

"WISHBONE"

by

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BEGIN OPENING MONTAGE

INT. BEDROOM - TURNER HOUSE - TEXAS - NIGHT - 1965

TODD TURNER (1), lying in a crib, stares at a rotating baby mobile. Small symbols of a flag, eagle, Republican elephant, and helicopter dangle above. An elementary version of "God Bless America" PLAYS. DWIGHT TURNER (4) slumbers in a nearby bed, wearing his glasses and holding a stuffed animal.

EXT. PARK - FOURTH OF JULY - NIGHT - 1970

Wearing a flag as a cape, Dwight (9) runs back and forth; sparklers in each hand. Todd (6), also wearing a flag, does the same, except with SHOOTING Roman Candles. Terrified, Dwight leaps to the ground. A fireworks display ERUPTS above.

INT. RECREATION CENTER - DAY - 1972

Todd (8) proudly salutes the flag with other CUB SCOUTS. He puts a BOY, giving a faux salute, in a headlock.

TODD

(Texas drawl)

Love it or leave it, pinko puke!

INT. LIVING ROOM - TURNER HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING - 1975

Wearing fatigues, Todd (11) rips into an elongated package and pulls out a shotgun; nearly hitting Dwight (14). Todd holds it above his head, jumping up and down. CHARLES TURNER (33), his father, points to a target of a Communist flag.

EXT. BACKYARD DECK - TURNER HOUSE - EVENING - 1978

Sitting on the porch, Charles (36) enjoys a beer as he watches the sunset. He looks over at Dwight (17) and hands him the beer. Dwight takes a drink and hands it back. Charles offers it to a surprised Todd (14). He takes a sip, pauses, and gulps the beer. Charles wrestles with Todd for the can.

CHARLES

Give it. Give it back, you
little bastard!

EXT. STADIUM - HUGOTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT - 1982

With seconds remaining, the ball is snapped to Todd (18). He scrambles outside, mere yards from scoring, when hit from behind. Somehow, the ball flies forward into the hands of a RECEIVER. TOUCHDOWN. Jubilant PLAYERS hoist Todd in the air.

EXT. STADIUM - HUGOTON HIGH SCHOOL - GRADUATION DAY

A line of STUDENTS cross a stage, accepting their diplomas. After receiving his, Todd tears off his gown; revealing nothing but patriotic briefs. He streaks across the stage.

TODD
 (pumping fist)
 Ronald Reagan rules!

Todd falls off the other side of the stage. The CROWD GASPS.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Drinking beer, a group of STUDENTS encircle a BONFIRE. A vacant Todd sways as he stares into the flames. He free falls into the fire. Several students rush to pull his limp body out of the bonfire, patting his hair and torso. A clueless Todd smiles and takes a drink of his beer.

TODD
 Let's party!

EXT. NATIONAL GUARD - MORNING

Charles points to a National Guard sign. Todd, his hair burnt, pumps a fist in the air. He heads for the door.

EXT. MAILBOX - TURNER HOUSE - MORNING

Todd rips into an envelope, pulling out a letter from the National Guard. His eyes focus on the words, "ASVAB - Needed To Pass: 31% Your Score: 25% APPLICATION DENIED."

ONE MONTH LATER

Todd opens a letter. His eyes focus on the words, "ASVAB - Needed To Pass: 31% Your Score: 26% APPLICATION DENIED."

ONE MONTH LATER

Wearing a Cowboys jersey, Todd gingerly pulls out a letter from the National Guard. He peeks at the words, "ASVAB - Needed To Pass: 31% Your Score: 24% APPLICATION DENIED: GET A JOB!" Todd raises the crumbled letter skyward.

TODD
 Why God, why? Why do I suck at
 fractions?

Todd drops to his knees, placing his hands on the road.

TODD
 Who's going to give me a gun
 now? Who!

END MONTAGE

EXT. BACK LOT - SOARES LIQUOR - HUGOTON - NIGHT

Wearing camouflage pants, cowboy boots and a wife beater with an American flag ski mask, TODD (43) is sweating profusely as he struggles to climb a telephone poll. He is wearing a headset.

TODD

Almost there. Five feet to target. No zips in the wire. No signs of the fuzz in the perimeter.

MATT (V.O.)

That's because I'm the only cop in town, who just happens to be the getaway driver because his accomplice, who is blackmailing him, has three DUI's. Damn it, Todd, you're going to get me fired.

Agitated, Todd nearly loses his balance.

TODD

Lone Star! Call me Lone Star! I told you, this frequency may not be secure. And you're not going to get fired. Besides, now you're Amazon wife will never know you like midget porn. My word is gold.

INT. BEDROOM - NEIGHBORING HOUSE - NIGHT

A boy, leaning on his bedroom window ledge, is filming Todd on his cell phone. His FATHER pokes his head in the room.

FATHER

What are you doing, son.

SON

Filming some dude in a ski mask climbing up a pole. I think he's the same guy who passed out in a golf cart and demolished the snow cone shack last summer.

FATHER

Todd Turner?

EXT. BACK LOT - SOARES LIQUOR - NIGHT

TODD

Dragonfly, I've reached the summit. I'm going to plug in.

Todd pulls out some alligator clips connected to a phone receiver.

MATT (V.O.)

How about I just go in and buy it? This is ridiculous.

TODD

(opening call box)

Negatory. The struggle is the
glory. Our rights will not be
usurped by some immigrant
sleeper cell, who just happens
to be my neighbors and who owns
the only liquor store in town. I
Pledged Allegiance to the flag!

(plugs into the box)

Showtime!

INT. SOARES LIQUOR - NIGHT

A WOMAN, with bag in hand, opens the door to exit. MIGUEL SOARES (43) - a thin, balding man wearing a tie-dyed shirt - follows her to lock the door.

MIGUEL

Good night, Mrs. Davis. Drive
safe.

The door closes and Miguel locks it. He looks at the clock which reads 12:00. The phone rings. Miguel walks over to it.

MIGUEL

Soares Liquor, how may I help
you?

TODD (.V.O.)

Listen up, Bin Laden! You're
surrounded. You're all alone.
You have no green card. The
phone lines have been cut.

MIGUEL

So how am I talking to you?

TODD (V.O.)

No questions, Muhammad!

MIGUEL

Muhammad? I'm NOT Muslim, you
hillbilly! I'm American!
AMERICAN!

EXT. BACK LOT - SOARES LIQUOR - NIGHT

Still anchoring at the top of the poll, Todd searches through his backpack as he continues talking.

TODD

The Sons of Liberty will not be
fooled by your propaganda! Bring
two cases of ice cold Lone Star
to the backdoor or you will be

TODD (CONT'D)
deported! My brother in arms,
Dragonfly, is in an unmarked cop
car parked down the street.

MATT (V.O.)
Damnit, Todd!

Todd
Lone Star! Call me Lone Star!

MIGUEL (V.O.)
Turner! You get nothing,
NOTHING! You hear me?

Digging in his pocket, Todd pulls out a lighter.

TODD
Then you leave us no choice.
Enjoy a demonstration of our
unadulterated power!

Todd lights a package of firecrackers, throwing it down near
the backdoor of the liquor store. They begin POPPING.

TODD
Bring out the brew, and I
repeat, you will not be
deported. Oh, and Matt wants gas
money! Pronto, amigo!

Miguel kicks open the door, holding a paint ball gun.

MIQUEL
Eat lead, gringo bitches!

A flurry of paint balls spray around Todd.

TODD
(To Matt)
I'm hit, I'm hit! EVAC, EVAC!

Todd scurries down the pole, falling the final ten feet to
the ground. Covering his head, he crawls behind a trash bin.

MIQUEL
How you like me now? Huh?!
(resumes firing)
Die, cockroaches!

TODD
Stay calm, stay calm. You can do
this. Evaluate the situation.

Pulling out three smoke bombs - red, white, and blue - from
his pocket, Todd lights them as paint splatters nearby.

TODD
Lead paint was banned in 1978!

You bastard!

Todd tosses the smoke bombs, jumps to his feet and flees down the alley as he is peppered with paint balls.

TODD

The revolution cannot be
stopped! I know where you live!

(grabs ass cheek/crying)

Oh my ass! Not the hole!

He jumps through the back window of Matt's car waiting at the end of the alley. The car peels out, fishtailing down the road.

INT. BASEMENT - TURNER HOUSE - TEXAS - THANKSGIVING - PRESENT

DARKNESS. A clock turns to 12:00. Rock music BLARES. MOANS. Todd sits up in bed and CLAPS. LIGHTS. Sporting a mullet, handle bar mustache, beer gut, and wearing only dingy briefs, Todd stands. His hair is swirled with peanut butter; an unmolested piece of bread stuck to the side of his face.

A converted studio apartment, the basement is a modern hybrid of a 70's bachelor pad. Collectibles - mainly in forms of eagles, American flags, military souvenirs, Dallas Cowboys memorabilia - dominate the interior. Most notable are portraits of armed women wearing patriotic bikinis.

Squinting, Todd stumbles over to the fridge, pulls out two eggs, and closes the door. He CRACKS them into a glass and chugs. Feeling his way with one hand, he enters an adjacent -

BATHROOM

Swaying before a mirror, Todd takes a drink. Delirium subsiding, he leans closer to the mirror, touching his tainted hair. Todd rubs his fingers together and SNIFFS. His eyes lock on the piece of bread stuck to his cheek.

TODD

Who...DID THIS...to me!

INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - MAIN STREET - LATE MORNING

JOSH TURNER (22) leisurely drives down a vacant Main Street. His college friend, ZACH (21), sits in the passenger seat.

JOSH

This is as good as it gets.
Better enjoy it while you can.

ZACH

Anything beats the dorms, bro. I
appreciate you inviting me.

JOSH

Well don't thank me yet.

Leaning to one side, Josh searches in his pocket.

JOSH

I just hope you know what you're getting yourself into.

ZACH

What's better than food, family...

Josh pulls out a joint and puts it in his mouth.

ZACH

(stunned/jittery)

...and, and, a little chronic?

Josh lights it and takes a therapeutic PUFF; only to finally notice Zach gawking at him.

ZACH

Dude, are you serious?

JOSH

Relax, it's a once-a-year habit.

ZACH

But it's Thanksgiving!

A bank clock reads 11:55. Josh's eyes widen upon seeing it.

JOSH

Eleven fifty-five, Thanksgiving morning! Oh, no!

ZACH

What?

The truck accelerates. Zach's body flails about.

JOSH

SHIT...

(beat)

Shit! Shit! Shit!

ZACH

What! Wha...

His face wrought with determination, Josh turns sharply as his smoke dangles from his lips. Zach's face and hands press against the passenger window amidst SQUEALING rubber.

ZACH

Are you crazy!

JOSH

Relax. We're on a mission from Todd!

ZACH

Todd?

INT. BASEMENT BATHROOM - TURNER HOUSE - LATE MORNING

The door is open. Wearing only a towel, Todd stands before the mirror. He runs his hand over his mustache, profiles side-to-side, and smiles with an infatuated machismo. Todd grabs a brush and turns on a blow dryer; styling his hair as he gyrates to the beat of "Stayin' Alive" by the Bee Gees.

TODD

Well, you can tell by the way I
use my walk, I'm a woman's man,
no time to talk. Music loud, and
women warm, I've been kicked
around, since I was born.

(towel falls off)

And now it's all right. It's OK.
And you may look the other way.

Todd looks down at his crotch with a puzzled expression. He then points the air dryer at it closely - briefly closing his eyes in bliss - before jumping back after being burned. Todd drops the dryer as his body spasms. High pitched SQUEALS.

He grabs a nearby beer can and frantically pours it over his crotch, leaning over the sink. Todd stands back up, puffing out his cheeks as he composes himself. He takes a drink of beer and breaks back into song.

TODD

(singing)

Stayin' alive, stayin' alive.
Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive!

Leaning back, gut out and mouth agape, Todd holds the note.

INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - LATE MORNING

Eyes crazed, Josh turns and grins mischievously. Zach's face is still stuck to the side window when Josh briefly hits the brakes, causing the truck to skid; thrusting Zach's body against the dash.

ZACH

Dude!

JOSH

Time for a shortcut.

The truck enters a dirt alleyway. Josh punches the gas again.

ZACH

Weed is suppose to make you
docile. DOCILE!

JOSH

Really? I think that's only if
you're dating a Yoga instructor.

After one more quick turn, the truck comes to a skidding stop against the curb; parallel to the side of a liquor store.

JOSH

We made it.

Josh's eyes light up as he looks over at a frazzled Zach. Josh puts his joint in the ashtray, quickly exits the truck and grabs a small filled sack from the truck bed. He then leans in the driver side window and throws Zach a cell phone and a piece of paper.

JOSH

Quick, call this number and tell him there's a delivery at the backdoor.

Walking briskly, Josh heads for the front of the business.

ZACH

What? Why?

(rolls down window/yells)

Are you serious? Hello?

JOSH

(looking back)

Just do it. Trust me!

INT. SOARES LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

MIGUEL is standing behind the counter, watching the clock. The phone RINGS. He answers.

MIGUEL

Hello...

(beat)

What?

(beat)

A delivery now? Today?

(beat)

OK, OK. Relax. I'm on my way!

Miguel walks around the counter, through a door to the back room. Just as he leaves, Josh reaches the front door. With the utmost care, Josh ever so gently cracks the door open; grabbing the bells at the top to silence them. He enters.

INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Hair sticking straight up, Zach twitches as he peers out the window searching for signs of Josh.

ZACH

(to himself)

What was I thinking? All I wanted was some turkey, some football, and a little company.

Now I'm helping my friend rob a
liquor store on Thanksgiving?

Zach hits himself in the forehead several times with the side
of his closed fist.

ZACH
I'm going to hell for sure. I
know it.

Josh appears in the distance. He is scurrying towards the
truck, carrying two 12 packs and some wine. Relieved but even
more perplexed, Zach sticks his arms out in confusion.

ZACH
Are you kidding me?

Reaching the truck, Josh throws the beer in the truck bed. He
quickly opens the door and gets in. Josh SNAPS at a
mesmerized Zach.

JOSH
What's wrong with you?

EXT. BACKDOOR - SOARES LIQUOR - AFTERNOON

Pacing back and forth, Miguel checks his watch, as he scans
for the delivery truck.

MIGUEL
Ah, forget it!

He waves his hand in disgust and goes back inside - -

SOARES LIQUOR

Miguel reaches the front of the store, but slows upon seeing
a sack on his counter. He grabs a note attached to it.

MIGUEL
(reading)
No papers? No greenbacks. P.S.
Your ex-wife's girlfriend is
hot!

Miguel sneers as he reaches into the bag and pulls out a
handful of pennies. He SHOUTS and hurls them in frustration.

INT. BASEMENT - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Wearing only a jock strap, Todd stands before mirrored closet
doors. He taps a banner above, inscribed "Hugoton Eagles:
1982 1A Champs". The doors slide apart.

TODD
Oh, yeah.

A circular rack appears. On each hangar is a folded pair of
gray sweats and a white t-shirt. Todd thumbs through several,
though they are all identical.

TODD

Nope. Nope. Not today.

He finally chooses a pair, pulling the hangar off the rack.

TODD

Guess who's bringing sexy back!

Todd quickly throws on sweats and a t-shirt. He hits the banner again. The doors close. He profiles in the mirror; his shirt reads, "I Make Collect Booty Balls". Todd turns to a female blow-up doll - wearing a Cowboys jersey - in an adjacent chair.

TODD

Did you lose weight, baby?

Grinning cockily, Todd pulls on the elastic band of his sweats, causing it to snap back and hit him in the crotch. His face turns beat red as he puffs out his cheeks in pain.

TODD

(straining)

Not again.

Todd falls forward, his head landing in the crotch of the blow-up doll.

INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON

The truck speeds down the road.

ZACH

Pennies? You almost killed me, had me call that man, to buy alcohol with pennies for your uncle?

Turning to Zach, Josh nods.

JOSH

And my grandpa, my dad, my mom.

ZACH

Makes sense.

JOSH

It's for the best. You'll see.

Zach shrugs humorously. SIRENS/FLASHING LIGHTS. An unfazed Josh spots a cop in the rearview mirror and pulls over.

ZACH

Great! I'm going to jail for drugs and conspiracy! Or should I add money laundering to that?

JOSH

(CHUCKLING)

He probably doesn't even know
how to spell conspiracy.

MATT (36), the local cop, knocks on Josh's window. Josh rolls down his window and smiles.

JOSH

Hey-A, Matt. How's mercenary
work?

Noticing the beer in the truck bed, Matt pulls off his shades. Sporting a classic cop mustache, he leans down and sets his arms on the door.

MATT

Not too bad...not too bad.
(beat)
I'm just getting ready to head
over to the liquor store.
Something about a large sack-o-
change and a ransom note.

Anxious, Zach runs his hand over his face.

JOSH

Hmm...I see. Sounds serious. I
hope nobody got hurt. Miguel
being a pacifist and all.

MATT

Nah, he's fine. Just pissed off
as usual. Probably anxious about
the festivities later.

Matt winks and Josh acknowledges him back. Zach is lost.

MATT

(noticing wine)
I see you got your mom's special
Thanksgiving sauce.

Josh, briefly confused, follows Matt's eyes to the wine.

JOSH

Right. What's a turkey without
the sauce.

Widening his eyes sarcastically, Josh taps the bottles.

MATT

Well, I saw you were back in
town and wanted to say HI. I...

Matt hesitates. His nose begins to twitch.

MATT

Do you smell something?

Playing dumb, Josh looks around. Zach's face tenses as he

closes his eyes in paranoia.

MATT

Something sweet.

JOSH

No...

Matt leans his head inside the truck. The butt of Zach's joint, resting in ashtray, is in full view.

MATT

You know...SWEET.

(sniffs again)

Sweet like...

JOSH

Oh! You must mean my Watermelon
Hubba Bubba.

Grabbing it from the dash, Josh holds the gum up to Matt.

JOSH

It's a cascading herbal
waterfall of fermenting flavors!
Smoke some?

Matt cracks a dorky smile and stands back up, tugging on his pants.

MATT

Nah. I'll pass! Sugar makes me
crazy! Well that and I fell into
a slight diabetic coma last
month. But I'm good to go. My
dog's trained to inject me in
the neck.

(looks around)

Anyways, I better get going.
Tell Todd I'll be over for the
game. It's gonna be fun, fun!

Matt TAPS the truck roof and winks while making a CLICKING noise with his mouth. Josh turns to Zach.

ZACH

Hubba Bubba? Seriously?

Josh shrugs and throws a piece in his mouth. With his face contorting from the sour flavor, he drops the shifter into drive and speeds off.

INT. KITCHEN - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A knife CHOPS through some celery. TINA TURNER (41) rushes to prepare the Thanksgiving meal. She reaches for a glass hidden behind some canisters, and takes her last drink of wine. Tina grabs a bottle from underneath the counter and tries to pour,

only to discover it's empty.

TINA

Dwight? I thought you were going to help me out in the kitchen?

(tosses bottle in trash)

Remember, the beautiful woman whom you swore to love and obey in order to avoid castration and various other kinds of mutilation?

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Sure, I remember. The Lions game just came on, honey. I'm kind of busy.

TINA

Nice try. But you know, and I know, the Lions suck. Besides, we're Cowboy fans. Right?

An oven timer SOUNDS. Tina hurries to turn it off, opens the oven door and slides in a pan with two pies. She closes the oven door and wipes her forehead.

TINA

Dwight?

LIVING ROOM

Dwight (46) and his father, Charles (65), both clean cut and in casual clothes, are sitting in recliners, watching TV. The living room is that of a spacious, middle-class home. Small in stature and wearing glasses, Dwight is in the midst of sneaking a drink of beer when Tina startles him.

TINA

Dwight!

Dwight nearly spits up his beer. He tries to conceal the can alongside his chair. An expression of disgust erupts across Tina's face as she waves her butcher knife at him.

TINA

Are you drinking?

Fearful, Dwight vehemently shakes his head.

DWIGHT

UH, NO. I mean yes! I was just... getting something to drink.

Without looking up at her, Charles speaks.

CHARLES

He was drinking.

DWIGHT

Dad!

TINA

(to Dwight)

I thought we had an agreement?
You know how crazy these days
get. I don't want a repeat of
last year!

Oblivious to her threats, Charles proceeds to take a drink from his beer. Tina steps forward and snatches his can.

TINA

And that goes for you too!

Charles turns, only to see her wielding a butcher knife. He jumps up.

CHARLES

Good God, woman!

TINA

No, but you better pray to one
if you want to stay in one
piece. You're his father for god
sakes. Act like one!

CHARLES

I'm a 65 year old veteran with
one ball and two dysfunctional
children. I need alcohol!

Tina storms back into the kitchen. Dwight makes an "oops" expression at his father, who points at him disdainfully. Charles proceeds to sit back down and pulls out a second can from underneath the recliner. Dwight shakes his head at him in a pleading manner.

TINA (O.S.)

(to Charles)

And that reminds me. Where's
that other lunatic son of yours?

CHARLES

Take one guess.

BASEMENT

DARKNESS. A disco ball spins. Todd sits in front of a large computer screen, a cigarette dangling from his lips, as his hand moves up and down; giving the appearance that he's masturbating. In the b.g., Rock music PLAYS.

TODD

Oh, yeah. That's it now. Talk to
daddy!

(beat/shutters)
 You're just so...big...and
 beautiful...and hard! God I love
 this country!

The screen reveals a woman's butt. She is bent over,
 ammunition strewn over her shoulder, wearing a bikini of the
 American flag. Nearing his faux climax, Todd leans back; his
 eyes roll back in his head.

TODD
 (straining)
 That's it! Talk to me, baby!
 (rapid succession)
 Glock 20, 10 millimeter, semi-
 automatic..
 (beat/shouting)
 FREEDOM!

The door opens, casting LIGHT onto Todd. Tina appears.

TINA
 Todd!

Todd's body spasms. His chair tips on its side.

TINA
 Playing with yourself again? On
 Thanksgiving no less!

Without getting up, he struggles to raise his head.

TODD
 Not my pecker! Betsy. I'm
 cleaning Betsy!

Todd holds up Betsey, his handgun.

TINA
 What did I tell you about guns
 in the house?!

TODD
 I thought I told you never to
 interrupt me when I'm conducting
 business.

The door SLAMS. Darkness returns.

TODD
 (stroking gun)
 Sorry, baby. It won't happen
 again. She doesn't understand.
 She took our bullets!

LIVING ROOM

On her way to the kitchen, Tina scampers back into the living

room. Dwight and Charles quickly hide their beers, each smiling with a contrived innocence.

DWIGHT

Hey, honey. You look beautiful today!

TINA

Nice try, IKE.

Tina exits.

TINA (O.S.)

Josh will be home soon. Those beers better be gone or somebody is getting hurt.

Dwight points at Charles and makes a caustic face.

KITCHEN

Tina heads towards the sink, when she spots her daughter, PAIGE TURNER (21), standing in front of the fridge. Paige is a fiery, attractive girl with dark, red streaked hair.

TINA

There's some pastries in the bottom drawer. What time did you get in last night?

Closing the fridge, Paige sets a bottle of ice tea on the counter and opens it. Tina peels potatoes.

PAIGE

Three. I can't tell you how much I hate that drive! I should have went to state like Josh.

TINA

At least you got a good night sleep.

PAIGE

Don't I wish. I kept waking up to the sound of REO Speedwagon and some redneck relative of

PAIGE (CONT'D)

mine screaming "FREEDOM" every 5 seconds.

A disgusted Paige takes a sip of her tea.

PAIGE

Do you know how sick that is? Oh, that's right, he was working on his "world famous" website! Forty three year-old, unemployed

guys do that.

Paige shivers.

TINA

Lord knows how he suffered after Reagan left office. He had severe depression for a year and psychological trauma for another twenty.

A peeled potato drops into the bowl.

PAIGE

More like sick, severe, sexual perversion.

TINA

(looking back/amused)

Idle hands are the devil's work. He was probably getting "psyched" for the big game today. You know what it means to our family, our sanity!

Paige takes another sip.

PAIGE

Thank God this is the last year. Otherwise, I'd seriously have to contemplate suicide.

(pauses/concerned)

I only hope Wes doesn't hate me for inviting him.

Tina tosses a potato into the bowl and pauses, wiping off her hands.

TINA

Speaking of boyfriends, I thought he was coming?

Fidgeting with excitement, Paige smiles.

PAIGE

He is. He'll be here in a few hours.

Ever curious, Tina moves closer.

TINA

So tell me, what's he like? Is he cute?

Paige squirms.

PAIGE

Uh, well, he's tall, dark, and

real smart. I hope you like him.

TINA

(grins playfully)

I'm sure I will. Is he a Republican?

PAIGE

Mom!

(beat/serious)

Well is he?

INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - RESIDENTIAL STREET - AFTERNOON

Josh pulls around a corner, nearing his family home.

JOSH

There she is...home sweet home.

Zach EXHALES. As they approach, two huge flags sway from separate poles. Several signs come into focus. One reads, "Proud To Be An American", with a picture of Todd drinking in the b.g.. The other reads, "Support Our Troops, Shoot Our Neighbors".

Lastly, a hefty statue of Jesus pointing - with an eagle on his shoulder and baring the inscription, "Jesus Saves, Liberals Spend" - rests in the center of the yard. The car rolls to a stop.

EXT. FRONT YARD - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

ZACH

(awestruck, exiting car)

Wow. You weren't kidding!

Josh SHUTS his door and heads for the trunk. Zach spots yet another sign, further off to the side.

ZACH

(reading)

Get a photo with a real live

ZACH (CONT'D)

Communist!

(beat/confused)

Say what?

On the bottom of the sign rests a large red arrow, pointing to the left: the Soares House. Zach's eyes follow the arrow, where he spots 5 people gathered in the front yard.

ZACH

Uh...Josh?

EXT. FRONT YARD - SOARES HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CELESTE (38), Miguel's ex-wife, SUMMER (27), Celeste's live-

in lesbian lover, and Miguel's two sons, RICHARD (23) and BUSTER (22), are dressed in black. Celeste and Summer are standing, both touching a crafted peace symbol - intertwined with olive branches - attached to an empty bird bath. The other two are kneeling; each holding a candle. A flag pole, bearing an upside American flag at half-mast, towers behind the group.

CELESTE

(to the heavens)

Manu, the true embodiment of knowledge, and worthy of belief, we honor you. Forgive these perpetrators...for over 500 years of rape and pillaging of the native peoples of this land...a people who only wanted to live peacefully, free of the greed, disease, and liquor of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy.

GROUP

Manu, hear our prayer.

EXT. FRONT YARD - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

JOSH

Are you kidding me? Enough is enough!

Josh grabs his bag, SLAMS the trunk, and marches in the direction of the group. Zach follows nervously.

ZACH

Josh? Josh? What's going on!

Without hesitation, Josh continues forward.

CELESTE (O.S.)

For the ruthless subjugation of Christianity, responsible for millions of atrocities, from the

CELESTE (O.S.)(CONT'D)

crusades to the capture of our African ancestors, enslaved only for the color of their skin and hatred of their excessively large..

Now at the edge of his yard, Josh is about to cross onto their property when Richard turns and points a stun gun at him. Richard, wearing a pink hat with his black robe, waves effeminately.

RICHARD

(girlish)

Hi, Josh!

(waving stun gun)

Don't be bad.

CELESTE

(glancing at Josh/Zach)

...forgive our founding fathers!

Richard points to a restraining order nailed to a small post. He smiles smugly.

JOSH

Live it up, Sores (Soares)! Your bubble is about to burst. See you on the field!

ZACH

Field? What field?

Josh storms off and Zach chases once again.

ZACH

What the hell was that all about?

CELESTE (O.S.)

For the Bay of Pigs...

INT. LIVING ROOM - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Josh enters the house. Dwight and Charles, still in their chairs, rush to hide their beers.

DWIGHT

There's my boy!

Rising to his feet, Dwight spots Zach.

DWIGHT

And our special guest!

Somewhat reserved, Zach waves.

JOSH

Did you see what they're doing next door? Huh!

Dwight moves towards the window. Showing a degree of concern, Charles sits up.

DWIGHT

Oh My God. They didn't?

JOSH

They've gone too far this time!

Hearing the commotion, Tina and Paige enter from the kitchen.

TINA
(to Josh)

Baby!

DWIGHT
(to Charles)

Now, dad...try not to get too
upset.

Charles stands. Tina walks over to

TINA
You must be Zach. You're not gay
are you?

Stunned, Zach shakes her hand.

ZACH
Uh, no. No. Well not in a
confused, emotionally
compromised, kind of way.

His attention obviously divided between Charles and mom, Josh
makes it over to Tina and hugs her.

JOSH
Zach likes tall, angry, middle
aged women, mom. Don't be silly.

CHARLES
What's going on? What have those
sons-a-bitches done now!

Reaching the window, Charles parts the curtains. He becomes
enraged. Dwight tries to restrain Charles.

DWIGHT
C'mon, dad. They're not worth
it! Remember what happened last
year?

CHARLES
The hell they ain't! Those

CHARLES (CONT'D)
fish eatin' fascists are going
down!

PAIGE
Grandpa!

Charles breaks free and heads for the door.

DWIGHT
Pops!

PAIGE
Grandpa!

Paige takes off after him. Josh motions to Zach to follow. Seeming flustered, Josh puts his hands up in bewilderment and heads out after them. Dwight runs his hands over his face in frustration and walks down the hallway to vent.

TINA

(to Zach)

Nice meeting you.

Trying to wave while running, Zach stumbles into the screen door and falls outside. Once the room is empty, Tina turns to Josh. Josh smirks and taps his bag.

TINA

It's amazing how they fall for
that every year.

Pulling out two bottles of wine, Josh hands them to his mom.

JOSH

But can you really blame them?

She kisses his forehead.

JOSH

So where's Todd?

BASEMENT

DARKNESS. A disco ball spins as Todd sits at his computer. In the b.g., Rock music PLAYS.

TODD

(heated/strained)

Oh, yeah. That's right, baby.
Guess whose back!

The screen reveals a girl in a thong, bent over with an eagle tattoo - baring the words "Made In The U.S.A." - on one ass cheek. With his other hand occupied, Todd grabs a beer sitting on his desk, takes a swig, and SLAMS it back down.

TODD

You like that? A little love
juice from the king of beers! Oh
you did? Well...

His MOANS become a little more stressed. He reaches for his smoke and places it in the side of his mouth, PUFFING deeply. As ecstasy nears, Todd closes one eye.

TODD

Nobody can stop us now! I can
hear the bells! This is our
time, baby! FREE...

The door opens. LIGHTS. Todd scurries to pull a towel over his groin; his sweats still around his ankles. Josh enters

with his bag and shuts the door.

JOSH

Todd?

Holding out his hand as a signal to stop, Todd tries to compose himself; shivers running throughout his body.

TODD

One moment, my American brother.

His face spasms and contorts, before he shutters one final time and opens his eyes.

JOSH

You OK? Why aren't you in your fatigues plotting our neighbors' death?

TODD

Whew! That took all of my sexual powers. Now I know why Smurfs are blue.

Josh moves closer. Feeling a bit uncomfortable, Todd tries to inconspicuously inch up his sweats beneath the towel.

TODD

So what's up? How's school going?

