

"DOWN WITH DAD!"

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHERRY STREET - DAY

Perfect day. Clear blue, not a cloud in the sky. Classic middle-class neighborhood. Apple-pie land. Lawnmowers BUZZ... nozzles splash suds off shiny cars...

A MAN throws a baseball with his 7 year-old son, who chucks it back, way over his Pop's head, who runs after it toward...

ANOTHER MAN racing behind his DAUGHTER'S bicycle, as she zig-zags off on her first solo, and...

A white, old Taurus cruises ever so slowly up the street, until it's right on top of us.

INT. DAVE'S CAR/MOVING - CONTINUOUS

LINCOLN MCNABB, 15, average-looking kid, pimples, longish sandy-red hair, at the wheel. One seat over, dad, DAVE MCNABB, 39, thinning, sandy red hair, driver's training manual in his hands.

DAVE

You're not quite 10 and 2 yet.

Lincoln slips his hands lower, more like 9 and 3.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Wrong way. Up, son. C'mon, up.

"Baby's Daddy's Daddy Sometime" comes on the radio. Lincoln reaches over, CRANKS IT UP! Dave switches off the radio.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Distraction is effort's fiercest foe. You know that.

Lincoln eyes Dave with disdain... turns back to the road ahead, spots a blue BMW roadster heading their way.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Give'em room, son.

Lincoln doesn't budge... Dave grabs the wheel, guides it his way. BMW cruises by... Lincoln peers out his window in time to catch KIRSTEN DREESEN, 16, a blonde hottie, who flips him off. Passenger TY BALSTROM, 16, stands up and drops trou...

DAVE (CONT'D)  
My god, that boy just...

Dave leans out the window. Lincoln stops the car.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
That's not right, young man!

Ty wheels and shows Dave the front end, as well.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
My god.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
There's one thing every 15 year-old  
hates more than his own life -- his  
father's life.

Lincoln climbs out of the car, slams the door and walks off. Dave climbs back in the driver's side, backs the car up slowly, following Lincoln, all the way to

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The McNabb abode, a picture-perfect middle class home, where Lincoln lingers at the front door just long enough to watch Dave's Taurus back up and into the driveway, right beside a pink Regal. Dave jumps out, enjoys a parking job well done.

INT. LINCOLN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Lincoln stares at his reflection in the mirror, nails a zit.

DAVE (O.S.)  
We're leaving, son. Ready?

LINCOLN  
Um. I'll take my bike. Hook up  
with you there.

He splashes water on his face, looks up, Dave's reflection now appears in Lincoln's mirror.

DAVE (IN MIRROR)  
10-4, good buddy. Ceremony starts  
in 30 minutes.

Lincoln uses a towel and wipes Dave image away.

LINCOLN  
Uh-huh.

As Lincoln stares at himself in the mirror:

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

So, here we go, another year of hearing more crap like, "Goodness comes by practice, not nature" or "perfection is the child of time". Check this one out: "A stumble be not a fall when we watch our step."

He scrutinizes his face, spots another potential zit, gets to work on it.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS - DAY

LINCOLN (V.O.)

And his personal favorite, and I'm talking, this would even make Ned Flanders blow chunks -- "In just one of us, there is all of us."

Lincoln, ball cap on sideways/backwards, glides along on his old ten speed bicycle, through good old Fillmore Springs. Past Elkart Drugs, and the giant Elk on top of the building, showing off his protruding, healthy heart,

past Montross Chicken (Giant Chicken), Balboni's Barbbery, Tate Insurance, all in a strip mall near the drug store,

past Subs-to-Go, a drive-through sub shop shaped like a hoagie... and the Pin Stripes Bowling Alley, the towering-spiral of Faith in God Church and into

CENTRAL PARK. Lincoln stops at the memorial fountain gushing three streams of water around the statue of Millard Fillmore. Birds struggle for a drink, but spitting geysers of spring water drain away too quickly.

Three words etched into its base: "Faith-Honor-Compassion"

Lincoln, hidden by the fountain, gazes up to the bandstand draped in Founders' Day and Man of the Year banners.

MAYOR BENTWOOD, 45, frumpy dress, bone thin, at the mic, peers out into the audience. Camera phones recording the wondrous event.

MAYOR BENTWOOD

He's our neighbor, pharmacist, philanthropist, and most of all, this town's moral compass. We all know him, we all love him, Fillmore Springs' now 3-time Man of the Year -  
- Dave McNabb!

Dave humbly accepts a shiny trophy from the Mayor, who hugs him. He lifts his trophy to an APPLAUDING crowd.

BOB MONTROSS, 45, brawny gent wearing a golf shirt with a chicken where a Polo horse might be, yells out.

BOB  
Speech! Say something, Buddy!

Dave steps to the microphone, humbly reticent.

DAVE  
Well, Bob, this is for all of us,  
all of us Fillmoreians because... in  
just one of us --

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
Okay, this is where I cut out.

While Dave goes on in the bg, Lincoln pedals away and past some transients being hustled out of the park by local cops.

He pedals along toward the high school and beyond, humps it toward a fork in the road, one way to the interstate, the other -- Buckthorn Street District.

He bounces over some railroad tracks, glides along into the Buckthorn Street district and through this rather old and dumpy part of FS, mostly occupied by the less fortunate Fillmoreians.

Lincoln watches a vagrant poking through a city trash can, and nearly falling in, knocking the can over. It rolls out into Lincoln's path, and he pedals around it and on toward the huge building looming in the distance.

As he approaches, we can make it out, a Big K-Mart.

INT. DAVE'S DEN - NIGHT

Dave sets his trophy on a shelf right beside two others, below a portrait of his father Les McNabb. Dave picks up his miniature dachshund Zippy, shows him the trophy.

INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln's walls are a mass of bad-ass rocker/rapper posters (definitely Dr. Dred) covering old sports posters.

TAGGER GRAFFITO ON THE WALL: "PIECE NOT WAR!" (sic)

Clothing is strewn everywhere, as are magazines, skateboards, and local fast food vendor remnants. A five-finger blow up chair, all fingers tied down but the middle one.

On a cluttered desk, a Mac computer, inverted smiley-face stickers all over it, where Lincoln sits, headphones on, typing away on his keyboard, giggling, as words fly back at him on the screen.

ON SCREEN: "When ru getting a phone, tard?"

Lincoln types back: "Soon. Douche."

ON SCREEN: "You know what year it is? LMFAO"

INT. DAVE'S DEN - NIGHT

Dave stares into Les's gloomy gaze. PARTY SOUNDS in the bg.

CINDY, 36, pretty-for-Dave, perky brunette, walks in, a mischievous swagger in her step.

CINDY

He'd be proud of you, handsome.

DAVE

Oh, hi, Cin, yeah, well, maybe.  
Seen Lincoln? He never made it  
today.

Cindy sets down her wine glass, approaches Dave, whose eyes are back on Les's photo, which he adjusts.

CINDY

Sure he did.

DAVE

(re Les's photo)  
How's it look like he's hanging to  
you?

CINDY

(nuzzles Dave's neck)  
Little to the left. Runs in the  
family.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

So, what's this? Private party?

FRANKIE AXELROD, 43, abrasive, crude, comb-over, buzzes in on a Lear cart, plate in his lap brimming with food, covered by plastic wrap. Frankie's face, arms, and legs are swollen to near grotesque proportions. Speech off.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Davey, Texas Hold'em, guys only, my  
place, now. Girls wanna do their  
makeup crapola.

CINDY  
(to Dave)  
You don't mind, do you?

Cindy pecks him on the cheek, exits. Frankie fixates on Cindy's ass. Dave doesn't notice.

FRANKIE  
Super party, big Dave, super duper.  
So, hot shot Man of the Year again.  
B-F-D. Hell, you get my vote for  
next year, too, based on Cindy's  
spread alone.

DAVE  
Thanks, Frankie. How's the  
swelling?

FRANKIE  
Doc says I'm peaking.

DAVE  
Tough deal.

FRANKIE  
Occupational hazard. If it's not  
the damned dogs, snakes and fire  
ants, it's the fuckin' wasps.

Zippy growls lowly.

DAVE  
Shh, Zippy. Frankie, do me a favor,  
huh?

FRANKIE  
Name it, Chief.

DAVE  
We don't use the F word in this  
house.

FRANKIE  
Yeah? I heard it was only the F  
verb.

Frankie cackles, scoots off.

INT. AXELROD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

COUNTRY TUNES play on a horrible sound system. Dave, Frankie, Bob, FLOYD TATE, 40's, glasses, bad rug, and STU BALBONI, 38, fit, manicured brows, perfect hair cut, sit around a card table.

Logan deals a hand of poker, as Stu sets out shots, sticks one in Frankie's hand.

FRANKIE

Here's to cum in their eyes and meat  
in their pies, butt munchers!

Stu lifts Frankie's arm, so he can take a slug. Half of it drizzles down his chin.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Son-of-a --

Stu dabs him off, gestures for the others to drink quickly. They all do, except for Dave.

DAVE

None for me, guys. Not on a  
weeknight.

BOB

It's Friday!

FLOYD

First, we gotta play 25 cent limit,  
now you imply we're a bunch of  
drunks. F-you very much.

Floyd throws another one down.

DAVE

I didn't imply anything, Floyd.

FLOYD

(under his breath)  
Man of the Year, my ass.

STU

Flo-bee, if I didn't know better I'd  
say you were a tad jealous.

(Floyd grumbles)

Now, David, whadda ya think the gals  
are doing over there, filing their  
nails? I don't think so!

(flicks Dave's bangs back)

B-T-W, you need a trim. Stop in.

DAVE

Will do, Stu.

Floyd pushes Dave's glass closer.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What about the kids?



FRANKIE

Shittin' me? Those kids? All they care about's texting and video games.

INT. SAM'S GAME ROOM/UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

SAM AXELROD, 13, pudgy, sex uncertain, hair close-cropped, sleeves rolled up, and CHARLES TATE, 15, overweight, glasses, are logged onto a Russian Live Chat website. They share a joint. Gangsta RAP MUSIC plays.

SAM

Your homemade cigarettes suck, man.

CHARLES

Think Bowser likes 'em.

Bowser, dog, is passed out beside them, front paws sticking straight up, a mutt in upside-down flight.

INT. AXELROD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Card game continues. Tim McGraw wails: "Grown Men Don't Cry" or similar.

ON STAIRCASE IN BG: Lincoln sits on the middle step, peers out through the railing, watches the "adults" act very un-adult.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

How do any of them go a whole day without just killing themselves...

He tiptoes for the door, makes his escape...

EXT. AXELROD FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Lincoln, under the street lamp, hands shoved in his pockets, crosses from the filth and overgrowth of the Axelrod yard to the neatly-manicured McNabb yard. He stares out at his home.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Motown MUSIC BLARES. Chips, dip, finger foods. The gals are all in pj's. Banners: "Congratulations, Dave -- again!" Under one banner sits MISSY AXELROD, 15, braces, chubby, resists every dab of Cindy's makeup application.

CINDY

Wait 'til you feel this olive oil toner, young lady. Cleanse, tone, moisturize. All three for healthy skin.

MISSY

Hurry up, okay? It smells like crap.

SHARLENE Axelrod, 38, sexy, teased, country-bar hair, enters with several bottles of beer, hands one to Missy, the other to ILSA, 32, tall, busty blonde, Czech accent, tight T and PJ bottoms, setting out a "Twister" board.

Last beer goes to ABBY TATE, 40's, rosy, cherub cheeks, wide-ette, who sits cross-legged on the floor, amidst Cindy's makeup.

SHARLENE

Relax, Miss Missy. Let Cindy make you look as good as mommy.

ABBY

This Raging Rose is to die for, huh, gals?

All observe Abby, who puckers up.

SHARLENE

Yeah, if you wanna die a hooker.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln enters from side door, moves to the swinging door leading to the living room, overhears the MUSIC, the ladies, cracks open the door, observes.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharlene circles Missy, beer in one hand, cigarette in the other, scrutinizing Cindy's technique.

SHARLENE

I swear this one's gonna be a genuine heartbreaker. Tell me she don't look just like a fat-faced Carlize Theron.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln continues to spy...

CHARLES (O.S.)

McScab!

Lincoln whips around, shoves a hand over the obviously stoned Charles' mouth, and allows him to "peek." They whisper.

BOY'S POV:

Missy's receiving her finishing touches from Cindy.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Wow, is that Missy Axelrod? She's almost... hot.

LINCOLN

Almost. Who's the blonde?

CHARLES

New mom. Moved in next door to moi. Major milf, eh?

LINCOLN

Perv.  
(looks again)  
She's a mom?

CHARLES

Yeah, perv.

Charles continues to ogle, as Lincoln scales a kitchen cabinet, reaches up high to snare a big stoneware jar.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What's that?

Lincoln SHUSHES Charles, squeezes his hand inside, pulls out some cash, shoves some back inside, puts the jar back.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cindy reveals Missy's new face, smeared mascara and all.

ILSA

You look very fabulous.

She hands Missy a mirror, shows her. Missy almost buys it... almost. Sharlene rises.

SHARLENE

A toast for my baby girl. May you always have cum in your eye and meat in your pie!

The other ladies are taken aback a bit, but drink up, nonetheless. Sharlene cackles.

DISSOLVE TO:

MCNABB LIVING ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

Lincoln strolls through, a mini-dv cam aimed at the pile of womanly bodies sprawled about the living room, asleep, SNORING, legs tangled, bodies twisted atop the Twister Game.

WE CLOSE ON LINCOLN'S POINTER FINGER as it zooms in.

LCD MONITOR: ON THE COMELY ILSA AND HER PROTRUDING BREASTS.

INT. LINCOLN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln props the video camera up on the back of the toilet, tilts the LCD, dashes over to listen at the door.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

No lock on a bathroom door? What's that about, right? It's about the old man doesn't believe in locks inside houses. A family separated is a family divided. Hello. That's the point.

Lincoln wedges a towel underneath the door, grabs a bottle of Beauty by Design Body Lotion, switches off the light, tiptoes back to the toilet, sits on the side of the tub.

INT. MCNABB HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave's at the foot of the stairs. He looks up to Ilsa.

ILSA

Mr. McNabb, I need someplace for to pee.

INT. MCNABB HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ilsa's a bit woozy, and she leans on Dave, who's also a little tipsy. He leads her to a door.

Dave glances down at her ample two, reaches for the doorknob, turns it quietly, leans into the door, pushes...

INT. LINCOLN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

There stands Lincoln, eyes closed, hand downstairs.

DAVE

Lincoln?

Ilsa smiles wide. Lincoln SCREAMS. Dave SCREAMS.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - DAY

Dave's perched atop an extension ladder leaning against the side of his two-story house.

DAVE

Last night'll be our little secret, okay, Lincoln? You'll outgrow that.

Lincoln at the ladder's base, glares up at Dave, then down to where his sneaker toe's digging away the ladder's footing.

Tool belt on, Dave maneuvers his brand spanking new 18" satellite dish.

Ladder jostles. Dave nearly loses his balance, recovers, looks down at Lincoln, whose foot hides the hole. Lincoln gazes down at the hole, pictures...

INSERT SHOT:

The ladder gives way. Dave McNabb goes flying ground-bound with a THUD, the dish following close behind.

BACK TO SCENE:

Lincoln reluctantly kicks some dirt back into the hole.

NEXT DOOR, Sharlene, smoking a cig, breasts nearly out of Frankie's Pest Busters work shirt, pads out onto her overgrown lawn, yard sale crap out everywhere, looks around. Bowser follows, as does Missy.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Hiya, Sharlene! Missy!

Missy and Lincoln lock eyes. Repulsion from Lincoln. Missy smiles -- a mouthful of metal.

SHARLENE  
Morning, fearless-man-of-the-year-leader. We're proud of you!

DAVE  
Thanks, Sharlene. Great honor.

SHARLENE  
Guess we gotta give Lincoln a big hand, too, huh, hon? Real big.

Lincoln's head whips toward Sharlene, shock, horror in his eyes. The Axelrod's PHONE rings inside. Sharlene slaps Missy's butt.

SHARLENE (CONT'D)  
Hustle it up, now, pudge. And no pit-stops at the fridge. Get.

Missy trips over junk, picks herself up and waddles away.

Lincoln avoids eye contact with Sharlene.

DAVE

Oh, we'll take care of the yard for you. Frankie's swelling and all. Sam's probably swamped with the paper route.

SHARLENE

David McNabb, you're a gem. Sure wish some of you would rub off on Frankie.

DAVE

A man's character is his fate, Sharlene.

SHARLENE

(thinks, then)  
Isn't it, though?

LINCOLN

Can I go?

Dave, left-handed, squeaks off the last turn on the lag bolt, drops his socket wrench into his tool pouch, steers the dish toward a clear patch of wild blue yonder, checks his watch.

DAVE

Box says it's a four hour job. We did 'er in exactly three twenty. Plus we saved fifty bucks. How about that?

LINCOLN

Can I please go now?

Dave descends to terra firma.

DAVE

One small step for Dave, one giant leap for TV reception.

Sam pedals by on her mountain bike, tossing the last two newspapers to Dave's front steps and her parents' lawn. Lincoln spots Ilsa jogging down the street.

LINCOLN

Can I GO!?

DAVE

What's the hurry?

Lincoln stares back at Ilsa, who jogs closer, closer.

Dave grabs the boy by the shoulder, gazes up at his new dish, then over to a neighbor's house, notices...

MR. AGOSTINI, old, scary, staring down at them from his upstairs window. The shade draws down instantly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Let's tape some old-timey movies for Mr. Agostini. You can bring 'em over.

LINCOLN

Uh-uh. No way. Not me.

DAVE

He's all alone now, Lincoln, and he doesn't even have basic cable service. Remember, do good things, good things happen.

But with Ilsa moving closer, Lincoln dashes off. Cindy stands on the front porch, lemonade glass in each hand.

LINCOLN

All that old grump does is rank on me.

DAVE

C'mon, he's not a grump.

CINDY

Sure he is.

Cindy hands Lincoln a glass, winks, as he heads inside.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

I think my mom's pretty cool. At least she's semi-normal. For being one of us, anyway. And don't say anything about her makeup. She sells the stuff, okay? So she experiments. Like a lot.

