I need to be. It's easy when you have such a captive group.

SARA

Well, I don't know about easy, but they definitely were captive.

**CLEATUS** 

How so?

SARA

Didn't you talk to Docie?

CLEATUS

I was just too busy... Why?

SARA

Those buses, those seniors..Docie brought all those people up from her fathers casino's down on the gulf.

**CLEATUS** 

You're kidding!!

SARA

No joke. She goes down there and promises everyone a free dinner at Popeye's if they will attend a brief one hour presentation on the merits of a mobile lifestyle. These poor suckers agree and the next thing you know, she's got them on a 4 hour bus right up to your display.

**CLEATUS** 

That's outragious!!

SARA

That's Docie, she saved our asses, no question. Now we just have to see how the numbers shake out.

As they continue talking, Hoyt walks towards them from across the parking lot.

**CLEATUS** 

How's it looking Hoyt?

HOYT

I can't say.

SARA

(upset)

That bad..no..god, what are the tallies Hoyt?

HOYT

Oh, no..sorry..I can't say because the office was closed. I put our sales receipts in the slot. Now we all get to wait until the council meeting tomorrow to see who gets to stay in business and who's out.

CLEATUS

Tomorrows it huh..

HOYT

Tomorrow..

EXT. SARA'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

Cleatus' El Camino is parked in front next to Sara's car.

INT. SARA'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

Cleatus and Sara are enjoying a cup of instant coffee at Sara's tiny dinette set. A JAR of Sanka sits between them. A BOX of white powdered mini donuts is also open.

CLEATUS

This is damn good eatin' Sara. Thank you.

SARA

Nothings too good for the Jubilee King!!

CLEATUS

Slow down there honey, we don't know anything yet. I'm nervous as hell about that council meeting today.

SARA

(flirty)

You didn't seem nervous last night.

(takes Cleatus'
hand)

(MORE)

SARA (cont'd)

You seemed quite sure of yourself.

CLEATUS

Well..

SARA

(looks at her
 watch)

We better get going, don't want to be late, no matter what happens.

#### EXT. WAMPOO CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - DAY

People stream into the building. Earl bounds up the steps with his office girls and Whitey in tow. He shakes hands with several people while making his way in. A moment later, Cleatus and Sara walk hand and hand to the entrance.

# INT. WAMPOO CITY COUNCIL BUILDING-COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

The small room is packed with all interested parties. On one side sits CLEATUS, SARA, RONNY, MAC, RAINARD, WEEGIE, HOYT AND RANCE STONER. On the other side of the aisle sits EARL, WHITEY, JANIE, EARL'S TWO GOONS and four of Earls office TRAMPS. The side DOOR on the platform opens and the council, including JIMMY JOHN, enters and takes their seats.

MADAM CHAIRPERSON

(notes the large
 crowd)

Good morning. My what a large crowd for our weekly status and rulings meeting. Well, lets get to it, shall we.

### QUICK CUTS

Earl rubbing his hair with big smile on his face and a hand on Janie's knee.

Cleatus and Sara clutching each others hands with worried expressions.

Mac drinking a 40 ounce beer from a paper bag.

Hoyt taking big swigs off a Maalox bottle.

MADAM CHAIRPERSON

With regards to revising the zoning ordinances allowing only one dealer of mobile housing (MORE)

# MADAM CHAIRPERSON (cont'd)

units..

The council chairwoman shuffles several papers on her desk, puts on her reading glasses, reads, then removes her glasses, taking forever.

MADAM CHAIRPERSON

Based on gross sales over the last twelve calender from the two major dealers through the close of business yesterday, the permit goes to.... Bonner's Mobile Dreams Limited.

Cleatus and his group jump up and SCREAM and YELL. Sara hugs everyone on their side, while Cleatus accepts congratulatory handshakes. HOYT continues to sit, totally disheveled with a goofy GRIN on his face.

On the other side of the room, WHITEY is crying on one of the goons shoulders. The other GOON is crying while being consoled by Janie. EARL sits slumped in his chair clearly angry with the verdict. Several of the office GIRLS are checking on him. Suddenly Earl leaps up, knocking over his CHAIR and the GIRLS. He whips a huge HANDGUN out of his pants and fires it into the CEILING.

EART.

(screaming)

No fucking redneck moron is gonna take my trailership!!

Earl run over and grabs a stunned CLEATUS by his mullet. The rest of the crowd YELLS then are slowly silent as EARL scans the room with the gun.