Josh walks behind Todd, making him even more nervous. Todd swivels his chair to remain facing him. He grins oddly and Josh makes a strange expression in return. A moment of uncomfortable silence ensues as both look at one another.

TODD

Will you turn around!

Turning around, Josh CHUCKLES. Todd pulls up his sweats and stands, EXHALING in relief.

TODD

Thank you. I feel like a brand new man!

Pulling a 12 pack of beer from his bag, Josh turns to him.

JOSH

Your beer.

TODD

(grabbing beer)

Now that's what I'm talking about! My supplies were running dangerously low. Nobody saw you, did they?

Josh shakes his head. Todd heads for the fridge.

JOSH

So your covert mission failed again?

TODD

(stocking fridge)

No. No. It was compromised by a few complications I did not foresee.

Closing the fridge door, Todd turns back around.

TODD

Tina, didn't see you, did she? You know how she freaks out about drinking on this blessed day of thanks. But we both know this is no ordinary day.

Todd walks towards Josh.

JOSH

THIS is the day we settle all scores. The day freedom conquers tyranny, good conquers evil, Capitalism sacks Communism!

Todd smirks as if possessed. Josh begins to wander.

TODD

You goddamn right! But if it's one thing I've learned...

Hesitating, Todd takes a gulp.

JOSH

...you can never have too much of the lord's brew!

TODD

Fucking-A!

Josh stands before a large framed poster of Ronald Reagan. It reads: Liberalism is a disease, common sense is the cure!

JOSH

I take it you haven't seen what's going on outside.

Todd stops and leers at Josh with a degree of concern.

TODD

Come again?

JOSH

You really didn't see?

TODD

Don't mess with me, my man. They

didn't desecrate the Son of
Joseph again...DID THEY?

Josh glares stoically into his eyes.

JOSH

Worse...

TODD

Worse?!

Astonishment and a fevered ferocity fill Todd's eyes. He looks around, his feet seemingly moving in all directions, before he sets down his beer and grits his teeth.

TODD

That's it! This shit has to
stop! Time for justice! Time for
revenge! Time for Todd!

Todd runs for the door.

TODD

FREE...

Before he can finish the word "freedom", he trips and falls.

TODD

Son-of-a. I'm good. I'm OK! Well
kind of.

Back on his feet, Todd again heads for the door. However, he quickly halts and runs back to grab his beer.

TODD

I might get thirsty.

Todd exits. Josh CHUCKLES and shakes his head. He plops down on Todd's couch and turns on the TV.

EXT. FRONT YARD - SOARES HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A ruckus is in full effect along the property line. Buster and Richard - still holding a stun gun - argue with Charles; Paige and Zach holding him back. Celeste, with Summer by her side, continues to speak; immune to the uproar.

CHARLES

(to Richard)

Do you know many died for that
flag? Do you!

RICHARD

Hmm, about as many who died
because of it?

BUSTER

We're not stupid enough to fight
in an illegitimate war for an

illegitimate country!

Zach flips off Richard and Buster.

ZACH

Up your ass, traitor!

Paige smiles at Zach for the gesture and Charles gives an intense nod in support. Putting a hand on the side of his face, Richard makes an effeminate "Oh face".

RICHARD

Is that a promise, big boy?

Sickened, Zach cringes.

CHARLES

I'm going to break your fruity
little neck!

(to Buster)

And that goes for you too!

Nearby, Celeste holds her arms up to the sky. Summer is hugging a nearby tree; rubbing her body up and down it as if to be molesting it. As tempers flare, the arguing groups encircle one another on the property line.

CELESTE

Mother Earth, the true giver of
all life, whose fertile lands,
quenching oceans and crystal
blue skies have been maliciously
poisoned in the name of profit,
we offer you this gift...

PAIGE

Shut-up, you crazy bitches!

BUSTER

You don't talk to our moms like
that!

Celeste lifts a granola bar to heavens.

CELESTE

The whole natured goodness of
our heart...made from the grainy
wheat, plumb raisins and crunchy
nuts of your magnificent bounty.
We offer this granola bar, in
the name of your incessant
suffering.

The others stop fighting. SILENCE. Amazement.

PAIGE

Granola bar?

Zach nods to Paige.

SUMMER

Amen.

Amidst the break, a rabid Todd runs out from the garage, stopping mere feet from the others. Spotting the upside-down flag in the neighboring yard, he freezes in abhorrence. Todd begins to shake, struggling to speak.

TODD

Now it's over! You done did it
this time! Eagle claw is going
to whomp that treasonous ass!

Dropping his beer, Todd runs directly in front of Richard.

TODD

You called down the thunder,
well now you got it!

Todd unleashes a stunning array of martial art punches and kicks; which whiz around the head of Richard and his pink hat. Zach watches blankly, having never met Todd. After his dazzling display, and breathing heavy, a prideful Todd stops; hands on his hips and staring at Richard.

TODD

You ready to party?

RICHARD

You through, caveman?

Todd gives a confused look.

RICHARD

Good. Say hello to electricity.

Richard shocks Todd. He trembles for a brief moment, before falling in slow motion to the ground on his back. Charles, Paige, and Zach are in sheer disbelief.

CHARLES

I'm going to kill you!

CELESTE

Enough!

Still holding the granola bar, Celeste raises her arm in the direction of the quarreling group.

CELESTE

Stop this now, ALL OF YOU, or
the deal is off! And I mean it.

Everyone turns to Celeste. Zach is clueless once again.

TODD

(dazed/raises head)

Is that a granola bar?

His head falls back to the ground. He looks up at Charles.

TODD

Better call timeout, coach. It's getting dark.

Todd passes out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tina and Dwight peek through the curtains.

TINA

For the love of God.

(to Dwight)

You better go get Bruce Lee. If he screws this up, you're cut off for good.

Surprised by her comment, Dwight turns to his wife. Her eyes widen in reaffirmation.

BASEMENT

Carrying a MOANING Todd, Dwight and Zach enter the room. Josh gets up off the sofa.

DWIGHT

The bastards did it again!

ZACH

(to Josh)

Where were you? You missed it.

ZACK (CONT'D)

All hell broke loose.

JOSH

Oh, I've seen it all before. Don't you worry.

They lay Todd on the sofa.

JOSH

(taps Todd's leg)

Consider it motivation.

Todd MOANS some more.

ZACH

Is he going to be OK?

DWIGHT

(nodding)

Yeah. He may be insane, but he's a tough SOB.

Waving Josh to the side, Dwight steps over to him.

DWIGHT

(whispers)

Did you get it?

Nodding, Josh walks to the fridge, pulls out a 12 pack - originally given to Todd - and hands it to his dad.

DWIGHT

Your mom doesn't know, does she?

Josh shakes his head as his father grabs his shoulder.

DWIGHT

Good.

Ever vigilant, Dwight scurries to the door, looks both ways for possible witnesses, and exits. Josh turns around to find Zach, eating a granola bar, checking out Todd's room.

ZACH

Wow, this place is incredible.

Zach comes across a large framed collage of digital art.

ZACH

Did he do all this?

Josh strolls over to him.

JOSH

Sure did. He used to be quite the digital artist.

ZACH

I would have never guessed.

JOSH

Let's just say he had plenty of time on his hands to find his true calling.

Enthralled, Zach studies the numerous creations.

ZACH

What I don't get is how there is an eagle in every piece of artwork.

One composition shows Christopher Columbus landing at the new world with an eagle on his shoulder. Another has an eagle sitting on the table used during the signing of The Declaration of Independence. And a third has an eagle sitting on the shoulder of Jesus Christ during The Last Supper.

JOSH

Call it his artistic trademark.

TODD (O.S.)

You can call it that.

They turn to Todd, who is leaning up and holding his head.

TODD

Until those bastards barred me
from the largest digital art
community in the world.

ZACH

Barred? For what?

TODD

On account I portrayed Jesus
Christ as a Native American.

Josh tries to conceal his LAUGHTER. He takes a seat by Todd.

TODD

Assholes. Speaking of fecal
matter, I didn't shit my pants,
did I?

Looking back, Todd opens his sweats and peers inside.

ZACH

Say what?

Zach, checking out Todd's memorabilia, stops and sniffs his
fingers in disgust.

TODD

Sometimes shock victims
inadvertently shit their pants.
It's a natural reflex.

Attempting to stand up, Todd wobbles.

JOSH

You alright, big guy? Game time
is in just over an hour.

TODD

(stretches)

Don't you worry about me! I just
need a cold one.

Todd lumbers over to the fridge.

TODD

(to Josh)

So this is the guy, huh?

JOSH

Yep.

Opening the fridge, Todd grabs a beer and closes it.

TODD

(to Zach)

I hear you're a Cowboys fan.

Distracted by the posters, Zach realizes Todd is asking him.

ZACH

(to Todd)

Me? Sure am. Since I was a kid.

TODD

Rock n' Roll. That means you're not a Communist.

Todd notices Zach staring at his Patriotic Poon portraits.

TODD

She's got a nice turd cutter, don't she?

Shocked by his comments, Zach does a double take; looking back at Todd. Josh CHUCKLES.

TODD

(passionate)

The secret to a woman isn't in her luscious lips, her big bouncing breasts, or her bodacious, bulbous, beautiful butt. It's in her loyalties.

(counts with fingers)

God, Country, Beer.

Todd takes another gulp. Studying one of the posters and hearing Todd's words, Zach's face lights up. He turns.

ZACH

I can't believe it. Patriotic Poon! You're the guy behind Patriotic Poon!

TODD

In the flesh.

ZACH

Over 25,000 photos of the most patriotic, god-fearing, curvaceous women in America.

TODD

(smiles/leans in)

Bingo! But let me give you this little nugget of love advice, my friend.

(beat/solemn)

Stick it in the pooper, and they'll love you till the day

you die. Guaranteed!

Zach stares, speechless.

JOSH

Are you sure you don't have some
latent homosexual tendencies?

With an absent expression, Todd stares at Josh.

TODD

Have you ever seen a man's ass?

JOSH

(shrugs)

No, not up close.

TODD

You mean you have never put a
mirror down there...

Using his beer as a prop, Todd tries to demonstrate.

TODD

You know, to cut off those extra
long hairs that just get in the
way of your hole.

Josh shakes his head in repulsion.

TODD

So what do you do about dingle
berries?

Todd stops and ponders. Zach and Josh look at one another.

TODD

Lucky man.

ZACH

Uh...don't take this wrong and
all, but, what happened to you?

TODD

You know, I don't know.

Contemplating the assertion, Todd takes a drink.

TODD

I just don't know.

LIVING ROOM

A visibly upset Charles paces. Dwight and Tina console him.

TINA

Charles, why don't you sit back
down, watch the game.

CHARLES

I can't sit down. And the Lions

aren't worth moose piss! What the hell is wrong with this country! How do we let people like that live here?

DWIGHT

Well, it's a free country, dad. They...

CHARLES

...don't know shit! I was running recon behind enemy lines before those snot nose kids were twittering pictures of their wieners on spacebook.

DWIGHT

I think they were test tube babies.

CHARLES

I got shot 4 times, once in my nut!

Dwight cringes, grabbing his crotch.

CHARLES

The other one got napalmed!

TINA

Yes, we know, and we're all very proud of them...you.

CHARLES

Do you know how bad that hurt? Do you!

Tina touches Charles's shoulder and gets him to sit on the edge of the recliner.

CHARLES

I couldn't get an erection for six months. Six months!

TINA

Yes, we know. Now try to watch a little football and calm down, OK? Today is a big day.

Motioning Dwight to talk to his father, Tina exits to the kitchen.

CHARLES

Those damn hippies were dropping acid, jerking off to The Doors, and roasting marshmallows naked in the park, while I was eating

my goddamn shoelaces in the bush!

(beat)

Ever try to run from a platoon of Gooks without any shoelaces? Huh?! That's why they wear sandals! They're no dummies.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Dad? Psst!

Charles turns to Dwight, but he is gone.

DWIGHT (O.S)

Psst! Dad...over here!

He spots Dwight down the hallway. Dwight waves him over.

KITCHEN

Tina prepares macaroni salad, while Paige is in the process of making a call. Paige's face grows with frustration. She CLICKS the phone off.

TINA

Still no answer?

PAIGE

Nope.

Tina pours cooked noodles into a strainer over the sink.

TINA

He's probably running a little late, that's all.

PAIGE

I just hope he doesn't get lost in this godforsaken place. We're out in the middle of nowhere.

While pouring the strained noodles into a Tupperware bowl, Tina checks to see if Paige is watching, before sneaking a drink of her hidden glass of wine. Tina hides it again.

TINA

If he's as smart as you say he is, I'm sure he will be fine.

Paige nods with a degree of relief.

TINA

After all, he's a Republican... right?

PAIGE

(folds hands)

Mom!

Tina begins mixing mayonnaise into the bowl. She pauses.

TINA

Speaking of lost, where's Lucas?
He should have been here hours
ago.

EXT. LUCAS' CAR - HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The bumper bares a sticker on each side. One reads: Chess
Players Mate Better. The other - Hung Like A Republican.

INT. LUCAS' CAR - HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

LUCAS TURNER (26) - short, scrawny and wearing large, brown
glasses - drives with extreme caution. Driving exactly 55,
his fingers tap to the SOUND of classical music. Suddenly a
tire BLOWS OUT and the car swerves into the other lane.

LUCAS

Ahhh! I'm gonna die!

Lucas closes his eyes and yanks the wheel to the right. The
car lurches back into the other lane, briefly fishtailing,
before sliding to a stop alongside the road. Quivering, and
possessing a death grip on the wheel, Lucas opens his eyes.

LUCAS

I'm alive! I knew it...God is a
Republican.

BEGIN TIRE CHANGING MONTAGE

Wearing a fully-buttoned, long sleeve shirt and a pair of
high-water khakis, Lucas pulls a tire iron out of the trunk.

Lucas strains to push the carjack up one notch.

LUCAS

Come on!

After a prolonged and vein-popping push, the jack CLICKS
once. Lucas EXHALES in relief.

Lucas stands on the carjack, hand on his car, trying to push
down. He jumps up, the carjack CLICKS, but the recoil throws
him onto the street. Fearing oncoming traffic, he scurries to
his feet and dives amidst a semi-truck's HORN.

Now in only a t-shirt, Lucas kneels by the jack, pressing
with all his might; his face seemingly ready to explode.

LUCAS

Please! Please!

The carjack CLICKS.

The tire iron locks onto one of the lug nuts. Lucas tries to
push down on the tire iron; but to no avail. He switches to
the other side, trying to pull. His hands slip and he falls.

Lucas desperately bounces on the tire iron. It finally moves. He flings forward against his car as his hands slide innocuously off the side; unable to break his fall. MOANS. After a few moments face down, he spots his wallet lying open mere inches from his face. His "AAA" card is visible.

LUCAS

I have triple-A?

END MONTAGE

INT. BASEMENT - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

In front of a mirror, smoke in mouth, Todd stretches his arms side-to-side. He then runs in place for a few seconds. An amused Josh, stretched out on the sofa, watches. Zach is on Todd's computer, scrolling through his website.

TODD

I'm starting to feel it! It's all coming back now. Woo!

Todd rotates his neck back and forth.

TODD

Football does this to a man, you know? This is the best shape I've been in since I fell off

TODD (CONT'D)

that waterslide in '96.

(beat/huffs)

Goddamn blind kids!

Immersed at the computer, Zach turns to the other two.

ZACH

I don't get it. If your site is free, how do you make any money?

TODD

Simple...traffic. I get hundreds of thousands hits a day. With such a large fan base, advertisers can't get enough of that patriotic pie. I make about a thousand bucks a month. That's twice as much as unemployment! Yep, life is good.

Making a CLICKING noise with his mouth, Todd winks.