The fabulous Ilsa jogs by, striding, bouncing perfectly. She waves. Dave ogles. Cindy notices.

CINDY

Where does she get the time to jog with two young kids?

Dave can only admire. Cindy dumps his lemonade in a plant.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lincoln aims a remote at the TV.

## INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - DAY

Dave putters around, putting tools away, hums to The Beatles "The End", straightens another picture of Les McNabb, hanging over his bench. Les wears a wife-beater, hammer in one hand, chisel in the other.

This place is in "The Guinness Book" for organization. Tools all neatly hung. Table saw, lathe, band saw, bench, all pristine. Boy Scout gear: flags, camping poles/tents, plywood rack of knotting ropes.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

If you got to pick your own heaven,  
my father would pick his garage. I  
think that's where he tried to bond  
with his old man or something when  
he was a kid...

Dave grabs his hammer, tape, pencil, assumes the Les pose.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

... before grandpa Les offed himself  
with fumes from his '75 Buick  
Riviera. I'm not allowed in there.  
Apparently, I don't know the value  
of organization and an uncluttered  
workplace. Thank you.

Dave pulls open a clear, plastic slide drawer on an old, green organizer, but the drawer pulls out in his hand.

Dave drops a couple of lag bolts into the narrow drawer, hesitates before putting it back in its slot, notices a price sticker on the back which reads -- "\$3.99." He stares up at the picture of his father, remembers...

## INT. K-MART - DAY - FLASHBACK

It's 25 years ago, and DAVE AT 14, turns the shiny, new organizer on the shelf so he can see the price, which is on the back of a drawer. Last one, no box. Above, a sign reads: "Don't forget Dad on Father's Day."

Young Dave eyes a sticker that reads, "\$12.99." He pulls out his trusty buckskin wallet -- just a fiver. Young Dave shrugs, walks away, but stops short when he spots a paint brush display rack. Multi-packs... only \$3.99.

## INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Dave hustles through, organizer drawer in one hand, not even noticing Lincoln watching some pretty racy stuff on TV.



INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave sits on the edge of his bed, the organizer drawer in his hand. Cindy totes a loaded laundry basket, struggles to get by him, notes the plastic drawer.

CINDY

No thanks, I got it. What's that?

DAVE

A big, black hole in my past.

CINDY

(dumps the basket)  
Didn't know they came in plastic.

DAVE

If you did something wrong... even if it was a long time ago, you should make it right, right?

CINDY

We talking about the me you or the you you?

DAVE

Look, it's common knowledge we've got no role models left for kids. Who gives a hoot about honesty or integrity anymore?

CINDY

A hoot?

DAVE (CONT'D)

Nobody. That's who. Everybody's out for himself. What's in it for number one? What can I get?

CINDY

You can get me that sock.

Cindy gestures behind him. Dave hands over the sock.

DAVE

I'm constantly on Lincoln's case about doing the right thing, taking the righteous path, good things come to people who do good things.

She shrugs. Dave grabs a pair of his salmon boxers, folds them precisely, hands them to her.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm a Scoutmaster, for Pete's sake.  
Three time man of the year. It's  
time I put up or shut up.

CINDY

Don't like the sound of that.

INT. BIG K-MART - CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK - DAY

Dave, empty, cleaned-up organizer under his arm, Cindy,  
upper lip glossed in canyon red, lower in summer shimmer,  
and a reluctant Lincoln, cap on backward, stand in line.

LINCOLN

(chomping bubble gum)  
I still don't know why I had to  
come. What if somebody sees me here  
with you guys? What's the point,  
anyhow?

CINDY

Your father's teaching you a life  
lesson, sweetie. Bear with him.

LINCOLN

While we're here can I get a phone?  
I'm like the only kid in school  
without one. It's embarrassing.

DAVE

The point is, "two roads diverged in  
a wood, and I took the one less  
traveled by, and that has made all  
the -- "

CUSTOMER SERVICE GIRL

Next!  
(off a form)  
Fill this out.  
(eyes the organizer)  
You're returning this?

DAVE

No, actually, I bought it awhile  
back...

CUSTOMER SERVICE GIRL

Really. Looks brand new to me.

DAVE

Well, I try to... Oh. Right.  
Look, I switched the sticker on it  
so I could pay less...

CUSTOMER SERVICE GIRL  
You switched stickers?  
(leans into her mic)  
Manager to customer service. Code  
11.

DAVE  
What's... a, um, code 11?

CUSTOMER SERVICE GIRL  
Sticker switcher alert. Don't...  
move.

LINCOLN  
So busted.

DAVE  
Huh? No, this is --

MR. O, black, 47, hulking, looms over the counter.

CUSTOMER SERVICE GIRL  
He switched stickers, Mister O.

MR. O  
He did? Can't be. Not possible  
anymore.

DAVE  
It was over 25 years ago.

MR. O  
25... and you're bringing it back,  
switched?

DAVE  
No, no, no. See, I --

Dave looks around. A small crowd has gathered. Dave  
gestures for Mr. O to lean closer.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Look, you have any kids... of your  
own?  
(off Mr. O's nod)  
Okay, so, what I've tried to do here  
is teach my son an important life  
lesson.

Mr. O looks past Dave to Lincoln, his huge brown eyes  
grinding down to b-b size. Lincoln turns his ball cap  
around and pulls the bill way down.

MR. O  
That your boy? Looks familiar.

DAVE  
Well, you know, kids these days.  
But, anyway, back to me. All I want  
to do here is pay the difference.  
What I should have paid 25 years  
ago. See, I wanted this thing, for  
my dad, so I just--

MR. O  
Switched the sticker.

DAVE  
Yes. Yes I did.

MR. O  
That's shoplifting!

The crowd murmurs.

DAVE  
But 25 years ago. There must be  
some statute of lim --

MR. O  
Still.

DAVE  
Hmmm? What? "Still"?

MR. O  
I still gotta get security involved.  
(leans into the mic)  
Butch, Customer Service.  
(back to Dave)  
Come with me, please.

DAVE  
Butch? Why Butch? What... now?

MR. O  
Right now.

Dave, sunken shoulders, hands the organizer to Cindy, who  
pats his hair back and takes it.

MR. O (CONT'D)  
I'll need that.

CINDY  
Look, he was trying to do something  
good and you're turning it around.

A minor tussle begins over the organizer.

MR. O  
Ma'am, please.

DAVE  
It's okay, Cin.

LINCOLN  
I'm gonna walk home now. It should  
only take about six hours.

Cindy shoots Lincoln a "you're not going anywhere" glare.

A badged BUTCH THE SECURITY MAN steps up behind Dave...  
takes him by the elbow, levels an eye at Lincoln.

Mr. O relieves Cindy of the organizer, turns to the crowd.

MR. O  
It's all over here, folks. Enjoy  
your Big-K shopping day and  
remember: crime does not pay, no  
matter where or when.

The small crowd holds fast. Mr. O sighs, turns to go.

MR. O (CONT'D)  
(to Cindy)  
Ma'am, why don't you and your boy  
have a seat, and I'll get back to  
you soon as this is all sorted out.  
Are your lips two different colors?

CINDY  
Uh-huh. Which do you like?  
(puckers)  
Canyon Red, top; Summer Shimmer,  
bottom?

DAVE	MR. O
Cindy, please, honey.	Bottom. Definitely.

CINDY  
Thank you. It's demi-matte. Only  
4.95.

MR. O  
No kidding. Huh. Well...

Cindy smiles, as Butch hustles Dave off. Mr. O follows.

Cindy plops down into a plastic contour chair beside  
Lincoln, who checks out the sale posters.

LINCOLN  
Gonna go shop.

CINDY  
He did this for you, Lincoln.

LINCOLN  
Yeah, I know. Do good things, blah-  
blah.  
(pops a huge bubble)  
This didn't turn out so good.

INT. MR. O'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. O steps out of a tiny closet in his office marked  
"Video Surveillance." He waves a VIDEO TAPE at Dave.

DAVE  
You've got me on tape from 25 years  
ago?

MR. O  
Please. Just sit back and watch,  
sir.

Mr. O sits behind his desk, pops the tape into the tv/vcr  
combo beside him, hits "play."

Dave focuses ON TV SCREEN: Black and white footage of the  
store's electronics department. Racks of Video Tapes, C-  
Ds. A Young Black Man thumbs through a section of rap  
music.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Wow... is he a... shoplifter?

MR. O (O.S.)  
No, not him. Him.

Lincoln walks into the shot, slides up next to Black Man.

DAVE (O.S.)  
What?!

Lincoln quickly reaches into the stack of C-Ds, grabs one,  
jams it down into his shorts.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No...

The Black Man walks away but fast. Butch runs off after  
him.

WE PUSH INTO AND THROUGH THE B/W TO THE REAL THING.

INSERT SHOT:

Butch skids around a corner, flies out, tackles the Black Man, bends his arms up behind him, pushes him down an aisle, making a real show of it. While Lincoln loads up on C-Ds.

BACK TO SCENE:

Mr. O's hand reaches across the screen, which goes black.

Dave's crestfallen. A sign on the desk between them reads, "Mr. Osmussen, Manager". Butch stands in the doorway.

BUTCH THE SECURITY MAN

I went after the wrong guy. No big deal.

(Mr. O glares at him)

Should I go pick up the kid, sir?

DAVE

Please, don't.

MR. O

(to Butch)

Just get back to work.

(as Butch exits)

I knew I recognized that boy of yours.

DAVE

When?

MR. O

Yesterday.

DAVE

You're sure he didn't put them back or leave 'em in the store somewhere? He's not a bad kid.

MR. O

Whoa, whoa, whoa there. Just a minute.

Mr. O makes his way to a corner of the room, where a full-size camcorder is set up on a tripod. He pulls the tape out of the tv/vcr, pulls out a pen.

MR. O (CONT'D)

Last name?

DAVE

McNabb.

O writes on the tape's edge, fumbles with it, jams it in the camera, aims it Dave's way. He takes his seat again, Dave gawking in the camera's direction.

MR. O

Company policy. All office discussions on shoplifting, sexual harassment, what have you, we gotta tape it. Any questions?

(Dave shakes "no")

Good. Now, the following C-Ds came up missing: Doctor Dred, Cult Peeps, Enema, make that Eminem, few others. You're his father. You make him bring 'em back.

AS THE CAMCORDER RECORDS...

MR. O (CONT'D)

Company policy calls for prosecution on something like this.

DAVE

I'll pay for what he did. I just... wouldn't want to embarrass the boy. This isn't what I expected.

MR. O

Never is, Mr. McNabb.

DAVE

He's, he's just a boy.

MR. O

Sir, did you know that twenty-five per cent of everything stolen from stores nationwide leaves in the hands of kids aged 13 to 17?

DAVE

Teaching him a life lesson...

Mr. O glances up at the cheesy, framed, family photo on the wall. The O's, mom, dad, three goofy-looking boys.

MR. O

(into his intercom)

Butch, office. Butch, office.

Butch ducks his head right in, like he never left.



INT. BIG K-MART - ENTRANCE AREA - DAY

Lincoln dances without a care as he tries to finagle just the right plastic egg, the one with a big blue ring in it, to drop down the chute hole of a 50 cent machine. Egg in his hand now, he notices, through the machine:

TRUDY, 16, buxom, not so attractive, and TRUDY'S MOM in the Pharmacy area. Trudy's Mom waves, heads for Cindy.

Trudy picks up a box of Band-Aids, as Lincoln strolls up, twirling his cap in his hands.

LINCOLN

'Sup?

They watch Trudy's Mom and Cindy, who shows off her lips.

TRUDY

God, look at them. So freaking scary.

LINCOLN

Tell me about it. How's bowling?

TRUDY

Okay. I had a 710 series last week. You should let me teach you some time.

LINCOLN

Yeah?

TRUDY

Yeah, it's gonna be a total retro fad soon.

LINCOLN

Cool.

TRUDY

I got this blister...

She shows him her middle finger, takes it, inserts it deep into her mouth. Lincoln gulps. Trudy pulls a Band-Aid out of the box, unwraps it, applies it to her blister, sets the box back on the shelf.

Trudy's cell phone CHIRPS. She eyes her Mom, who's on her cell. She declines the call.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

Want my number?

Lincoln simply stares at her. Trudy giggles and walks off.  
Lincoln, awestruck, watches.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
I mean Trudy Manos wasn't exactly a  
babe or anything. But those cans.  
And that finger thing was like a  
total bonus.

Lincoln's yanked right out of the frame, dragged away by  
Butch, while Cindy blabs on with Trudy's Mom.

INT. MR. O'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave at the door, clutches his organizer... Lincoln at the  
desk across from Mr. O.

LINCOLN  
Did not.

MR. O  
Did too. Now, your pop here did a  
good thing.

LINCOLN  
What, snitch me out?

A beat. Mr. O taps his finger on his desk.

MR. O  
Know what? I'm gonna leave you two  
to talk.  
(exits)

DAVE  
We're gonna keep this between us.  
Your mother's not to know. You will  
return the albums.

LINCOLN  
C-Ds.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
So, you do know what he's talking  
about?

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Uh. Um. Okay, if I had any of his  
C-Ds, I'd bring 'em back. But - I -  
don't. And if I had an Ipod or a  
cell phone like normal kids, I  
wouldn't even be here. Would I?

Dave pukes into O's wastebasket.

EXT. BUCKTHORN STREET AREA - DAY

Dave's Taurus tools through, BEEPS at and slows for a black BUM, who staggers across the street, banging into the front of the Taurus as he does.

INT. DAVE'S CAR/MOVING - DAY - LATER

Dave, mumbles to himself, drives on, stares straight ahead. Cindy eyes the sad-eyed Bum, then Dave.

Lincoln leans forward, his arms resting on the back of the front seats, the blue ring sparkling. He smacks bubble gum, pops a huge bubble in Dave's ear.

LINCOLN  
Hey, can I drive?

DAVE  
Can you drive? CAN YOU DRIVE?!  
DRIVING'S A PRIVILEGE GRANTED TO  
RESPONSIBLE CITIZENS!

CINDY  
Dave?

DAVE  
(eyes something shiny in rearview)  
Where'd you get that ring?

LINCOLN  
I won it.

CINDY  
Dave, are you okay?

Dave glares at her.

INT. LINCOLN'S BEDROOM - DAY

A LAWNMOWER DRONES O.S. Dave tiptoes through the bedroom to the side window. He peers out.

DAVE'S POV: A sour-pussed Lincoln mowing the Axelrod lawn.

Dave pokes around the room, looking behind things, under the mattress, pillows, repulsed by the mess. He carries a note.

DAVE  
Doctor Dred. Nice name.

From under the bed, he drags a shoebox filled with munchies -- Cheese Curls, tiny Snickers bars, etc..

Dave unwraps a Snickers, bites off a hunk, chews, puts the candy back, reaches farther under the box spring, pulls out a

"Magical Mystery Tour" Album. Dave flips the album over.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Finally developing a taste for --

A dirty magazine -- "Boobs and Buns" drops out onto his lap.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Holy cow... s.

Dave shoves the magazine down his pants, meanders through the room, rifles through the C-D case, checking his paper as each C-D flips by. No Doctor Dred, but several clear C-D sleeves.

Dave puts them all back in order, ejects the C-D cartridge from the player, slides each C-D out, no Doctor Dred, until he gets to the bottom one and flips it over.

INSERT:

C-D -- "Baby's Daddy's Daddy Sometime."

CINDY (O.S.)  
I'm gonna shower. What's up?

BACK TO SCENE:

DAVE  
Huh? Nothing. Would you look at this room?

Cindy pulls her sweatshirt over her head. She looks pretty fetching in her bra and jeans.

CINDY  
You're not snooping? You know he hates snooping. He's a pretty straight-up kid, Dave, and you've been on him lately.

When Dave doesn't engage, she turns, walks out. She peeks back in, points to one cheek.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Which? Sierra sunset...  
(turns the other cheek)  
... or desert sand?

DAVE

Huh? Um... the sunset?

Cindy exits. Dave looks around, rises, drops one of the comic books. When he picks it up, four CD packaging liner notes fall out... on top -- Doctor Dred.

EXT. MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

An antiquated brick building, a giant, grim-faced Millard Fillmore bust on the roof, oversized pork chop sideburns prominent. Below the bust and above the entrance:

"It is not strange... to mistake change for progress."  
Millard Fillmore.

Lincoln and Charles walk out the front door, down the steps and away through a small crowd of students.

CHARLES

God, he made you cut Axelrod's grass?  
That Man of the Year crap's messing  
with his brain, dude. I'd take a dump  
in his shoes or something. Blame it  
on the dog.  
Speaking of dogs...

Trudy crosses the street to her mom's car, turns, waves...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Wait, jugs the bowler girl waved at  
you? What's that about?

Ty catches up, hangs on them, twists Charles' ear.

TY

Hey, cretins. Wasabi?

CHARLES

Screw you, Balstrom.

TY

Only if you promise to marry me,  
tubs. So, McNabb, who'd your old  
man blow this year to get his dork  
trophy?

Kirsten pulls up in her BMW. Ty jogs over to the car, hops in. The car SCREECHES off.

CHARLES

Wow, you ripped him a huge new  
poophole.

Lincoln's eyes follow Kirsten's car, as they walk on.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Hey, what about that five I gave you  
for those porno mags?

LINCOLN

Running out of jerk-off material?

CHARLES

Parents put a site guard on my  
computer. Haven't been able to  
crack it... YET.

(beat)

You ever, you know, see Missy  
Axelrod hanging out any?

Lincoln casts a death gaze upon Charles.

LINCOLN

Whoa, you're baked on Missy, dude?!

CHARLES

So. No. Why, what's wrong with  
her?

LINCOLN

Visualize, a-hole.

CHARLES

Seriously, what's wrong with her?

LINCOLN

Seriously, three things. She's fat.  
She's ugly. And... she's fat.

CHARLES

So. I'm fat.

LINCOLN

Yeah, yank-wank, but you're a guy.

Charles agrees with a nod. They walk on to an intersection  
where a bunch of kids are stopped, pointing, laughing...  
Lincoln and Charles push through the crowd to see...

Dave, on the other side of the street, walking Zippy, both  
wearing orange reflector gear. Dave waves.

DAVE

Lincoln, let's walk home together.  
Have a little chat.

The kids laugh even louder, but this time at Lincoln.

