

Lawn Boys
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN SOUTH JERSEY LAWN - MORNING

A pickup truck with an attached trailer loaded with landscaping gear pulls up to a modest, vinyl-sided house.

Random LANDSCAPERS unload equipment, string weedwackers, mix gas and oil, gas up lawnmowers, etc.

They mow lawns, wack weeds, edge curbs, trim hedges, throw mulch, empty debris into truck beds, blow clippings, etc.

The landscapers load the equipment back onto the truck and trailer and drive off, revealing a decently manicured lawn.

EXT. MRS. LARGENT'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

A puny landscaper, RIPPY (18), works his way along a flower bed with his weedwacker and toward a birdbath standing upon a patch of crushed stone ground cover.

Among the stones, a stubborn tuft of grass taunts him.

Rippy jabs his tool at the cluster. A barrage of pebbles spray toward the house.

A window shatters. Rippy winces.

RIPPY

Aw balls...

EXT. MRS. LARGENT'S HOUSE - DOWN THE STREET

A dump truck and pickup truck with attached trailer parked before a house. Both vehicles have faded door magnets:

"HEIKO'S LAWN CARE"

Oafish BRIAN (mid 20s) climbs onto the dump truck and empties a trash can full of grass clippings.

His coworker, short, thick and hairy MUNGO (23) blows clippings from the sidewalk onto the lawn with a blower.

Rippy walks up with his weedwacker and an armful of broken glass. He dumps the glass and straps his tool to the side of the truck.

BRIAN

Aw way to go, stupid. For a minute there I was worried you wouldn't do something bone-headed today.

RIPPY
Save your drama for your mama,
Brian.

Brian jumps down from the truck and marches toward Rippy.

RIPPY
(cowering)
Don't hit me. Hit...
(pointing at Mungo)
Hit him!

MUNGO
Huh?

RIPPY
He called you a... a slacker!

Brian glares at Mungo.

MUNGO
What?
(to Rippy)
Don't be such a wuss, dude. Lean
into it. He ain't so big, he's just
big-boned.

BRIAN
Shut your corn hole, Mungo.

Brian scrutinizes Mungo's work.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Just blow it out into the street
dummy.

MUNGO
Nah dude. Heiko says that's against
the law in Margate.

BRIAN
You're against the law in
Margate... stoner.

Mungo continues blowing clippings onto the lawn.

Rippy strains to close the trailer gate.

Brian climbs into the driver side of the dump truck, empties
his Gatorade down his throat and lights a smoke.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 C'mon a-holes, I need to stop at
 Wawa. And let's beat it before-

A screen door SLAMS. Mungo shuts the blower off.

MRS. LARGENT (O.S.)
 Heiko!!

Brian looks out the passenger window.

HEIKO (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 I'm not here.

BRIAN
 Oh great.

The senior lady, MRS. LARGENT, storms toward the crew in a
 housecoat.

MRS. LARGENT
 Where's Heiko?

BRIAN
 Hi Mrs. Largent, he's not here
 today. He's uh... he's sick.

Mrs. Largent gets in Brian's face.

MRS. LARGENT
 Well tell him he'll have to pay for
 that window, see!

Brian wipes a spec of Mrs. Largent's spittle from his cheek
 and gazes at the windshield.

BRIAN
 Yes ma'am. We see that. Loud and
 clear.

She turns around. Rippy gazes at his shoes.

MRS. LARGENT
 Hmph!
 (to Mungo, sweetly)
 Well hello there Mungo. Tell your
 mother I said hi.

MUNGO
 I will Mrs. Largent. Sorry about
 that.

Mrs. Largent marches back toward her house.

MRS. LARGENT

(muttering)

Air conditioning cooling off half
the town... Social security won't
cover that...

Brian looks over to the passenger window. Cigarette smoke
floats in the air on the other side.

HEIKO (O.S.)

She gone?

BRIAN

Yeah, you can come out now.

The head and shoulders of a tan and wiry landscaper, HEIKO
(late 30s) rises into view. He's handsome but uptight.

HEIKO

What the hell, Rippy?! I told you
to be careful around those rock
gardens!

RIPPY

(looking down)

I thought they were tiny mushrooms.

HEIKO

We're behind today as it is! Screw
it, I could be pumping gas at
Sunoco! Or have a paper route!

MUNGO

Dude, take it easy. It's just a
window.

HEIKO

Oh just a window. I'm losing
business because of you guys!
Seriously, I'm gonna drive the
trucks into the bay and... and take
over my niece's lemonade stand!

Heiko checks his watch.

HEIKO (CONT'D)

Great. My buddy's back in town and
we're supposed to meet up. Man, if
only I had a class-act like him on
our crew.

BRIAN

What's so classy about this guy? He heavy equipment certified?

HEIKO

No, better. He hangs out with rock bands and bangs strippers. And he wears these cool nerd glasses. He's really got his shit together.

RIPPY

Sounds like a real baller, Heiko.

HEIKO

He has the sharpest balls I know.

EXT. BIKE PATH - DAY

STEVE (late 30s) a tall, schlubby guy zips down a pleasant tree-lined bike path on an old three-speed.

He wears Buddy Holly glasses, Chuck Taylors, and cargo pants cut just below the knees. He jams out to indie rock through his earbuds.

He passes by HOUSEWIVES walking their dogs, rings his bell and waves hello. They ignore him.

He rides along a section of rose garden.

A big, douchey white Ford F-350 blaring modern post-grunge rock speeds by. Grass clippings dump all over him.

MIKE (O.S.)

Asswipe!!

Steve flies screaming into a rose bush, glasses flying off.

He gags, spits out grass and brushes himself off.

Laughter bellows from the truck as it speeds away.

A decal on the tailgate reads in a firey, tribal font:

"SUMMER'S EVE LANDSCAPING"

INT. MARINA RESTAURANT - PATIO BAR - DAY

Locals-only type of place next to a marina. Tan and rugged FISHERMAN-TYPES. WAITRESSES with hard features.

Classic rock plays off the jukebox over a Phillies game.

Heiko and the boys sit at the bar. PAUL the bartender (30s) delivers a green girly drink with an umbrella to Rippy.

PAUL
Here ya go, Rippy. Mountain Dew
Shirley Temple.

Brian watches one of the monitors.

BRIAN
(clapping)
Yeah! Howard's on third!
(chanting)
Phillies!! Phillies!!

Brian looks around expecting a big response from the bar but gets nothing.

Heiko looks over and sees Steve entering the bar, brushing clippings off himself.

HEIKO
Yo Steve!

Steve looks over and walks toward Heiko.

Brian sizes him up and looks at Mungo. Mungo shrugs. Rippy beams a bright smile. Brian resumes watching the game.

STEVE
Hey, what's up there mister butt
fister?

Steve and Heiko bro-hug.

HEIKO
What are you doing back in town,
butt clown?

STEVE
Oh, I dunno. I got laid off so I'm
just gonna kick it around here for
the summer.

Heiko picks a clipping out of Steve's hair.

HEIKO
What happened to you?

STEVE
The Mike Summers welcome wagon.

HEIKO

Ugh. Yeah, he still plays frog
baseball behind the rec lodge.
(to the crew)
But Steve's a big city guy now!

MUNGO

What do you do up there, dude?

STEVE

I work in advertising.
(to Paul)
Whiskey. Neat.

RIPPY

Anything we might have heard of?

STEVE

Propecia.

Brian stays glued to the game and runs a hand over his
receding hairline.

BRIAN

I heard of her. Propecia Johnson.
WNBA all-star.

INT. MARINA RESTAURANT - PATIO BAR - NIGHT

Steve and Heiko's crew sit before several empty glasses and
bottles. The bar is more crowded and the music is louder.

A creepy, depressed man, JD (50s), eyes them from across the
bar. Steve doesn't notice.

A sassy waitress, LAUREN (late 20s) glides by Heiko and
speaks into his ear.

LAUREN

Don't forget, I get off at two.

Heiko nods and the boys watch her walk away in envy.

BRIAN

I'm outta here. All the chicks in
here have crabs anyway.

Brian stumbles off. Heiko turns to Steve and puts a sloppy
arm around him, sloshing Steve's drink. He doesn't mind.

HEIKO (CONT'D)

So you gonna stick around and help
me put Summers out of business or
what?

Steve turns to him sloppily.

STEVE
Pffft! Me? Landscaping?

HEIKO
Come on! I'll pay you fifteen an hour!

RIPPY AND MUNGO
Fifteen?!

STEVE
Puh! Fifteen dollars couldn't even get me a coffee cart breakfast on Canal street. I make eighty when I'm low balling.

MUNGO
Eighty?! Dude you serious?

RIPPY
Wow! You must have some mad skills!

HEIKO
Steve's got mad seniority. He's been my number two since kindergarten.

Heiko casts pleading eyes to Steve.

HEIKO (CONT'D)
I could really use the help.

Rippy and Mungo sulk. Steve sips his drink.

STEVE
Sorry guys, this mofo ain't leveling down for nobody.

Paul sets a credit card before Steve.

PAUL
Your card's declined, bro.

Steve turns to Heiko.

STEVE
How about I start tomorrow?

EXT. OCEAN CITY 9TH STREET BRIDGE - DAY

The dump truck crosses over the bridge in light traffic toward the seaside community.

INT./EXT. DUMP TRUCK - DAY

Brian drives with Steve riding shotgun, looking pudgy in his high school gym shirt. Rippy is squeezed between them.

Brian drums the steering wheel along to a Disturbed song.

Steve stares at his smartphone. He looks out the window at:

JD pushing a lawnmower in a yard.

STEVE

Who's that?

RIPPY

Oh that's JD. He's weird. He works alone.

BRIAN

But he don't live alone. He keeps a gimp in his basement.

Rippy shudders. Steve returns to his phone.

The song ends and a commercial for a local mortgage company comes on.

MORTGAGE COMMERCIAL SINGERS (V.O.)

(singing)

*Atlantic Shore Mortgage, for all
your mortgage needs!*

BRIAN

Stupid commercials. Change it.

Rippy tunes into an ad spot on another station.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... Center City Sports, for all
your sporting good needs.

STEVE

God the ad copy sucks around here.