ZACH

But if you got all those hot women, why not have nudie flicks and charge people for membership. It's big business!

Todd squints, EXHALING. Zach swivels the chair to face Todd.

TODD

Hell no! I offer my clients a very unique and tasteful commodity they can't find anywhere else...red blooded, meat eating, god-fearing, smoking hot chicks with firearms.

(beat)

Besides, I would never desecrate a woman with another man's penis. Some things are better left to the imagination.

Todd shutters, putting out his cigarette. Josh scratches his head in puzzlement. A brief silence ensues.

TODD

You guys want to watch some porn? I just got a new one.

(holds up case)

Ass Masters: Biscuits Of Fury!

JOSH

Uh...that's OK, big guy. Maybe some other time.

TODD

Alright, just thought I'd ask.

(looks at clock)

Well hell, look at the time!

(energized)

One hour until game time!

Resolute, Todd steps towards Josh and extends his hand.

TODD

You know what that means!

Josh grabs his hand and is pulled up. They lock eyes with intensity. Zach is lost.

JOSH

Time for pain.

TODD

Time for revenge.

ZACH

Pain? Revenge?

Their eyes and hands are still locked.

JOSH

Time to end it, once and for all.

TODD

Fucking-A!

ZACH

I'm thinking you guys are just a little bigger Cowboys fans than I am.

TODD

I think it's time. Time to show him the truth.

They turn to Zach, who is riddled with fear.

INT. GARAGE - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Two cars are parked in the garage. On the far side, Charles and Dwight sit next to one of the cars; their presence shielded. The car's hood is up. Both have a beer. Charles takes a drink and savors the aftertaste.

DWIGHT

Tastes good, huh?

CHARLES

(looks at Dwight)

Damn right! Where did you get these?

DWIGHT

I have my sources.

Studying his can, Dwight tries not to laugh.

DWIGHT

Take one guess?

Charles looks at Dwight and smiles with amusement.

CHARLES

That boy may be perverted, crude, generally neurotic and a tad bit overly patriotic, if there is such a thing, but at least he is consistent.

(raises can to face)

And if that allows me to drink, then God Bless him!

With Dwight absorbed in thought, Charles takes a drink.

DWIGHT

Dad, you're not disappointed, you know, that I'm not going to be out there?

Charles gives a surprised/stern look.

CHARLES

Ike, I didn't get my right nut shot off, the other one napalmed, and the worst case of jungle crotch rot my company commander ever saw, to come back here and have sex for nothing. It took a whole lot of pumping and a bad diaphragm to bring you two boys into the world. Your mother was one talented woman, God rest her soul.

Dumbfounded, Dwight scratches his head.

DWIGHT

I know, and I appreciate that, I do. But I still feel...you know...like...

CHARLES

A loser? Hell no! Each man has

CHARLES (CONT'D)

his own destiny. Yours was...

(searching)

life insurance. Just like Lucas! People need that. He needs that!

Dwight looks at him in disbelief.

CHARLES

Let's not forget, you've raised three beautiful children.

(beat)

OK...two. But they adore you!

Now a bit more at ease, Dwight nods.

CHARLES

And that wife of yours; whew! If you hadn't accidentally run over her boyfriend and married her out of guilt, I was going to show her what a real man...

DWIGHT

Alright, alright! I get the picture.

CHARLES

Sorry. Got carried away. Beer does that to a man.

Charles cringes and takes a drink.

DWIGHT

By the way, why did you really give me the middle name Ike?

CHARLES

One of the best goddamn Americans ever. Hell of a man. You should be so lucky!

EXT. BACKYARD DECK - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Todd and Josh, with Zach blindfolded between them, stand on an elevated deck.

ZACH

Hello, guys? You're not going to kill me, are you? My parents might be a tad upset.

Todd CHUCKLES.

TODD

Say hello to paradise, little brother.

Gazing down upon the backyard, Zach steps close to the deck rail and places his hands on the edge.

ZACH

You...YOU...made all this?

TODD

Damn right. Cost me ten big ones. But who needs two kidneys?

ZACH

I mean, WOW. I'll give it to you. You guys are some serious, hardcore fans!

The backyard is spacious, featuring a chalked football field; 40 yards in length. A U.S. flag is painted on one end zone, a Communist flag on the other. Bleachers with cushioned upright seats and cup holders mark the home side. Across the field, sits a dilapidated, wooden bench for the Soares family.

A large electronic scoreboard - dawning a swooping eagle holding a flag in one claw and a beer in another - rests in the corner of the yard. The team names "Patriots" and "Traitors" divide the scoreboard. A towering speaker system encircles the field.

JOSH

It gives me Goosebumps just looking at it.

TODD

It gives me a hard-on.

They turn to Todd in revulsion.

TODD

God I love this country.

Todd finally notices Josh and Zach staring at him.

TODD

What? I got my jock strap on.

INT. GARAGE - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

In hiding, Dwight and Charles continue to drink.

DWIGHT

I probably better get to work. I promised to make that Turducken?

CHARLES

Come again?

DWIGHT

You know...what John Madden eats.
A duck inside of a turkey.

Annoyed and sickened, Charles turns to Dwight.

CHARLES

You let a duck screw a turkey,
and now you want me to eat it?
Boy, what the...

The door from the house opens. Tina emerges.

TINA (O.S.)

Dwight, Charles?

Dwight and Charles are overcome with fear.

TINA (O.S.)

I know you two are in here! I've looked everywhere else.

Her high heels ECHO against the cement.

DWIGHT

(whispers)

Shh! Follow me.

Dwight, followed by Charles, crawls alongside the car.

TINA (O.S.)

Hmm, what do we have here?

Tina picks up an empty beer can.

TINA

I thought I made it clear what would happen if I caught you drinking again?

She CRUSHES the beer can.

CHARLES
(whispers)

Holy...

Dwight waves Charles over. They crawl even faster towards the front of the car, trying to be as quiet as possible. They stop. SILENCE. Dwight looks under the car.

DWIGHT
Where is she?

The two, kneeling beside the front quarter panel, get to their feet. They begin to rise in unison - as if preparing to flee - when Tina emerges from behind them, her shoes in hand.

TINA
Going somewhere?

Completely startled, Charles and Dwight shoot straight up; their heads CLANG against the raised hood. They grab their heads in pain.

DWIGHT
Ow! Shit!

TINA
I'll give you ow!

She grabs both their beers and storms out.

TINA
Now get to work! We have to be outside pretty soon!

The door SLAMS.

CHARLES
(rubbing head)
I'm too old for this shit!
(beat)
Get me another beer!

Dwight gives him an insane look.

EXT. BACKYARD DECK - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Todd, Josh, and Zach stand on the elevated deck.

ZACH
So all of this cloak and dagger stuff was about a field? Why didn't you just tell me! I love football. We can get a little two-on-two going... whatever!

JOSH
I'm afraid it goes a little deeper than that.

Josh looks over at the neighboring yard. It is equally large. Buster and Richard play catch, while Celeste and Summer do yoga in the middle of a peace sign.

JOSH

Five years ago, on a day not so different than today...

TODD

(turns to Josh)

We saw the true face of evil. A day that changed our lives forever.

EXT. FRONT YARD - TURNER HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

TODD (V.O.)

It was Thanksgiving. The Cowboys were winning and I was working on my 1969 Dodge Superbee,

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

knocking back a few cold ones.

Todd, wearing army pants and a headband, is lying on his car, surrounded by beer cans. "Born In The USA" by Bruce Springsteen BELLOWS from his car stereo.

TODD (V.O.)

Yeah, it was a sweet day. Until that is, our newest neighbors, "the sores", began admiring my bitchin' ride.

Miguel, Richard, and Buster SHOUT and flip off Todd. Miguel is wearing a "Carter '76" campaign shirt, Buster a "Che Guevara" anarchy t-shirt, and Richard a spandex bodysuit with "No Blood For Oil" scrawled in pink neon across his torso.

TODD (V.O.)

But who could blame them. After all, it had a 440 big block with an elephant carb. It was a real panty creamer.

(beat/takes a drink)

Anyways, I got bored with all the attention, and decided to assemble my crew to play a little ball.

Todd rolls limply onto the ground - beer cans TUMBLE everywhere. He places two fingers in his mouth, WHISTLING.

TODD (V.O.)

However, they began to make fun of my nephew on account of he

was wearing the short shorts.
 That and something about us
 having a contaminated gene pool.
 But I don't swim in November,
 so...

Lucas, his scrawny frame amplified by his short shorts and tight t-shirt, comes running out of the door carrying a football. He trips and falls on the football, bouncing off of it and onto his back. His glasses fly off as he writhes in pain. Josh, directly behind him, comes to his aide.

TODD (V.O.)

Now I'm not much of a snappy dresser, anymore, but nobody makes fun of family! That's when I decided to take things into my own hands.

Amidst a sea of cans, Todd gets up, lights a smoke, and motions to Josh to throw him the ball. Josh tosses it over to him. Todd catches the ball after it smashes his cigarette.

ZACH (V.O.)

You decided to kick their ass?

TODD (V.O.)

I thought about it, but as a man, I needed something a little more challenging. Something a little more...ME.

Smashed smoke still dangling from his lips, Todd walks over to the Soares. He holds the football out in front of them.

TODD (V.O.)

Let's party!

They pile on Todd. The ball rolls down the drive.

END FLASHBACK

BACKYARD DECK

Confused, Zach turns to Todd.

ZACH

So you kicked their ass, right?
 On the field I mean?

Josh peers over into the Soares' backyard.

JOSH

Nope. We lost.
 (beat/embarrassed)
 We got beat by three touchdowns.

TODD

(points to Richard)

See that little nightmare over there? The one that shocked me when I wasn't looking.

Zach looks over at Richard, still playing catch.

TODD

That's pink lightning; fastest liberal with a lisp in the world.

ZACH

Him? He beat you?!

TODD

Well him and the fact I couldn't complete a pass because I was too drunk.

Todd takes a drink of his beer as Zach stares at it in puzzlement. Todd slaps Zach's back.

TODD

But don't you worry, we won the next two years. It was a thing of beauty!

ZACH

And last year?

TODD

(clears throat)

We don't talk about that much. I'm still not right.

Stepping to the side of the deck, Todd watches the neighbors.

JOSH

But none of that matters anymore. This is it, winner takes all. There are no more excuses.

ZACH

Winner take all? Wait, I don't get it! Take what?

JOSH

Being we tried to kill one another on several occasions, everyone agreed to make this the finale. Each previous year, the loser had to have one family member eat Thanksgiving dinner at the winner's house. But this

year, we decided to up the stakes.

Turning back around, Todd addresses Zach.

TODD
Loser has to move.

ZACH
Move? Out of their house? That's crazy!

JOSH
Maybe. But we have it in writing. That restraining order you saw was a condition of the agreement. No contact except during game time.

ZACH
But your family? Your home!

Todd sets his arms on the deck rail, peering back out.

JOSH
(to Zach)
That's where you come in.

Caught off guard, Zach steps back. He points to himself.

ZACH
Me? Me! You're kidding, right?

INT. KITCHEN - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tina peeks through the shades at the three boys on the deck. Behind her, Paige cuts up an apple.

PAIGE (O.S.)
So what are the geniuses doing now?

TINA
My guess is they're trying to convince their friend why our future hinges on the involvement of a complete stranger.

Tina sneaks another drink of her wine and closes the blinds.

EXT. BACKYARD DECK - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Using both hands, Josh intently explains to Zach.

JOSH
Under the rules, we have to field four players. However, if either family is short one player, a friend can be

substituted, that is, as long as he's under 6'4, doesn't weigh more than 225...

Todd shakes his gut with one hand.

TODD

I'm 223.

JOSH

...and has never played organized football.

TODD

I have, 1A state champ, but being I tend to drink excessively on game days, they grandfathered me in.

Todd winks and takes a drink. Zach is flabbergasted.

ZACH

(to Josh)

So you knew all along? Those pick up games at the dorms, all those times I said I couldn't go home for Thanksgiving?

Guilty, Josh nods.

ZACH

Why didn't you just ask? Hell, why me? Why not your dad?

TODD

Oh, his pussy hurts.

Josh elbows Todd in the stomach, who briefly slumps.

TODD

My brother played last year but suffered an unfortunate lawn mowing accident a month ago.

(stands back up)

He rolled the John Deer after hitting a sprinkler while going around a tree. Wasn't pretty.

Now in a surreal daze, Zach's face freezes.

JOSH

So what do you say? Will you help us?

TODD

Come on, little brother! Do it for your country. Do it for Todd!

Unimpressed, Zach smirks.

TODD
 (painfully)
 OK, I'll give you a 10% stake in
 Patriotic Poon!

ZACH
 Fifteen.

Todd's mouth drops. Just then, Richard speaks from the neighboring yard.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 Hey, Caveman! We just called the
 trailer park. They got your
 headstone ready.

Todd turns and points.

TODD
 HEY, Warhol! I just called the
 devil. He owns your cornhole!

He turns back to Josh and Zach.

RICHARD
 Hey, Hitler..

Shaking his head, Todd looks back at Richard.

RICHARD
 I got a surprise for you.

TODD
 Oh, yeah? What!

RICHARD
 Guess who just got back from a
 four year, cat spading mission
 in Brazil? You remember Kitty?

Todd is overcome with fear.

EXT. FRONT YARD - TURNER HOUSE - FLASHBACK - 4 YEARS EARLIER

KITTY SOARES (21) continuously chases Todd - grasping a beer and driving riding lawn mower painted with flames - around a tree. Athletically built, she has a nominal case of mental retardation and possesses a slight speech impediment.

KITTY
 Quit being so feisty! I won't
 hurt you. I love you!

Her arms outstretched, Kitty almost touches his back.

TODD
 (looking back)
 Stop! Go away! Don't make me

drop the hammer. I'll do it. I will!

KITTY

I want to marry you! You can have our hammer. I promise!

TODD

Have it your way! I'm dropping the hammer! Eat dirt, devil woman!

Slamming the shifter into another gear, Todd heads for the neighboring yard. Kitty closes the gap until she grabs his muscle shirt and tears it from his body. Panicked, Todd abandons the mower and runs for his life.

TODD

(yelling)

Freedom!

An infatuated Kitty stops and smells his shirt.

KITTY

(shouting)

I forgive you, sexy man! I know where you live! Bye-bye!

END FLASHBACK

BACKYARD DECK

Excited, Kitty (25) emerges from behind a shed.

KITTY

(adoringly/waving)

Hi, Tard!

Terrified, Todd turns back to Josh and Zach.

TODD

OH NO! No! No! No! No! Tell me it isn't her? PLEASE God!

KITTY

Hi, Tard! Remember me?

Trying to compose himself, he faces Kitty and waves meekly.

TODD

It's Todd. Todd! And yeah I remember.

Zach and Josh LAUGH.

KITTY

I know your name silly.

(GIGGLES)

I'll see you at the game, OK?

I'm back for good now. Bye,
Tard!

Todd waves again before reengaging Josh and Zach.

JOSH

Tell me, Tard...what's more
ironic? Being called "tard" by
someone who really is retarded,
or quibbling over a mere 5% to
keep from being called "tard"
the rest of your natural life?
Hmm?

TODD

OK, OK! It's a deal.

TODD (CONT'D)

(shakes Zach's hand)
But you better be good!

JOSH

He is.

Taking a deep breath, Todd puts his arms around the two -
pulling them closer - and produces a devious grin.

TODD

The time has come, little
brothers, to prepare for battle!

BEGIN PRE-GAME MONTAGE

BASEMENT

Todd CRANKS up the song "Eye Of The Tiger" by Survivor.

Josh holds out his hand - fingers spread. Todd tapes them.

Stoned face and cigarette dangling, Todd holds his foot out -
toes spread - as a repulsed Josh tapes his toes amidst a
plethora of toe lint.