The BMW pulls up on the other side of the street, tails  
Dave, BEEPING as it goes...

It's all sinking in for Lincoln, and it's all too much. He just takes off running... Charles just shakes his head.

Zippy just does his business.

INT. LINCOLN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln lies on his bed, five pillows piled on his head.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave, in his salmon-colored boxers, sits on a chair next to the dresser, stares at several C-Ds and the "B & B" magazine.

CINDY (O.S.)

It's new. What do you think?

Dave turns to see Cindy, standing in the bathroom doorway in a skimpy, pink nightie. She spins around awkwardly, switches off the room light, so she's backlit by the bathroom.

Dave drop-kicks the magazine under the dresser.

DAVE

Uh, about what?

Cindy's face drops. She switches the light back on.

CINDY

Oh, nothing. Guess I'll go do an igloo mask and listen to my book.

DAVE

Okay. Have fun.

Dave stares down at the CD on his lap.

CINDY

Dave, is it, I don't know, kind of weird to you that we haven't... done it in awhile?

DAVE

God, Cin. Do you really want to talk about this now?

Cindy starts to say something, walks out instead.

INT. LINCOLN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln unloads his C-D tray, opens all the slides... five empty. His eyes on fire.

## INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave and Cindy lie in bed, Cindy sound asleep, Dave, hair-mussed, staring straight up at the ceiling.

DAVE

Cin, what if we pass on things, bad things, behavior type things, genetically? My father to me, me to Lincoln. And all the life lessons in the world can't break that chain.

CINDY

(groaning)  
What? Huh?

DAVE

Nothing, go to sleep.

Cindy offers a final groan. Dave climbs up and out of bed...

## INT. LINCOLN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln sits at his computer, types over and over, "I hate my father" in different fonts, sizes, styles...

## INT. DAVE'S DEN - NIGHT

In his salmon shorts and a T, Dave stares up at Les's photo.

## INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cindy stands at the bureau mirror, strokes a brush through her hair. As she attempts to hoist her boobs, she knocks the brush off the bureau, stoops to pick it up, notices the edge of a magazine under the dresser corner. She pulls it out.

CINDY

Oh, dear god...

## INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - DAY

Dave, in a royal blue polyester leisure-style jacket and tie, looms over Lincoln, two videotapes in his hand. Cindy, pink jacket, sits on a stool, just staring at Dave.

LINCOLN

But, I'll be late for school.

DAVE

You keep arguing about it and you will be late. Just do it.



CINDY  
I'll run them over before I --

DAVE  
I'd like Lincoln to do it.

LINCOLN  
(to Cindy)  
Why's he bustin' on me all of a sudden?

CINDY  
I don't know, honey.

DAVE  
A man finds his reasons.

LINCOLN/CINDY  
What's that supposed to mean?

CINDY  
Do it, okay, sweetie, for me.

Lincoln, mumbles, picks up the tapes, grabs his backpack, kicks the door open, starts out, but the PHONE RINGS.

LINCOLN  
I'll get it.

He hustles to the phone. Dave stares after him.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
McNabb state prison. Bang up or hang up.  
(...)  
Oh, um, yeah.

Lincoln sets down the phone, starts out the door without the tapes. Dave grabs him by the backpack.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
WHAT!?

DAVE  
Who's on the phone?

LINCOLN  
That K-Mart guy.

DAVE  
Pick up that phone.

LINCOLN CINDY  
 What? Why? I'm gonna be David, he's late.  
 late, mom.

DAVE  
 Cindy. Let me handle this.  
 (covers the phone receiver)  
 Apologize for your poor manners.

LINCOLN  
 (grabs the phone back)  
 Hello? My father said I should  
 apologize for my manners.  
 (...)  
 Uh-huh, okay, I'll tell him.  
 (hangs up)  
 He wants you to bring that crap drawer  
 thing back today and anything else you  
 have.

CINDY  
 What for? You paid them. Anything  
 else? What anything else?

Dave stuffs the white-labeled tapes in Lincoln's backpack.

DAVE  
 Now!

Lincoln exits in a huff.

CINDY  
 What's going on with you lately?

Dave exits, also in a huff.

EXT. MR. AGOSTINI'S - DAY

Lincoln leans a tape against the door, RAPS on it, runs  
 off.

In a flash, the door opens. Mr. Agostini glares out, sees  
 Lincoln running, then down at the tape.

INT. AGOSTINI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Agostini makes his way through his living room, shuffles to  
 his VCR, pops in the tape, kicks back in his recliner. He  
 hits "play," sips from a bottle of Gin.

CLOSE ON Agostini's stunned face. We hear women MOANING.

MR. AGOSTINI  
 Oh - oh - oh, sweet Jesus in heaven.

Mr. Agostini pauses his remote. MOANS cease immediately. He grabs a box of tissue, pats down his forehead, swigs.

MR. AGOSTINI (CONT'D)  
Okay, here we go.

He aims the remote, squeezes it. There they go again.

INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

On the board: "History is a joke the dead play on the living."

Lincoln busily pencil-sketches bowling pins which look an awful lot like breasts.

The HISTORY TEACHER, 45, handsome, long-haired, walks down the aisles, collecting tests, as he strides by. Girls eye their dashing instructor, who stops at Lincoln's desk. Lincoln slides his "artwork" down into his lap.

HISTORY TEACHER  
Tomorrow we'll be discussing man's struggle to make his mark in society, of course, in a historical context. Your exam, Mr. McNabb?

LINCOLN  
Oh, yeah, right.

Lincoln lifts up his arm. The test paper sticks to it.

HISTORY TEACHER  
This could be important to you later.

LINCOLN  
What? This test?

HISTORY TEACHER  
No. Not this test. This education.

The Teacher peels the test from Lincoln's arm, moves on...

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
So I'm not exactly great at school. Actually, I suck. Big deal. It's not like you really learn anything important, right? It's the kind of stuff you could only use if you went on a game show or something. And how many people actually do that? Maybe 10 per cent of the whole population? Most of them are total tards, anyway.

INT. DAVE'S CAR/MOVING - DAY

Dave, sans jacket, glances over at the empty organizer on the seat beside him, picks a bit of lint off his neat-as-a-pin car's interior leather, switches on the radio.

MITCH (ON RADIO)

So, what you're saying is these kids who tied up their teacher and set her desk on fire are not responsible... in any way?

CALLER (ON RADIO)

No, Mitch. It's the society we live in. Kids are a reflection of their parents. Blame anybody, blame them.

Dave switches off the radio, stares over at the organizer. Right beside it a cassette tape box. Dave lifts it open, fingers through deftly for just the right tape.

Dave lifts out, Zip Ziplar's "Raising Old Fashioned Kids in the Modern World", inserts the tape, turns up the volume...

ZIPLAR ON TAPE

"When our kids see that we really care, they learn to care as well..."

Dave nods.

INT. MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A RUCKUS of tromping feet and young voices. A security camera pointed down to a stairway where Lincoln and Charles descend the stairs, teens all around them.

CHARLES

So, they're really gonna bust your old man?

LINCOLN

Dude shoplifted.

They hit the landing and turn down the hallway, where all the cool kids hold court right in the center, and the lessers must maneuver around them, which is what Charles and Lincoln do, Lincoln grabbing a look back at the radiant Kirsten.

INT. BIG K-MART - DAY

Dave, toting the organizer and a plain paper bag, pushes open a door to the narrow stairs that lead to Mr. O's office, starts up the stairs slowly, spots a security camera.

INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

Charles and Lincoln, trays in hand, head toward a table, where they sit and begin chowing down.

CHARLES

Why'd he bring the stupid thing back?

LINCOLN

Because he's a total feeb, dude.

CHARLES

Yeah. My old man's a feeb, too -- maybe I find some way to get him busted.

Lincoln eyes a group of older teens milling in one corner. Charles notices.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Two more years, that'll be our corner.

LINCOLN

Why can't it be our corner now?

Charles laughs, tentatively. Lincoln's eyes say he's dead serious.

CHARLES

Dude, don't even think about it.

LINCOLN

Too late.

Lincoln pushes his tray aside, rises, and makes his way toward the group of older teens near the soft drink fountain.

Charles watches from between his fingers. The moment builds.

Kirsten's now watching, as well.

Lincoln's almost on the Older Teens now. They turn to check him out. A beat. Lincoln lifts his chin, like "Hey". They go back to talking among themselves, ignore him.

Lincoln grabs a drink at the soda fountain, turns back and flashes his eyebrows to a relieved Charles.

INT. MR. O'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. O sits at his desk. A stocky Man in a Corduroy Blazer sits across from him. A thin ASIAN MAN admires O's family photo. A gentle two-rap KNOCK at the door.

MR. O

Come in.

(Dave peeks his head inside)

That's him.

The Asian Man reaches down, grabs his pad. The Corduroy Man, a PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, rises, snaps one. FLASH!

DAVE

What's going on?

MR. O

Told them the story about your organizer there. They liked it.

ASIAN MAN

Teaching your kid a lesson, huh?

Dave nods, hands Mr. O the bag. Mr. O looks inside, pulls out a C-D, "Dr. Dred."

MR. O

All of them?

(Dave nods)

Kid came around, huh?

(Dave shrugs)

Well, you did a good thing.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER

(to Mr. O)

Can we get one of you two together?

Mr. O, arm around Dave's shoulder, points to the organizer, smiles. Another FLASH.

ASIAN MAN

Tell us all about your kid.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Cheese and crackers, gents!

A quizzical smile plasters on Dave's face. FLASH!

INT. ELKART DRUGS - DAY

Dave, in his pharmacist garb and reading glasses, stoops at the end of the counter to listen to the bulging tummy of ELLEN, 28, a petite young mom-to-be. She's beaming.

DAVE

Ha! He's about to kick his way out, isn't he?

ELLEN

Doctor says any day now. I sure  
hope  
he turns out okay.

A harrumph! at the register draws Dave's attention. He rises, looks Ellen dead in the eyes.

DAVE

A mother's children are self-  
portraits in miniature, Ellen. Be  
well, be true.

He hustles off to the register, as Ellen waddles away.

Dave reaches over the counter and hands a bag to MR.  
DUNWOODY, 69.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now, don't overdo it. Anything  
comes up, besides, you know, you let  
me know.

MR. DUNWOODY

How 'bout you mind your own damned  
business.

DAVE

You're so right, Mr. Dunwoody.  
"Nobody  
will believe in you unless you  
believe in yourself." Liberace.

MR. DUNWOODY

(snatches the bag)  
Liberace took it up the dookie  
factory. Believe in this!

Dunwoody flips him off. Dave sighs. Ilsa steps up.

DAVE

Oh, Mrs. Ilgoczyk. Got you all  
fixed up.

Dave rifles through the bin of filled prescription bags.  
She leans across the counter, ravishingly.

ILSA

It's with an "I".

DAVE

Oh, I know.

ILSA

You're too funny. I enjoy the party very much.

DAVE

(fumbles through bags)  
Good, and welcome to the neighborhood once again. About that bathroom thing...

ILSA

The boys will be the boys, yes?

Dave looks up and notices her remarkable cleavage. Mrs. I notices him noticing. Awkward beat -- Dave just grins wide.

ILSA (CONT'D)

That's the smile like from the newspaper.

DAVE

Oh, you saw that, huh?  
(finds her bag)  
Here we go.

ILSA

That was a good thing you did. Not too many people do such good things no more.

DAVE

(staples her bag closed)  
Well, I do. You do good things, good things happen. The Beatles said, "The love you take is equal to the love you... uh, give," Mizz Ilgoczyk.

ILSA

I enjoy those Beatles very much. To you I am Ilsa, please.

DAVE

(hands her the bag)  
Need any help with the instructions on that... Ilsa?

ILSA

I take one every night, except when I'm menstruating, right, Mr. Smiley?

Dave pauses. FREEZE THEM, the bag between them.



LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 That goofball smile she made such a  
 huge deal about showed up in  
 Tuesday's paper.

INSERT SHOT:

A newspaper clipping, complete with K-Mart photo, under the heading "Man of the Year Does the Right Thing."

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 Mainly it's about how the old man was  
 so honest, after all these years,  
 blah, blah, blah, which was the worst  
 thing that could have happened. Worse  
 even than three-time Man of the Year.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Dave addressing a group of seniors. Points to a flip chart. "The Rewards of Doing Good Things." Dave flips the chart... the list goes on and on.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It made my father like some kind of  
 hero... by Fillmore Springs  
 standards... which got pretty  
 grotesque.

2. Dave stands beside a copy machine at Kinko's, as enlarged copies of his newspaper article fall into the tray, one after the other.

3. Dave addresses a group of Kindergartners, his flip chart behind him, shows off his clippings. LATER, kids line up as Dave autographs the photocopies under the proud eye of their KINDERGARTEN TEACHER.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Make that very grotesque.

INT. SCOUT HALL - NIGHT

A grand, old, paneled room. Dave's hinged plywood wall of knots in front of several lines of folding chairs. Dave, decked out as Scoutmaster, steps out from behind a lectern, before a crowd of anxious parents.

He makes his way down the line of young Scouts, shaking hands. Same way every time -- Boy Scout salute, then a good, firm handshake. The crowd begins to disperse.

Dave reaches BILLY, 11, petite, glasses, tow-head, who knocks off a perfect salute.

DAVE

Outstanding job tonight, Billy. I'd trust my sail to your bowline any day of the week. You're a fine scout, son, deserving of that award.

ON BILLY'S CHEST, a glistening gold medal shaped like a knot.

BILLY

Wow... thanks, Mr. McNabb.

Dave grabs Billy's shoulder, special attention... comes up with, seemingly out of nowhere, an autographed photocopy for the kid, this one in a Plexiglas frame.

DAVE

And here's your real prize.

BILLY

Double wow...

DICK GINDLESPERGER, assistant Scoutmaster, 30, buzz haircut, obvious-Dave-detester, watches.

Billy's dad, GLENN BLACKMAN, late 30's, red, white & blue braces, bright, blonde hair in a pony tail, approaches with his cell phone out. Dave shakes Glenn's hand.

DAVE

You have a great boy here, Mr. Blackman.

GLENN

(passionate)

Call me Glenn, please. I just wanna tell you I appreciate all you do for these boys, and my Billy. He's my whole entire world. With men like you as role models, shoot, it makes being a single dad and hard-working butcher tons easier.

DAVE

Hard work and fatherhood are their own rewards, Glenn.

Dave pumps Billy's hand once more. Glenn aims his cell phone. Dave adjusts the photocopy so it's level. FLASH!

INT. PIN STRIPES BOWLING CENTER - NIGHT

Rock 'n Roll night at the lanes. Everything black light and neon, flashing, a real spectacle. The lanes are overflowing with bowlers, mostly TEENS.

Lincoln sits at the automatic scorekeeping desk. CLOSE ON his eyes, transfixed.

Trudy, bowling pin appliqueed sweater, readies her ball.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
That newspaper thing really messed  
with my head, so I called Trudy. Not  
really up to my standards, but that  
finger thing...

Trudy aims, steps, releases like a pro, steeee-rike! She  
bounces up and down and up and down, SLO MO, pins heaving.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
And those...

LATER

Lincoln stares out at the pins, the 4-7, 6-10 split. He  
turns back to Trudy, who nods him on with a coy smile.

Lincoln, ball in place, faces his target, settles in...

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
(quietly, prayerlike)  
I can do it. I'm going to make it.  
The 4 off the wall kicks out the 6  
and 10.

TRUDY  
C'mon, Lincoln. Pick up two!  
(SLO-MO bounce again)  
For me!!!!

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
I came up with these incentives.

LINCOLN  
(to himself)  
If I make two she'll let me kiss her.  
But kissing's for pussies and she's  
not really kissing material. I make  
all four, maybe she lets me touch her  
downstairs. You want things to  
happen, you visualize them first.  
Yeah, I'm going to make it. Just...  
(takes a baby step)  
... vis-u-al-ize...

INSERT SHOT:

Lincoln all over Trudy right there on the ball return.

BACK TO SCENE:

He takes another step, a longer one, then finally, the ball back, the knees folding, a last slight, sliding step and...

DAVE (O.S.)  
Hey, Lincoln!

... Lincoln tries to pull the ball back, but, instead, he turns his hand and the ball stays on, carrying him in mid-air down the alley, sliding, ball out in front, to the first row of arrows, where he stops, upside down, stares out at

Trudy, her face in her hands... and Dave waving, SLO-MO, a tray of Cokes in his hands, his Boy Scout uniform on. Dave pops down the steps, marches right down to Lincoln.

Trudy's mouth sags. Teens are rolling in laughter, pointing, jeering, blowing straw wrappers at

Lincoln, who stares up at Dave, eyes blank. END SLO-MO.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Finished up early. Thought I'd come  
roll a game with you guys.  
(beat)  
You probably want to go ahead and  
get up now, bud.

Lincoln closes his eyes, opens them slowly, takes it all in. The staring faces, Trudy, stunned, Dave in a Boy Scout uniform, shorts no less. Lincoln's eyes roll back.

The symphony of crashing pins slowly subsides. A crowd begins to gather. The place falls silent.

The ball drops off Lincoln's hand, rolls ever so slowly, the only noise in the place, and

glides toward the 4-7, drops into the gutter, just clipping the 4, then the 7, and sliding the 4 across the lane, where it kisses sweetly off the 6, which nicks the 10. Spare.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Wow. Some shot. Lincoln?

Lincoln squints, sees the crowd, then Trudy, sipping a Coke as she snaps off a pic with her cell phone.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
What could I do? My life was pretty  
much over at that point, anyway. I  
mean I was perfectly fine, physically,  
but he should'a just smashed my head  
between a couple of sixteen pound  
balls.

LATER

PARAMEDICS, one black, one white, tote Lincoln away on a stretcher, past Dave and Trudy. Another pic for her.

INT. LINCOLN'S SCHOOL - DAY

Lincoln walks down the side of a long hallway. Charles spots him, hustles off in the other direction.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
Guess what school was like after  
that.

Students everywhere point at him, throw pencils, food, some even pretend to "bowl", go so far as to do a bit of schtick and fall on their ass, a la Lincoln. Ty and Kirsten scowl from center hall.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
I was like a total piranha.

Lincoln picks up his pace and ducks out of the building.