Rippy reaches once again and tunes to a new station. It's a commercial with futuristic background music:

CYBERLAWN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Attention homeowners! Is the
 current drought drying you out? Up
 to your neck in water bills?...

BRIAN
 Oh not these a-holes again.

Steve looks up from his phone. Rippy reaches to turn the dial but Steve gestures for him to keep it on.

STEVE
 No wait. What is this?

CYBERLAWN ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...Natural grass is so last
 century! Get with the times with a
 CyberLawn synthetic turf
 installation. Call today for a free
 estimate: six oh nine, IT LASTS!

The commercial ends with a jingle:

SINGERS (V.O.)
 (singing)
*CyberLawn! Your ticket to the
 twenty-first century!*

STEVE
 Does Heiko know about this?

BRIAN
 Yeah, but who the hell would want a
 plastic lawn anyway?

CYBERLAWN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Cyberlawn. For all your synthetic
 lawn needs.

STEVE
 Ugh.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - JOB SITE

Brian backs a stand-on mower down the trailer.

Rippy unstraps his weedwacker and Mungo starts up a zero-turn riding mower.

Steve stares at his phone in his throwback Magnum PI nut-huggers.

Heiko walks up to Steve with a weedwacker.

HEIKO
Hey... Hey!

Steve darts up and shoves his phone away.

STEVE
Oh! Sorry.

HEIKO
You okay with the weedwacker, butt
crack attacker?

He checks the string and hands the tool to Steve.

STEVE
Ha! Please. This ain't rocket
science.

HEIKO
Cool, get these two houses then
we'll go on to the next block.

STEVE
Don't tell me what to do!

HEIKO
I'm the boss here, you! Just
kidding. See ya in a bit!

Heiko walks back to the pickup.

Steve leans over and yanks the pull-cord to no avail.

Rippy walks over.

RIPPY
You have to prime it first.

Rippy demonstrates on his own tool by pressing the primer
bulb. He starts it up and sweeps away at the grass.

STEVE
Oh yeah, right. Forgot about that.
Duh!

Steve presses the primer bulb a few times then tries
pull-starting again. It doesn't start. He tries again and
again and it won't start.

Rippy turns back toward him.

RIPPY

Give it some gas when you start it.

STEVE

I know. I know. Geeze what's wrong with this thing?

Rippy walks away and starts trimming the edge of a sidewalk.

Heiko looks over from the truck then hustles over to Steve.

HEIKO

This one is a little tricky. Let's get you on the self-propelled instead. I'll get this.

STEVE

Uh...

HEIKO

The push mower!

Heiko points toward the sidewalk. He starts the weedwacker right up and makes quick work of the edging.

Steve pouts and walks over to the push mower on the sidewalk. He starts it on his first try and smiles.

He pushes the running mower toward the lawn's edge.

MUNGO

Wait! Dude!

Steve pushes hard and buzzes into the turf. He backs off the edge revealing an unsightly crescent shape burned in.

BRIAN

Yeah, real class act, Heiko.

Heiko drops his weedwacker and charges over to Steve.

HEIKO

(setting wheel heights)

Aw man! You gotta set the wheel heights! And don't just plow into it! Ease up to it like the thigh of your junior prom date!

STEVE

I didn't go to the junior prom!

Steve stammers. Heiko leans down, snatches clippings off the ground and tosses them onto the bare spot.

HEIKO
 Forget it. I'll do it myself...

Steve fidgets. Heiko lightens up.

HEIKO
 Just go do Mr. Tucci's lawn over
 there, butt-hair snare care bear!

EXT. MR. TUCCI'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Steve struggles to push a lawnmower along a long stretch of lawn. Large clumps of ground-up clippings lie in his wake.

A late-nineties model BMW pulls up. A stocky middle-aged man, MR. TUCCI (50s), hops out and marches toward Steve.

Steve turns to see the customer and takes out his earbuds.

MR. TUCCI
 Where's your boss?

STEVE
 My boss? Oh, you mean Heiko! I'm
 actually a friend of his. Just
 helping him out for the summer.

Steve smiles at him. Mr. Tucci glares at him.

MR. TUCCI
 I don't give a monkey's ass who you
 are!

STEVE
 Pardon?

MR. TUCCI
 Look at this mess! My special needs
 nephew could do a better job with
 his safety scissors!

Steve surveys the lawn and sees clumps all over the place, with tufts of grass missed by the mower.

Mr. Tucci points at the lawnmower's clipping bag.

MR. TUCCI (CONT'D)
 See this bag here?

STEVE
 Yeah.

MR. TUCCI
See this trash can?

STEVE
Yes.

MR. TUCCI
Put the contents of this bag into
that trash can. Do it OFTEN.
Capische?

STEVE
You got it.

The man marches off. Steve takes off the mower bag.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Monkey's ass in the trash can,
capische?

EXT. MRS. GUNTHER'S HOUSE - BACK YARD

Steve pushes his mower along a flower bed and mows over a patch of vegetable garden. Cut leaves spray onto the lawn.

MRS. GUNTHER (70s) rides up to him on a scooter. Steve notices, rolls his eyes and takes out his earbuds.

MRS. GUNTHER
My babies! Look what you've done to
my tomato plants!

STEVE
Oh, sorry! I thought they were
weeds! You see, I'm not really a
landscaper. I work in advertising.

Mrs. Gunther stares back at him.

MRS. GUNTHER
Leave my precious babies alone!

STEVE
Yes ma'am.

EXT. DR. SLATTERY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD

Steve pushes the lawnmower along a flowerbed, keeping a safe distance. He gets past the flowerbed and smiles.

He approaches the edge of the swimming pool and clippings fly into the water.

Steve turns to see a pudgy academic type, DR. SLATTERY (60s) scowling at him with arms folded.

DR. SLATTERY

What in the world is the matter with you?

STEVE

No comprende, señor.

EXT. MARINA RESTAURANT - PATIO BAR - NIGHT

Steve and heiko's crew sit at the bar. Steve sulks before a manhattan, staring at his iPhone. His arms are lobster red.

BRIAN

Nice drink. What are you, seventy?

RIPPY

That maraschino cherry matches your arms, Steven.

HEIKO

Hey cheer up, it was only your first day.

Steve remains looking at his phone then sets it on the bar.

STEVE

Yeah well. Not a single bite on my resume. Can this day get any worse?

MIKE (O.S.)

It smells like semen over here!!

The crew turns toward the entrance and a burly group of roided-out men, the SUMMER'S EVE LANDSCAPING CREW, walk their way. Fanboys of Under Armor and Axe body spray.

MIKE (late 30s) leads the pack and approaches them, his tribal armbands on display in his muscleshirt and his billowing locks qualify him to model for romance novels.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Which one of you farted?

His crew bursts into laughter.

RIPPY

I dunno. I smell poop. Which one of you burped?

Mike's crew GROWLS. He fumes and closes in on Rippy.

MIKE

What?

Steve raises a hand between Mike and Rippy.

STEVE

Hey now Mike...

They catch eyes for the first time in twenty years.

MIKE

Asswipe?! I thought that was you
the other day. Where you been?
Skipping through meadows with your
life coach?

STEVE

I live in Manhat-

Mike shoves Steve back into the bar and keeps walking.

MIKE

Thanks for the new customers Heiko!
You're making me more dough now
than when you worked for me!

The rival crew guffaws. A more weasely crewman, JOE (early 30s) with tribal arm sleeves and pencil beard, slants his eyes with his fingers.

JOE

Yeah! Domo Arigato Heiko!

The crew laughs again. Another dopey crewman, BILL (20s), tribal neck-sleeve, follows up.

BILL

Haha, what kind of stupid name is
Heiko anyway? Ching Chang Chow!

HEIKO

It's German, you idiots!

Mike raises a fist to Mungo who bumps it with his own.

MIKE

Hey Mungo. Say hi to your mother
for me.

(to Brian)

What's up Brian, still working with
these bowl-scrapers?

The crew moves on and find seats at the other side of the bar. Mike half-hugs Lauren, a little too familiar with her.

Brian pouts. He slaps money on the bar and slips away.
Heiko drinks his beer silently. Steve stews at the bar.

STEVE

Mike Summers. What a jerk. What a bag of... of whatever would compel someone to call their business 'Summer's Eve'.

RIPPY

I think it's poetic.

MUNGO

Yeah. Isn't that a Shakespeare sonnet or something?

STEVE

Google it. Heiko, how is it even possible for someone to remain so... Heiko?

Steve turns and sees Heiko exiting the bar.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Aw man. I'm blowing it.

MUNGO

Don't worry about it dude. You'll get the hang of it.

STEVE

I belong to the city.

MUNGO

Well you're here now. Just adapt. Like my life coach says: bloom where you're planted.

RIPPY

Yeah man.

STEVE

You have a life coach?

MUNGO

Yeah dude. You mean you don't?

STEVE

Not really.

MUNGO

We got your back dude.

He pats Steve on his sunburnt shoulder. Steve shrieks.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The crew unload gear off the trucks. Steve backs a lawn mower down the trailer gate.

Heiko approaches Steve and lights a cigarette.

HEIKO

Hold on.

STEVE

What's up?

HEIKO

We need some supplies. Would you mind taking the truck over to Ronnie's to pick up a few things?

STEVE

Okay.

Heiko takes a note out of his pocket and hands it to Steve.

HEIKO

Cool. I wrote it all down. Just tell them to put it on my account.

STEVE

Alright.

Steve hops into the pickup truck. He closes the door, starts it up and looks to Heiko.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey. Look, sorry again for screwing up yesterday.

HEIKO

Dude, forget it. Just hurry back.

Heiko turns away and Steve puts the truck in gear.

Steve jolts out of the spot. The trailer gate slams down, and all the gear flies onto the street.

Sparks fly as the trailer gate drags along.

EXT. RONNIE'S GARDEN CENTER - DAY

Steve pushes along a flat-bed cart and peruses his list.

A lean, mild-mannered and balding clerk, CARL (50s) approaches Steve.

CARL
Can I help you find something?

STEVE
Yeah, um. Do you have any... arbor
vittays?

CARL
Arborvitaes?

STEVE
Yeah. Arbor-vitaes. Have any of
those?

CARL
Yep. Over here.

The clerk walks Steve over to a collection of shrubs.

CARL (CONT'D)
So we have little gems, hetz
midgets, pyramidalis, rheingold...