Wearing only his jock strap and tube socks, Todd attempts to
place his foot on the shoulder of a disgusted Zach.

Todd strains to do a sit-up as Zach holds his feet. After
completing one, Todd struggles to get back up. Josh dangles a
beer and Todd does ten in a row. He reaches for the beer, but
Josh moves it farther away. Todd crawls after him.

Todd, hairy butt fully exposed and unnecessarily arched,
attempts push-ups. Zach and Josh cover their eyes. Josh snaps
him with a towel. Todd writhes in pain.

Shoulder-to-shoulder, Todd, Josh, and Zach scoot to the side
in unison; grabbing pills from a row of opened bottles.
Nearing the end, each grimaces. Zach reaches the last bottle,
and is about to swallow, when he notices the "Stool Softner"

label. Zach shows Josh, who hurls the bottle at Todd.

KITCHEN

Tina and Paige prepare beverages in closed containers for the game. Paige fills them and hands them to her mom, who then writes a name on a piece of tape. Tina hesitates, before deviously writing "tard" on one. She shows Paige. LAUGHTER.

GARAGE

Dwight lowers a steel lid - with its prongs piercing the Turducken - into the deep fryer. Charles tepidly nods as his son points to it. Nervous, they peer around the corner, before taking a quick swig of their beer. They HIGH-FIVE and hide their cans down in paranoia.

KITCHEN

Holding a plastic bottle marked with her name, Tina spikes it with wine. However, when she turns her head, Paige is looking right at her. Paige smiles and signals for her to pour more. Tina shrugs and does so.

BASEMENT

The three put on custom made jerseys - a montage featuring stars and stripes, a caricature of Jesus pointing, and Todd's Dodge Superbee jumping overhead. Each jersey bares the number "69". Zach and Josh stare in bewilderment. Reveling in his creation, Todd rolls a pack of cigarettes in his sleeve.

Josh, shoe polish under eyes, glares into the mirror. He turns to Zach, who has just finished painting his face. Zach hands the polish to Todd, but does a double take. Todd's face is decorated as if a Native American warrior...one with a smoke hanging from the side of its mouth and wearing a headband.

A pleading Todd kneels, head arched back, as a sickened Josh attempts to clip his nose hairs. Zach, attempting not to throw-up, holds Todd still from behind.

Standing before a chalk board and holding a beer, Todd explains his master strategy. "Operation Blue Balls" is scrawled across the top, alongside a crude drawing of a naked woman. He mistakenly points to her boobs, but then correctly to two circles - representing Josh and Zach. With a demented gleam, Todd unleashes several animated pelvic thrusts.

END MONTAGE

INT. BUSTER'S BEDROOM - SOARES HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Buster is doing pushups on the floor while Richard is sitting on a nearby bed, painting his toenails. Buster grimaces each time he comes up.

BUSTER

Do you have to do that here? I'm trying to concentrate.

RICHARD

So am I. What if I get injured and have to go to the hospital? I'm not going with chipped polish. I have pride.

Wearing sweats, Miguel storms into the room.

MIGUEL

Hey! No more fooling around.

(raises playbook)

Do you two have this memorized?

A compliant Buster rises to his knees and nods.

RICHARD

(smirking/looking up)

Uh, I did last night. The whole 5 pages. It's not like we have to study to outsmart the stupid.

MIGUEL

Just don't screw this up. I'm not losing to these buffoons. My life can't get much worse. It's bad enough my ex-wife moved in her fiancée, your former babysitter, into my home which I paid for with my own blood, sweat and tears.

BUSTER

But she's so hot, dad.

RICHARD

Eww! Inappropriate.

Miguel shakes his head.

CELESTE (O.S.)

Miguel!

They turn to the doorway. Celeste and Summer appear.

CELESTE

Those are hurtful words.

Richard nods at Miguel, whose angry gives way to shame.

CELESTE

You can't control love. It's a gift that has brought us all together. Now you need to get centered before the game. Go

downstairs, take a couple of
Xanax, and pay the bills. I made
you some green tea with Hummus.

Head lowered, Miguel exits.

SUMMER

And change that hideous shirt.
It doesn't match.

RICHARD

Tell him, sister.

Celeste and Summer smile at one another. They give each other
a peck on the lips.

INT. BASEMENT - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Charles and Dwight BARGE in. Dwight is carrying a small box.
Todd, still in the throes of his pelvic thrusts, freezes.

CHARLES

Jesus Christ, boy, have some
pride!

Marching over to Todd, Dwight and Charles look at the chalk
board, and then at Todd's ridiculous appearance.

TODD

What? I'm 1/62 Apache. OK, 63rd.

Charles points to a seat.

CHARLES

Sit your ass down! You flunked
math, Geronimo.

Todd sits next to Josh and Zach. Charles composes himself.

CHARLES

Now I ain't much on big
speeches, but I don't have to
remind you what this game means.
Nothing is worse than losing to
a bunch of loudmouth, flag
burnin', "Y" chromosome
Communists! Except that is, when
it's in your own backyard!

TODD

Amen!

CHARLES

But first things first. I have
something for you.

Charles motions to Dwight.

CHARLES

You can't go into battle, when you're worried about your weebles. And Lord knows I know something about that. Protect your boys at all costs.

Dwight hands each a cup; decorated with the American flag. Todd's eyes widen. He smells it.

TODD

I love that new cup smell.

CHARLES

No matter what happens out there

CHARLES (CONT'D)

today, just remember one thing. Our family has lived in this house for over 65 years. My father lived here, I lived here...
(looks at Josh)
...my grandkids live here.

Still holding his beer, Todd rises.

TODD

And me, your son. I live here. Rent free! I appreciate that.

Spotting Todd's beer, Charles rushes over and snatches it.

CHARLES

Give me that! What the hell are you thinking? You have a game to play! Here...take this.

Charles gives Todd a pill. He swallows it without thought.

TODD

What was that?

CHARLES

A pill to counteract the effects of alcohol.

TODD

Really?

CHARLES

No. It was one of my Viagra.

Josh and Zach CHUCKLE.

CHARLES

Anything that channels blood away from your brain, increases our chances of winning.

TODD

God Bless America!

A faint DOORBELL can be heard.

DWIGHT

That must be Lucas!

TODD

Woo! Let's play some football!

CHARLES

Alright, everybody huddle up.

They huddle around Charles.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - TURNER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Paige opens the door. Matt, wearing a referee's shirt, smiles. She closes the door on him. The doorbell RINGS again. Her face stoic, she opens the door again.

PAIGE

You're not Lucas.

MATT

Uh...no. Should I...

The door SLAMS. The doorbell RINGS again. Paige opens it.

PAIGE

Do we have a learning disability here?

MATT

Uh...no.

PAIGE

Good.

The door SLAMS.

MATT (O.S.)

Okay. I'll just go around back.

The RAUCOUS group of Todd, Josh, Zach, Charles, and Dwight - on their way to the backyard deck - stop by Paige. She stares at Todd's ridiculous uniform and face paint.

TODD

Where's Lucas?

PAIGE

He's not here.

JOSH

So who was that?

PAIGE

Someone not Lucas.

TODD

Are you sure?

PAIGE

Why would Lucas ring the doorbell?

They all look at one another.

TODD

That's a good question.

Everyone nods. Todd focuses on Paige's body.

TODD

Are you sure you don't want to be a cheerleader, little momma!

Paige gives him a dirty look. The doorbell RINGS. Todd opens it. Just as Matt is about to speak, Lucas runs past him and into the house. Zach is stunned by his puny stature.

JOSH

Lucas!

Todd SLAMS the door without noticing Matt waving his arms.

TODD

I knew it was him! I knew it!

An irritated Paige shakes her head as Dwight embraces Lucas.

DWIGHT

Welcome home, son!

CHARLES

Just in time.

ZACH

(to Josh)

That's Lucas?

Hesitant, Josh nods.

TODD

Alright. Let's go kick some commie ass!

KITCHEN

The group runs past Tina - who is carrying a box of supplies and just about to leave herself - out onto the --

BACKYARD DECK

Amidst the jubilation, which can be seen and heard by the entire Soares family waiting by a large gate next door, Todd gives everyone instruction.

TODD

Zach, Lucas, Josh...go wait by the

side of the house for me.

They head down the stairs.

TODD

Dad, Dwight, grab a seat and
drink some beers.

Tina and Paige walk out onto the deck.

TODD

(to Paige/Tina)

Meet me at the side gate.

Paige rolls her eyes. They exit down the stairs with
supplies.

SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Matt leaps up, trying to climb the fence to get into the
backyard. He tries again. Spotting a bucket, Matt sets it by
the fence, steps on it, and jumps; his hands clinging to the
top. He struggles to pull himself up, awkwardly straddling
it. Just then, Josh opens the small side gate; Zach and Lucas
follow. Seeing his mistake, Matt falls into the backyard.

ZACH

(to Josh/Lucas)

Did you hear something?

They shake their head. Josh squeezes Lucas' arm.

JOSH

Been working out, Luke?

Looking down at himself, Lucas flexes.

JOSH

Save some of that for the bad
guys.

BACKYARD DECK

Holding a small controller, Todd turns on the scoreboard.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Today, jackass! It's three
o'clock. It's bad enough we even
have to step foot over there!

Standing in his own backyard, Miguel waves the bag of pennies
Josh left him earlier in the day.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

And I know you did it! You're
cut off! Forever!

Todd picks up a microphone and peers over at the Soares.

TODD

How you doin' sores family?

BUSTER

That's Soares (sorez)! Its 18th century Spanish Habsburg, you hillbilly.

TODD

Oh, I'm sorry! Century 21, which you'll need in about one hour, is right down the block. And they hate Mexico too!

TODD (CONT'D)

Let me explain something to you. You see...over there...where you're at?

(points to the Soares)

That's Cuba! This here...

(points at feet)

...this is America. This is freedom!

HOME BLEACHERS

Charles CHUCKLES. Agitated, Paige crosses her arms.

BACKYARD DECK

TODD

That's oppression, one-ply toilet paper, and voodoo chicken. Over here...this is running water, Nascar, and freedom.

CELESTE

Yeah? At least we don't torture innocent human beings and deny them their civil rights!

Matt staggers up the stairs. Todd waves him over.

TODD

Silly sores, terrorists don't have rights! However, in your case, I'm willing to make a special Thanksgiving exception. That is, if you will please kindly step backwards.

Confused, the Soares family look at one another.

RICHARD

Alright, but this better be good.

They cautiously back up.

TODD

Oh, trust me, it is.

(waves hand in the air)

Sores family, come on over to
freedom!

Todd hits a button: the gate EXPLODES. The Soares plunge to the ground; debris flying over their head as the song "Let Freedom Ring" BLARES. FIREWORKS shoot out of the scoreboard's posts. The Soares family rises, shaking their fist.

Turning to Matt, Todd hands him the remote controller for the scoreboard and a piece of paper for the introductions.

TODD

It's all yours, brother! Just
like old times. Do work!

HOME BLEACHERS

Tina, Dwight, and Charles are standing, CLAPPING. Todd comes running down the deck stairs and gets Tina's attention.

TODD

You ladies ready?

Tina nudges Paige, who reluctantly acknowledges her.

FIELD

Awestruck, though mostly repulsed by the elaborate design of the field, the Soares edge their way onto the field. Celeste and Summer saunter over to the visitor's bench, while Miguel, Richard, Buster, and Kitty stand dazed in the center of the field. Kitty is smiling and CLAPPING. They try to stop her.

SIDE OF THE HOUSE

TODD hurries through the open gate, to where Josh, Zach and Lucas are awaiting him.

ZACH

(to Todd)

You really are crazy.

(Todd nods)

But you're also one badass dude!

They shake hands. Pulling out a cigarette from his rolled up pack, Todd looks over at Lucas; who appears pathetic in his jersey. It sags over his frame, hanging down to his knees.

TODD

(to Lucas/smirking)

Looks good. Like a man!

A paper banner held by Tina and Paige stretches over the opening of the side gate.

TODD

It's show time!

BACKYARD DECK

MATT

And now, if I may have your attention.

(music fades)

Coming out of the east gate...

HOME BLEACHERS

Charles turns to face the side gate, which resides behind the home bleachers. His jaw drops at the site of the banner.

VISITOR'S BENCH

Celeste shakes her head at the banner stretched directly across from her. It reads, "Patriotic Poon: www.patrioticpoon.com" with a models - wearing a patriotic bikini - bent over on each end of the banner.

MATT (O.S.)

...defenders of truth, Jesus, and the American way...

SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Excited, Todd begins to run in place.

TODD

(to Lucas)

Alright, little man. You lead us out there.

LUCAS

Me?

Todd nods.

MATT (O.S.)

I give you...The Patriots!

Bursting through the banner, Lucas stumbles onto the -

FIELD

Lucas falls down. Josh and Zach trip over his body. Todd comes running out SCREAMING. He runs around the pile of bodies and over to the Soares family; circling their team twice before stopping.

MATT (O.S.)

The team captain, wearing number 69, the quarterback of the 1982 1A state champion Hugoton Eagles, a National Guard applicant, a carnivore, and a

twice decorated heterosexual...
 Todd "the beer bong" Turner!

Todd drops to one knee and points at the sky. A SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE. Expressionless, Miguel points behind Todd. Seeing his teammates in a mangled heap, he runs over and helps them.

MATT (O.S.)

And...lying in a bloody heap mere feet behind him, also wearing

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

the number 69: Lucas "the terrible" toothpick, Josh "the doobie brother" brother, and Zach "the human sacrifice".

APPLAUSE AND WHISTLES. Embarrassed, Josh waves at his family. The four head to the center field. For the first time, Todd notices Kitty standing with the other Soares' players.

TODD

(to Miguel)

Whoa, whoa! Uh, I think we have a problem. Know what I mean?

Miguel is confused. Kitty waves adoringly at Todd.

MIGUEL

Problem? Look at this place.
 Tell me something I don't know.

Stepping closer to Miguel, Todd tries to be more assertive, yet secretive.

TODD

No. I mean...you know...
 (motioning to Kitty)
 YOU KNOW!

Miguel looks at Kitty, then back at Todd.

MIGUEL

What? She's a girl?
 (beat)
 OH, you mean you're prejudice against those with disabilities. People not so different than yourself.

Richard CHUCKLES. Todd's frustrations grow.

TODD

You know what I mean! Aren't there laws against this...THIS kind of thing. She doesn't even have a helmet on. I'm not going

to prison!

MIGUEL

Kitty, come here.

TODD

(fearful)

NO. No! No! No!

VISITOR'S BLEACHERS

Wearing a home knitted shawl, Celeste rises; hands on hips.

CELESTE

Is there something wrong,
Miguel?

Summer stands. She's dressed in a form fitting body suit,
which accents her ridiculous bust.

SUMMER

Well, is there?!

HOME BLEACHERS

CHARLES

Just like a Communist. Putting a
retard on the front line.

PAIGE

Grandpa!

Reaching back, Tina slaps Charles' arm.

FIELD

TODD

(to Summer/frantic)

Nothing's wrong.

LUCAS

(noticing Summer)

Oh, momma! Let's make a stew.

TODD

Ease up there, Wang Chung. Keep
that Vienna sausage in the pot.

RICHARD

Caveman is just pissed Kitty
scored higher on the ACT.

TODD

That's a lie. Those tests are
biased against abstract
thinkers. Circles are for sucks.

FIELD

Kitty makes it over to Miguel and Todd.

KITTY

Hi, Tard! How are you?

LAUGHTER. Todd bites his tongue.

BUSTER

Kitty? You know we're playing a football game, right?

KITTY

Of course.

RICHARD

And that people can get hurt?
Some bad hopefully.

KITTY

I'll try not to hurt anyone.
Especially, Tard!