INT. LINCOLN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln pours BLACK DYE all over his head.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
I had to find a way back in. Well,  
I  
was never really like in, but you  
know what I'm saying, right?

LATER

His hair now jet black, Lincoln shaves the sides real close, streaks a Q-Tip with peroxide across his temples, twice.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
One sure way was to go freaky. Kids  
love that shit. Guess what?  
Parents don't. The old man went off  
on me, hugely.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dave, hands on hips, reads Lincoln the riot act, as he ticks off each article of punishment, finger by finger.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
No more allowance, no more driving  
lessons, no more computer, until I  
fixed my hair back.  
(MORE)

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 God, like he already ripped off my C-  
 Ds. The hair stays.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - DAY

Dave sits on the counter, on the phone. Lincoln sits on a stool, eyeballs Dave, blabbing on like some hysterical little cheerleader at school.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 Guess you could say we were in some  
 kind of war or something. One where  
 nobody says it's a war, you just know.  
 Undeclared, I think you call it. Like  
 that one in Bosnavo or someplace.

Dave's eye is caught by something outside. He leans closer to the window.

DAVE'S POV: Ilsa jogs in place as she converses with Lear-ridden Frankie. Ilsa's breasts, hoisted high, bounce SLO-MO.

Cindy eats a perfectly-toasted piece of toast, sips her coffee, turns the pages of her products guide.

DAVE  
 (hangs up, lets curtain fall)  
 They said they'd love to have me on.

Cindy rushes Dave, hugs him, kisses him on the lips.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 God, that is like so gross. In  
 broad daylight and everything.

LINCOLN  
 On what?

Dave levels an eyeball Lincoln's way.

DAVE  
 Get that room of yours cleaned yet?

Lincoln stares daggers back, gets up, walks out.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 (to Cindy, at his shoulder)  
 How 'bout we, you know, go upstairs?

Cindy goes wide-eyed. They dash off and away, Dave groping her all the while. Lincoln watches through the door glass.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 You always knew they did it at least  
 once. You just wonder why they'd  
 still do it, why she would still let  
 him...

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave and Cindy are going at it.

DAVE  
 OH-OH-OH-DAMN-DAMN-DAMN...!

Dave's such a man, digging in, groaning, the whole bit.

CINDY  
 This is such a surprise, Dave.

DAVE  
 (relentless)  
 Oh. Oh. What is, Ilsa?

CINDY  
 (stops cold)  
 What did you say?

DAVE  
 Huh? What is'a surprise. What  
 is'a...? C'mon. Don't give up.

Cindy chooses not to give up.

EXT. BUCKTHORN STREET AREA - DAY

Dave steers his car up and over the railroad tracks, turns onto Buckthorn Street, and toward a rundown building with a radio tower on top.

MITCH (ON DAVE'S CAR RADIO)  
 100.1 -- Midday Madmen. Broadcasting  
 from our elegant Buckthorn Street  
 offices right here in beautiful  
 Fillmore Springs.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

MITCH and MARK (both in 30's), overweight and thinning hair, sit across from Dave, who wears earphones. Microphones in front of all of them. Mark sports a graying Van Dyke. Both take turns sailing darts into a big board on one wall.

MITCH  
 Fresh off our 22 share across the demo  
 chart in the latest book.  
 (MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

We're back now with Dave McNabb, the honest guy you read about in the papers.

MARK

(offers Dave a dart)  
Just couldn't leave well enough alone, huh, Dave? You Man of the Year, you.

Dave laughs, leans closer to the mic, tosses his dart.

DAVE

No, I guess not, Mark. I was trying to teach my son a little life lesson.

MITCH

And you just had to come here and tell us all about it, right, Dave?

DAVE

Well, you guys always talk about how bad people are, I wanted to talk about good things people do, like what I did. A little thing, maybe...

MARK

You wanna talk about your little thing...

INT. MAYOR BENTWOOD'S CAR - DAY

Mayor Bentwood's in line at Subs-to-Go. She adjusts her radio, listens... carefully.

DAVE (ON RADIO)

Well, some people think it's not so little.

MITCH (ON RADIO)

So, you think it's a big thing?

Mayor Bentwood drives up to the window...

MR. O'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. O listens on a radio with a price tag still on top. He munches on a Big-K slice of cheese pizza.

DAVE (ON RADIO)

What?



MARK (ON RADIO)  
Your thing?

Mr. O totally confused...

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Over the P.A. SYSTEM, Dave's broadcast, loud and clear.  
Lincoln's ENGLISH TEACHER stands at her desk, arms crossed.

Lincoln's classmates, including Charles, are glued to the broadcast. Lincoln's head is flat on his desk, wads of paper stuck in his ears. Charles leans close, pulls a wad out...

CHARLES  
Dude, I cannot believe your old  
man's  
on the radio talking about his  
thing.

Lincoln shoves the paper back in his ear.

MITCH (ON RADIO)  
You were using your thing to teach  
that kid of yours a lesson? That  
it?

DAVE (ON RADIO)  
Well, I was hoping to.

MARK (ON RADIO)  
Wanna say anything to him now about  
that?

DAVE (ON RADIO)  
Just that no matter what's gone on  
between us. I miss doing things  
with him. And most of all, well...

ALL BUT LINCOLN  
Well?

The moment builds. All wait, bated breath. Lincoln stares  
dully up at the PA speaker on the wall.

DAVE  
Well, Lincoln Leslie McNabb is and  
always will be my beautiful little  
boy... and I just love the heck out  
of him.

Lincoln's face freezes. Shock.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Leslie?

The kids are all hushed, silent until they finally erupt in laughter, finger-pointing, spitballs -- hair or no, Lincoln's again a piranha, pariah. He grabs his backpack, takes off.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - BACK TO SCENE

MITCH

How sweet was that, Mark? Superdad  
F-Springs' own Dave McNabb.

Mark rolls his eyes, makes a "jacking off" gesture.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Is it true you're a scoutmaster,  
too? They weren't just pulling my  
chain?

DAVE

That's true, Mitch, started when my  
own boy was a tenderfoot. He gave it  
up, but not me. My scouts are  
listening. Hi'ya, Billy.

INT. BILLY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

ON pimple-faced Billy, sitting in his classroom. Billy's  
TEACHER sits on the edge of her desk next to a portable  
radio. Billy smiles, waves goofily back to "Airwave Dave."

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Lincoln sprints toward the light, hallway speakers  
blasting.

MARK (ON RADIO)

Damnation, Mitch. The things this  
guy does with kids.

Lincoln stops at the doors, notices the DARE Cop.

DAVE (ON RADIO)

I just want my kid to love his poppa  
again, like he used to. I want him  
to respect me, even when things get  
hard.

The DARE Cop cracks up, balls over in laughter, and Lincoln  
makes his getaway unseen.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Mark/Mitch getting a bit bored with Dave.

MITCH

How 'bout the lucky Mrs. Dave? She  
into your thing at all?

INT. CHARLES' HOUSE - DAY

Cosmetics spread out on displays in the middle of the living room, a radio on the coffee table, beside a framed school photo of Charles, and one of Abby, Charles and Floyd.

Huddled around the radio are Cindy, in her pink jacket, Abby, Sharlene, Ilsa (skimpy tennis attire), two other Gals.

DAVE (ON RADIO)

Who Cin? Cindy.

MARK (ON RADIO)

You call your wife Sin? Dave...

DAVE (ON RADIO)

Cindy's a professional beauty  
advisor. Hope she's listening.

CINDY

You bet we are, good-looking!

The ladies CHEER.

INT. BALBONI'S BARBERY - DAY

Stu, scissors in hand, turns up his retro radio, gets back to his CUSTOMER.

MITCH (ON RADIO)

Agnes, you're on with Madmen and  
Dave... who apparently does  
things...

(reverb radio effect)  
... with Sin.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

AGNES (ON PHONE)

Hello, madmen. Mr. McNabb.

DAVE

Dave, please. Hello.

AGNES (ON PHONE)

I think more people should be like Dave. The world would be a much nicer place. I hope Hollywood makes a movie up about you.

DAVE

Wow. A movie. Wouldn't that be something?

MARK

Agnes. There's a knock at your door and it's reality calling. Hollywood doesn't make movies about good people. 555-412-6969. Let's go to Lucy. Lucy, you're at lunch with the madmen.

LUCY (ON PHONE)

People calling in to say what a wonderful thing this man did. Sounds like a perv to me. And does anybody care that he stole something and got away with it?

DAVE

I paid for the organizer, Lucy with interest. But it was worth it.

MITCH

Yeah, you see, Lucy, you old witch, the point is, he could've gotten away with it but like an idiot HE CHOSE NOT TO. My god, the gene pool needs vacuuming bad. Algae's really building up. Where's the damn pool man, I ask!?

A LOUD SUCKING SOUND.

MARK

That's him, now.

DAVE

Wow... this is really fun.

MITCH

Rocky on three, for Dave and the midday madmen. Yo, Rock. How's Adrian?

Rocky's voice is gravelly... and distant.

ROCKY (ON PHONE)

Huh? Anyway, this is Dave McNabb?

DAVE

That's right. How ya doin', Rocky?

MITCH

Can you speak up, Rock?

ROCKY (ON PHONE)

I know this guy.

MARK

O-kay, Rocky, you gotta slip into a higher gear, pal. Lots'a callers today. Everybody wants to talk about Dave's thing. Don't be nervous. It's just us guys... and over 400,000 listeners statewide.

ROCKY (ON PHONE)

Yah, I been selling him dirty magazines and DVDs for years. Says he's old-school when it comes to porn. Not a web-whacker, if you know wheat I mean.

MITCH

Excuse me? Who are you talking about, Rocky?  
(covers mic)  
Did he just?

ROCKY (ON PHONE)

McNabb... He digs the big boob jazz mostly. Natural cans. No silicone. Picky about that. Buys tons of it, not sure what he does with it all. I know he works with kids, so...

MARK

Go on.

ROCKY (ON PHONE)

I hide his stuff behind the dumpster at the drugstore. He leaves my money there. That's how he works. Real sneaky. Doesn't want to blow his cover.

Mitch glances over at Mark who's cracking up. Mitch pumps an arm. They got him!

MITCH

His cover? What cover is that, Rocky?

The call line goes to TONE. Mitch and Mark turn to a stunned Dave, a single bead of sweat trickling down his forehead, ears turning crimson.

INT. BALBONI'S BARBERY - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Stu, staring at the radio, clips his Customer's ear lobe.

CUSTOMER  
OW! Ouch, careful, Stu!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Mayor Bentwood eats her foot-long sub, chokes out a meatball.

INT. MR. O'S OFFICE - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Mr. O set his pizza aside, turns off the radio.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Seems like Fillmore Springs is standing still. People in cars are parked, listening. Ear-budded joggers stopped.

EXT. BUCKTHORN STREET AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

WE MOVE DOWN from the flashing radio tower to the streets below, where life goes on, oblivious.

EXT. BEHIND ELKART DRUGS - CONTINUOUS

Back door flies open. MR. KINGSLEY, 31, wiry, moustache, bald, manager pin on, dashes for the dumpster.

INT. CHARLES' HOUSE - DAY- CONTINUOUS

The ladies' faces -- stunned. One by one they walk out of the room, leaving Cindy all alone... with Ilsa. Awkward.

ILSA  
Well, so what, huh? He has the red blood of the healthy man.

Sharlene pokes her head back in, cig now in her hand.

SHARLENE  
Hey, Cindy, did you know your man's character is his fate... or up his ass or some shit like that!

Sharlene retreats, guffawing. Ilsa picks up a lipstick.

ILSA  
You have the very fabulous cosmetics.

MITCH (ON RADIO)  
 Seems there's a ding in Mr. Good  
 Guy's armor, folks. Guess your man  
 of the year just got outed!

Not even Ilsa's compliment can garner a smile from Cindy.  
 As the two women stand there, in awkward silence, Ilsa  
 fingers several tubes of lipstick, begins humming The  
 Beatles "The End."

EXT. CHARLES' HOUSE - DAY

Cindy deposits a box of beauty wares in her trunk, gingerly  
 clicks it shut. She pauses, pops it back open, SLAMS it  
 shut. It pops back open. She SLAMS it again.

INT. DAVE'S CAR/MOVING - DAY

Dave hangs over the steering wheel, barely able to steer.  
 He THUMPS it over the railroad tracks. His eyes, bleary.  
 He's talking to himself, but nothing's coming out.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 No one ever didn't like my father  
 before... except me, of course, and  
 maybe Grandpa Les.

MARK (ON RADIO)  
 Got a caller on two has something to  
 say about our Man of the Year.  
 Caller, you know Dave, personally?

FLOYD (ON RADIO)  
 Hell yes, and what that guy said  
 doesn't surprise me. All McNabb  
 talks about's how holier than thou  
 he is.

INT. TATE INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

On the phone, Floyd casually blows out cigar smoke.

FLOYD  
 Somebody's gotta polish his own  
 apples all the time's most likely  
 got worm problems. If you catch my  
 meaning.

MITCH (ON RADIO)  
 We catch it. Loud and clear.

INT. DAVE'S CAR/MOVING - DAY

DAVE  
 Floyd? Was that... ?

MITCH

Let's see what else we can  
find out. On four, caller?

INT. SUBS-TO-GO - DAY

Dick Gindlesperger on his phone, as he whacks away at steak cuttings and onions, the radio on a shelf over his head.

DICK

What a freaking fraud, setting us  
all up, like he was on some special  
human level.

The Subs-to-Go Manager stares at Dick, until he hangs up the phone, really starts dicing away, with a satisfied smile.

INT. DAVE'S CAR/MOVING - DAY

Dave, just shaking his head now...

MARK (ON RADIO)

So, Dave McNabb is no better than the  
rest of us. He's just... a horny guy.

EXT. A STREET - DAY

Lincoln stands, Slurpee in hand, squeezes his nose at the bridge, brain-freeze. He spies his father's car passing by.

A HORN blares. Dave slams on his brakes, stops right in the middle of an intersection, under a red light.

Lincoln stares at his father's car, HORNS blaring, drivers giving Dave the finger from all directions. The Black Bum, working in town today, rushes Dave's car and sprays generic Windex on the windshield, wipes it down, making it worse.

ON LINCOLN'S EYES

A straining look. He blows a huge, messy, Slurpee bubble, turns and walks away.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - DAY

Dave's car pulls up. Dave sits behind the wheel, stunned. He finally climbs out, trudges toward the house.

INT. MCNABB HOUSE

Dave peeks his head inside, looks around.



DAVE  
Cin? You home? Cin?

Dave walks in. House is eerily quiet, until the phone RINGS. Dave jumps, grabs up the closest phone, listens... his face contorts. He hangs up.

INT. ELKART DRUGS - DAY

Dave, in his pharmacist getup, jittery, talking to himself, walks along aisle 8, toward the pharmacy.

AN INTERCOM VOICE  
Mr. Kingsley, aisle 8. Mr. Kingsley  
to aisle 8 for, um, a pickup.

Kingsley hustles up to Dave, takes him discreetly by the arm, turns him the other way. PHONE RINGS CONTINUOUSLY.

DAVE  
What? I'm working today.

MR. KINGSLEY  
No. Better not, Dave.

DAVE  
Why not?

MR. KINGSLEY  
Got a few calls about you.

DAVE  
Calls. What calls? Oh, I was on  
the  
radio.

MR. KINGSLEY  
Yeah. I heard. Look, just take off  
today... and maybe even tomorrow.  
Sort of an unofficial vacation.

DAVE  
Unofficial? Why? What's going on?

Kingsley pulls him aside, near the blood pressure chair.  
Then, on the down low...

MR. KINGSLEY  
Okay, look, we got more than a few  
calls. We got fifteen calls in five  
minutes. Five minutes. This thing  
that came out about you's got people,  
including regional,  
(under his hand)  
pretty damned pissed off.

DAVE

Pissed off? What'd I do to them?

Kingsley really surveys Dave's face, his eyes.

MR. KINGSLEY

You okay?

DAVE

Fine. Never better.

MR. KINGSLEY

Look, you sit here a minute. I'm gonna get you something to, um, take the edge off.

He eases Dave into the BP chair.

DAVE

I'm still working today, right?

Dave starts to get right back up.

MR. KINGSLEY

Vacation. Unofficial. Remember?

Kingsley gently settles Dave back down, slips his arm in the BP sleeve, turns on the machine. The sleeve tightens down on Dave's arm, locks him in place. Kingsley jogs off, without taking his eyes off Dave, jogs right back.

MR. KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

What would be good, you know, to take your edge off?

DAVE

You mean like pharmacist drug thyself?

(Kingsley nods)

Couple of Vicodin ES 750's ought'a knock me for a loop. But Kingsley, what'd I do to them?

He shushes Dave, re-pressurizes the BP sleeve, thinks a beat.

MR. KINGSLEY

I don't know. Something.

Kingsley jogs off, leaving Dave to ponder.

A KID, 5, wanders from his mother, stands before Dave, crosses his wiry arms, frowns. Dave and the kid lock eyes.

KID  
 I wanna ride.  
 (Dave doesn't budge)  
 Move it, puke face, I wanna ride!

A few CUSTOMERS take note, a low murmur grows. Dave scans his surroundings, remains in the chair. Kid kicks his shin.

KID (CONT'D)  
 I SAID... I WANNA RIDE!

Kingsley jogs back, ushers Dave out of the chair. The Kid immediately takes Dave's place, pressurizes the sleeve.

MR. KINGSLEY  
 (dropping pills into Dave's hand)  
 Go have a nice vacation, McNabb.

Dave stares blankly, processing.

Kingsley slaps Dave on the cheek. Snaps him out.

In the bg, the kid YELPS in fright. His Mom extricates him.

MR. KINGSLEY (CONT'D)  
 Have a super time off, pal.

Kingsley has to physically turn Dave away. Dave, using all of his force, stops one last time, turns to Kingsley, places the bottle of pills in Kingsley's jacket pocket, shuffles out of the store. PHONES RINGING like crazy.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - DAY

PHONE RINGING. Cindy, still in her pink jacket, sits, hands folded on her lap. Her makeup's a mess. Trails of mascara tears from eye to chin. PHONE persists. Cindy reaches over and finally picks up the cordless.

CINDY  
 Hello?