Steve leans over a juniper bush and feels a branch.

CARL
That's a juniper.

STEVE
Oh. Uh, you know just the standard,
basic, you know fully-functional
variety. Three of them please.

Carl pulls a shrub out.

CARL
Let's go with the emerald green.

Carl helps Steve load them onto the cart.

CARL (CONT'D)
What else you need?

Steve studies the list again.

STEVE

Yeah. Uh. Hy- Hi danger-

CARL

Hydrangeas?

STEVE

Yes! Hydrangeas. Sorry, I'm having a little trouble with my friend's chicken scratch.

CARL

Yep. Over here.

The clerk walks Steve over to the hydrangeas.

CARL (CONT'D)

Okay, so we got red beauty, white spirit, hot red, early blue rosa...

Steve is overwhelmed by the variety of colors.

An earthy Stevie Nicks-type clerk, SUNNY (early 30s) walks up to her workmate.

SUNNY

Hey, Carl. Sorry, we need some help with the cash register. The tape's stuck again.

CARL

Ah the piece of crap. Came with the Haitian garden gnomes.

Carl walks away. Steve looks from the flowers to his list and back again.

STEVE

This list doesn't say what kind...

SUNNY

So watcha thinking?

STEVE

I dunno. Compositionally, I think this one would juxtapose well with the arborvitae...

He turns to her and is struck by her gentle nature.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Artspeak.

SUNNY

Oh like, the spatiality of that one
really evokes a contrasting
dialectic?

Steve looks into her eyes. There's something about this
Jersey girl. She smiles back at him.

STEVE

Yeah, that really resonates.

Steve's phone vibrates. He looks at it and sighs.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'll just go ahead and take these.

Steve points at a few light blue potted hydrangeas.

SUNNY

Good eye.

Steve loads the plants onto the cart.

STEVE

Thanks for your help. Uh, bye.

Steve lunges the cart forward, hops onto it and plows into a
row of ficus trees.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

Steve and Mungo stand before a zero-turn riding mower in the
backyard.

STEVE

You sure this is a good idea?

MUNGO

Yeah dude, look at all the space
back here. Just take your time and
you'll get the hang of it. Watch.

Mungo jumps onto the riding mower seat and starts it up. The
mower roars.

MUNGO (CONT'D)

This lever lowers the blade.

Mungo pushes a lever and the blade engages. He pushes lap
bars with each hand and circles around Steve.

MUNGO (CONT'D)
Now push this one to go right, and
this one to go left. Push them at
the same time to go straight. See?

STEVE
Yeah that seems pretty
straight-forward. Ha!

Mungo stops the mower and hops off.

MUNGO
Okay, now you try.

Steve clambers onto the seat. He pushes the lap bars and
jerks forward.

MUNGO (CONT'D)
Easy. Breathe.

Steve straightens out and wobbles forward.

MUNGO (CONT'D)
You're getting it!

STEVE
Yeah, this ain't no thang!

MUNGO
Good! Just keep going around back
here while I finish the front. I'll
be back in a little bit.

Steve works the lap bars and wobbles down a swath. He
reaches the end of the property and turns around.

STEVE
I got this.

He comes back down the other way and pushes the levers
further and goes faster.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Tokyo drift!

He reaches the other end of the property and pulls the lap
bar back to turn, but it's stuck. He barrels through a vinyl
fence and into the next yard.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Mungo!

Steve struggles at the controls. A YAPPING DOG barks at him,
right in his path.

STEVE (CONT'D)
No! No! Look out!

Steve veers hard and squints. The mower buzzes over a pile of pine cones.

He crashes through the brush, twigs and branches stabbing him. He charges into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Steve careens through the woods, yanking the lap bars and dodging the on-coming trees and low-hanging branches.

He approaches a clearing and though still at full speed, he sighs -- he's out of the woods.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

A little white object hits the riding mower with a CLANG.

STEVE
What the...?

Another CLANG and then another CLANG CLANG. One pelts him in the thigh.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Ow!

MEN'S VOICES (O.S.)
Asswipe!

Steve looks up to see he's on a driving range.

Mike Summers and his crew guffaw at their tees, swinging their clubs.

A slew of golfballs rain down on Steve. He cowers as balls pelt the mower, his shoulder and legs.

STEVE
AARRGH!!

Steve looks up: he's racing toward a driving range netting. He jams and pulls the levers, jerking left and right.

Steve covers his face with his arms and the mower slams into the net. The mower abruptly stops up the slope of the net. He's safe for now but the wheels and blade still spin.

STEVE
Oh thank God!

Steve catches his breath and is about to hop off.

MIKE (O.S.)
Asswipe!

Another barrage of golf balls fly at him. Steve covers his head with his arms.

STEVE
Would you stop that?!

The mower blades cut into the net and he lunges forward onto a fairway.

STEVE
AAAAAAAARRGH!!

EXT. FAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steve zips screaming onto the fairway heading directly toward a water hazard.

The mower drops in off the edge sending Steve flying head-first into the water. A crowd of GOLFERS gathers by.

Steve emerges covered in lily pads, without his glasses. He gags out a lungful of dirty water.

A SENIOR COUNTRY CLUB MEMBER calls down to him.

SENIOR COUNTRY CLUB MEMBER
Are you a member here, sir?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Heiko storms out of the entrance. Steve follows, drenched by his dip in the water hazard.

He struggles to keep up with Heiko without his glasses. Entering middle-aged GOLFERS step out of their way.

HEIKO
You had no business riding that mower. I'm gonna kill Mungo!

STEVE
It wasn't his fault! I'm telling you, the controls weren't working! I coulda been killed!

HEIKO

I'm losing customers left and right. Brian just quit. And now our prized possession is at the bottom of a water hazard!

STEVE

Tell me about it! They were designer frames man!

HEIKO

The zero turn, idiot! If it weren't for Mungo's mom we'd- you'd have hell to pay. No more riding mowers for you!

STEVE

Fine with me! This landscaping bullshit is beneath me anyway!

Heiko stops dead in his tracks.

HEIKO

What did you just say?

STEVE

You heard me. Landscaping is for uneducated, uncultured suckers!

HEIKO

Oh yeah? Well check this out!

Heiko lifts up his shirt to reveal a perfectly toned and tan six pack.

HEIKO (CONT'D)

How many people our age have a hard body like this?

Steve leans in for a closer look.

STEVE

Huh...

HEIKO

Yeah, that's right! And I haven't stepped foot in a gym since cub scouts!

STEVE

They are pretty ripped.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Heiko and Steve turn to see two fit and spray-tanned women, CONNIE and LINDA (late 40s), approach them in tennis gear.

Steve squints to get a good look at them as Connie eyes Heiko's midsection.

CONNIE

Did we hear you say you were landscapers?

Heiko drops his shirt.

HEIKO

That's right. And damn proud of it!

STEVE

Yeah, me too!

Heiko glares at Steve.

CONNIE

Did you hear that Linda? We have a couple of professionals here. Maybe they can come over to the condo and trim the bushes?

LINDA

But Connie, we don't have bushes!

Steve and Heiko drop their jaws.

CONNIE

Well they don't know that, silly.

LINDA

(giggling)
Oh, right!

The boys exchange smarmy looks.

CONNIE

So what do you say, would you mind coming over and getting a little dirty?

Heiko puts an arm over each of the ladies shoulders and leads them off.

HEIKO

Yeah let's go. He's on suspension.

STEVE

What?!

EXT. DR. SLATTERY'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Steve, now glasses-less, sulks on his three-speed. He rides by Dr. Slattery's house and sees a Summer's Eve truck parked out front.

Brian cruises up on his stand-on wearing a Summer's Eve shirt and flips Steve the bird.

Steve continues pedaling along, then picks up the pace.

EXT. STRIP MALL - STREET - DAY

Steve zips down the street in high-intensity cardio mode.

The endorphins are kicking in but his pant leg catches in the bike chain and he skids to a stop.

He struggles to free his pant leg and looks up. A banner above a Chinese restaurant catches his eye:

"MAGNIFICENT PALACE CHINESE RESTAURANT - NOW UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT!"

Steve smiles, hops back on his bike and zips off.

INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steve sits at a desk before his laptop. He holds his phone to his ear.

STEVE

So we cool then?

(beat)

Oh good. How'd it go with the golden girls by the way?

(beat)

So they literally put you to work pruning a viburnum? Huh. Anyway, you're gonna love what I'm working on.

(beat)

Trust me. I may not be the best landscaper but I know a thing or two about marketing.

(beat)

Cool. Thanks, butt spansks.

Steve sets the phone down and looks at the monitor:

A graphic design application is active on the screen. He mouses up to the menu and selects "create new project".

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Steve finishes a lawn with his mower and waves to Heiko.

Heiko looks at Steve's wobbly one-direction circular lawn pattern and shakes his head. He points to the next lawn:

Mungo finishes up a beautiful striped pattern.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Rippy demonstrates starting a weedwacker for Steve.

Steve tries and the pull cord snaps.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Heiko and Steve stand before a huge mound of mulch on the truck bed. Heiko hands Steve a shovel and points to the mound.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - DAY

Mungo rides his mower by two TANNING GIRLS (20s) by a pool in a backyard. He tips his hat. They ignore him.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Steve struggles with shoveling mulch into a wheelbarrow, climbs down from the truck then struggles to push it.

Heiko runs up and steals it away.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Mungo walks backward edging a sidewalk with an edger.

Rippy approaches from the opposite direction doing the same with a weedwacker.

They collide.

INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steve sits at his desk working on a website, focusing on a "Sign Up Now!" button.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Steve finishes his lawn, this time with a well-done cross-hatch pattern.

Heiko shakes his head again and gestures to the next lawn:

Mungo finishes up a beautiful bull's eye pattern.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Rippy demonstrates a proper weedwacking sweep then hands the tool to Steve.

Steve kicks up a cloud of dirt with the tool.

They look over and see Mungo with dirt sprayed all over his face and chest.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Rippy trims a bush with pruning loppers. He clips the wrong branch and it leaves a big hole in the plant.

He looks around, jams the branch back in and scurries off to the next bush.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Steve shovels a little faster, climbs down a little more gracefully and pushes the wheelbarrow a little more stably.