MIGUEL

(to Todd)

Satisfied? Can we get this thing going! I'm getting sick here.

TODD

Fine.

Todd points at Matt to continue.

MATT (O.S.)

And now, their opponent, hailing from...next door...the Traitors! Noticeably balding, a neutered terrorist, and recent paint ball enthusiast, the captain, Miguel "open" sores.

Miguel flips off Matt. Matt points to the paper, as if to imply his innocence. Celeste and Summer's irritation grows.

MATT (O.S.)

Addicted to lace, upside-down cake, and a full-time, test-tube thespian, Dick "pinky" sores.

RICHARD

That's Richard. And I'm a dancer!

Arms folded, Richard HUFFS and taps his foot.

MATT (O.S.)

Doomed at birth, colorblind chess champion, and future Communist factory worker, Buster

"red' sores.

Proud of his writing, Todd cracks a cheesy smile.

HOME BLEACHERS

Tina puts her hand over her eyes in embarrassment. Charles and Dwight BOO.

PAIGE

(to herself)

I know I was adopted.

FIELD

Buster points at Todd.

BUSTER

You're dead. Dead!

TODD

Tell that to my Native American war paint!

MATT (O.S.)

And rooting them to defeat,
lusting at Todd on the visitor's
bench...they love nature, granola
bars, and the sound of their own
voice...Miguel's angry ex-husband,
Celeste, and her live-in lesbian
babysitter, Saphos. Oops, I
meant Summer!

SUMMER (O.S.)

Seriously? Seriously.

Fuming, Celeste and Summer glare at Matt. Kitty CLAPS.

MATT

Wait a minute. Wait one moment.
We have a last minute addition
to the team. Forgive me. I'll
find her name.

LUCAS

(shouts to Matt)

Kitty!

MATT

Kitty! Thank you! Hmm...Kitty. Let
me think...

Panicked, Todd repeatedly makes a slashing gesture to Matt.

TODD

(mouthing words)

Stop! No! For the love of God!

Matt stares at Kitty, searching for the right words.

MATT

Um...

(beat)

Kitty "special" Soares!

Kitty jumps in elation.

KITTY

Yay! That's me!

Todd cringes as does his entire family.

MIGUEL

No more! No More! We're done!

Forget it! We are leaving!

Livid, Miguel begins walking away. Celeste and Summer storm onto the field, headed in the same direction.

CELESTE

This has gone far enough! You people are filthy animals.

TODD

Come on, now. You know how these things go. He's the town cop, he's retarded!

Astonished by the comment, the Soares family stops.

TODD

I, I, I meant dumb!

RICHARD

(to Todd)

You're retarded!

TODD

You're right. I am!

The Soares' begin to leave again.

TINA (O.S.)

(to Soares)

No! Come back! Please!

(to Todd)

Tard! I mean Todd! You ass! Stop them!

MIGUEL

(walking away)

No more...ever! The deal is off!

Todd hits himself in the head.

TODD

Just wait a second. Hold up now!

(yells sternly)

I said STOP!

The Soares gradually stop and turn. Todd steps closer.

TODD

Alright, sorry! I got a little carried away. OK, a lot. Blame it on the kid in me, or the booze. But let's be honest here. If you leave now, you lose! You have to move! Beaten by a bunch of meat-eating, bible thumping, gun toting Republicans!

CELESTE

Who cares? At least we have our dignity!

SUMMER

And the trees! We have those.

TODD

Dignity? If I recall, somebody, I mean SOME family, had a whole lot of fun with me last year. Remember? REMEMBER?

EXT. BACKYARD - SOARES HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Drunk, Todd stands on a giant peace sign in the center of a football field. The song "Age Of Aquarius" PLAYS. Barefoot women, wearing sun dresses and head reefs, gaily dance around rows of vibrant flowers; which mark the yardage lines. Terrified, Todd looks at his hands, cradling a watermelon.

Todd scans over at a sign that reads, "No Leather Footballs: Animals Are Our Friends". A cow grazes in the end zone. He spots another sign: "No Alcoholic Beverages Allowed".

TODD

(slow motion/distorted)

No!

Todd drops the watermelon. It breaks on his bare feet.

END FLASHBACK

FIELD

Todd shutters. Everyone is silent, staring at one another. Miguel CHUCKLES, and then busts into full LAUGHTER. Todd EXHALES in relief. Miguel abruptly stops laughing and hits Todd in the chest with his finger.

MIGUEL

Fine! But we're still going to kick your redneck ass!

(moves closer)
 And for the record, today I'm
 not a pacifist. I'm a terrorist.

TODD
 (eyes widen)
 I knew it. So daddy wants to
 party? Alright, Picasso...let's
 party!

MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is back in their seats. Matt, holding a football, is
 in the center of the field addressing both teams.

MATT
 You know the rules. Two twenty
 minute halves, one timeout per
 game. You get four downs to
 score a touchdown. If you fail,
 the opposing team takes over at
 that spot. You must wait three
 seconds before rushing the
 passer, otherwise all normal
 rules apply. Alright? Let's play
 some ball!

A WHISTLE BLOWS.

BEGIN FIRST HALF MONTAGE

A football rotates in the air, landing in the waiting arms of
 Richard. He streaks down the side, cutting and spinning past
 tacklers. Crouched with arms ready, Todd is bowled over by
 Kitty. Richard trots into the end zone, posing effeminately.

RICHARD
 Thespians six, rednecks zero.
 Zach streaks down the field. Lucas tries to block Kitty,
 holding onto her leg. Todd pump fakes and hurls the ball
 deep, past the outstretched arms of Buster, hitting Zach; who
 catches it and falls in the end zone. CHEERS. Todd throws
 Lucas over his shoulder and runs down field.

TODD
 That's right. We bad...we bad!
 Kitty hikes the ball to Miguel, who pitches it to Richard. He
 twirls past Josh and heads for daylight when Todd pushes
 Lucas into his legs, causing him to fall hard. Angered,
 Richard gets to his feet and threatens to throw the ball at
 Todd. Todd GRUNTS, imitating a girl's throwing motion.
 Miguel zips the ball to Buster, cutting across the field.
 Buster laterals to Richard, streaking the opposite direction.
 Josh and Zach's knees buckle. Richard heads for the end zone,

cockily tip-toeing the last 5 yards and holding out the ball. Todd leaps for the ball, flying into a nearby bush.

HOME BLEACHERS

Standing, Charles and Tina SCREAM in anger. Each are unknowingly tugging at Dwight, sitting between them.

CHARLES

Get up! Get up, you bush baby!

Paige tries to help free her dad.

PAIGE

Let go, you psychos!

FIELD

Todd catches the KICKOFF. Zach and Josh take out Richard and Buster, coming from opposite sides. Richard swings around, diving onto Todd; but can't hold on. Todd crouches behind Lucas, pushing him into Kitty. She falls, folding Lucas in half. Todd runs for the end zone, diving over the goal line.

TODD

Houston, Eagle Claw has landed!

Miguel slings the ball to Buster for a long gain.

Richard catches a screen pass and rambles for 15 yards.

Buster hikes the ball to Miguel, who hands off to Kitty. She runs into Josh and Zach, anxiously awaiting her, but powers through them and into the end zone. Zach and Josh slap the field in frustration. Kitty jumps up and down.

KITTY

I scored! I beat the boys! I'm the shit! Oops...the crap!

Richard hikes the ball to Miguel. With Kitty as lead blocker, Miguel pretends to hand off to Buster, who heads towards the sideline. Todd, Zach, Josh and Lucas follow in pursuit, while Richard races up the other side uncovered. Miguel WHISTLES.

MIGUEL

Uh, oh! Did someone get lost?

The entire Patriots team freezes in panic. Miguel throws the ball to Richard, who walks in for the easy score.

Todd, awaiting the ball, notices Summer and Celeste out of the corner of his eye; tenderly touching each other's face. They kiss. Todd's cigarette barely clings to his bottom lip.

TODD

Please get naked, please!

Lucas hikes the ball, striking Todd in the groin. He falls in the fetal position. Richard swoops in past Lucas, also

staring, grabs the ball and runs for a touchdown.

Todd reaches in his sweats for his cup, but to no avail. He then reaches into the back of his sweats, pulling it out.

SCOREBOARD: TRAITORS 30 PATRIOTS 12 The final seconds of the first half tick off. A WHISTLE BLOWS.

END MONTAGE

HOME BLEACHERS

The team dejectedly trudges over to their awaiting family. In the b.g., HIGH-FIVING and JUBILATION can be heard.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Nice duds by the way!

A livid Todd runs towards the Soares, his teammates restraining him.

TODD

Don't you blaspheme! Don't you
blaspheme in the house of Todd!
I'll cut your florist's heart
out!

Richard points to Summer.

HOME BLEACHERS

The players reach the bench. Charles stands.

CHARLES

What was that? What was that!

JOSH

That was the sights and sounds
of us getting whipped by a bunch
of pansy-ass liberals.

Ashamed, Zach covers his face with his hands.

CHARLES

A bunch of pansy-ass liberals...
who don't even have AK 47's or
claymores! They don't even have
a real god! You call yourself
men?

Tina rushes out of the stands, still holding her drink, and grabs Todd.

TINA

(crazed)

Forget them! If I have to move,
out of the home my children were
born in, because my alcoholic
brother-in-law can't even jerk-

off without being caught...

TINA (CONT'D)

(takes a drink)

...there's no telling how bad I'm
going to go beat that ass!
Comprende? Hmm! Do you?

Tina tosses her drink aside and pushes Todd to the ground.

TINA

Understand! Do you?!

She begins choking him.

TODD

Ah! Your hands are cold, Tina!
So cold!

TINA

You ruined my life, jerk-off!

TODD

Police! Matt! She's smashin' my
smokes!

Hurrying over, Paige and Dwight pull Tina off.

PAIGE

Mom. MOM!

Composing herself, Tina gets back up.

TINA

Sorry. It's menopause.

Todd rubs his neck. He rises gingerly.

TODD

Damn, woman! Now I know why my
brother screams at night.

PAIGE

Enough! Everyone relax, OK?

Everyone turns to Paige. Todd spots a cooler nearby.

PAIGE

So we're losing, big deal! There
is still a half left, right?
Well, isn't there?!

The team perks up. Todd sneaks off.

PAIGE

Then there's two things you can
do. You can stand here, pissin'
and moanin', while my drunk
mother royally beats the shit
out of you...

Zach shakes his head vehemently.

PAIGE

...OR, you can pull your panties up, go to work, and make this the day that this family...THIS country...

(beat/rolling eyes)

...the greatest goddamn country in the world...still stood for something other than beer drinking, flag waving, and internet porn.

SILENCE.

TODD

(raising can)

Fucking-A!

They turn to Todd, noticing he has a can of beer.

TODD

(beat/somber)

God Bless America?

Todd insecurely hides the beer behind his back.

BEGIN SECOND HALF MONTAGE - FIELD

Zach catches the kickoff and darts up field. He runs at Miguel, who is leveled from the side by Josh. Richard's body tumbles into the air and crashes to earth; blindsided by Todd. Zach speeds forward; Lucas leading the way.

ZACH

(to Lucas)

Now!

Lucas lies on the ground, causing Buster to trip. Narrowly avoiding Buster's flailing body, Zach zips forward. Kitty, head lowered, rushes at him, but Zach hurdles her, landing in the end zone. He spikes the ball and poses effeminately. Up field, Todd stands over a discombobulated Richard.

TODD

Welcome to the terror dome!

Josh and Zach are flanked to the side. Todd, directly behind a bent over Lucas, BARKS the cadence.

TODD

Ronald Reagan 40! Ronald Reagan
40!

Todd taps Lucas, pointing to Miguel and Buster, as if to be giving an NFL blocking audible. Annoyed, Miguel glares back. Todd drops back into a shotgun formation.

TODD

Jimmy Carter sucks! Hillary
doesn't!

(beat)

Hut, hut...hike!

Todd rolls back. Zach and Josh are covered. Kitty, dragging Lucas, closes in on him; as does an unabated Miguel. Miguel dives, but Todd spins out of trouble and runs up field. Kitty is in slow pursuit, still dragging Lucas.

MIGUEL

(on the ground)

Get him! He's running! Boys!

Buster heads for Todd, but is greeted with a vicious stiff arm. Josh tries to block Richard, who slides past him, diving for Todd. Todd catches him midair, cradling him, and sprints for a score. He drops Richard and the ball simultaneously; kneels and points to the sky. Miguel pleads for a penalty.

SCOREBOARD: TRAITORS 30 PATRIOTS 24 - TIME LEFT: 9:05

Miguel drops back. Buster waves his arms on the sideline.

BUSTER

I'm open! I'm open!

He spots Buster up the sideline and fires the ball. Josh cuts in front of him and intercepts the pass. Miguel stumbles to cut him off, but Josh runs untouched down the sideline for the touchdown. Todd hugs Miguel, jumping up and down.

TODD

(to Miguel)

You're the greatest! You're the
greatest! Jesus loves you!

Miguel pushes him away in disgust. Kitty, also wanting a hug, holds her arms out and chases Todd.

HOME BLEACHERS

HOOTING and HOLLERING. Tina is ecstatic, hugging Dwight. Even Paige is finally CHEERING.

CHARLES

Now that's how we do it! Carpet
bomb those bitches!

Embarrassed, Paige looks back at her grandpa with contempt.

FIELD

Catching the kickoff, Richard shoots up field. He dodges several tacklers, before spinning into the arms of Todd, who

(CONT'D)

drives him hard into the ground. Richard gets up, dirt on his hat, and shoves Todd.

RICHARD

What's your problem, Tard!

He pushes him again. Players from both teams rush over to separate them. Todd lights a cigarette and puffs it calmly.

TODD

If you can't stand the heat, get out of the closet!

Enraged, Richard lunges for Todd, but is restrained.

TODD

Easy there Michael Jackson. Don't go changing colors on me.

The Soares' huddle up.

MIGUEL

No more mister nice guy. Time for a little payback!

Everyone smiles mischievously, except a confused Kitty. Miguel lines up as quarterback, Richard and Buster as receivers. Kitty snaps the ball to Miguel. After three seconds, she steps aside; Todd rushes in, arms in the air.

TODD

FREE...

Before Todd can finish, Miguel slings the ball. It hits Todd in the forehead; he free falls to the ground.

END MONTAGE

Kitty rushes over and kneels by Todd. He's fading in and out.

KITTY

Tard? Tard! You, OK?

Todd's teammates, as well as his family, gather around him.

JOSH

Todd? Dude? Bro!

Delirious and looking up at Josh, he cracks a mindless smile.

TODD

Better call timeout, coach. It's getting dark.

Todd passes out.

LUCAS

Should we call an ambulance?

CHARLES

Is that shrapnel in his head?
Hell no!

Charles SMACKS his hands above Todd, trying to awaken him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - SOARES HOUSE - THANKSGIVING - FLASHBACK

DARKNESS. "Sounds of Nature" fill the room. The Soares family is gathered around the table; Todd sitting across from Celeste. Flickering candles - attached to a garland headdress worn by all - drip onto their trash bag bodysuits; degrading the plastic and revealing exposed skin. The handles of each bag are tied into a bow on the side of everyone's neck.

CELESTE

It is fire, from Prometheus
himself, which burns our naked
flesh and reminds us of our
mortality.

Wax drips onto Celeste's bag, exposing one of her nipples.

CELESTE

It is this pain...

Wax drips onto her nipple again.

CELESTE

OW...which must be
fed...tempered...OW...to fully
appreciate the burning, I MEAN,
the lush bounty of life.

Todd pans down to his plate. Apple sauce, cottage cheese, and pudding line the outside of his dish; one granola bar, surrounded by garnish, rests in the center. He looks back up pathetically at Celeste's nipple. More wax drips onto it.