Cindy listens for a beat, hangs up. PHONE rings again. She picks it up, sets it right back down. A door CREAKS open and closed OS. Dave walks in, stands right in front of her.

DAVE  
 Cindy.  
 (Cindy stares at him coldly)  
 What can I do? Tell me.

Cindy stands so she's facing him square on, eyeballs like headlights.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
He got me confused with... It's not true, Cin.

CINDY  
Is that so?!

Cindy yanks the Boobs and Buns magazine out from behind her, jams it right up against his face, slaps him with it.

DAVE  
Oh... That's not what you think --

CINDY  
Don't-you-dare!

DAVE  
Um. Okay. I won't.

Cindy's chest is heaving.

CINDY  
Now, what the fuck is going on between you and Ilsa?!

DAVE  
What?

CINDY  
Are you having SEX with that woman? That child-abandoning-tit-bouncing slut? Is that why she's being so nice to me, DAVID... WHY YOU'RE SUDDENLY PAYING ATTENTION TO ME???

She SMACKS the shit out of him, walks off, returns.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
IS'A! ILSA! Shoplifting. Porno!  
It's all about you, isn't it, Dave?

She coldcocks him, nose job, storms off. Dave crumbles to the floor, lies there, eyes staring up into nowhere, blood trailing from a nostril. Zippy creeps up, laps at the blood.

LATER

Dave's on his back on the living room floor, right where we left him. PHONE RINGING. A door OPENS and SLAMS OS. Lincoln walks into the living room, stands over Dave.

LINCOLN

Hey. So, how'd the radio gig go?

Dave can only stare. PHONE continues ringing.

DAVE

I'm on vacation now.

Lincoln steps over Dave and picks up the phone.

LINCOLN

Great. Guess that means you'll have more time to teach me how to drive.

(into phone)

Hello? What? Oh, ha, yes, Larry  
Flynt's here. Hold.

He pulls a pillow out from under Zippy on the sofa, props it under Dave's head, rests the phone on Dave's chest...

DAVE

People like me. They really like me.

They voted me Man of the Year, three times. I'm still the man they thought I was, right?

LINCOLN

Dad, remember, "A stumble be not a fall lest we watch our step."

We can hear a wicked verbal scourging of expletives from the phone, even with the receiver end down. Lincoln tromps up the stairs, muttering under his breath, turns back...

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

You're still getting paid, aren't you? I'd really like to have a cell phone. Might help me feel different about you.

Dave stares up blankly... phone against his chest.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS - DAY

Dave walks amidst the townsfolk. They cast dubious eyes his way, clear paths for him. He tries to talk to them, but they avoid him, rush by, cross streets, duck into shops.

Finally, Ellen, now pushing a baby carriage, stops in Dave's path. High Noon. Dave approaches. He stoops, peeks in at the baby.

DAVE

Oh, terrific, you had your baby boy,  
Ellen. What's our little kicker's  
name, huh?

ELLEN

I named him after you.

Dave stares up at her, moved, full of relief.

DAVE

You did?

ELLEN

Sure I did. His name's...  
HYPOCRITE!!

She scoots off away from him, turning back only to shoot  
daggers his way.

Dave stares around the town, as this all sinks in. They  
now want nothing to do with him. He slogs off like a  
beaten dog.

Lincoln glides into town on his bicycle, pulls a wheelie,  
flies on without a care in the world, glides over to Ellen,  
stops to admire the baby. She shows it to him proudly.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - DAY

Cindy's about to climb into her pink car. She hesitates,  
chucks her purse inside, tromps back up the steps.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave's sitting on the floor watching "Dr. Phil".

CINDY

You're not just going to sit around  
all day again and watch TV, are you?

Dave looks over at her, nods.

DAVE

Dr. Phil...

CINDY

Screw Doctor Phil. You haven't been  
outside in three days. What, you're  
just gonna watch TV the rest of your  
life?

(wilting Dave nods)

That does it. Get up, get up...

Dave refuses to get up. Cindy physically pulls him up.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS PARK - DAY

Cindy stands at a park bench, where Dave sits.

CINDY

Now, I've got two product drops. Sit right here... and Dave, stay out of trouble, huh?

Dave stares straight ahead at the fountain and rising water streams. A cardinal flies in at the water, but can't hang long enough to grab a drink. A crow dips low and pesters the cardinal until they both fly off, crow SQUAWKING.

Dave turns to find Cindy out of sight, he gets up, plods off. He wanders through the park, toward the park bathroom.

INT. PARK BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

This place is a pig sty, graffiti everywhere. Dave slogs up to a urinal, looks down, into its brown-stained, bug ridden bowl. Averting his eyes to the pitted ceiling, he pees, ZIPS up, exits, using his foot to open/close the door.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS PARK - CONTINUOUS

From behind, WE FOLLOW Dave as he trundles over to a field where little kids play soccer. He stands there, staring out, wistfully, until a Soccer Kid points, SCREAMS.

FROM THE SCREAMING KID'S POV

WE NOW SEE Dave, his salmon-colored boxer shorts caught in his zipper, forming a penis-shaped projection at his crotch.

Parents gather up kids, race off with them. Dave scratches his head, ambles off, people scattering in his path.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TV's on. Piers Morgan interviews James Van Praagh, who talks to a caller about her departed father. Dave sits on the floor. Cindy sits on the couch, arms crossed in front of her. Lincoln sits on the stairs, takes it all in.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

They were taking it pretty well, I think. At first, anyway.

The phone RINGS, RINGS. Finally, Cindy walks into the next room, retrieves the cordless, hands it to Dave, who takes it, waits for Cindy to return to the couch, tabs it on.

DAVE  
 (into phone)  
 Yes?  
 (more wild expletives)  
 You're entitled to your opinion,  
 ma'am. That's what makes this a great  
 country.

He holds the phone away from his ear, finally hangs up.  
 Dave flips through the TV channels, stops on one, sits  
 upright.

ON TV: The NEWS. Reporters with Billy. His angry father  
 beside him. Below them: "Community Aghast!"

SLICK REPORTER  
 Any comment, Mr. Blackman?

CLOSE SLOWLY ON... Glenn, red-faced.

GLENN  
 It just hurts so much when you find  
 out someone isn't who you thought  
 they were.

The frame expands slowly to include the Reporter.

SLICK REPORTER  
 Who did you think he was?

At a loss for words, Glenn walks off with Billy looking  
 back, waving.

SLICK REPORTER (CONT'D)  
 One can only wonder what else we  
 don't know about Fillmore Springs'  
 three-time Man of the Year.

BACK TO SCENE:

Cindy stomps up the stairs past Lincoln. Dave stares  
 vacantly at the TV. The PHONE cranks up again.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - DAY

Cindy, drained, no makeup on, sits at the table.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 Soon it was like I was living in  
 somebody else's house. Like, who  
 are these people?

Dave, looking haggard, strolls in, grabs a box of cereal  
 from the cabinet, slogs out. Lincoln, radio headphones on,  
 and Charles watch all this from a doorway.



CHARLES  
 (pulls Lincoln's headphones away)  
 What's wrong with them?  
 (Lincoln shrugs)  
 Let's go play Anger Dismemberment.

Lightbulbs go off for Lincoln. He walks right over to his mother, who forces a smile and takes a bite of black toast.

LINCOLN  
 Can you believe he still won't let  
 me use my computer? That's a  
 learning tool. And he took it away.

Cindy's eyes narrow.

INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - DAY

Lincoln totes his computer back into his room. Charles plugs it in. They boot that baby up and enter the Matrix.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Card game in progress. As before, minus Dave. Floyd deals, enjoys his cigar. Frankie still in his Lear, mouth swollen shut. Stu looks at his hand for him, pulls out a card, lays it down, shows Floyd one finger. Floyd hands Stu a card; he tucks it into Frankie's hand.

STU  
 Anybody invite Dave?

FLOYD  
 Fat chance.

STU  
 Not fair.

BOB  
 What's so bad about what he did,  
 anyway?

FLOYD  
 (fries Bob with a laser eye)  
 Don't be a putz, huh, chicken man.  
 What about that shit in the park, huh?  
 We're just now seeing the tip of Mr.  
 High and Mighty's iceberg.

Bob concedes a nod. The guys all exchange looks, play on.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS - DAY

Lincoln pedals through town, people of all ages waving to him as he goes. He waves back awkwardly, pedals to Subs-to-Go.

He leans into the speaker, pedals up... digs in his pocket for some dough, but Dick hands him his sub and won't take his money. Lincoln thinks about that, pedals off. Dick smirks.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Lincoln and Charles walk along. Kids high five Lincoln, even some kids in the middle of the hallway.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
Something weird was happening.  
People were looking at me and...  
noticing me.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS - DAY

Lincoln sits on the same bench we saw his old man on earlier, munches on his sub. People walk by, nod, smile...

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
They were digging me or something,  
too, which felt pretty cool,  
actually.

He closes his eyes, smiles, kicks back, the sun on his face, sniffs. Smells good. He pops open an eye, catches sight of Kirsten, as she approaches in a sunny glow...

KIRSTEN  
I thought that was you. Your hair's  
awesome. I tried to get Ty to do  
that, but he's such a total himbo,  
ya know?

LINCOLN  
Yeah?

She sits down beside him, rests her hand on his leg.

KIRSTEN  
I feel really bad for you, about  
your  
dad an' all.

LINCOLN  
Yeah, um, me, too.

KIRSTEN  
I mean, I can totally relate. My  
dad's a goddamned gynecologist.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
Yeah, things were definitely looking  
up.

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASS - DAY

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
But not for the old man.

The Kindergarten Teacher collects signed Dave photocopies  
as her kids line up, tears them up one by one, drops the  
pieces in the circular file. Last one in, she spits on  
half of Dave's smile for good measure.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - DAY

Dave, bathrobe on, reaches inside his mailbox, pulls out a  
boxing glove with "Rocky" on the wristband.

Lincoln watches from his bedroom window.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
He was sort of like becoming the  
Freddy Krueger of Cherry Street,  
probably tons of other streets, too.

Dave works a hand into the glove, throws it off... as a 25"  
black snake flies out. He staggers and falls back. The  
snake slithers away, right alongside Dave's leg.

Dave struggles to his feet, heads back to the mailbox,  
cautiously, peeks inside -- just mail.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
The snake was the good mail that  
day.

Dave opens an envelope from Elkart Drugs.

INSERT ENVELOPE CONTENTS: A CHECK and LETTER on Elkart  
stationery. Dave lip-reads.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"Dear Mr. McNabb. Due to  
circumstances beyond our company's  
control, and in an effort to  
accommodate the wishes of our loyal  
customers, your position with Elkart  
Drugs is no longer tenable."

BACK TO SCENE:

Dave, dumbfounded, stumbles backward, lands on his rump.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I have no clue what "tenable" means,  
but I'm pretty sure that letter was  
the  
official end of my father's  
unofficial vacation.

As Dave looks up, he finds Bowser, standing over him,  
drooling, GROWLING.

DAVE  
Nice Bowser.

Bowser shows his teeth and goes for Dave.

EXT. KIRSTEN'S POOL - DAY

Lincoln's at one end of this junior Olympic pool chest deep  
in water, watching a dark figure swimming under the water,  
closer, closer. The figure emerges. Kirsten. She pulls  
his head close to hers, plants a kiss on him, inhales a  
deep breath before she drops slowly straight down into the  
water.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
Kirsten Dreesen, hottest sophomore  
at  
M-F-H, totally tongueing me. Oh,  
god, and doing that!

Lincoln's face reveals a heretofore-unrealized ecstasy.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Mark and Mitch rant on. They take turns tossing darts at  
the old newspaper blowup of Dave on their wall.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
Oh, guess what? Rocky never called  
back. But, every day the Madmen  
made jokes about the old man and  
invited people to come on the air to  
diss him. I think they were even  
bribing them with T-shirts, concert  
passes and crap.

MONTAGE:

Mr. Agostini, parked in front of the same microphone where  
Dave had sat.

MR. AGOSTINI

He taped things for me and had his  
boy bring 'em over... filthy things.

Mitch, wide-eyed, shakes his head gleefully.

Mr. Dunwoody, parked in front of the same microphone.

MR. DUNWOODY

He sold me the Viagra, then got  
awful inquisitive about my sexual  
activity.  
He quoted Liberace to me. Liberace!  
If that isn't sick...

Mark snickers.

Kingsley's in the saddle now. Mark across from him.

MARK

When did you begin noticing there  
was no pornography behind your  
dumpster?

KINGSLEY

(slightly confused)  
Well, I guess it was... uh, ever  
since the day Dave was on the radio  
with you.

Mitch and Mark nod, bang knuckles together.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dave sits up, sleeping in a straight back chair, Zippy in  
his lap, bandages still covering one side of Dave's face.

PHONE rings. Dave jerks awake to pick up on the first  
ring.

GLENN BLACKMAN (FILTERED)

McNabb, you're what's wrong with  
this country, ya know that?  
(beat, panting)  
Maybe somebody should hurt you like  
you hurt us... give you a life  
lesson.

The phone goes to TONE. Dave, now terrified, sets the  
phone down, stares off at the open window, runs to it,  
pulls the mini-blinds tight, as Zippy ducks under a throw  
pillow.

INT. KIRSTEN'S BMW/MOVING - NIGHT

Kirsten's hair's blowing in the wind. Lincoln admires her.

KIRSTEN  
Feel like going down to Buckthorn  
Street, goof on the freaks and  
lowlifes?

LINCOLN  
No, let's give the freaks and  
lowlifes a break tonight.

She reaches over and touches the tip of Lincoln's nose.

KIRSTEN  
You're sweet. You wanna drive?

LINCOLN  
No, I'm cool.

KIRSTEN  
You do have your license, right?

LINCOLN  
Oh, yeah, sure. Just so tired of  
driving, really digging the passenger  
thing, ya know?

Kirsten totally gets it, nods.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Seemed like I had the whole town  
eating right out of my hand.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave sits on the floor, glob of cereal in hand. Zippy laps out of his bowl.

ON TV -- The Duke, ostensibly motivating his troops in "The Alamo", but somehow speaking directly to Dave.

JOHN WAYNE (ON TV)  
"There's right and there's wrong. You  
gotta do one or the other. You do the  
one and you're living. You do the  
other and you may be walking around,  
but you're dead as a beaver hat."

Dave's mouth opens, and cereal drizzles out. He rises, picks up Zippy, walks to the window, opens those blinds.

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Dave shaves, really spruces himself up. Looks like the old Dave, except for the bandages.

DAVE

When the going gets tough, the tough  
get going. They sure as hell don't  
give up. I'm not my father. Not my  
father's son.

Dave grabs a last look in the mirror, exits. But there's  
Les, now in the mirror. Zippy GROWLS at the mirror.

LES IN THE MIRROR

That's for damn sure... Screw you,  
mutt.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - DAY

Dave backs the car down the driveway. In the window, Cindy  
watches. Down the street, a white Hyundai follows Dave.

INT. GLENN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blackman, white knuckles gripping the wheel, looks wired.

INT. DAVE'S CAR/MINUTES LATER

Glenn's car in the rearview, but Dave is oblivious. Dave's  
fingers go to work again on his cassette box... retrieve  
Ziplar's "Getting Down? Pick yourself Up." He reconsiders,  
goes for the next one: "The Good New Days" Dave slips that  
one in the deck, pushes "play."

Dave pushes FF, just the right distance, 'til:

ZIPLAR ON TAPE

"This one's about a real winner. A  
man who was down but wouldn't stay  
down. I call it 'The Eight Count.'  
Say this one with me. "He was down  
for the count, but he picked himself  
up."

ZIPLAR ON TAPE/DAVE

"He was down for the count, but he  
picked himself up."

EXT. ELKART DRUGS - CONTINUOUS

Dave's car turns into Elkart Drugs, parks in the "Employee  
of the Month" spot.

Glenn has parked across the street, at a 7-11 store.

Dave strides briskly into the drug store.

DAVE  
(mumbling)  
... but he picked himself up.

COMIC WIPE TO:

EXT. ELKART DRUGS/STRIP CENTER - DAY

Dave being escorted out the front door unceremoniously by Kingsley and two other employees. They block the doorway.

ACROSS THE STREET, Glenn starts to exit his car, just as Lincoln races across the street on his bike, climbs off, heads into Montross Fried Chicken.

Dave, still standing near his car. Passersby stare at him. A few even verbalize their outrage and disappointment... Dave snaps out of it, walks off, dazed.

INT. MONTROSS FRIED CHICKEN - DAY

Lincoln sits in a back booth, shoves down an order of fries drenched in catsup.

The front door opens and everything seems to stand still. Lincoln's eyes narrow; he slinks lower in his seat.

Dave enters, steps up to the counter, all eyes rivet. Cashier, BABS, 40's, slob, hangs her head...

DAVE  
Babs, could I just get a glass of water?

Customers are leaving, mumbling. Bob Montross struts up. A moment of hope for Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Bob. My old buddy.

BOB  
Don't you serve him, Babsie...

DAVE  
No, Bob, all this stuff's wrong about me. A big mixup.

BOB  
You know, I can understand a guy takin' a gander at a naked broad once in a while. I'm only human.



DAVE  
Yes, Bob. Yes you are.

BOB  
But...

DAVE  
But?

BOB  
But. All along I thought there was something funny about you, McNabb. All along you kinda spooked me, if you wanna know the truth. The more I hear -  
-

DAVE  
But, we're buddies...

BOB  
You know, Floyd was on to you the whole time. He had your number.

Bob walks away in disgust, down to the end of the counter.

DAVE  
(muttering)  
No he didn't. I had my own number.  
Babs?

BABS  
(visibly upset/regretful)  
They keep talking about you on the radio. The radio. Ya know?

DAVE  
But, Babs, I ne --  
(gauging her sincerity, nods)  
It's okay. Hey, I could really use that glass of water.

Bob's eyes offer Babs an ultimatum.

Lincoln remains expressionless, takes it all in.

Babs shakes her head. Dave heads for the exit, grabs up a paper cup left on a table, drinks from it... nothing. He walks out, but re-enters, wipes the table around the water cup, throws away some trash, smiles at Babs, exits.

Babs scurries over to Lincoln's table.

BABS  
So sad about your dad, huh?

Nothing from Lincoln, as he watches his old man through the window, ambling on down the sidewalk.