Heiko runs up and darts away with it again.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - DAY

Mungo passes by the tanning girls from the other direction with a leaf blower and sneakily blows clippings onto them.

The girls freak out.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Steve and Heiko shake hands with an ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE (30s).

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Steve finishes his lawn again, this time with yin yang symbol.

Heiko nods 'not bad'.

Steve makes the 'namaste' gesture to Heiko.

Heiko gestures over to Mungo's lawn:

An elaborate crop circle with complex geometry.

Rippy flashes the 'Live Long and Prosper' gesture.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Steve shovels the last bit of mulch into the wheelbarrow, pauses to catch his breath and wipe sweat off his brow.

Heiko runs up but Steve quickly jumps off the trailer and dashes off with the wheelbarrow a second before Heiko.

INT. SALON - DAY

Steve sits in a barber chair, with his hair being styled by Linda.

He spins around in the chair revealing a new, clean, close-cropped hairdo.

Mungo spins around, his hair and beard trimmed neatly.

Rippy spins around revealing a vintage Justin Bieber cut.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Heiko peels off the old magnetic door sign and slaps on a fresh new, brightly colored one:

"YARD BODIES LAWN CARE"

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

The guys hang around the truck eating subs. Steve arrives in a new t-shirt with a "ta-dah" pose to their applause.

He tosses each guy a new shirt from a box.

Heiko does the tri-cep flex in his new tank top and lifts up his shirt to show his abs.

Mungo does the Hulk Hogan double bicep flex in his new muscle shirt.

Rippy poses in his new tank top flexing his biceps and alternates kissing them.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Heiko talks on his cell phone, ends the conversation, switches it off and puts it in his pocket.

He gives the crew a big smile and thumbs up when he feels it ringing again, picks it up and starts talking again.

EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

Steve blows clippings off a walkway when a SEXY WOMAN appears at the front door with a tall glass of lemonade and makes a come-hither finger gesture.

Steve looks around and back at her.

She nods and Steve drops the blower and goes with her into the house.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Mungo rakes up leaves and screen door slides open.

A SEXY HOUSEWIFE appears with a come-hither gesture and a glass of Iced Tea.

Mungo drops the rake and follows her inside.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Rippy blows clippings on the sidewalk.

A HEAVY-SET WOMAN steps out the front door with a hot dog overloaded with all the fixings and does the come-hither gesture. Rippy freezes.

Heiko, with his own trimmers, laughs at Rippy from the next yard when a WOMAN'S HAND yanks him off-screen by the shirt.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Joe and Bill snap towels at each other.

Mike sits in a towel on a scowling at a newspaper. He balls it up, punches a big dent into a locker and storms off.

Bill and Joe look at the newspaper and see Heiko's new ad:

"YARD BODIES LAWN CARE - YOU'LL LOVE OUR BODY OF WORK!"

EXT. RONNIE'S GARDEN CENTER - DAY

Steve, whistling, pushes a flat-bed cart along an aisle of various potted plants. He picks one up, studies it, sets it down. Picks up another and sets it on the cart.

He swaggers along, tan, healthy and knowing what he's doing.

Passing FEMALE CUSTOMERS check him out. He pretends not to notice.

Sunny does, however. She approaches Steve, pushing a large cart of plants.

SUNNY

Hello.

STEVE

Hiya! Hey, are those the Achilles rhododendrons?

SUNNY

They are. Wow, you've got quite the green thumb.

STEVE

Thanks. It's been getting a lot of action lately.

Steve takes one from her cart and sets it into his own.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What's your name again?

SUNNY

Sunny.

Steve wipes his hand off and shakes hers.

STEVE

Steve.

SUNNY

You work for Heiko, right? I heard what happened at the golf course.

Steve stammers and spots a poster on the wall.

STEVE

What's this?

SUNNY

Oh it's that landscaping rodeo thing.

Steve takes a closer look.

INSERT POSTER:

"5TH ANNUAL HOME DEPOT SOUTH JERSEY REGIONAL LANDSCAPING COMBINE - SEAVIEW COUNTRY CLUB JULY 11TH"

Steve studies the details.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Summer's Eve wins every year. We're sponsors.

STEVE

Interesting.

Steve turns back to Sunny.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Heiko's a good friend of mine. I'm just helping out til I go back to New York.

SUNNY

Ah. Big city guy, huh?

STEVE

You could say that. I prefer to be around a lot of culture, you know?

SUNNY

Uh huh.

They pause and lock eyes like they did weeks before. This time Sunny breaks the gaze.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Well, I'd better put these where they need to go.

She starts to push the cart off. Steve watches her go away.

STEVE

Hey Sunny.

She turns around.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Would you like to go out for a hot dog or a slurpee or something?

SUNNY

You want to take me on a date to 7-11?

STEVE

Sure, if that's what you're into.

SUNNY

I don't think so.

STEVE

Oh. Okay.

SUNNY

I don't have a lot of free time these days.

STEVE

No worries.

SUNNY

I've got a kid and all...

STEVE

Got it.

SUNNY

And I don't date grassholes.

STEVE

Yup. Wait, did you just call me a grasshole?

SUNNY

I'm sorry! I meant landscapers. My ex was one and I prefer to stay clear of them, being in the industry and all, ya know?

STEVE

Well technically I'm not a landscaper but whatever, I see what you mean. See ya around.

Steve turns and pushes his cart away. He whistles The Who's "Behind Blue Eyes".

SUNNY

Wait.

Steve turns around.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Do you like 80's music?

STEVE

You mean like Top 40 eighties or new wave? I'm more into Brit-pop myself.

SUNNY

That's nineties.

STEVE

Oh. Right.

SUNNY

Uh. Well there's this thing at the elementary school. Not sure if there will be any new wave but I guess it'll give you a taste of the local culture. If you're interested...

Sunny fidgets. Steve relaxes his shoulders.

STEVE

Like, don't gag me with a spoon!
That sounds totally rad!

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Steve drives along listening to a Wham! song on the radio.

He looks over and sees a CyberLawn truck parked in front of Dr. Slattery's house.

WORKERS lay down a section of artificial turf.

In the corner, JD pees on an installed section and gives Steve a thumbs up.

Steve furrows his brow and drives on.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Steve and the boys look at menus. Heiko talks on the phone.

HEIKO

(into phone)

... okay Mrs. Pittman, we have you on the schedule for Wednesday.

(beat)

Uh yeah, if it's hot enough we'll work without shirts on.

(beat)

No. No extra charge.

(beat)

Okay. Thanks. Buh-bye.

Heiko puts his phone down and writes into a notepad.

HEIKO

Alright, make it quick kids. At the rate we're going, we're gonna need to hire some more help!

RIPPY

I'm getting the chicken fajitas.

STEVE

Rippy please. Fajitas are not Mexican food. Look at everything here, cabeza, sesos... lenguas.

MUNGO

Eew, I don't touch anything from tongue to bung dude. I'm getting a cheeseburger.

STEVE

A cheeseburger? You rubes are in serious need of some cultural immersion.

Rippy and Mungo exchange a furtive glance. Mungo returns to his menu.

MUNGO

Wow you're so worldly dude. But did you ever have...

(glances at Rippy)

... no-pa-li-tos.

Rippy snickers. Heiko leers up from his notepad.

STEVE

Ha! Seriously?! I love me some nopalitos. I've been to every taqueria in New York and the Mission District, but you guys wouldn't know anything about that.

A mousy MEXICAN WAITRESS (30s) appears with her order pad. Steve smiles to her.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'll have a plate of your yummy nopalitos, señorita.

The waitress looks to the others cautiously. They crack up.

WAITRESS

You sure man?

STEVE

Of course. In fact, make it the suprema.

WAITRESS

(writing on pad)

Okay señor.

EXT. MRS. RUSSO'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Steve pushes a mower along while blissfully listening to music through his earbuds.

His stomach gurgles. He stops and winces.

STEVE

Oh no.

Steve lets the mower shut off, looks around and spots a garden hose. He waddles toward it with full butt clench.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Oh no oh no oh no...

He turns the spigot on, removes his shorts and tosses them aside. He pulls the waistband of his boxers forward and glances down:

He'd sharted.

He flails the garden hose.

STEVE

Oh no oh no oh no oh no...

Steve sprays the hose down his underwear then takes them off. He douses his backside and throws the boxers over a rose bush.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Okay. It's okay. It's over.

Steve turns off the water. He stands there bottomless catching his breath. He looks over and sees MRS. RUSSO (50s) peering at his manhood just above her sunglasses.

MRS. RUSSO

Well now...

Steve scrambles, picks up his shorts and covers himself.

STEVE

Uh, hi Mrs. Russo. Just hosing off some mud...

She steps toward him.

MRS. RUSSO

How about I dry you off?

Steve darts to the mower keeping covered by the shorts. He backs away to the gate. He puts his shorts on backward.

STEVE

That's okay Mrs. Russo! I'll come finish this later okay?

Steve holds up his shorts and hastily pulls the mower through the gate. His underwear remains on the rosebush.

EXT. DEBRA GULICKSON'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Steve, on his hands and knees, spreads mulch under a row of shrubs against a house and hums along to music on his earbuds, a wheelbarrow a quarter-full of mulch next to him.

A little boy, TYLER (7), walks up from around the corner and grabs at the wheelbarrow. The contents shift and the wheelbarrow teeters, about to fall on him.

Steve turns around and quickly steadies the wheelbarrow.

STEVE

Hey! Don't do that! You're gonna get yourself hurt there tiger!

TYLER

You're not the boss of me!

Steve is taken aback. He rips out his earbuds.

STEVE

What? Now wait a minute, kid...

TYLER

Underwearhead!

STEVE

Underwearhead? You're the underwearhead!

TYLER

Boogerface!

STEVE

Oh yeah? Booger eater!

TYLER

You're a burp!

STEVE

You're a fart!

TYLER

You're a darnit!

STEVE

You're a dammit!

The boy pauses then lets out a wail.

STEVE

Wait! Wait! I was just kidding!

The little boy disappears around the corner of the house.

TYLER (O.S.)

Mommy!

Steve stands frozen and scared. A moment later, the little boy returns with his mother, DEBRA (mid-30s).

DEBRA

Did you just call my son a dammit?

STEVE

Yeah but... He started it! He called me an underwearhead!