CELESTE

However...SHIT...before we can truly
be worthy of this glorious
gift...EAT ME...we must cleanse our
body of greed's impurities.

CELESTE

Now, if you may, join me in a
ceremonial toast...

Several drops hit her nipple in succession. Celeste lifts her glass, GASPING.

CELESTE

BITCH, SLUT, HO...to wash away our
sedentary sins!

Celeste, MOANING in agony, sloppily gulps her wine. Todd, at a loss for words, follows suit. Suddenly, more drops fall onto Celeste. Overcome, her eyes cross.

CELESTE

I,uh...I...I...

(explosive)

My titty's on fire!

Celeste douses her nipple with the rest of her wine. Her body shudders as she EXHALES in relief.

CELESTE

Whew. Oh thank goodness. I apologize...forgive me.

(composes self)

As I was saying, to fully cleanse our bodies, to receive these blessed offerings, it should only take but a few minutes for your liquid laxative to work. Let us meditate, convalesce, as we await the power of a clear conscience.

Todd drops his wine GLASS. It BREAKS. He springs from his seat, scooting awkwardly down the hall in his trash bag as he grabs his butt cheek.

END FLASHBACK

FIELD

The Turner family is gathered around the unconscious Todd.

DWIGHT

What if he suffered brain damage?

PAIGE

Is that possible?

Josh looks at the scoreboard; It's 30-30, 2:10 remaining.

JOSH

So the game ends...a tie?

SCREAMING, Todd springs up and runs circles around everyone, before coming to a stop.

TODD

Tie? Trash bag ties? Oh hell no!
Tonight I'm shittin' in a bowl!
A bowl!

Todd runs some more before coming to sudden stop.

TODD

What year is it?

MOMENTS LATER

A WHISTLE BLOWS - SECOND DOWN

The ball is snapped to Miguel. He drops back and fires a pass to Buster who runs out of bounds.

Miguel hands off to Richard, who shoots up the gut for about 15 yards, before being tackled. Richard jumps up, tauntingly tosses the ball at Todd, and hurries back to his team.

FOURTH DOWN - TIME LEFT: 1:05

Miguel kneels, as Buster, Richard, and Kitty gather around.

MIGUEL

Fourth down. No mistakes. Let's send these Nazis packing!

KITTY

What's a Nazi and why are they moving?

RICHARD

They're bad. Very, very bad.

Miguel CLAPS. Kitty lines up at center; Richard and Miguel in a split formation behind her. Buster stands out to the far right as the lone wide receiver.

TODD

This is it. Keep everything in front of you, boys. They're easier to tackle that way.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Good one, Patton!

MIGUEL

Red dawn...red dawn...

(beat)

Smoke left...smoke left...

TODD

They're going left! They're going left!

MIGUEL

Hike!

Kitty hikes the ball to Miguel, who rolls left. Buster heads for the end zone. Todd and Zach, without resistance from Kitty, close in on Miguel. Just before they reach him, Miguel throws backwards to Richard. Todd's face stings with terror. He shouts to Lucas, who is standing in front of Richard.

TODD

Lucas! Get him!

Todd and Zach rush towards Richard; oblivious to the fact Miguel is scurrying down the left sideline unopposed. Lucas stumbles towards Richard, falling down.

TINA (O.S.)

Get up! Get up, baby!

Lucas finally rises. Todd and Zach are rapidly converging. Richard grins nefariously at Todd and heaves the ball to his dad; wide open on the ten yard line. The entire Patriots team turns in horror, spotting Miguel, who catches the ball.

TINA (O.S.)

No! No!

CELESTE (O.S.)

Yes! Yes!

An ecstatic Miguel, mere yards from the end zone, points back at Todd. He turns towards the goal line and begins high stepping in celebration. The ball however, hits off his knee, and rolls into and out of the end zone. A WHISTLE BLOWS.

MATT

Touchback! Patriots' ball!

Josh jumps in jubilation, as does Lucas. Miguel slumps in anguish. Richard pounds the field in rage.

BUSTER

Dad! You idiot! What are you doing?

VISITOR'S BENCH

Celeste crumbles to the ground in agony; Summer holding her.

CELESTE

Why? Why! This is why I hate men!

FIELD

The clock shows 45 seconds left. The ball is on the Patriots 10 yard line. Todd huddles the team up.

TODD

OK, time for a special play. Did any of you get those plays I emailed to you?

JOSH

You mean the ones with the squiggly lines where we all run to the end zone?

Todd nods.

ZACH

We already used that. Haven't you ever played Madden? You know, the video game?

TODD

Madden? Techmo Bowl! That's what real men play!

SILENCE. Indecision.

LUCAS

Throw it to me. I can win this thing!

JOSH

What? Don't do it! He couldn't catch syphilis!

LUCAS

I promise! I'll catch it! Please...they won't expect me to do anything.

Racked in thought, Todd grabs a smoke and lights it.

TODD

I got syphilis once. Damn jungle bitches.

(beat)

Alright, little brother...you're on! Let's party!

The teams line up. Lucas hikes the ball to Todd. Josh and Zach run to the middle of the field, crisscrossing back and forth. Disregarding Lucas as threat, Miguel hovers in the middle of the field to help guard the other two. Todd begins to scramble. Kitty pursues him side-to side in the end zone.

MIGUEL

Get him, Kitty! Sack him!

KITTY

(while running)

Tard! Come here, Tard! I won't hurt you.

Near the other goal line, Lucas waves his arms for the ball.

HOME BLEACHERS

TINA

Throw it to Lucas! Throw it!

Dwight stands and points to his son.

DWIGHT

Throw it to Lucas! He's open!

CHARLES

NO...don't throw it to the fly!

FIELD

Todd hurls the ball high in the air towards Lucas. Richard shouts to Miguel and Buster to get back.

Lucas faces the fluttering ball, arms wide open. He catches the ball against his chest, but starts to juggle it; stumbling as he tries to bring it in. Just as Lucas gains control, Buster and Richard level him; Miguel follows suit. Kitty jumps on the pile, caught up in the confusion.

SILENCE. A WHISTLE BLOWS.

Matt rushes over to the pile.

MATT

Peel off, now. Peel off!

Zach and Josh, as well as the rest of the Turner family, reach the pile. When everyone gets off, Matt rolls Lucas over. He is unconscious, one of his lenses cracked, yet still holding the ball. Tina covers her mouth.

ZACH

Should we call an ambulance?

Unaware of Lucas' condition, Todd comes sprinting up.

TODD (O.S.)

Woo-hoo! I knew you could do it!

TODD (O.S.)

How does it feel to be a bonafide winner, you little pissant!

Todd reaches the group. He looks down at Lucas, then at everyone else.

TODD

You little faker! Look, you cracked your glasses.

Todd grabs the glasses, punches out the cracked lens, and puts them back on Lucas' face. He then pulls up Lucas by his shirt; his head and arms dangling lifelessly.

TODD

See...he's OK!

Todd lets go of Lucas' shirt and his body drops to the ground like a rock. Lucas MOANS.

TODD

Maybe not. Maybe we should we
call timeout?

HOME BLEACHERS - MOMENTS LATER

Ice pack on his head, Lucas rests on the bleachers as Paige consoles him.

MATT (O.S.)

Five seconds left. The ball is
on the two yard line. Patriots,
have you made your substitution?

Todd turns to Dwight.

TODD

You in, brother?

Dwight looks around in contemplation.

DWIGHT

Sure, why not.

Dwight rises when Charles puts his hand on his shoulder,
stopping him. Dwight EXHALES in relief.

CHARLES

Sit this one out, junior. It's
an old score. It's time to
settle it.

FIELD

Todd, Josh and Zach huddle up. Charles, stone faced and
wearing a leather helmet, steps in.

CHARLES

Alright, no more pussyfooting
around. We have one man down,
and another who is whipped.

They all look over at Dwight, who is rubbing Tina's
shoulders.

CHARLES

Time to push these rice eaters
back to the Great Wall of China!

Mystified, Todd looks over at the Soares; who are anxiously
awaiting them at the line of scrimmage. Charles SLAPS Todd.

CHARLES

You know what to do!

TODD

I do?

CHARLES

Just give me the damn ball!

The team walks to the line in unison, staring at their opponents with disdain. They crouch down, side-by-side. Todd places his hand on the ball, cigarette dangling, coolly placing a second cigarette in his mouth and lighting it.

RICHARD

(to Todd)

You ready to die, caveman?

TODD

(PUFFS)

I was born ready!

CHARLES

B-52! B-52!

(beat)

VC! VC!

(beat)

Grass huts...hike!

Todd hikes the ball to Charles. The two lines clash. locked with equal ferocity. Charles, ball in hand, rushes up to the line, which has not budged. He pushes against Todd.

CHARLES

Push, you pussies! Push!

His body wedged between Richard's and Busters, Todd grabs his cigarette, reaches forward, and presses it against Richard's ass. He YELPS. Todd holds his other smoke against Buster's rear. Buster SCREAMS, crumbling to the ground. Todd breaks free; Charles lunges into the end zone behind him.

MATT

Touchdown!

The clock expires. A WHISTLE BLOWS. Charles gets up, spikes the ball, and points to the sky. The entire family surrounds Charles, lifting him on their shoulders. Even Kitty joins in the celebration. Richard and Buster protest to Matt, showing him their asses. FIREWORKS shoot out of the scoreboard.

INT. DINING ROOM - TURNER HOUSE - EVENING

Thanksgiving dinner. The atmosphere is lively. Tina scurries between the kitchen and dining room; bringing in the last necessities. Todd, Josh, Lucas, and Zach are all showered. Charles is still wearing his leather helmet.

TODD

(to Charles)

Looking good, pops! I knew you still had it.

Dazed, and missing one lens, Lucas squints at Charles.

CHARLES

Combies never quit, boy. Neither do I! But don't be foolish. It was you who won that game.

Tina sets a cold beer in front of Todd and smiles.

TODD

Why thank you, miss.

Todd admires Tina's butt as she leaves.

TODD

Make a brother wanna get a job!

CHARLES

(to Tina)

Where's my shit? I'm the one who scored the touchdown!

TINA (O.S.)

You know what the doctor said.

CHARLES

Damn doctors! First they stick their thumb in my butt and now I can't drink a beer?

The doorbell RINGS. Excited, Paige begins to get up, but stops when Todd beats her to it.

TODD

I'll get it, sugar britches. You rest that pretty little head.

Paige sneers.

FRONT DOOR - FOYER

Todd opens the door. Summer is wearing a tight shirt and blue jeans. Todd focuses on her chest.

TODD

Wow. I didn't think they'd, I mean YOU, would show. But I'm glad they sent you...two.

Summer frowns.

SUMMER

Some of us still have integrity.

Todd steps aside. Summer enters into the foyer.

TODD

(to himself)

Big words.

Noticing the animal heads mounted on the wall, Summer's face fills with sorrow. She presses her body and hands against the

wall beneath a Deer's head.

SUMMER

No. No! You belong to God. You
belong to God!

She begins to slide down the wall, seemingly about to faint.
Todd reaches under her arms, holding her up as she SOBS.

TODD

No, they belong to us. Shot them
last year. You hunt?

DINING ROOM

With everyone seated, Todd enters, still holding Summer up.
He drags Summer to her seat amidst palpable concern. Todd
heads back to his chair.

TINA

What happened? Is she OK?

PAIGE

What did you do?!

TODD

Nothing. I let her in and she
got all weak on me. I have that
effect on females.

Todd sits down. Summer composes herself, wiping her eyes.

PAIGE

Are you alright?

Summer acknowledges her.

TODD

(to Summer)

So, if you don't mind me asking,
how long have you been a
lesbian?

Embarrassed, Paige covers her eyes. Zach and Josh try not to
laugh. Summer stares at Todd, and then flips him off.

TODD

One year? Nice. You must be
pretty good at it by now.

Todd notices Tina glaring at him.

TODD

What! I'm a man, aren't I?

DWIGHT

(clears throat)

OK! Who wants to say grace?

Todd raises his hand. Paige rolls her eyes.

DWIGHT

Anyone?

(reluctant)

Todd, it's all yours.

Closing his eyes, Todd folds his hands. Everyone else follows suit, except Summer.

TODD

Dear Father...thank you for blessing this Republican family, this glorious day, and granting us a great victory over Communist aggression in the Texas panhandle. Thank you for giving my father the strength, despite his nuked nut and consequent erectile dysfunction, to father me and score the winning touchdown against the Viet Cong.

CHARLES

I appreciate that.

TODD

Thank you for Zach, despite blackmailing me for 15% of Patriotic Poon...

Everyone opens one eye to look at Zach. Zach recoils.

TODD

...who helped us in our struggle to eradicate cross dressing and tree hugging in our own neighborhood. Although I kind of liked the tree hugging.

Todd opens an eye, winking at Summer. She folds her arms, scowling back. Believing Todd to be finished, Josh reaches for food.

TODD

Thank you...for watching over our great military, defender of freedom, who has been burdened with killing as many terrorists

TODD (CONT'D)

as humanly possible, while pacifist Europe sleeps all day and drinks all of the world's beer supply.

(beat)

Fuckers!

Tina EXHALES; her irritation growing by the second.

TODD

And forgive me, for that thing I
got caught doing this morning,
and then again several hours
later. It will never happen
again! I promise. Amen.

At peace, Todd opens his eyes; everyone is staring at him.

TODD

Did I leave something out?

MOMENTS LATER

The family enjoys their food; except for a depressed Paige,
who picks at hers. Summer sits in silent discontent.

JOSH

This is good stuff, mom. Great
job.

TINA

Actually your father made it. He
dropped it in the fryer after I
caught him and your grandfather
hiding from me in the garage.

Tina leers at Dwight.

TODD

Whoever made it, I'm guessing
they didn't know this here
turkey was pregnant.

Summer's mouth drops in disgust. In the middle of taking a
drink, Dwight COUGHS. He wipes off his mouth.

DWIGHT

No, it's a duck inside of a
turkey. Turducken.

CHARLES

It's still not natural.

TODD

I thought bestiality was illegal
during the holidays.

CHARLES

It's that bloody ACLU! Teachers
can't even say Santa Clause
anymore, but a rabbit can hump a
chocolate Jesus on Christmas Eve
and they call it art.

Zach CHOKES on his food.

TINA

Eat up, Lucas. My baby needs his strength! I'm so proud of you!

Fighting delirium, Lucas tries to focus on Summer. His plate is empty; having never served himself any food.

TINA

Is there something else I can get you, Summer? Apple sauce, raisins, bible, breast reduction?

LUCAS

(raising fork)

She can sleep in my room. I like boobs.

Summer rolls her eyes.

SUMMER

No thanks. I'll be gone soon enough.

TODD

(to Summer)

Color me red, but something tells me you're a Hillary supporter.

SUMMER

And what if I am? You have a problem with that?

TODD

No. But I think there is something you should know.

SUMMER

What?

Todd looks around the room, as if to imply the obvious.

TODD

She's a Communist. Obama too.

Busy devouring their food, Charles and Dwight nod. Summer throws a roll and hits Todd between in the eyes.

SUMMER

A Communist? Do you even know what Communism is?

Hearing her remark, Charles begins to CHOKE.

SUMMER

It's an economic system, nothing

more. If anything, she is a socialist! She believes in compassion and helping those who can't help themselves.

Tina repeatedly SMACKS Charles on his back.

TODD

Oh...you mean taking away from me, to help Pablo who hates this country to begin with?

Todd butters the roll Summer threw at him.

TINA

That's right.

SUMMER

(to Todd)

How do you know he hates you? Did you ask him? Some people come here for a better life!

Banging the table, Charles finally clears his throat.