BABS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Aw, you poor thing. Can I get you anything else? Anything at all?

LINCOLN  
(snaps out of it)  
Yeah. A glass of water... to go.

BABS  
You betcha, hon. That's real sweet...

EXT. MONTROSS FRIED CHICKEN/STRIP CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Dave stuffs his hands into his jacket pockets, continues on. A Town Car slides up beside him.

Lincoln exits the chicken joint, cup of water in hand. He stops in his tracks, leans up against the building, observes.

Mayor Bentwood leans out of the car window.

MAYOR BENTWOOD  
David McNabb. Man of the Year?

DAVE  
Mayor. It's not true. Not a word.

MAYOR BENTWOOD  
Oh? That so? It was on the radio, and on TV. I called you a moral compass. How does that make me look, huh?

Dave stands stiffly, lip quivering slightly.

MAYOR BENTWOOD (CONT'D)  
What, no answer? How about like a goddamned IDIOT?! HOW ABOUT THAT?! Turn in your trophy, Mr. Phonypants. Better yet, turn'em all in.

DAVE  
(stricken by the notion)  
I, um, can't. They were stolen.

MAYOR BENTWOOD  
Well, then, I'll get you a replacement.

DAVE  
You will?

MAYOR BENTWOOD  
Sure, here it is.

She spits at him, eye job, glides her window up, drives away, parks in front of Tate Insurance. Floyd stands in the doorway, walks out to the car, leans in. They both stare back at Dave.

Dave fights back tears as he walks on in a stupor, dodging eye contact, until he stops at Balboni's Barbary. A sign in the window flips, now reads "CLOSED FOR LUNCH." Dave sighs, knocks on the door.

Lincoln throws back some water, pours out the rest, casually crumbles his cup, tosses it, heads for his bicycle.

INT. BALBONI'S BARBERY - CONTINUOUS

Dave and Stu stand face to face, Stu brimming with compassion, Dave about to break.

DAVE  
They used to love me, and now  
everyone thinks... and my job...  
everyone.

Stu grabs Dave by the shoulders, finally just hugs him.

STU  
Not everyone. Not me. I understand  
you, David. I do. You're not like  
other men. You're... special.

Dave cracks, starts to cry, leans his head against the wall, spots a snapshot pinned there.

EXT. BALBONI'S BARBERY - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln rolls up in front, peeks in the window, but the blinds are shut. He pedals off.

INT. BALBONI'S BARBERY - CONTINUOUS

ON SNAPSHOT: A group of women. On closer look, these are not women at all, rather men dressed as women.

STU  
Halloween last year. Some fun. You  
know, pal, that's what you need. A  
little distraction. Something  
different.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

You'd be surprised to find out what Fillmore Springs and environs has to offer if you'd just get out a little more. Nothing like dressing up, stepping out on the town. Sometimes you just gotta break out of your mold. Capice? Now, how about a nice hair cut?

Stu reaches over, pushes "play" on his radio/cassette player -- Jerry Vale's "Innamorata". A moment between them. Dave shakes his head, trudges out. Stu watches, sighs.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dave climbs into his car, which has been trashed. Speakers ripped out, upholstery torn to shreds, springs protruding from the seats. Several rips in the headliner. Dave doesn't notice, starts the car, drives off, punches in his cassette.

ZIPLAR ON TAPE

(totally twisted, squeaky)  
Piiiiicckkkkecd hiiiiimmmmmmmseeelf...

Several loud POPS emit from the "speakers." Sparks fly.

INT. DAVE'S DEN - DAY

Dave, two trophies under one arm, grabs the last one off the shelf, eyes Les's photo, skulks off and out.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - DAY

Cindy, in her pink jacket, sits at the kitchen table, calculator in front of her, poring over a pile of bills.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Mom put on a pretty good face, well, for her, anyways. She spent major time on the phone, calling all her clients.

INSERT SHOT:

Cindy scans her call sheet, starts to punch in numbers on the phone, smiling boldly as she talks. She nods, hangs up, shakes it off, repeats the process.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

But not too many of her old clients were currently in need of beauty consulting.

(MORE)

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I'm just hoping this won't mess up  
 things too much, you know, like my  
 BIRTHDAY, which is right around the  
 corner. They always make a big deal  
 about that.

INSERT SHOT:

Lincoln, pre rad hair, pretending not to enjoy a birthday  
 celebration at the family dinner table.

Dave and Cindy, both in party hats, blowing on noisemakers.  
 A pile of wrapped gifts in front of Lincoln. A big birthday  
 cake in the middle of the table. Lincoln fights off a smile.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 No biggee. But what is huge is  
 getting something I want, like a new  
 Iphone... or even a set of wheels.  
 Go big or go home. This is the time  
 to make that play. I'm going for  
 big.

BACK TO SCENE:

Lincoln enters, sits down at the table across from Cindy.

CINDY  
 Do you know what "Hot Choice" is?

LINCOLN  
 Huh?

CINDY  
 (shows him a bill)  
 Hot Choice. There. Satellite. 11  
 times.

LINCOLN  
 Um... I think it's porn or  
 something?

Cindy gasps, bolts up, marches over to the living room.

CINDY  
 I WANT THAT GODDAMNED SATELLITE  
 THING  
 OFF MY HOUSE. TODAY!

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - DAY

Dave, poised atop his extension ladder in his bathrobe, his  
 salmon boxers underneath, robe blowing free in the breeze,  
 unbolts the satellite dish.

DAVE

This is all going to work out. Do  
good things...

Dave holds the dish out, turns to see Mr. Agostini up in his window watching... Frankie sprawled out on a lounge, beside his above-ground pool, still swollen, an I-V beer draining down through a clear hose into his mouth.

Sam shoots a BB gun at tin cans. Bowser BARKS at Dave.

Dave lowers the dish carefully to the ground with a rope.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Good things happen.

As Dave starts down, he notices

Glenn Blackman, brandishing a meat cleaver, standing at the base of the ladder. Blackman pulls back his weapon, but, the ladder rocks into the weak spot dug earlier by Lincoln, nearly kicks out from under Dave. Blackman stops.

Dave grabs the edge of the roof, hangs by his fingertips, one toe gripping the tip of the ladder, just barely.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(to Glenn)

Help me! Please, um, Billy's  
father.

Sam secretly fires off a BB shot at Dave; it PINGS off the shingles right beside Dave's right hand, which he moves, slips a little more, catches a better grip on the ladder...

Blackman raises his cleaver, pulls it back, takes a massive whack at the ladder, and Dave watches his ladder crash down onto the dish.

ON THE CRUSHED NOVASTAR DISH, then

Blackman, an evil smirk on his face, looks up at a hanging Dave, wipes his cleaver clean, heads back to his car, and waits.

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

Aaaaahhh....

THUMP. Blackman grins, climbs into his white Hyuandai, and drives off.

Agostini closes his drapes. Frankie BURPS, rolls onto his Lear and drives inside. Sam "air-fires" several more shots Dave's way.

Dave lies contorted, criss-crossed on top of his ladder.

INT. SCOUT HALL - DAY

Dave, in a left arm collarbone cast (arm raised to shoulder height, bent forward at the elbow), stands alone, sets a box on a table, right beside his gear and the plywood rope wall. He walks to the door where Dick meets him.

DAVE

Dick, this is all messed up.

Gindlesperger extends his palm. Dave goes for a shake.

GINDLESPERGER

No, your key, slug.

Dave lowers his left side and drops the Scout Hall key into Gindlesperger's open palm, salutes with his usable arm. Gindlesperger stares at the salute in disgust.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Boy Scout or not, I don't think he was prepared, not for this.

GINDLESPERGER

You show your face around here, you piece of shit, I'll fuck you up... bad.

Dave stares, lowers his salute, leaves, a broken man.

EXT. CHERRY STREET - DAY

Lincoln pedals along gaily, stops when Ilsa jogs up. She hugs the life out of him, nestling his head right between her breasts, before bracing his shoulders, and jogging on.

Lincoln, dazed, tries to pedal off, but misses the pedal and falls over onto a lawn. He lies there and smiles blissfully.

EXT. MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The beginning of the school day. Buses queuing up, cars exiting, kids streaming in.

Millard Fillmore's face is painted red. Someone's fashioned huge boobs on him and tagged "DAVE MCNAB" (sic) below.

A few kids pass a newspaper among them.

INSERT NEWSPAPER:

A smiley shot of Dave in his Scoutmaster uniform standing with Billy -- Blackman's shot. The caption: "Scoutmaster Relieved of Duty"

The kids hoot and holler, point as Lincoln approaches. They offer hip handshakes and knuckle banging.

A TEEN    ANOTHER TEEN  
Awesome about your old man,      Righteous, bro.  
dude.

Thanks. LINCOLN

Lincoln moves on for more teen kudos.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The McNabb name was in the papers for weeks, which to kids my age equals famous. And famous equals popular which also equals cool. So, school picked up for me, majorly.

Kirsten strides proudly through a gauntlet of slack-jawed young males, their eyes glued to her voluptuous bod. She meets Lincoln. They both stand a beat and look back at the shocked young men left behind, including Charles and Ty...

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Lincoln's English Teacher circulates through the class,  
dispensing papers on desks.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
What was really weird, my grades  
took a big old U-turn, too.

She deposits Lincoln's paper on his desk. Her fingertips lingering on it a beat, near the top.

ENGLISH TEACHER  
Nice effort, Lincoln.

She moves on. Lincoln kicks back, admires his paper. Across the top, handwritten -- "D+. Good improvement!"

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Lincoln now occupies center hall, while the lesser teens must maneuver around him and Kirsten and others high in the school's popularity pecking order. Charles slinks along close to the wall, glances back to catch a look at Lincoln.

Lincoln offers only a minor acknowledging glance.



INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - DAY

Lincoln stands at his window, gazing out.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Mom loved her pink Regal. Even though it wasn't one of those ones you get free for selling a bunch of bullshit makeup crap to lonely women who don't have a clue.

Cindy finishes washing her pink car, stands back, admires.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

She saved up for a long time to get it, had it painted pink on her own, called it her motor-vator.

She rubs the life out of it, so hard, too hard until she plops down on the grass, stares at her motor-vator.

Next door Sharlene pulls up in Frankie's van, climbs out. Ilsa's with her. Decker out and giddy, they head for the Axelrod's.

CINDY

Where are your kids, you hussy?!

Ilsa looks back at the van. Perfect blonde TWIN GIRLS, 4, in party dresses climb out. They look over at Cindy.

ILSA

Say hello to the nice lady, girls, parli Italiano.

TWIN GIRLS

(curtsy, then perfectly)  
Lieto di conoscerLa.

ILSA

Their Italian is not so great yet as their French.

Cindy nods grimly. Twins wave "ciao" as Sharlene and Ilsa escort them into the Axelrod house. Cindy wipes her brow, sucks in a deep breath, lays a FOR SALE sign on her Regal.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

I'm guessing she's selling it to raise some bucks, you know, like for a big surprise gift for someone...

EXT. MILLARD FILLMORE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Lincoln heads out of school, Kirsten's arm locked in his.  
Charles runs up to him.

CHARLES

Hey, cuh, wanna dismember later?

Lincoln and Kirsten laugh, walk off toward her BMW.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What a total jerk. CHODE!!

Lincoln hops inside the Beemer, glances back at Charles.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

I mean, c'mon. Like I'm still  
supposed to hang with a fat kid?

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dave, asleep, just about to roll off the couch, fights off  
a nightmare.

MAYOR BENTWOOD (V.O.)

3 time Man of the Year!

ROCKY (V.O.)

Natural cans. No silicone. No  
saltwater.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

You're still getting paid, aren't  
you?

Dave rolls off, wakes up, and, in a frenzy, tromps off.

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Dave, only one arm useful, pours gas into his lawn mower.  
He looks up at the photos of the stern-gazed Les McNabb.  
He jams a flat file down under his cast, works it to and  
fro.

EXT. AXELROD HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave struggles to wheel his mower around his fence and onto  
the Axelrod lawn, right by the above ground pool. He  
stoops to crank it, hears something... stops... listens to  
the pool.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Wow... Holy-freakin'-wow...

Dave lifts the plastic covering, so we can see

Charles all over Missy. Touching, rubbing, kissing, the works. Missy opens her eyes, SCREAMS, knocks Charles off her, scrambles to her feet, out of the pool and off.

Charles stares at Dave. Dave, dead in the eyes, helps the kid out. Charles eyes him curiously.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
You okay, Mr. McNabb?

Dave nods, a crazy, far-off look in his eyes. Charles cringes, runs off, buttoning his pants as he goes.

Dave replaces the covering neatly, yanks on the mower, which PUTTERS on, its sound magnified by the quiet of the night.

Dave pulls the mower all over the lawn, struggling, making a mess. He huffs, puffs, desperate, fighting back tears. Neighborhood dogs BARK from far Cherry Street reaches.

Lights come on in virtually every home. Frankie, the swelling finally subsiding, in his open robe, drives out.

FRANKIE  
The hell you doing, McNabb!? Your  
kid already cut the damn grass,  
DURING THE DAY!

Cindy and Lincoln run out. Cindy rushes to Dave. Frankie pull him away from the mower, walking just fine. Dave falls to his knees, sobbing. Frankie kills the mower.

Sharlene and Sam watch from their upstairs windows. Missy, sobbing, peers out from behind a slider. Cindy helps Dave up. He's mumbling something.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Cindy, you, ya know, need someone to  
talk to, I got another couple weeks  
on workmen's comp.

Cindy leads Dave away. Frankie senses eyes could be on him and fake-hobbles back to his cart.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - DAY

Cindy sits at the kitchen table, no makeup on, bemused, something in her hands. Lincoln, T-shirt and shorts, scratching, staggers in, stops, surveys his mom.

LINCOLN  
Um, morning.

Cindy just lifts an arm. Lincoln opens the fridge, looks around inside, closes it, disappointed, peers out the window.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
So, what's going on today? Maybe  
I'll take a walk out to the garage.

CINDY  
Uh-huh. Okay.

Lincoln frowns, retreats toward the living room.

INT. MCNABB LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave sits on the floor in front of the TV with his bowl of cereal at his left side. Nothing but LOUD snow on the TV. Zippy's paws cover his floppy ears.

LINCOLN  
Hey, Dad, what'cha watching?

Dave turns to the sound of the voice. His face vapid. He turns back to the snow, reaches for Zippy, who scampers away.

DAVE  
MR. ZIPLAR... RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!

Zippy mopes back to Dave's side. Dave lifts him up, sticks one of Zippy's paws deep down his cast and moves the dog's leg back and forth, MOANING in ecstasy while the pooch WHIMPERS. Lincoln cringes, turns away.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln sits down across from Cindy, notices her hands, cupping something.

LINCOLN  
What's that?

CINDY  
Huh?  
(Lincoln nods toward her hands)  
Oh. Nothing, sweetie.

Cindy tightens her hands.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
I think she really wanted me to see  
what she had in her hands, you know,  
ask her about herself, maybe even make  
her feel better.  
(MORE)

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
So, I thought of one thing I could  
say. You know, to cheer her up.

Lincoln leans close to her, like he might even kiss her.

LINCOLN  
It's my birthday.

CINDY  
Huh?

LINCOLN  
Today is my birthday. I'm sixteen.

CINDY  
No, it's not. You're birthday's  
in...

LINCOLN/CINDY  
March.

Cindy looks confused. She rubs the back of her neck,  
starts to cry. Lincoln fidgets, pats her on the head.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
God, who's supposed to be the adult  
here?

CINDY  
I forgot your birthday. I'm a  
terrible mother. Terrible.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
I had no comeback for that. I mean,  
you forget your only kid's birthday?  
C'mon. You turn 16 once. Okay, so I  
did have a comeback.

LINCOLN  
I bet Charles you were getting me an  
Iphone or a car. Guess I lost.

Cindy's head falls onto her arms, then slowly rises.

CINDY  
You know what I'm gonna do?  
(a vapid look from Lincoln)  
I'm gonna give you some money, so you  
can buy yourself a real nice birthday  
present. How 'bout that?

Cindy pushes a chair over, climbs up on it, reaches for her  
stoneware jar which reads: "Crock of Shoot."

LINCOLN  
Um, what's that?

CINDY  
My convention money.

Cindy climbs down and carries it over to the table, pulls the cork out of the top and dumps it out on the table -- a couple fives, a ten and some ones. Cindy blanks for a minute -- "where'd it all go?" -- grabs the cash, hands it to Lincoln.

LINCOLN  
It's your convention money?

CINDY  
Yeah, but I think your birthday's more important than four nights at the plush Luxor hotel in Las Vegas, don't you?

LINCOLN  
Well, sure, but --

Cindy holds her finger over Lincoln's yap.

LATER

Cindy sits alone at the kitchen table, opens her hand -- A One Step Pregnancy card.

INT. 7-11 STORE - DAY

Lincoln loads up on junk food, heads for the CLERK, who rings him up. Lincoln pops big, slurpy Bubbalicious bubbles.

CLERK  
What else?  
(Lincoln eyes the porno)  
Don't even think about it. \$13.62.

Lincoln pays the clerk, shoves the rest of the money into his pockets, grabs his sack, heads out, but stops at a magazine rack where Dr. Dred is coverboy on "Hip Hop" magazine.

INT. BIG K-MART - DAY

Lincoln browses the electronics aisles. He feigns interest in DVDs but slowly makes his way to the music. He stands at the C-D bin. Reaches into the D section and lifts out a replacement for his lost "Dr. Dred" C-D.

Butch peers out from behind a display.

CLOSE ON Lincoln as the moment builds. He licks his lips, sweat beads starting to form. He looks around, fumbles through other C-Ds.

Butch motions to someone (OS), and Mr. O's head rises up from behind the Country Hits.

Lincoln snatches the Dred C-D, slides it up into his jacket sleeve, starts to walk off quickly, but Mr. O charges down the aisle. Butch beats him there.

BUTCH THE SECURITY MAN  
Ha, ha! Gotcha, you lowlife punk!

MR. O  
Easy now, I'll handle this.

Mr. O gently lifts the C-D from Lincoln's hands, waves it in front of his face. Mr. O escorts Lincoln off.

LINCOLN  
This is bullshit, you know. It's my freakin' birthday, man.

INT. MR. O'S OFFICE - DAY

Lincoln sits impatiently across from Mr. O.