DEBRA

What kind of a sick man are you?

STEVE

I'm not sick, look he almost
knocked over- Wait, Debbie? Debbie
Kreminsky?

DEBRA

It's Debra Gullickson now.

STEVE

It's me Steve. Steve Connelly! I
was in Home Ec with you! We made
macrame beer cozies together!

DEBRA

Yeah I know who you are. Look, just
stay away from my children okay?
Come on Tyler.

The mother takes her child by the hand and storms off. The
boy turns around and sticks his tongue out at Steve.

STEVE

No thanks, I use toilet paper!

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Steve flies through the streets in the pick-up.

STEVE

(muttering)

I know who you are. It's
Debbie Gullickson now. Stay away
from my little punk-ass kids.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Heiko, Mungo and Rippy each operate weedwackers around the
headstones. They turn to see Steve's truck approaching.

Steve parks next to the dump truck. He hops out, slams the
door and grabs a weedwacker out of the back.

He yanks it started and marches into the graveyard,
thrashing through the weeds efficiently despite his rage.

STEVE

(muttering)

What kind of sick man are you? I
know who you are... It's Debra
Gooberson now...

Heiko and Mungo lower their tools and turn to each other, impressed.

Steve picks up the pace and makes quick work of several headstones. Rippy hops out of the way.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Look, I don't have a lot of free time these days. I got a kid. I don't date grassholes. AAAAAARRGH!!

Steve guns his weedwacker at full throttle and wildly swings it at the weeds.

STEVE

AAAAAAAARRGGHH!! AAAAAARRGGHH!!!

He cuts through several more headstones and the weedwacker sputters to a stall, out of gas. He drops the tool and catches his breath.

Heiko approaches him.

HEIKO

Hey! What's the matter, diarrhea splatter?

Rippy and Mungo snicker. Steve glares at Heiko.

STEVE

Would you stop it with those stupid butt rhymes?

(to Rippy and Mungo)

Oh and real clever with the nopalitos, wise guys.

Rippy and Mungo calm down and stay at bay.

HEIKO

Aw come on, so you sprayed a little chocolate in your drawers. You knew what you were getting into!

Steve catches another breath and composes himself.

STEVE

That's not it. I mean, I had a fantastic life in the city! Swanky parties, yellow cabs, dates with Lane Bryant models...

HEIKO

Oh, here we go again.

STEVE

Yeah, well now I'm just a lawn boy to people that barely spoke to me in high school.

HEIKO

So what! Screw them! Look at us! We're out in the sun, getting tan, getting fit! While they're locked indoors - fat, sickly and slaves to their time clocks and snot-nosed kids! You don't want that do you?

Steve calms down.

STEVE

Yeah but...

HEIKO

You know you don't! Hell you haven't even looked at your phone for weeks!

Steve checks his pockets for his phone.

HEIKO (CONT'D)

Sure, go back to a cushy desk job if you want, but check this out!
(lifts Steve's shirt up)
Come on now!

Steve looks down at his own belly and sees some abdominal definition. Rippy and Mungo walk over.

STEVE

Huh!

HEIKO

You really wanna give this up? People like that envy us, believe me! It's like they say, men want to be us and women want to be on us!

Steve reflects for a moment and gets pumped.

STEVE

You know what? You're right!

HEIKO, RIPPY AND MUNGO

Yeah!

STEVE

We own this town!

HEIKO

Damn right!

RIPPY AND MUNGO

Yeah!

STEVE

Men want to be with us and women
want to be by us!

HEIKO

Something like that!

RIPPY AND MUNGO

Yeah!!

The crew all gather hooting and hollering "YEAH! YEAH!",
high-fiving, beating their chests, etc.

HEIKO

Now don't you have a date with that
cute little garden center chick?

STEVE

Sunny? No, that's not really a
date.

HEIKO

So what? At least she's interested.

MUNGO

Yeah, just give her a chance to let
you grow on her dude.

RIPPY

Yeah then you can grow in her.

Rippy does a provocative hip thrust.

STEVE

Rippy! Guys, she's a respectable
young woman with a brilliant mind.

HEIKO

Trust me. If a chick has a kid and
invites you to meet him on the
first time out, she's gotta be into
you.

STEVE

Yeah? Well I guess I'd better jet.

Steve turns and runs off.

HEIKO

Now go tap that that brilliant,
respectable, plant-potting
intellect!

EXT. MILL ROAD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DUSK

A sign out front reads:

"MILL ROAD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHORUS PRESENTS: 80'S MUSIC
REVIEW - TONIGHT!"

INT. MILL ROAD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A GROUP OF KIDS (8-10) stand on-stage SINGING Taylor Dayne's
"Prove Your Love" (or some such substandard).

Their music teacher, MRS. WOLFE (40s), accompanies them on
piano, lost in the rapture in her shoulder-padded blazer.

Among a sea of proud PARENTS (30s-40s) in folding chairs,
Steve sits next to Sunny and fans himself with a program.

Sunny looks to Steve. He ekes out a smile.

INT. MILL ROAD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - LOBBY - LATER

Steve and Sunny stand among a crowd of PARENTS
congratulating their KIDS, etc.

SUNNY

So what did you think?

STEVE

Interesting selection of the
decade's B-sides.

SUNNY

Yeah, Mrs. Wolfe thought it would
get the parents more involved. They
went through all the standards two
programs ago.

STEVE

Hmm.

Several MOTHERS (30s-40s) catch eyes with Steve through the
crowd. Sunny pretends not to notice.

Steve smiles back.

The more blue-collar HUSBANDS (40s) scowl at him and pull their wives closer. Steve tones it down.

A young boy KYLE (8) approaches them.

SUNNY

There he is, my sweet little
brooding rock star!

She leans down to hug and kiss him on the cheek.

KYLE

Mom!

SUNNY

Kyle, this is my friend Steve.

Kyle looks up to Steve. They shake hands.

KYLE

What's up.

STEVE

Great job on Heartbeat. You really
out-don johnsoned Don Johnson on
that key change.

KYLE

Who the crap is Don Johnson?

Steve looks behind Kyle and sees the little boy Tyler from earlier.

Above him, Debra talks with a COUPLE (30s), while her daughter MADDIE (10) looks bored.

Steve's eyes widen.

Tyler notices Steve and tugs at his Mom's arm to get her attention. Steve turns back to Kyle.

STEVE

How 'bout some ice cream?

KYLE

Yeah! Can my cousins come?

STEVE

Sure little man. Who're your
cousins?

Debra walks up to them her kids in tow. She casts a stink eye at Steve while pecking Sunny on the cheek.

SUNNY

Hey sis.

EXT. "LUCY THE ELEPHANT" - NIGHT

A tourist attraction of a building shaped like an elephant. Kyle chases around the legs of the giant plaster pachyderm with other CHILDREN (7-11) wielding ice cream cones.

Steve and Sunny watch from a bench, each with their own cones.

Debra scowls at them from a distance while watching over Tyler. Maddie stares blankly toward him as well.

STEVE

Wow, I can't believe you're Debbie Kreminsky's little sister.

SUNNY

Better get your believer fixed.

STEVE

I don't think she likes me.

SUNNY

She doesn't like anybody. Check out that resting bitch face. It ain't hiding anything.

Steve takes in Debra's unfriendly default expression. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree with Maddie.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

But she's been a great help for us.

STEVE

Where's her husband?

SUNNY

You kidding? Everyone's divorced around here. You know that.

STEVE

What do you mean?

SUNNY

Oh come on, divorced cougars and MILFs are your target market!

STEVE

Well, yeah some of our new customers fit that demographic...

SUNNY

Uh huh. I see you guys parading around in your camo muscle shirts. Heiko's with a different woman every time I see him. I even saw Rippy buying trojans at the dollar store.

STEVE

I hadn't noticed.

SUNNY

Mmm-hmm.

STEVE

I'm just doing my part to keep a friend's business viable.

SUNNY

Uh-huh.

STEVE

It's not about the women, I swear.

Sunny studies him. Steve studies her back, then shoves the remainder of his cone in his mouth.

EXT. SUNNY'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Steve pulls up in a white Minivan. Kyle hops out of the sliding door and runs up to the house.

Sunny watches him from the passenger seat.

SUNNY

Nice minivan. You sure you've never had kids?

STEVE

No but my mom has. I'm a city guy, remember?

SUNNY

Right. When you going back?

STEVE

To New York? Oh I dunno. I'm thinking I'll have enough saved up by Labor Day.

SUNNY

That's a sound objective.

STEVE

And I don't want to miss the altar wine jello shots at the church barbecue, of course.

SUNNY

Of course. Well I'd better catch up with Kyle before he boots up Mine Craft. Last time we stayed up till seven am. Thanks for the ice cream.

Sunny opens the door.

STEVE

Hey, we can be friends in the meantime right? You can teach me about gardening and then come visit when I'm back in New York. We don't need to be kissy or penetraty or anything.

Sunny's taken aback, then breaks a smile.

SUNNY

Knucklehead!

STEVE

C'mon! Whaddya say chum? How bout it pal?

Sunny takes a beat. He *is* rather charming.

SUNNY

Okay, sure.

Steve raises his hand up.

STEVE

High five!

INT. GYM - DAY

Full-on meathead gym. The sound system blares post-grunge rock. MUSCLEHEADS, most wearing Summer's Eve shirts, get their reps in with various free weights. It's their gym.

Joe spots Bill on the bench press.

JOE

Push it out bro! Breathe! C'mon
strawberry shortcake!

Mike works out at the squat rack behind them, pumping out over four hundred pounds.

Bill struggles on his last rep and Joe notices an amazonian woman, ILESHIA (30s), marching toward them. She's all business in her dark skirt suit.

Joe helps Bill through the final push and they ease the bar on the rack.

JOE

Good job bro!

Bill sits up and catches his breath. He sees Ileshia and rises.

BILL

Well well well, what do we-

Ileshia shoves him flat on the bench without breaking stride.

ILESHIA

Sit yo punkass down!

Mike continues with his squatting, undistracted. Ileshia walks up to him.

ILESHIA

We need to talk boy.

MIKE

(grunting)

I'll be with you in a minute,
Ileshia.

Ileshia steps up and grabs the barbell. Mike in full squat position struggles against the added resistance, her big breasts almost smothering him.