# EXT. WAMPOO CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - DAY

Three vehicles pull up and park in the street in front of the council building. The first and third are black Chevy full ton PICKUPS with dual rear wheels, dark tinted windows and lift kits. The middle vehicle is a full size Chevy Suburban, also black with large chrome WHEELS, tinted WINDOWS and several roof ANTENNAS. When all the vehicles stop, several good old boys in overalls jump out of the first and third vehicles and created a perimeter around the middle vehicle. After a few moments, the DOOR opens on the Suburban and T-Roi Haldean steps out to the sidewalk.

The group starts to move towards the building when they hear the BANG of the gun going off. All the men pull SHOTGUNS out

of their cloths. T-ROI pulls a sawed off shotgun from inside his coveralls. The men continue into the building.

INT. WAMPOO CITY COUNCIL BUILDING-COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

The council members have moved into the audience area. EARL has moved CLEATUS up behind the council desk. He points the GUN out towards the crowd.

EARL

(hysterical)

This idiot has ruined my life!!!
Now, I'm going to ruin his!!

Earl pulls back the HAMMER on the gun and points it towards Cleatus' CROTCH. The crowd SCREAMS. Suddenly, the double doors at the back of the chamber burst open and T-Roi and his guards march in. T-ROI glares at EARL.

T-ROI

(yelling, heavy southern drawl)

Earl, you let that boy go now!!

EARL

This ain't none of your concern T-Roi!!

T-ROI

The hell it ain't!! That boy is kin!!

Earl is momentarily stunned by this information and lowers his GUN slightly. At the same time, the side DOOR on the platform opens a crack.

EARL

What are you taking about T-Roi?

T-ROI

You heard me, that boy is kin. You take a piece of him, I'll take a piece of you!!

At that moment, the side DOOR opens wide and DOCIE leaps across the platform on top of EARL, knocking the GUN to the floor. T-Roi's men rush the stage and grab Earl, shoving him against the back wall. Police officers then rush in through the back door and grab Earl from T-Roi's men and drag him out.

#### INT. WAMPOO CITY COUNCIL BUILDING-COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

The council is again seated on the platform. Cleatus, Sara, Hoyt, Mac, Docie, Rainard, Ronny, Weegie and Rance are seated on one side of the room. The other side now houses T-Roi and his men.

MADAM CHAIRPERSON

First off, I want to thank Mr. Haldean and his men for caging that lunatic this morning. I also want to extend a special thank you to Docie Haldean for her incredible bravery..So..thanks to all of you.

(adjusts some
 papers on the
 desk.)

Now, to the matter before the council. After careful consideration and in the spirit of continued prosperity in Pulaski county, we hereby grant the occupancy permit for a casino gaming establishment on the lot on interstate 30 to Mr. T-Roi Haldean.

(hits her gavel on the desk)

This council is finally in recess.

# EXT. WAMPOO CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - DAY

T-Roi, Docie, Cleatus, Sara and Hoyt stand on the steps looking out towards the town. The rest of the crowd has left. T-Roi's security waits at the vehicles.

T-ROI

You did well, boy..very well..T-Roi is pleased..

**CLEATUS** 

Thank you sir, thanks for everything..

(pauses a moment)

Sir, I have one question though. In the chamber you said I was kin. Can you explain that one to me.

T-Roi looks at Cleatus with a sly grin. Docie is on T-Roi's arm, also grinning. Cleatus stares at both of them.

INT. EL CAMINO ON THE HIGHWAY - DAY

SARA

Cousins?

CLEATUS

You heard it same as me. Ma shacked up with T-Roi's long dead brother, Con-Roi. I guess he was my father!! Docie is my cousin.

SARA

So T-Roi?

CLEATUS

Is my uncle.. Uncle T-Roi.

SARA

(laughing)

Amazing. And that bit about Ronnie's bar?

CLEATUS

Kissing cousins?.. Is actually owned by Docie..

SARA

That's quite a tree you fell from.

CLEATUS

Guess so..

(looks around)

So, are we almost there?

SARA

We are if Docie's directions are right. Any idea what T-Roi's little token of his appreciation is?

**CLEATUS** 

Not a clue..Well, I think this is it..

CLEATUS and SARA both have their MOUTH'S hanging open as they pull up in front of a cute two story Victorian house, complete with a sitting porch. Next to the house are Cleatus' DOGHOUSES. A yellow lab PUPPY walks out of one and a black lab PUPPY runs out of the other.

CREDITS ROLL