CHARLES

(struggling to speak)

It'll tell you what a Communist is! They got beady little eyes. They wait for you in the jungle when you're taking a leak. They shoot you in the sac when you're not looking. And then they take your shit!

Perturbed, Summer sits back in her chair.

TODD

(nonchalantly)

Just like Pablo.

PAIGE

No...SERIOUSLY...what's wrong with wanting to give everyone healthcare? It's not like we can't afford it. Aren't we the richest country in the world?

SILENCE. All eyes on Paige.

TINA

Paige!

PAIGE

What?

SUMMER

Exactly. Look how much money we

have wasted on that absurd war!

TODD

Operation Iraqi Freedom! Hoorah!

Pumping his fist in the air, Todd takes a gulp of beer.

DWIGHT

What's the point of liberating a country if you're not going to stick around to protect it?

SUMMER

Because hundreds of thousands of innocent Iraqis died, as well as 4000 of our troops!

Josh, lifting his fork to his mouth, hesitates.

JOSH

Actually, we lost more men in a single day of battle in the Civil War, than we did in Iraq.

Tina smiles at Josh.

TINA

That's my baby.

SUMMER

Great! So if you can't enslave a race, ruin another.

Sensing the growing tension, Zach rubs his head, clenching his teeth. Anger swelling, Summer points with her celery.

SUMMER

(to Todd)

So the fact that the rest of the world, including most of this country, believes that we caused the war, means nothing?

TODD

Nope. Not one squirt. Excuse my French.

SUMMER

And why is that?

TODD

(beat/smirks)

They're Communists.

Summer throws her arms up.

CHARLES

Damn skippy. The world is retarded.

Everyone, except Todd and Charles, recoils from the unattended inference of Charles' comment. Summer stares blankly. The doorbell RINGS.

PAIGE

I'll get it!

Paige heads for the door, exiting the room. Lucas attempts to take a drink, spilling water on himself several times.

SUMMER

Unbelievable.

Leaning back, Todd squints at Summer as he finishes chewing.

TODD

I don't think I trust someone
who doesn't eat meat.

A giddy Paige steps into the edge of the dining room.

PAIGE

Mom, dad...I want you to meet
someone very special. Say hello
to my boyfriend, Wes!

Holding hands, Paige pulls WES (24) out into the open. He is tall, clean cut, and most notably, African American. Todd's mouth drops, as does Tina's. Dwight and Charles simply stare, while Josh tries not to laugh at the irony. Lucas squints through his one good lens. A timid Wes nods and waves.

WES

Hello. Thanks for having me.
(beat/searching)
I heard you won your football
game...

Paige makes scolding eyes at everyone for their silence.

WES

...and that your Communist, gay
neighbors of 5 years have to
move. Good times.

Summer stands, smiles, and extends her hand.

SUMMER

Welcome, Wes. Pleasure to meet
you. I'm the lesbian neighbor.

Cringing, Wes makes his way to Summer, shaking her hand.

DWIGHT

(dazed)

Hi, Wes. Please, take a seat.

Dwight nudges Tina to speak.

TINA

Yes, please, take a seat.
There's plenty of food. Help
yourself.

Wes sits down, Paige beside him. Wes begins to serve himself;
the clanging of serving utensils the only noise in the room.

SUMMER

So, Wes...where are you from?

TODD

(lifting his drink)
I think I know the answer to
that one.

DWIGHT

Tell us, Wes...were you for or
against the Iraq war?

Paige puts her head in her hands.

CHARLES

Sweet tits over there hates
America.

Noticing Charles' leather helmet, Wes does a double take.
Summer shoots up, fork in hand.

SUMMER

That's it, old man! Keep it up
and you'll be wearing that
helmet the rest of your life!
And for the record, I don't hate
America, I hate hypocrisy. BIG
difference.

Summer sits back down.

WES

Uh...well...I was for the actual war
to oust Saddam, but I was
against the occupation.

Summer HUFFS in agreement.

WES

I think the U.N., who once
claimed their true concern was
for the Iraqi people, should
have provided the troops to
support the new government.
Instead they decided not to,
solely for the sake of spiting
us, and democracy in the
process.

His eyes locked on Wes, Todd rises.

TODD

Can I...

(takes a step)

...uh...you know?

Todd sticks his arms out, wanting a hug. Wes is at a loss. He makes his way over to Wes. Wes stands, looking down at Paige in fear, and awkwardly hugs Todd.

CHARLES

Jesus, why don't you just rub sticks and get it over with!

TINA

Charles!

TODD

(to Wes)

Thanks, man. That was beautiful.

Wiping his eye, Todd returns to his seat. Amused though baffled, Josh and Zach look at one another.

TODD

Alright. Now that we know one another, and you're practically family, what's your position on slave reparations?

Paige throws a roll and hits Todd between the eyes again. Astonished, Zach puts his hand over his eyes, peaking through his fingers. Summer shakes her head in disgust.

SUMMER

Hello? Caveman! Don't you have any tact?

TODD

What? Who better to answer than him, miss sunshine?

Paige prepares to throw another roll at Todd, when Wes lifts his hand to stop her.

WES

No, it's OK, really.

(to Todd)

I'm against it in practicality, but for it in principal.

TODD

Come again, Obama?

WES

There's no denying slavery existed, and that millions of

people suffered.

Wes takes a bite of his food.

SUMMER

That's right. Millions at hands
of the white man.

(points at Charles)

Just like him!

WES

But how does paying people
today...some who may have had ties
to slavery and many who do
not...equate to justice? Let's not
forget, a majority of Americans
did not own slaves.

His face wrought with contemplation, Todd butters his roll.

WES

Regardless, it's just not
feasible. Instead, I'd rather
see money invested in the forms
of scholarships, business
grants, and home loans.
Empowering future generations of
African Americans, not pandering
to guilt or profiteering, is the
best way to pay tribute to the
tribulations of your ancestors.

Paige smiles proudly, hugging Wes' arm.

PAIGE

Wes is getting his Master's
Degree in Political Science. He
graduates in December.

Todd shakes his finger in resolution.

TODD

You said pay.

(beat)

I'm taking it you're not a
Republican?

CHARLES

Sounds like Communism to me.

Enraged, Paige springs up; her arms flailing.

PAIGE

God! What is wrong with you
people?! I'm sick of this crap!
I hate this town, your stupid
football game, your ridiculous

politics...

(to Todd)

...your mullet! I even hate my name.

Near the point of collapse, Lucas tries to raise his hand.

LUCAS

Can I be excused?

TINA

(stunned/peevied)

Your name? What's wrong with your name!

PAIGE

Do you know how embarrassing it is to have the name Paige Turner? Do you have any idea?

Tina rises.

TINA

(points at Dwight)

Do you think I married him wanting to be Tina Turner?

TODD

You both do have smokin', hot legs.

TINA

He didn't even tell me his middle name was Ike until after the wedding!

DWIGHT

You never asked!

TINA

Talk about embarrassing!
(points to Charles)
You should have beat his ass!

SUMMER

Yeah...you should have!

Offended, Charles stands.

CHARLES

(to Tina)

What's wrong with Ike, goddamn it?

(to Summer)

And you shut up, Joan of Arc!

Dwight shoots up.

DWIGHT

Yeah, what's wrong with Ike?

TINA

(to Charles/Dwight)

It's outrageous! Who does that?

TINA

(to Paige)

But you know what, I live with it! That's what normal people do.

Absorbed by the conversation, Todd winks at Lucas. Lucas lifts his glass to his mouth in slow motion, and falls backwards. Todd, looking around to see if anyone noticed, shrugs his shoulders.

PAIGE

Normal? Are you serious? You call this normal? Look around! Your son hangs out with his loser, alcoholic uncle...

JOSH

(surprised/defensive)

What's wrong with that? He has free beer and porn!

TODD

(holding beer can)

Yeah, what's wrong with that?

PAIGE

(to Tina)

I'll tell you what's wrong!
(points to Todd)

PAIGE (CONT'D)

He can't stop whacking off to the flag...

(points to Charles)

...he can't stop talking about his balls...

(points to Dwight)

...and he has none!

SILENCE.

PAIGE

You know what? I'm glad I'm not a Republican!

Todd jumps to his feet.

TURNER FAMILY

(unison/astonished)

What?

PAIGE

(points to Wes)

And either is he!

TODD

(to Wes)

You lied to me! I bet you
founded ancestry.com too.

Befuddled, Wes lifts his hands.

WES

What? I'm an independent! I hate
the two party system! It's a
ruse.

CHARLES

I knew they were Communists!
And she converted them with her
communal, sap covered cleavage!

(points to Summer)

Didn't you, sweet tits!

SUMMER

Say goodnight, gramps!

Charles pops a Viagra into his mouth.

CHARLES

Come and get some! I'll shave
them pits!

Summer leaps onto the table, then onto Charles. They wrestle.
Josh and Zach HIGH-FIVE. Tina grabs Dwight and puts him in a
headlock. Josh and Zach HIGH-FIVE again.

TINA

You see what you've done? Our
only daughter is a Democrat. A
Democrat! Now I have to hurt
you!

Dwight SQUEALS in pain as Tina gives him an Indian burn.
Meanwhile, a crouched Paige is glaring at Todd.

PAIGE

You!

Rocking back and forth, Paige again hits Todd with a roll.

PAIGE

See what you've done? You've
ruined everything. You and your
stupid football game!

Paige hurls roll after roll.

TODD

(ducking/egging on)

Come on, little momma! Don't
hate the player, hate the name!

She springs onto the table.

PAIGE

No...I hate you...TARD!

Paige dives onto Todd, knocking him over. He YELPS in pain.

TODD (O.S.)

Not the dew!

BASEMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Freshly showered, Todd is in a bathrobe and slippers;
sprawled out on his sofa as he drinks a beer. Josh and Zach
quietly enter, walking over near Todd.

JOSH

You alright, big guy?

Todd looks at them.

TODD

Yeah, I'll live. That girl gives
one hell of a wedgie.

(beat)

She's OK, right?

Raising his eyebrows, Josh nods.

TODD

I didn't want to give her a
double titty twister, being

TODD (CONT'D)

family and all, but it does the
job.

MOANS can be heard from upstairs. Todd's eyes paint the
ceiling.

JOSH

Mom and Dad.

TODD

Nothing like make-up sex after
getting your ass kicked at
Thanksgiving dinner. It's about
time that boy took charge.

TINA (O.S.)

Take it! Take it like a man, you
pansy-ass paper pusher!

Josh rubs his hands over his face in embarrassment. Zach

tries not to laugh.

JOSH

Well, we better get going. We have to get Lucas to the hospital. He keeps falling down the stairs and asking the lamp for directions. Better to be safe than sorry.

They head for the door. Todd, holding a document, follows.

TODD

Hey guys...

Todd steps in front of them. They stop.

TODD

...great game today. You two really came through.

Josh nods in appreciation. Todd hands Zach a piece of paper.

TODD

There you go, brother. Just like I promised. You earned it.

Looking at it momentarily, Zach hands it back.

ZACH

Nah, you keep it. She's your baby. Besides...there can only ever be one Tard Turner.

TODD

Thanks. I appreciate that.

Josh and Todd exit. Todd takes a deep BREATH. At peace, he introspectively scans the basement. He walks over to his computer, setting his beer on the desk. The computer screen comes back on. Todd CLAPS. DARKNESS. A disco ball spins.

TODD

Time to go to work!

Just as he is about to sit, a KNOCK sounds from the backdoor.

TODD

What the...?

Todd CLAPS. LIGHTS. Pulling his robe tighter, Todd walks to the door and opens it. He is speechless.

KITTY

Hi, Tard! Mind if I come in?

Kitty enters, squeezing past a horrified Todd.

TODD

(nervously)

Uh...is there something...I can help you with?

KITTY

You played really good today, Tard. My dad wants to kill you.

Enamored with the detail, Kitty looks around the room.

KITTY

Wow...this place is awesome.

Kitty stops and stares at one of his Patriotic Poon posters.

KITTY

Who's this? She's beautiful!

Petrified, Todd scurries over and tries to stand between her and the poster.

TODD

Nothing. Nothing! You don't want to look at this. Really.

Kitty looks at Todd in confusion. SILENCE.

KITTY

You don't think people like me are sexual? That we don't like art?

TODD

(scrambling)

No! No! I'm sure uh...that...you love...such things. I just didn't

TODD (CONT'D)

want you to think I was a perv. Or something like that.

Kitty waves her hand at him playfully.

KITTY

Silly man. Why would I think that? You're so funny!

Spotting the TV, she heads towards the entertainment center.

KITTY

Want to watch a movie, Tard?

Todd pulls his robe over his chest even tighter.

TODD

A movie?

Kitty starts to thumb through his DVDs.

KITTY

I just love movies, don't you?

(beat)

Who's Jenna Jameson?

Terrified, he sprints over to Kitty, snatching the DVD.

TODD

You don't want that...it's foreign! You really wouldn't like it. Lots of farting and burping. It's pretty raunchy.

Kitty makes a confused expression.

TODD

Here...look at these. They're much better. Much, much better.

Todd shows her a shelf marked, "For The Ladies". Kitty looks through the movies. Her excitement grows.

KITTY

Wow! Dirty Dancing...Pretty Woman...Ghost. You even have The Notebook! Aw!

Kitty gazes at Todd tenderly.

KITTY

Can we watch it? Pretty, pretty, pretty please! I'll be good. I promise!

Trying not to offend her, Todd struggles to speak.

TODD

Um, sure, why not.

Kitty jumps up and down.

TODD

I'll be right back, OK?

KITTY

OK! But hurry back, Tard! I might miss you!

Todd flees to - -

THE BATHROOM

The door SLAMS. Todd paces back and forth.

TODD

Oh, God! Oh, God! The devil is comin' for me and I haven't even seen Sarah Palin naked.

He stops and looks into the mirror. After a few moments of contemplation, Todd smiles.

TODD

That's it, that's it! I'm a gay.
A gay Republican! Thank you
Doogie Houser.

BASEMENT

A confident Todd emerges from the bathroom. He freezes in his tracks. Kitty, wearing nothing but one of his t-shirts - and standing with her legs sexily crossed - CRACKS open a beer.

KITTY

I changed my mind. Let's watch
the porn!

TODD

(astonished)

Uh, I'm a, I'm a...oh screw it.

INT. KITCHEN - TURNER HOUSE - MORNING

Making coffee, Tina HUMS. She winks at Dwight, who is eating a piece of toast. He winks back. A weary Paige walks in wearing pajamas.

TINA

Hi, honey! How are you this
morning?

PAIGE

(rubbing breast)

Traumatized.

TINA

There's some orange juice in the
fridge.

Tina walks over to Dwight and hands him a cup of coffee. Paige opens the fridge, grabbing the juice. Charles, still wearing his leather helmet, enters holding his head.

CHARLES

(muttering to self)

Lesbians.

PAIGE

(pouring juice)

Hi, Grandpa.

CHARLES

Mornin', Hillary.

Charles leans against the counter, rubbing his eyes as he rummages through one of the cupboards.

CHARLES

Anyone see the peanut butter?

Todd, wearing a robe and slippers - his hair swirled with

peanut butter - enters. Charles does a double take. Everyone stares.

TODD

I got some good news...
(clears throat)
and some potentially great news.

TINA

OKAY...what's the good news?

Kitty, her hair also swirled with peanut butter, emerges from the hallway and puts her arm around Todd. Tina drops her cup of coffee. It SHATTERS. Dwight drops his coffee; Paige her juice. Charles' jaw drops.

KITTY

I'm getting married...
(beat/smiles)
...to Tard!

Charles free falls to the floor.

PAIGE

And the GREAT news?

TODD

I got a job...

Paige faints.

TODD

At the liquor store!

Tina faints. Todd smiles at Kitty and hugs her tightly. Dwight winks at Todd and gives him a thumbs-up.