ILESHIA

No T-Mobile, you're all out of
minutes!

Mike groans in agony.

ILESHIA (CONT'D)

You're way behind schedule.

MIKE
 (groaning)
 We'll... get you... the lawns.

ILESHIA
 Damn straight you will. What's the
 hold-up anyway?

MIKE
 We're having... some unexpected...
 competition... Asswipe...

Ileshia pushes down harder. Mike wails.

ILESHIA
 You just call me asswipe boy?!

MIKE
 No! No... this guy... we.. call
 him... asswipe... Steve... he works
 for... Heiko...

Mikes about to pass out. Ileshia heaves the barbell up and
 sets it on the rack. Mike falls over in exhaustion.

ILESHIA
 Fourth of July weekend. The rest of
 the lawns or this goes out to your
 churchy clients.

She whips out a magazine ad from the early nineties:

"THROB - CAPE MAY'S HOTTEST DANCE CLUB" with inset of a
 young, g-string-clad Mike dancing in a cage with a pacifier
 in his mouth.

Mike grabs at it. Ileshia swats his hand away.

MIKE
 Aw come on! I was putting myself
 through vo-tech!

ILESHIA
 Tell that to the board of deacons.
 You won't need them after you win
 the combine anyway, but you don't
 want to sully your reputation do
 you?

MIKE
 Uh-uh.

ILESHIA

Good. Get me them lawns. We'll take care of the asswipe.

Ileshia turns to walk away. Bill and Joe stand terrified.

She glares at Joe and he backs off and trips over Bill.

EXT. OCEAN CITY BOARDWALK - TILT-A-WHIRL - NIGHT

An amusement park off the boardwalk of the resort town. Steve, Sunny and Kyle have a ball in a whirling cart.

They get out and Sunny slips a small bottle of Jack out of her purse and takes a swig. She offers some to Steve.

STEVE

Do I have to call CPS on you?

He takes a swig.

SUNNY

Please. Look around, it's standard issue to modern moms.

Steve looks around and sees different SOCCER MOMS sneaking shots out of their purses while their kids aren't looking.

Maddie's puking over the railing. Tyler pokes at her with a toy sword.

Sunny rushes toward them.

SUNNY

Shit. No trip to the boardwalk is complete without a kid vomiting.

INT. SUNNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steve stands by the back door. Sunny enters the room.

SUNNY

(whispering)

Okay, they're in bed. Come on.

She takes Steve by the hand and leads him outside.

EXT. SUNNY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Sunny and Steve step out onto the back deck. It's dark. Sunny flicks a switch and the back yard lights up.

STEVE
Holy... schnikeys!

The back yard is adorned with raised vegetable gardens and flower beds with stone retaining walls, statues, bird baths and all manner of potted fruit trees.

Christmas lights wrap around the tree branches and line the retaining walls.

SUNNY
Pretty cool huh?

STEVE
Wow...

SUNNY
This is my proving ground. I've always wanted to do this for a living but I guess I'll be doing life at Ronnie's.

She gestures to a pair of lawn chairs. They sit.

STEVE
Is that so bad?

SUNNY
No, but I want to do more. Did you know people are actually ripping out their lawns and replacing them with plastic ones?

STEVE
Yeah. I guess that's pretty weird.

SUNNY
Weird? It's just... wrong.

He follows the trail of lights to a small pond with a water feature.

STEVE
What's this?

SUNNY
Oh yeah. The pump broke last winter. I can't figure out what's wrong with it.

Steve takes another look around.

STEVE

Well if I were you I'd quit that garden center and do this full time.

SUNNY

Get me some clients and maybe I will.

STEVE

Maybe I will.

SUNNY

Really?

STEVE

Sure. I made it work for Heiko. All we need to do is put up a website, post your portfolio and market the shit out of it.

SUNNY

You make it sound so easy.

STEVE

It's what I do, but for asshole clients at big agencies. I could level down.

SUNNY

You'd do that for a little ol' asshole like me?

Sunny bats her eyelashes at him.

STEVE

You look so effervescent right now.

They lean in close.

KYLE (O.S.)

Mom! A spider!

Steve and Sunny snap out of it.

SUNNY

Shit!

STEVE

Do you want me to go catch it?

SUNNY

Catch it? Oh no. He hacked into Mine Craft. This might be a while.

EXT. MARINA RESTAURANT - DECK BAR - DAY

Steve and the crew plow into drinks and bar food. Heiko studies his notepad.

HEIKO

Yup. Just the parade route yards the day before and we're all set for a Fourth of July extravaganza at my place.

RIPPY

Sweet! Kegger!!

MUNGO

Hmm I just love the fourth of July. I can smell it now. Barbecue ribs, collard greens with ham hock, cawn bread and sweet potato pie!

STEVE

Easy there song of the south.

Paul shows up and sets a fancy cocktail before Steve.

STEVE

What's this?

PAUL

From those swingers over there.

Steve looks behind him to a table:

A sharp-dressed man, TAD WATERS (late 40s), sits before a martini and plate of oysters. Right off the set of *Mad Men*.

His perky young colleague ALYSSA (mid 20s) sits next to him. Right out of the typing pool.

Steve turns back around. The crew look at the table then back to Steve.

RIPPY

Dayam.

HEIKO

What's that all about?

STEVE

I don't know. Guess I should go
over there though.

Steve stands up and takes a sip of the cocktail.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Damn! That's a smart cocktail!

EXT. MARINA RESTAURANT - DECK BAR - TAD'S TABLE

Steve walks over to the table. Tad gets up from his oysters
and smiles. Alyssa smiles at him.

STEVE

Hello.

TAD

Steve! Tad Waters.

They shake hands. Tad gestures for Steve to sit.

TAD (CONT'D)

Please, have a seat. We've been
looking forward to meeting you.
This is Alyssa, my SVP of
marketing.

STEVE

Hi Alyssa. Hello Tad. Thanks for
the drink. Uhhh...

TAD

You must be wondering why we called
you over.

STEVE

Am I in some sort of trouble?

TAD

Haha! No not at all. You might know
that I'm CEO of a modest holding
company in Philadelphia. We own
stock in and invest in mid-size
businesses, restaurants, real
estate development, those sort of
things.

STEVE

Oh that's pretty cool.

TAD

The work you've done rebranding your landscaping company really turned our heads.

ALYSSA

Mmm-hmm.

STEVE

Really?

TAD

Yeah. What you did with that campaign was extraordinary. It was... disruptive...

ALYSSA

Yeah, disruptive.

STEVE

Disruptive?

TAD

And you turned it around into a very profitable enterprise. Well you tell him, Alyssa.

ALYSSA

Oh my God, like, I totally loved how you took ownership of an integrated approach to reposition your company's value proposition that resonated in your vertical's social sphere!

STEVE

Uh-huh.

ALYSSA

I also like how you orchestrated a conversation around your target market pain points and integrated a cross-platform initiative that brought relevance to your back-end connection points!

STEVE

Yeah well-

ALYSSA

And how you capitalized the convergence of target market buy-in in your user radius with maximizing

ALYSSA
the unified performance perspective
as a natural extension was amaze
balls!

STEVE
Well thank you.

TAD
Pretty good huh? Wharton MBA.

STEVE
Nice.

ALYSSA
So tell me, what were the main
drivers in your approach?

STEVE
Well I, uh, essentially my strategy
was to... execute channel awareness
into a sweet spot that shifted
focus of consumption patterns and
leveraged KPIs to deliver
compelling results.

ALYSSA
Wow.

TAD
Hah!

STEVE
And I just like to design cool
shit, I guess.

TAD
Of course! Steve, we're thinking we
could use a man of your talents in
our organization.

STEVE
Oh?

TAD
We have a number of campaigns
coming up and we're batting around
the idea of taking on an in-house
creative director.

STEVE
You don't say...

TAD

I sure do. Look, I'm having a little gathering on my boat on the fourth to watch the fireworks. Why don't you come by and we'll talk more?

Tad glances over his shoulder to his large yacht in the slip behind him. Steve is taken in by its majesty.

STEVE

Well yeah! That sounds great!

They all get up to shake hands.

TAD

Terrific. We'll see you then.

ALYSSA

I look forward to sleeping with you- I mean, working with you.

Alyssa giggles. Steve grins, turns around, and beams a bright smile.

EXT. NATURE PARK - DAY

A tranquil nature park with ponds and trees. Steve and Sunny walk along a boardwalk tossing breadcrumbs to the ducks. Kyle pegs at them with pebbles.

SUNNY

Kyle! Quit throwing stones at the ducks!

Steve stares ahead blankly, fiddling with the paper bag.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

So I should be able to make it to Heiko's barbecue if I can get Debbie to watch the little bugger. Plus, she owes me for cleaning the puke off Maddie's Elsa crocs.

STEVE

That's cool.

SUNNY

Of course, if you want to go solo I'd understand.

STEVE
No it's fine.

Steve tosses a piece of torn paper into the pond.

SUNNY
Uh, you're not upset about the
other night are you?

STEVE
The other night? Oh no, not at all.
Sorry, I just have a lot on my
mind. I do have other plans for the
fireworks though.

SUNNY
Oh.

Steve sees her blank expression, stops and turns to her.

STEVE
It's not a date or anything.
Business prospect.

SUNNY
Pff! I wouldn't care either way.
You ain't got no ring. You can do
whatevuh.

Steve chuckles and spots a covered bridge across the pond.

STEVE
I haven't been here since we raced
each other on the roller coaster
trails. I busted my lip on Heiko's
banana seat coming off a jump.

SUNNY
Hmm, they don't allow bikes back
there anymore.

STEVE
Yeah and they make kids wear
helmets these days. Not saying
that's a bad thing. But
everything's becoming so plastic
around here.

He looks back at the playground. Sunny turns as well.

They see a giant, garish Playskool plastic playground set
upon a plot of CyberLawn artificial turf.

INT. HEIKO'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The side door to the garage creaks open and the light of a flashlight spills in.

A HAND unscrews the gas tank of a lawnmower and pours sugar into it.

EXT. RIPPY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

It's the next day and Steve sits with Rippy on the front porch, sipping coffee from large to-go cups.

Steve looks at his wrist. He's not wearing a watch.

STEVE

Where are those guys? I wanna start
Miller time early today...