LINCOLN  
I told you. I was going to pay for it.

MR. O  
Were not.

LINCOLN  
Was to. You wanna see my money?

MR. O  
Hell yes! You know your old man stuck his neck out for you on the last one. You had a get out of jail card before, but not now. No way.

Lincoln digs into his pockets, empties the contents on Mr. O's desk. Mr. O separates it carefully with his fingertips.

MR. O (CONT'D)  
You're short.

LINCOLN  
But, I did not leave the store. Right? So, not guilty. That's the law.

MR. O  
Here we go. Play the law card.

LINCOLN

Where there is no law, there is the  
least of real liberty, sir.

Mr. O taps his thick fingers slowly on the Dr. Dred C-D. And taps. And taps. And taps. The door bursts open. Butch, huffing and puffing.

SECURITY MAN

Boss, we've got a 61-78. Aisle 4.

Mr. O's face contorts with rage.

MR. O

Son-of-a... !!!

(to Lincoln)

Wait here. DON'T. TOUCH. A.  
THING.

Mr. O exits, walks right back in, goes to the VCR/TV, shoves in a tape, glares at Lincoln...

MR. O (CONT'D)

I want you to watch and learn!

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - DAY

Cindy, looking a mess, stirs batter in a bowl, stops when Dave flounders in, starts rifling through the cabinet, pulling stuff out with his cast hand, passing things down to his free hand, dropping them to the floor.

CINDY

Just what do you think you're doing?

DAVE

Cereal.

CINDY

We're out. Thanks to you.

DAVE

(turns to her, sizes her up)  
Well, you're looking a little  
ragged, Cin.

Cindy flicks her wooden spoon his way, sending cake batter right into Dave's face. Dave licks it into his mouth.

DAVE (CONT'D)

That's good. I'll have some.



CINDY  
The hell you will. It's for  
Lincoln. It's his birthday, and  
neither of us even...

She starts to cry. Dave shuffles over to her.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
We're horrible people. Horrible  
parents.

DAVE  
You'd both be better off without me.

CINDY  
No, maybe I should just take off like  
your mother did.

DAVE  
(with a little laugh)  
You can't, you sold your car.

Cindy reaches into her bowl, wipes batter across Dave's  
face. A beat. Something hits Dave, a realization.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
My father used to forget my  
birthdays.

CINDY  
Listen, you, no more about your  
father. You're a man. A grown man.  
Now, wipe your nose, take a shower and  
put on some clean clothes. We're  
gonna have a birthday party tonight  
for our son, just like we used to.

Dave slumps off, mumbling, stops, turns back.

DAVE  
Did you at least pick up a present?

Cindy flings the spoon at him, end over end, SLO MO, like a  
hatchet, and hits him squarely in the forehead. The spoon  
sticks there for a beat, slides down Dave's face and CLACKS  
to the floor. Dave rubs his head, picks up the spoon,  
strides up to Cindy... hands it back, shuffles away.

Cindy pulls the Pregnancy Test Card out of her apron.

CINDY  
David!

Dave turns back. A beat. Cindy tucks the card away, waves  
him out.

INT. MR. O'S OFFICE - DAY

ON DAVE/SCREEN

MR. O (O.S.)  
What's not to know? Company policy  
calls for prosecution on something  
like this.

DAVE  
I'll pay for what he did. I just, I  
wouldn't want to embarrass the boy.  
Jeez, this isn't what I expected.

MR. O (O.S.)  
It never is, Mr. McNabb.

DAVE  
He's, he's just a boy.

ON LINCOLN, remote in hand, unsure, questioning. He hits  
"rewind" and the tape zips backward. He presses "play."

ON VIDEO.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I'll pay for what he did. I just...  
I wouldn't want to embarrass the  
boy.

Dave FREEZE FRAMES right there, just about to say "Jeez."

ON LINCOLN. His mouth slightly open. His eyes still riveted  
on the TV, he rewinds again, stops it, plays it...

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'll pay for what he did.

Lincoln stares at the TV. STAY ON HIS FACE, as it sinks in.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave sits on his bed, half-undressed. Zippy in his arms,  
WHIMPERING, his leg all the way down Dave's cast.

INT. BIG K - DAY

Mr. O stacks bleach bottles back on display, sniffs his  
hand.

EXT. MR. O'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. O pounds his way up the stairs. Grumpy, mumbling, he  
pushes open his office door to find Lincoln gone, the C-D  
still on the desk, and Dave's face frozen on the TV screen.

## INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Dave's trying to dress. He's crying, talking to himself. Disheveled, he scuffles to his closet, glances up at his shining trophies, sighs, pulls out a silver filing box, flips it open, thumbs through the A's ("Awards"), B's ("Boy Scout recognition"), C's ("Customer Appreciation Letters")... to the D's ("Dad's Suicide Note") and a newspaper clipping.

INSERT CLIPPING: "FS Man Arrested. Sexual Misconduct Alleged". The photo above the headline: Les McNabb.

Dave wipes his nose, sniffs, snorts, sets the clipping aside, eyes the yellowed suicide note which is BLANK.

Dave stares at himself in the bureau mirror, grabs a pen, tries to write something with his right hand. He moves the pen to his left hand...

## INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cindy pulls a cake pan out of the oven. One glance at its horribly misshapen form, and she begins to laugh/cry. She pulls a box of chocolate pudding out of the pantry...

## INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave, dazed, stands at the sink, a twisted clothing hanger down his cast. He yanks on it, but it won't come out. He tugs and tugs. The damned thing's stuck and poking out.

Dave digs in his pocket for his Boy Scout knife. He works the blade into the cast near his wrist... tries to cut it up, toward his elbow, but drops the knife, as blood trickles down his arm... Zippy YAPS at him insistently.

He looks down at the blood in the sink, up into the mirror.

DAVE

I don't belong here anymore.

Les's face appears in the mirror.

LES IN THE MIRROR

Now you're talkin'.

More faces flash across -- Les, swollen Frankie, the radio guys, Lincoln, Cindy, Ilsa, Stu, a weird look in his eye...

STU (V.O.)

Sometimes you just gotta break out of your mold.

Dave, his arm dripping blood, throws his blue jacket on over his shoulder, looks down at a YAPPING Zippy.

EXT. A STREET - DUSK

Lincoln, on his bicycle, zips through traffic, runs a stop light. Cars SQUEAL to a stop.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - DUSK

Cindy turns on the mixing bowl, powdered pudding flying everywhere in a BROWN CLOUD.

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dave, half dressed, protective goggles on, leans over his table saw, cutting at his cast. It's snowing gauze, plaster. He finally extricates the wire hanger, tosses it aside.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cindy uses an electric knife to trim her humpbacked cake. Thinks she hears something, stops, momentarily. Quiet. She chucks excess behind her, goes back to trimming.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The garage door pops open, and out comes Dave in his car. He backs out slowly, peels off down the street.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NEAR DARK

Lincoln's flying around the corner on his bike, darts out into the way of an oncoming car.

Floyd drives the Mayor's Town Car, swerves, as Lincoln zips by, up and onto the sidewalk, and down a side street.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD: Floyd looks over at the Mayor, who's nearly on his lap. She puckers. He leans over for a smooch.

The Town Car's in the middle of the street now and Dave's car SLAMS into it, unseen by Lincoln, who pedals on furiously.

The Mayor's mouth is bloodied, and Floyd, dazed, lipstick-smearred, climbs out, runs to Dave.

FLOYD

Look what you did, you sonofabitch!

Floyd's pulling at Dave's car door, eyes full of rage. Dave simply stares at Floyd, shoves his car into reverse and backs up, sending Floyd flying.

Dave drives up onto the sidewalk, over a huge mailbox stand, and away, his engine smoking like hell.

Floyd's ready to pull his hair out, finally yanks it off, sends it flying, realizes what he's done, runs off after it.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - NIGHT

Lincoln hops the curb onto his front lawn, which BLOWS OUT his back tire and sends the kid flying. He lands on his ass, jumps off the bike, picks it up, chucks it aside.

INT. MCNABB DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy sticks a dinner candle in the middle of the "cake", strikes match after match, blows each out. She wears a silly party hat, and a small, wrapped gift sits next to the cake. Chocolate batter is caked on her face, in her hair.

INT. DAVE'S CAR/MOVING - NIGHT

Dave, blue jacket half on, hands bloodied, shaky, face sweaty, drives along through town in his trashed, smoking car, still talking to himself. The rearview falls to the floorboard. Dave, of course, doesn't notice.

His cast has been partially cut away, but still constrains him around the upper arm and chest. Bits of plaster fly out the window in the moonlight.

INT. MCNABB DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln appears in the doorway, spots Cindy and the cake.

LINCOLN

Mom?

CINDY

Oh. Happy birthday, honey.

She strikes one last match, reaches up, lights the candle, stares at the dancing flame.

LINCOLN

Uh, what's going on? Where's dad?

CINDY

Huh? Oh, upstairs, getting ready.

Lincoln takes off up the stairs.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
I got you a present!

Lincoln TROMPS right back down.

LINCOLN  
You did?

Cindy holds up his little package. Lincoln eyes the cake.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
Who made that?

CINDY  
Guess who?  
(Lincoln shrugs)  
Your Mommy, that's who.

LINCOLN  
Oh.  
(takes the package from Cindy)  
I open it now, without dad?

CINDY  
It's from me. Just me.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave carefully steers his smoking, wheezing car toward a section of railroad track at a quiet, dark crossing. He slows, glances about warily, bumps the car up onto the crown, looks down the tracks. Dark.

INT. MCNABB DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln's reading the back of a 6 inch pink box.

LINCOLN  
"This hydrating mist converts oil into a moisturizing veil, gently caressing your skin with a delicate, fruity scent, leaving it creamy soft, refreshed and renewed."

He glances at Cindy, all bright-eyed and hopeful. Beat.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
How'd you know I needed a moisturizer?

CINDY  
Maybe I just know my boy, huh?

Lincoln kisses her on the cheek, sets the moisturizer down, starts off, comes back, looks at the candle, makes a wish, blows it out, reaches over and hugs Cindy.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave shifts in his seat, looks down the tracks. His car lurches under him. Dave hits his brakes, but can't stop the car from rolling off the tracks. Dave tries to crank the car. More smoke, no ignition. He climbs out.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Dave stands in front of his car, leans low, tries to push the car back up onto the tracks, but it only rolls back. He hustles to the ground, prones out under the front wheel, but the car stops. A TRAIN WHISTLE in the distance.

Dave pushes himself up, heads for the tracks, sits, looks down track. A light.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln looks around, to the bed and all the files strewn across it, to the open metal box on the floor.

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door pushes open. Lincoln looks around -- the sink, the knife, bloodied... the yellowed note.

LINCOLN

Dad?

He wheels to a GROWLING sound in the shower and slowly reaches for the door, which he slides back. There's Zippy, relentlessly gnawing a chunk of bloody cast.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln sits on the bed with Zippy, and reads the clipping.

LINCOLN

Holy crap.

INT. MCNABB DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln, carrying Zippy and the note, runs up to Cindy, who's using the WHIRRING electric knife to cut up the cake.

LINCOLN

(hands Cindy the yellow note)  
Mom, I think something happened to dad! There's blood up there, and a knife.

CINDY

Oh, my god... Garage. I thought I heard something.

Lincoln and Cindy rush out. Lincoln sets down the dog, who immediately heads for the cake and digs in.

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cindy lifts a bigger hunk of bloodied cast off the table saw.

CINDY

The car's gone.

LINCOLN

What if he's... like grandpa?

CINDY

(holds her tummy)

No. Absolutely not. He's no deviant. I don't care what anybody says.

LINCOLN

No, not... no.

CINDY

What, you think he'd hurt himself?

LINCOLN

I don't know. He's kind of a wimp. I'll go find him.

CINDY

(shakes Lincoln furiously)

I need him. I need that wimp! And so do you. Look how he turned out, growing up without a father.

LINCOLN

Huh? Oh, right.

CINDY

He's my man. MY MAN. Understand?

Lincoln looks down at the floor, and to the trail of plaster bits leading out the open door, picks up bits of plaster.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You're sixteen now. You're a man. What are you gonna do about this, huh? What's inside you, Lincoln McNabb?



Lincoln stares back at his mother, her eyes on fire.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Wow, a man, huh? That's freaking scary. I'm not sure what's inside me. I never thought about it. Why would I?

CINDY

Well?

Lincoln looks over at Les's photo, back to Cindy, her chest heaving.

LINCOLN

Okay, um, you stay here. In case he calls... or comes home... or whatever.

Lincoln stumbles as he dashes off. Cindy glares at the Les McNabb photo, aims the hunk of cast, and chucks it at the wall, knocking Les down.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

Dave lies frozen. A train approaching fast. He turns away from the light to see another spot of light, the fire at the end of a cigarette. The black Bum waves.

BUM

Nice night for it, huh? I was here first, but guess there's plenty room for us both.

DAVE

WHAT!? NO!

Without hesitation, Dave rolls off the tracks, train coming fast. He hustles for the bum, reaches down, tugs him out of harm's way, and the train, WHISTLE BLARING, flies by.

EXT. AXELROD BACK YARD/STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Lincoln jogs up to a shed, peers over at the Axelrod house, which is illuminated by the glow of a television and the sounds of WWF SMACKDOWN. Lincoln pulls out Sam's bicycle.

Sam leans out an upstairs window, flashlight in hand.

SAM

Hey, piss-shit, you're caught!

LINCOLN

I don't have time for this, man. Need to borrow your bike.

SAM  
KISS MY WHAT?! Where's your bike?

LINCOLN  
I blew out a tire. Gotta find my father.

SAM  
Yeah, check the strip joints.

LINCOLN  
He's... he's not like that, buttwipe.

SAM  
Not what Rocky said.

CLOSE SLOWLY ON LINCOLN; he looks up into the beam

LINCOLN  
Actually.

then to us, with a not-too-guilty shrug.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For you guys who didn't figure out by now that I called the madmen that day, I appreciate it, but c'mon, really.

QUICK SHOTS: Lincoln at a 7-11 phone booth, hand over the receiver, talking. Lincoln blowing Slurpee bubble. Lincoln watching Dave's car in intersection, then walking away.

BACK TO Sam, who leans way out the window.

SAM  
Wow, you were that Rocky dude? Man, you can get like so busted for that shit.

LINCOLN  
Whatever. Look, man, I need it, okay?!

SAM  
(CACHUCKS her rifle)  
Release the bike! Step away from the vehicle!

Sam FIRES into the air. Lincoln rolls his eyes...

EXT. AXELROD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln jogs up to the Axelrod front door, KNOCKS. Frankie, standing just fine on his own, pulls the door open, beer can in hand, BURPS.

FRANKIE

Jesus, McNabb, Grand Master Sexay's  
about to unleash the Hip Hop Drop.  
The shit you want?

LINCOLN

Need to borrow your van.

FRANKIE

Don't fuck with me, kid. You don't  
drive.

LINCOLN

I, um, mean, my mom, not me, my mom  
needs to borrow your van... and she  
told me she really thinks you're kind  
of cute, I mean when you're not all  
swollen and stuff. And if you let her --

FRANKIE

Cindy said that? No shit?

Lincoln nods. In the bg, SMACKDOWN heats up, distracts  
Frankie, who digs into his pocket, tosses Lincoln keys.

EXT. RANDOM STREET - NIGHT

Frankie's van hops and bops out of the suburbs, going a few  
feet, stopping, going, JETS OFF like a sportscar.

INT. BUCKTHORN STREET AREA - NIGHT

Dave, losing blood and steam, staggers along with the Bum,  
past a very glitzy joint called, "The Trans Port." A  
couple of overly-made-up, long-haired women sit in the  
window, avert their eyes from this haggard pair.

DAVE

Promise me you won't go back there.

BUM

Can't promise nothin'. Ain't much  
for me around here.

DAVE

But maybe tomorrow you'll wake up in  
a gutter or on a steam grate  
somewhere and your whole life will  
change.

BUM  
(notes Dave's arm)  
Yeah, and you don't get that arm  
looked at, you're gonna run outta  
plasma, brother.

As they walk on, Dave digs in his pockets, deep, pulls out his wallet. They stop.

ACROSS THE STREET: A group of muscular, stocky, tattooed THUGS watch them closely. One uses a cane to gesture to his crones to spread out.

Dave pulls some bills out of his wallet.

DAVE  
Here, maybe this'll help you.

He hands over a few bills. The Bum takes them, glances around furtively, tucks them down into his underpants.

BUM  
First you save my skin, then you  
give  
me money. What kind'a man are you?

DAVE  
I don't know.

The Bum nods, knowingly, takes Dave's hand, shakes it, turns and walks off.

INT. FRANKIE'S VAN/MOVING - NIGHT

Lincoln bounces along, swerving from side to side, a little blood caked to the side of his face, squints to see:

Tiny bits of plaster dancing in the breeze ahead of him, illuminated by his headlights... Dancing bits which suddenly blow away in a cloud and... disappear. Lincoln thinks...

SERIES OF SHOTS: (MOS)

1. Lincoln knocks on the door at the Scout Hall. No reply.
2. Frankie's van glides up to Elkart Drugs.
3. Lincoln presses his face against the glass at Balboni's.
4. Lincoln stands on the Fountain in the park, calls out...

INT. FRANKIE'S VAN/MOVING - NIGHT

Lincoln wipes at his window, looks out, all around, swerving as he glances from side to side. Cars HONK as they come toward him. He HONKS back.

INT. BUCKTHORN STREET AREA - NIGHT

Dave mopes along alone, past the Trans Port where one of the Blondes in the window now watches him, and the group of bad boys following him. Dave's mumbling to himself.

DAVE  
Need to break the mold.

INT. FRANKIE'S VAN/MOVING - NIGHT

Lincoln adjusts the rearview mirror, catches a glimpse of himself, primps, drives on.

EXT. BUCKTHORN STREET AREA - NIGHT

Dave's now being escorted by the thugs, bum-rushed off.

INT. FRANKIE'S VAN/MOVING - NIGHT

Lincoln eyes the road ahead, spots some dancing flecks of plaster, drives on.

EXT. TRANS PORT - NIGHT

The Blonde WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, now steps out into the night, pauses a moment in the doorway, so we can take her in. She wears a black, lace-up silk dress with a daring slit and a matching choker and black glitter clutch.