A crusty old Camaro pulls up and parks on the street. Mungo steps out of the driver side and sulks toward them.

STEVE

Hey what's going on? Where's the
truck? Where's Heiko?

MUNGO

All the equipment's shot.

STEVE

What do you mean?

MUNGO

Everything's busted. Lawnmowers,
weedwackers, leaf blowers. The
hedge trimmers won't even start.

STEVE

You're shitting me.

MUNGO

No dude.

STEVE

Shit.

RIPPY

Balls... Shit balls.

The guys stew for a moment.

STEVE

Well we gotta do something. Rippy,
you have a weedwacker don't you?

RIPPY

An old one. And it's out of string.

STEVE

Go get it. Put some fishing line on
it if you have to.

RIPPY

Okay.

Rippy dashes off.

STEVE

Mungo, do you have a lawnmower?

MUNGO

My dad has one, but the blade
hasn't been sharpened in years.

STEVE

That'll have to do. We just have to
give those lawns a good-

Steve holds out his hand. Rain drizzles from the sky and
builds into a downpour.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Oh come on!

INT. RIPPY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Typical teen raver set-up: lava lamps, Christmas lights
along the molding, psychedelic posters, etc. A thumpy techno
mix pumps out of house speakers.

Rippy sits at his desk toying with DJ software.

Mungo slouches in a bean bag chair playing a wizardy
fighting game on a console system.

Steve stares out the window fiddling with a Rubik's cube.
His feet tap to the beat of Rippy's music.

STEVE

This is pretty burny, Rippy.

RIPPY

I spin mad wax, dawg.

Steve sets the cube down and looks out the window.

STEVE
Man, this sucks.

MUNGO
Yeah those things are impossible
dude.

Mungo's character zaps a monster with a ball of light.

STEVE
No dingbat. What are we gonna do
about this rain?

RIPPY
Nothing we can do. It's over.

Rippy drops the bass.

MUNGO
Those lawns are as good as Summer's
Eve's.

STEVE
Ugh. That slimy turdhead.

MUNGO
What's the deal with you guys
anyway? Why's he always calling you
an asswipe?

Steve sighs and leans against the wall, staring off.

STEVE
It was a long time ago. Junior
year. Winter break party at Melissa
Romanelli's house.

Mungo sets his controller down.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Everyone was pretty tight. You
know, having a good time. The beer
was flowing real good that night.

Rippy takes his eyes off his computer.

STEVE (CONT'D)
It was cold. So cold. I remember...
guys writing their names in the
snow on the back deck with their
piss. I couldn't do it. I just...
couldn't do it.

Rippy's music fades out. Rain pelts the window.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So I went. Down the hallway. Her parents bathroom. The door was cracked. I thought no one was in there man. Why wasn't the door closed?!

MUNGO

What was it? What did you see?

RIPPY

Yeah brother. Tell us. You're in a safe place.

STEVE

I wasn't thinking. I just opened the door...

MUNGO

It's okay man. Tell us.

STEVE

It was Mike. Mike Summers. His backside facing the door. Facing ME. Bent over.

MUNGO

You mean he was... mid-wipe?

STEVE

I saw it! I saw it man. And I can never unsee it!

Rippy and Mungo scowl in grimace.

RIPPY

But why...

STEVE

He turned around and saw me. Screamed at me to get out. I ran back through the party, right out the front door and puked all over the driveway.

MUNGO

Yeah but he was doing the wiping. Why are you...?

STEVE

He came out yelling "Asswipe Witness" at me. And that's what they called me for a month or so.

STEVE
But it was kind of an awkward
nickname so eventually they just
shortened it to Asswipe.

MUNGO
So unfair dude.

STEVE
My high school experience sucked
ever since then. I couldn't wait to
graduate and get the hell out of
here and never come back. Now look
at me.

MUNGO
I'm sorry bro.

RIPPY
Thanks for sharing.

The rain stops but it's dusk out.

STEVE
Hey look!

RIPPY
But it's too late to do anything.

MUNGO
Yeah, we can't see in the dark
dude.

Steve looks around the room and surveys Rippy's raver gear:
hoola hoops, EL wire, glow sticks, etc. He sees a bag of
glow-in-the-dark gravel.

He darts his eyes across to the wall and sees a pair of
night-vision goggles hanging among some camping equipment.

STEVE
(smirking)
Maybe we can.

EXT. PARADE ROUTE LAWNS - NIGHT

Steve marches down a lawn with head lamp on. He carries a
large bag from which he disperses glow-in-the-dark sand. It
lights up the patches of lawn it lands on.

Rippy tears through patches of grass with his weedwacker and
night-vision goggles.

Mungo pushes a mower over the luminescent patches of lawn.

Steve smiles at the progress.

The three gather at the middle of a lawn. Rippy and Mungo shut off their power tools.

STEVE

Fellas, you should be very proud.
We're the princes of the parade.

The boys do a fumbling three-way high-five, all smiles.

EXT. PARADE ROUTE LAWNS - DAY

Steve stands with Sunny in the front of a crowd of parade-watchers. Mungo and Rippy stand next to him, all looking dour. A marching band plays "Stars and Stripes Forever".

Steve looks over to see Heiko getting a talking-to by three of the CUSTOMERS with lawns on the parade route.

Steve looks back to the parade. A float with the Linwood Girls Scout Troop #609 cruises by. The girls throw candy toward the boys. Only Rippy scrambles to gather some up.

The float cruises on and there's a break in the parade, revealing the nightmarish lawn spectacle on the other side of the street:

Discolored lawns with clumps of wet grass and deep tire marks filled with technicolor mud blemish the yards.

The parade music continues. Heiko walks up to Steve and scowls at him. He gestures to Mungo and Rippy to come along and they follow.

Steve makes a pleading gesture but Heiko storms off.

Rippy and Mungo send apologetic looks to Steve but follow Heiko.

Sunny gives Steve a sympathetic look and puts his hand in hers.

Mrs. Russo walks up and tucks Steve's underwear into his back pocket, smiles, and saunters off.

Sunny scowls at Steve and rips her hand out of his. She storms off.

Steve watches her walk away as the marching band plays on.

Heavy post-grunge music drowns out the band music. Raw eggs pelt and splatter all over Steve. He crouches and covers his head.

MEN'S VOICES (O.S.)

Asswipe!!

After the barrage, Steve looks up to see the Summer's Eve Landscaping float cruises off, the crew guffawing.

EXT. MARINA - DUSK

Steve rolls up on this three-speed, a little overdressed in dress jeans and a swanky patterned guayabera.

He locks the bike up against a dock post and walks toward the sounds of a party.

EXT. TAD WATER'S BOAT SLIP - NIGHT

Steve falls in line with PARTY GUESTS advancing up the stairs to the yacht.

He approaches a muscle-bound BOUNCER (30s) sitting with a clipboard.

BOUNCER

Name?

STEVE

Uh, Steve Connelly.

The bouncer peruses the list and shakes his head.

BOUNCER

Don't see you on here.

STEVE

What? No, Tad Waters invited me.

BOUNCER

Can't let you in if you're not on the list.

Steve scopes the partiers on the deck and spots Alyssa with a glass of champagne.

STEVE

Hey Alyssa!

Alyssa glances at him, flashes a cursory smile and glances off to be engaged by a group of other GUESTS.

BOUNCER
 Can't let you in without an
 invitation.

STEVE
 (glancing around)
 No, I'm supposed to talk to him
 about a job...

Other GUESTS are piling up behind him, hemming and hawing.

BOUNCER
 Please step aside sir so the
 invited guests can come in.

Steve sees Tad having a laugh with some other GUESTS.

STEVE
 Wait! Tad! Tad!

Tad ignores him. Ileshia appears and steps between the
 bouncer and Steve.

ILESHIA
 Position's been filled.

STEVE
 Huh?

ILESHIA
 I said the position's been filled!

STEVE
 But we were going to leverage KPIs
 to maximize vertical consumption
 patterns!

ILESHIA
 (in Steve's face)
 Beat it, peewee!

The guests in line laugh at his ridiculous encounter.

Steve turns and lumbers back down the stairs, past amused
 entering guests. He reaches the bottom stair when...

MIKE (O.S.)
 Asswipe!!

Steve turns and looks up.

Mike CACKLES at him. Fireworks POP above him.

Steve casts pleading eyes to him, tears welling.

Mike leers at Steve, turns and rejoins the party. A group of YUPPIES (20s-30s) walk by him.

MIKE

What's up homeslices?

They ignore him.

EXT. SUNNY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Steve, muddy and sweaty in his dress clothes, fiddles with a water pump next to the pond. Electrical wire and tools scattered about him.

The back screen door opens and Steve looks up. It's Debra.

DEBRA

What the hell are you doing?

Steve places the pump into the pond and gathers his gear.

STEVE

Just trying to fix something.

He nods to a light switch next to Debra and walks off.

Debra flicks the switch. Water trickles over the water feature and the perimeter glows with soft underlighting.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Steve rides his three-speed along and checks out the houses. Every other house has a Cyberlawn.

EXT. MR. TUCCI'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Steve rides up and sees both a CyberLawn truck and a Summer's Eve truck parked in the driveway.

He screeches his bike to a stop, drops it and marches to the back yard.

EXT. MR. TUCCI'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Mike, Brian and Mr. Tucci stand watching two WORKERS (30s) digging up the backyard.

MIKE

I'm telling you Mr. Tucci this is the best investment you'll ever make.

MR. TUCCI

Well as long as I can work on my short game in the winter, I'm a happy dego.

He looks up to see Steve enter the backyard.

MR. TUCCI (CONT'D)

Hey! What's this twinkie doing here?

Mike and Brian look over and see Steve approaching them.

STEVE

That's real dirty what you're doing Summers.

MIKE

Oh yeah what's that?

STEVE

Converting all our customers to CyberLawn.

MIKE

They're not your customers anymore, loser. You got a problem with me helping the community save money on their water bills? You don't like us doing our part to save spaceship earth?

STEVE

I don't like you doing your part to cheapen my hometown's aesthetic.

MIKE

Oh yeah? What are you gonna do? Write a letter?

Brian and Mr. Tucci laugh. Steve stews.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Challenge me to a jetski race? A surfing contest? How bout a dance off?