She looks both ways, spots the thugs dragging Dave away, crossing the street several blocks away. She takes off after them, but her suede ankle strap slingback 5" heels give way and she crashes.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW  
Three hundred buck Blahniks and you  
can't even run in the goddamn things!

INT. FRANKIE'S VAN/MOVING - NIGHT

Lincoln looks out through the windshield to a sign that reads "Road Forks Ahead"...

Lincoln slows the van as it approaches the fork in the road, until he stops right there in the middle of the road.

LINCOLN  
I took the one less traveled by...

Lincoln veers left.

INT. FRANKIE'S VAN/STOPPED - NIGHT

A freight train crosses in front of Lincoln, SCREECHING, GRINDING, finally passes, and there in the headlights...

DAVE'S CAR, smashed, stripped, on blocks. Hood, trunk up.

LINCOLN

Please, no.

Lincoln kills the engine, climbs out.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS/INT. FRANKIE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln walks slowly toward Dave's car. A HIDEOUS, SCARY LAUGH and a RUSH OF FOOTFALL, stop him cold, turn him right around. He runs back to the van, hops up and inside, locks the door, stares out at Dave's car.

LINCOLN

Okay... In just one of us there is all of us. Vin Diesel, let's do our thing.

He cranks the engine, drives up the crown, where the van promptly stalls. He cranks the engine again; starts right up. He goes for the shifter, it comes loose in his hands.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

The Woman in the Window, heels in one hand, really hoofs it, runs around the corner, piles right into Lincoln, who carries a tire iron. They both go down.

LINCOLN

Oh, sorry, ma'am.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW

(brushes herself off)

My bad. Totally not looking.

LINCOLN

(eyes her curiously)

Mr. Balboni?

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW/STU

(voice drops an octave)

Oh, um, Lincoln, hi, hi. Who did that to your hair?

LINCOLN

I did.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW/STU

When you're ready to fix it, stop in.

LINCOLN

(helps Stu to his feet)  
God, you look really pretty.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW/STU

Aw.

LINCOLN

Have you seen my dad? I think he's in trouble bigtime.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW/STU

Shit, that was him. Let's go!

Stu tries to pull on his heels, but it's no use. He stuffs them down his dress, and takes off, Lincoln having a hard time keeping up.

EXT. AROUND A WAREHOUSE CORNER - NIGHT

The edge of town. Railroad tracks. RATTY-LOOKING THUG taps his cane on the chain-link fence that runs along the railroad tracks. The fence and building form an alley.

Dave's backing his way down the side of the building, a trash can cover his only defense.

RATTY-LOOKING THUG

Gimme something, man. NOW!

Dave wheels. TWO MORE THUGS behind him.

DAVE

No! Dammit, no. A man has a right to safe and unfettered passage!

RATTY-LOOKING THUG

What the crap did he just say?

EXT. DARK SIDE OF TOWN/ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Stu and Lincoln stop, listen -- a CACKLE.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW/STU

You take that side.

LINCOLN

He's okay, right?!

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW/STU  
Sure he is. I find him, I'll signal.

He pulls a whistle cylinder out of his clutch.

EXT. AROUND A CORNER - CONTINUOUS

The Ratty-Looking Thug holds Dave at arm's length.

RATTY-LOOKING THUG  
Keys. Gimme your car keys.

DAVE  
(fumbles through his pockets)  
I don't...

RATTY-LOOKING THUG  
You don't deal me no shit!

He pulls back his arm. Lincoln jumps out from behind a dumpster, SCREAMS.

LINCOLN  
Yeeeeaaaaaaa!

The Thug wields his cane; a quick sword fight ensues between cane and tire iron, but Lincoln knocks the cane into the fence and DOINKS the Ratty Thug across the head with the tire iron. The Thug drops. A train WHISTLE in the distance.

DAVE  
Lincoln. My boy.

Thug #3 grabs Dave before he can get to Lincoln, while Thug #2 steps closer to the kid, pulls out a blade, shows him.

LINCOLN  
Let him go.

THUG #2  
(re Ratty Thug)  
You're gonna pay, man!

LINCOLN  
LET HIM GO!! NOW!

Lincoln raises his iron. Train SCREECHING in the distance.

DAVE  
Go, boy. It's okay, let them do what they want to me. I'm bad.

LINCOLN  
NO! I am. Not you.



THUG #2

Hey, I don't give a rat's ass about which of you's bad, okay! Somebody gimme something, or I crack this dude's head open like one'a them Survivor coconuts.

Thug #3 applies some pressure around Dave's neck. Lincoln reaches deep into his pocket, pulls out the last of his money, heaves it at the thugs.

LINCOLN

There. That's it. Now, let him go!

Thug #2 picks up the few bucks and change, jams it in his shirt pocket.

THUG #2

You dissing me?

LINCOLN

(looks past them)  
Someone behind you, better watch out.

THUG #2

I go to the movies, too, bitch.

A WHISTLE BLOWS! Thug #3 wheels Dave around, just as Stu turns the whistle around and shoots a cloud of pepper spray, nailing Dave in the face.

WOMAN IN THE WINDOW/STU

Oh, crap. I am so sorry.

Lincoln rushes the Thugs, trips over the fallen Thug, hits Dave behind the knees with his head. Dave doubles over backward. Lincoln gets up, takes a swing at Thug #2, while Stu deals with #3, who pulls a chain out from behind him. Dave on the ground, clutching his eyes.

THUG #3

Man, you some kinda ugly! Where'd you get that dress, girl, K-Mart?!

STU

Hey, you, seeds of bad taste sewn in a field of ignorance yield only degradation. You know who told me that?

(Thug 3 shrugs)  
He did, that's who.

Stu points to Dave with his clutch, wheels and chucks it, nails #3 right between the eyes, leaps on top of him, begins beating the pure snot out of him.

DAVE

Stu?

Lincoln uses the tire iron on Thug #2's legs, bringing him to his knees. He stops long enough to drag Dave by his bad arm. Dave SCREAMS OUT in pain.

Stu's now really going at it, clutch in one hand, closed fist in the other -- a two-handed, ass-whupping windmill.

LINCOLN

Mr. Balboni? Okay! Okay?

Stu looks up, eyes on fire, hesitates, continues...

Lincoln drags Dave away and over the railroad tracks, a train coming fast (its ROAR and WHISTLE growing louder, louder), as a giant headlight beam turns the near bend.

Lincoln's strength gives out, leaving Dave in the train's path, right there on the tracks. Lincoln tries to drag his father off, but Dave's cast is caught on a rail spike.

Stu's still pummeling #3, but spots Lincoln and Dave; he spits on #3, grabs Lincoln's dough from #2's pocket, and takes off running, holding his slit high for knee lift.

Stu stops, looks out toward the tracks: Frankie's VAN COMING AT US SIDEWAYS TOO FAST, pushed by the train, SPARKS FLYING.

Stu sprints, goes flying, sprawled out in a heap of silk.

Lincoln's eyes widen in terror, as he kneels close to his father. Dave looks up at him with resignation.

DAVE

Leave me. It's okay.

LINCOLN

No! No, it's not!

With an adrenaline surge and a BELLOWING GRUNT, Lincoln straddles the rail, reaches down, grabs Dave by his underarm, lifts Dave up and over his shoulder and lunges for safety on the Stu side of the track, as Frankie's van and the train pushing it SCREAM past.

Dave lies on Lincoln's back. Lincoln squeezes himself out from under his old man, turns his father over gently, looks down at Dave, whose eyes are closed now. He's spent.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
 Dad, dad, you okay?  
 (leans closer, voice trembling)  
 Dad?

Still nothing. Lincoln takes a deep breath, squeezes Dave's nostrils together, is about to go mouth to mouth, when Dave's left eye pops open.

DAVE  
 You saved me... son.

LINCOLN  
 (lets go of Dave's nostrils)  
 What?

DAVE  
 You - saved - me.

LINCOLN  
 Wow. I did.

Dave's eyes flutter, close again. The train GRINDS through.

Stu sits nearby, his head between his dress slit, worn out. Thugs approach. He blows his WHISTLE. Thugs scramble off.

Lincoln cradles Dave's head. CLOSE ON LINCOLN'S FACE.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

ON LINCOLN'S FACE: The sun is shining brightly. He pushes Dave out in a wheelchair. A Nurse walks along beside them.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 It was so weird when I told my parents about that whole Rocky thing. I thought they'd so like scream or yell or go off on me or something. They both just started bawling.

Cindy pulls up in Dave's partially restored car. They help Dave in as hospital Staff watch. The McNabb car pulls away.

INT. ELKART DRUGS - DAY

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
 Dad went back to work. They even gave him back pay. No one seemed to hold too much against him.

Dave hands a prescription across the counter to Ellen, who reaches out, takes the bag, nods politely, and pushes her stroller out, leaving Dave alone, a sage smile on his face.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - DAY

Cindy loads a box of product into the trunk of her new pink car, closes it just so, steps back, and we see how VERY PREGNANT she is. She admires her car, climbs in, and as she backs out and drives off...

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Mom's sales went nuts. People were calling her from all over the place. News people, regular people. Our phone didn't stop ringing for weeks, again. She sold 400 bucks worth of stuff to Katie Couric alone.

INT. MCNABB DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A romantic dinner in progress. Candles, 2-Liter Uncle Frosty Root Beer, the works. Lincoln steps in, refreshes drinks.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Mom and dad patched things up. I copped to running up the satellite porno charges and even said that dirty boob magazine was mine. Which it wasn't. I actually found it inside that old album. What's one more? Oh, but I never told her about lifting her Vegas money. Just didn't come up. You know?

Cindy raises a toast to Dave, but feels a kick and calls Dave over to feel it, too, which he does. Lincoln's next in line.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

(as he listens to Cindy's tummy)  
Maybe someday I'll tell her. Maybe not. With a kid sister on the way, soon I'll have somebody else to blame stuff on. Just kidding, sort of.

EXT. ROAD NEAR PARK - DAY

Lincoln, hair buzzed, wearing orange reflector gear, stoops to pick up some roadside trash.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Sam was right. You can get busted for doing what I did. If the person you messed with presses charges against you.

Lincoln drops a Subs-To-Go wrapper in his bag...

LINCOLN

Which my dad did. Said it would teach me an important lesson. The judge pretty much agreed. He had kids, too. One summer of community service. No biggie.

Lincoln wipes some sweat from his brow, gets back to work.

INT. BIG K-MART - DAY

LINCOLN (V.O.)

I got a job, too, you know, to pay back the three hundred bucks for Axelrod's van. Guess that train kind'a totalled it.

Lincoln, K-Mart vest on, stocks C-Ds under Mr. O's watchful eye. He checks out the new "Dr. Dred" C-D, "Baby Dun Did It", files it away. He gazes out at the store, America shopping for breaks.

INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM - DAY

LINCOLN (V.O.)

So, now everything's pretty much back to normal. Well, not exactly everything...

Lincoln walks into the lunchroom alone. He looks around, spots a new group of seniors in "their corner."

ON HIS FACE: a steely determination.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Like, it's weird, but I don't hate my life anymore.

Lincoln bucks up and makes a beeline for the seniors. Other underclassmen notice, including a couple of Teen Babes at Kirsten's table. TEEN BABE #1 nudges Kirsten. She looks up.

Lincoln's moving closer now. The seniors turn to him. The moment builds.

Lincoln keeps going, until he's in the corner. One of the Seniors gestures, "this is the guy who..." The others offer fists for banging.

Kirsten eyes Lincoln. TEEN BABE #1 notices.

TEEN BABE #1  
What, you guys aren't hanging  
anymore?

KIRSTEN  
Huh? Oh, me and Lincoln? No.

TEEN BABE #2  
Too bad.

KIRSTEN  
Yeah.

TEEN BABE #1  
He seems so different this year.

Lincoln stands in the Seniors' corner, chatting it up now. He spots Charles and Missy moving toward a table, waves them over. Charles gestures, "who us?". Lincoln nods. Charles shakes his head, "no way." Lincoln insists with a wave.

Charles and Missy cautiously walk over and join them. Lincoln introduces them around.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
I guess at some point, maybe when you  
turn 16, or even older for some  
people, you realize that all the stuff  
you go through, good or bad, has some  
kind of, I don't know, purpose... and  
you just kind of go with it, you know.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS PARK - DAY

It's Fall Festival time in Fillmore Springs. Autumn weather has turned the leaves to flame and they cascade delicately to the ground. Game booths are set up, a two-man band (stand-up Bass and Lowry Fun Machine) plays on the bandstand.

The Mayor steps up onto the bandstand and salutes the band as they wrap up a bad yet jaunty rendering of "September Song."

MAYOR BENTWOOD  
Let's really hear it for them.  
Thanks to the wonderful  
Fillmoronics!

The gathering crowd applauds. The Fillmoronics wave back.

MAYOR BENTWOOD (CONT'D)

I trust you've all enjoyed this year's Fall Festival. Before we close with another fine rendering, I'd like to bring one of your neighbors to the stage. He's asked to share a few words with you.

The crowd MURMURS. Mayor Bentwood looks over. There stands Dave, his arm around Cindy. They are alone, away from the other revellers.

MAYOR BENTWOOD (CONT'D)

Come right on up.

Cindy looks to Dave, then behind to Lincoln, who eases his way between them. He hops up beside the Mayor, who guides him toward the microphone. Lincoln looks out at the Fillmorian faces. He CLEARS HIS THROAT.

LINCOLN

Um... I don't... Uh. A lot of things are still goin' around about my father. And none of it's true. Well, maybe some of it, but not the bad stuff. That was all made up... started by me.

The crowd is hushed.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I don't know why I did it, except that maybe I didn't think about what might happen when I called in to those radio guys. We do dumb stuff sometimes, all of us, me definitely included. We, um, expect people to be like a certain thing or way all the time and... they're not, you know. They're just not...

FACES IN THE CROWD: Bob, Ellen, Kingsley, Floyd, Mayor...

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Anyway, all I got to say is, um, my dad's a... good person. And he's real, ya know? I hope someday, well, there ya go.

(he starts off, then)

Good night, Fillmore Springs!

The crowd is stunned silent. Lincoln hops down off the staging area, meets his parents and walks off with them.

EXT. MCNABB HOUSE - DAY

Dave, dressed in overalls, protective goggles on, edges his front lawn. Bob Montross drives up in his Grand Cherokee, pulls into the driveway. He leans out the window. Dave shuts off the edger, walks over...

BOB

Dave, a group of us citizens are getting together to tackle a Fillmore Springs beautification plan, take on that Buckthorn Street mess. Folks think you'd make an A-number-one committee chairman. Big feather in your cap. Organizational meeting at my place in an hour. Whadda ya say?

Dave thinks about it a moment, pulls down his goggles...

DAVE

Appreciate the offer, Bob, but Cindy's worked all afternoon on a pork roast. Wouldn't want to disappoint her. You do understand, right?

Bob looks at Dave curiously, nods with a frown.

INT. MCNABB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dave, still in his overalls, goggles around his neck, walks into the kitchen. Cindy, fit to burst with child, is at the refrigerator, door open, just staring inside.

CINDY

Any idea what you'd like for dinner tonight, Dave? Just haven't felt up to thinking about it.

Dave walks up behind her, rubs her tummy.

DAVE

You go take a load off, I'll throw something together.

INT. DAVE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Lincoln, hair back to normal, pulls open drawers of the old organizer. Dave, drill in one hand, flashlight in the other, grabs a tin of drill bits off the bench.

Lincoln glances up to the cracked photo of Les McNabb.



LINCOLN  
Dad, if you ever wanna talk about  
Grampa... I mean, I'll listen.

Dave's eyes drift over to Lincoln. A beat.

DAVE  
I'll take you up on that... someday.

LINCOLN  
Cool.  
(a beat)  
So, how many we need again?

DAVE  
Nine inch-and-a-half hex head lag  
screws, galvanized, nine 5/8-inch  
shields.

He watches Lincoln dig for them, drop them in his pocket.

LINCOLN  
Couple extra just in case?

DAVE  
Good thought. Ready?

LINCOLN  
Let's do it.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS PARK - DAY

WE FOLLOW Dave and Cindy as they leave the pink car, and stroll off through the park. Cindy pushes a baby carriage. Dave, restored, chin up, totes a picnic basket, walks Zippy, nods politely as they pass others on this fine, Fall day.

They stop near the Fillmore Springs Fountain Memorial, set up camp -- blanket, basket, baby, finally the both of them sit close, showing the baby the fountain's geyser streams...

WE MOVE TOWARD THE FOUNTAIN and the gushing water, Millard Fillmore's cement likeness pointing the way, and the three words on the curved wall below, one for each geyser: "Faith-Honor-Compassion"

SLOWLY WE TILT DOWN to the base of the streams and Dave's three somewhat-weathered Man-of-the-Year trophies, each fastened by three lag screws, each brimming over with collected water where birds of all variety enjoy a drink.

WE MOVE PAST THE FOUNTAIN to Dave's parked Taurus, where Lincoln sits in the driver's seat, watching his family from a distance.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, struts her stuff toward the Taurus. Seems like she's just walking by, but she stops at the car.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Beautiful Girl climbs in, pecks Lincoln on the cheek.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
Thanks for waiting. Thought my blad  
was gonna explode. God, those  
bathrooms are like so gross.

Lincoln grins right at us, as the Girl primps.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
Oh, yeah, that's Kelly. She's new  
at  
school A senior. Pretty tight,  
huh?

He arches an eyebrow, aims his gaze back toward his family. Makes him smile.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL/KELLY  
Why are you smiling like that?

LINCOLN  
No reason. One sec, okay.

He pulls out a cell phone, tabs it once.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hey. We're taking off now.  
(...)  
Okay. We will. See ya. Thanks.

He CRANKS the Taurus, backs it up and steers out of the park, Kelly flouncing her long, radiant blonde hair.

EXT. FILLMORE SPRINGS - CONTINUOUS

As Dave's Taurus drives away past the sign that reads "You're Now Leaving Fillmore Springs, A Fine Place Just to Be."

WE PULL BACK to take in the full vista of the town including the park, with Dave, who flips his new cell phone closed, Cindy and the baby watching as...

Lincoln makes his way off.

FADE OUT.