Mike starts a douchey club kid dance. His counterparts laugh again. Steve huffs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Or do you wanna fight? Haha! I'll beat you into the ground so bad

MIKE (CONT'D)
your buddies'll have to dig you out
with a back hoe! Hahaha!

Brian and Tucci double over. Steve takes a breath.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Oh wait, I forgot. You don't have
any buddies. Your crew deserted
you. Heiko's nowhere to be seen. No
one's on your side here, man. So
why don't you just go jump in a
lake?

MR. TUCCI
Or better yet, a water hazard!
Haha!

He and his interlocutors laugh. Steve reels from the verbal
beat down and turns to go.

BRIAN
Yeah, go mow your mom's lawn. Oh
wait, you can't! All your
equipment's muffed up!

Steve pauses then turns to Brian.

STEVE
How would you know that Brian?

BRIAN
Um, you know. You guys suck! You're
all so stupid you probably broke
your mowers and stuff! Haha!

Brian turns to Mike and Mr. Tucci but they don't laugh.

STEVE
I knew it! You dirtbags sabotaged
our equipment!
(to Brian)
You broke into Heiko's garage and
poured sugar in all our gas tanks!

BRIAN
No I didn't. I have the key
anyways, idiot.

MIKE
Shut up Brian.

STEVE

Aha!

(to Mike)

And our zero turn! You were there at the driving range. You rigged the governor! It all makes sense now!

MIKE

Oh like your glow-in-the-dark gravel trick? That made a lot of sense.

STEVE

You're gonna pay. One way or another, you're gonna pay.

MIKE

Whatever you say, Asswipe.

MR. TUCCI

Alright, girls. I've had about enough of this. I'm sure you'll find some suitable way to settle this matter, but I have a three o'clock tee off at the country club and we still haven't completed our conversation so...

(to Steve)

Take a hike, asscrack!

The three counterparts burst out laughing. Steve glares at Mike, then at Brian, and again at Mike and walks off.

Steve mouths the words "country club" and a lightbulb goes off in his head. He cracks a smile and picks up the pace.

BRIAN

Yeah, you better run!

EXT. RIPPY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DUSK

Rippy and Mungo kick around a hacky sack under the porch light.

Steve rolls up the walkway on his three-speed. He dismounts and sets the kickstand.

STEVE

(catching breath)

Hey guys. Thanks for meeting me.

MUNGO

Sure.

The boys continue kicking the hacky sack, barely paying any attention to Steve. Steve sits down on the porch steps.

STEVE

Any word from Heiko?

RIPPY

Nope. I think he skipped town.

STEVE

Geeze. We really screwed up, didn't we?

Rippy kicks the bag toward Steve. He wiffs it.

MUNGO

We?! Come on dude, that was all you the other night.

Steve picks up the bag and tosses it to Rippy, who kicks it about himself with ease.

STEVE

You're right. I'm sorry I let you guys down.

RIPPY

We had to put in applications at Dino's.

MUNGO

Have you ever smelled someone coming off a six hour shift making Italian subs? That shit's putrid man!

Rippy passes the bag to Mungo.

STEVE

I know, I know. Look, I need you guys.

RIPPY

What for?

STEVE

Look around. Atlantic County's transforming into some giant heinous miniature golf course. And Mike Summers is behind it all!

MUNGO

What do you care?

Mungo kicks the footbag back at Rippy and pelts him in the chest. Rippy lets it sit there.

RIPPY

Yeah, what's it matter to you?
You're just going back to New York
anyway. You'll forget all about it
with your swanky parties,
supermodels and WNBA stars.

Steve takes a deep breath.

STEVE

None of that's true. There were no
supermodels. I couldn't get laid
out of a paper bag. Most of my
nights out were spent getting
kicked out of dive bars.

Rippy picks up the bag and fiddles with it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And my job? I wasn't laid off. I
was fired. That town chewed me up
and spat me out.

Mungo and Rippy exchange a look.

STEVE (CONT'D)

But here, yeah at first I felt like
I came back with my tail between my
legs. But you know what? I got my
mojo back! I'm in the best shape of
my life, and, as bad as I've messed
up, I feel for the first time in my
life that what I'm doing is of real
value.

Rippy and Mungo step closer to Steve.

MUNGO

Really dude?

STEVE

Yeah man! Rebranding Yard Bodies
beats anything I've ever done in
New York!

Mungo and Rippy turn to each other.

MUNGO
It did turn things around.

STEVE
But that's not the best part.

RIPPY
Really?

Steve nods.

MUNGO
What's the best part?

STEVE
I get to hang out with you guys!
It's like we're not even working!
You make me feel so... young again.

Rippy and Mungo exchange glances again.

MUNGO
Aww. Well, we like you too dude.

STEVE
You do?

RIPPY
Yeah Steve. We love you.

STEVE
You guys!

A tear wells in Steve's eye. He wipes it away.

Rippy does the same. As does Mungo.

They all sniff and wipe.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Heiko and I go way back. He was the
only kid who had my back growing
up. He may never talk to me again,
or even come back here after I
ruined his business. But I have to
do right by him.

RIPPY
How?

Steve pulls a folded up flyer out of his pocket. He hands it
to Mungo. Mungo unfolds it:

It's a flyer for the landscaping combine.

STEVE
I signed us up.

MUNGO
You're bananas, dude.

RIPPY
Yeah, even if we could, all our
equipment's thrashed.

STEVE
I know. But I have another plan.

MUNGO
Oh boy.

RIPPY
What's that?

STEVE
We unite the clans.

EXT. SUBURBAN LAWN - DAY

Steve, Rippy and Mungo stand before burly, bearded PHIL (50s), owner of "Al Landscaping". He gasses up a hedge trimmer. His CREW works in the background.

PHIL
You mean to tell me that after
taking seventy-five percent of our
customers then giving them over to
Mike Summers, you punks want me to
lend you my equipment to use in
that stupid landscaping rodeo? I
got that right?

STEVE
Yeah, that was the idea...

PHIL
Well I got news for you. I'll be
seeing you at the starting line!

Steve reaches in for a handshake.

STEVE
Oh, well in that case best of luck
to ya-

PHIL
Get outta here!

EXT. SUBURBAN LAWN 2 - DAY

Steve and the boys stand before ED (40s), owner of "Ed's Lawncare," manning a leafblower.

His CREW works around them, the loud machines drowning out their dialog.

Ed shakes his head. Steve reaches for a handshake. Ed swats the leaf blower at them. The boys take cover and run off.

EXT. SUBURBAN LAWN 3 - DAY

Steve and the boys stand before SANCHEZ (50s), owner of "Paisajismo Del Sanchez". His CREW works in the background.

He rattles on in animated, unintelligible Spanish, his head about to explode.

Steve looks to Rippy who shakes his head, then to Mungo who shrugs. Steve nods and reaches out to shake Sanchez's hand.

He swats it away and kicks at Steve. They all dash off.

EXT. SUBURBAN LAWN 4 - DAY

Steve and the boys stand with androgynous GENE (50s), owner of "Green Gene's Vegan Lawncare". The electric-powered mowers and trimmers of his CREW whirr in the background.

GENE

What you did to us was very hurtful. I'm still processing, so I'm afraid I'm unable to hold space for this conversation. I need you to respect that okay?

STEVE

Yes of course. Thanks anyway, man.

GENE

I'm a woman.

STEVE

Oh.

GENE

Get out of my personal space!!

Steve and the boys fly back.

STEVE
Whoa sorry!

MUNGO
Lay off the gluten, dude!

Gene storms off in the other direction.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Steve and the boys dawdle along.

STEVE
Damn it. That was the last of
everyone who's still in business
around here and the combine starts
in a little over an hour.

RIPPY
Beat scene man.

A truck horn HONKS from across the street.

The boys look over and Sunny sits in an idling "Ronnie's Garden Center" pickup truck with an attached trailer loaded with shiny new landscaping gear.

STEVE
Sunny?!

Steve beams a smile at her, but she's all business.

SUNNY
Rippy, you can ride with me.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB (TELEVISION BROADCAST) - DAY

An aerial view of crowds gathered on the fairways of a golf course. Dramatic sports music plays as overproduced digital graphics sweep into frame revealing the title card:

"5TH ANNUAL HOME DEPOT SOUTH JERSEY REGIONAL LANDSCAPING COMBINE"

FRANK (V.O.)
Coming to you live from Seaview
Country Club in beautiful southern
New Jersey, it's the Fifth Annual
Home Depot South Jersey Regional
Landscaping Combine.

EXT. SPORTSCASTERS STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Two SPORTSCASTERS sit behind a desk facing the camera.

On the left sits our announcer FRANK (50s), a hefty but buttoned-up showbiz type.

On the right, JIM (50s), a swarthy, rosy working man.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Good afternoon folks, I'm Frank Westerly and with me today is Jim Dougherty, veteran South Jersey landscaper and two-time winner of this competition. Jim, what are your thoughts on this exciting event today?

A monitor to the side displays CONTESTANTS stretching, warming up, etc.

JIM

Frank, I couldn't be more excited. We have South Jersey's absolute finest in the art of landscape maintenance here today.

Expect to be mowed over by the amazing skills of these talented men and women. But the team to really look out for is the Summer's Eve Landscaping Crew.

The monitor displays Mike and crew rallying, then footage of a previous year's event with Mike finishing a race and raising his weedw

JIM (CONT'D)

They're fierce competitors, which comes as no surprise since they're defending champions three years running.

The other teams all have a tough day ahead of them going up against this outfit.

The monitor cuts to other CONTESTANTS warming up.

FRANK

And adding some more heat to the competition, this year the winners will be awarded a contract with

FRANK
Atlantic County worth a whopping
five hundred thousand dollars.

Jim shoots a look at Frank.

JIM
Huh?!

FRANK
You heard that right, folks, we're
talking all county-owned properties
and facilities: public parks,
schools, courthouses, insane
asylums, the whole bit!

JIM
But, all we ever got were gift
certificates to Home Depot!

EXT. UNDER BLEACHERS - DAY

Under the roaring crowd and unintelligible announcements
sounding over the PA System:

Mungo ties a black headband upon his head.

Steve tightens his bootlace with a double knot.

Rippy slips black work gloves over his tiny wrists.

The boys form a huddle.

STEVE
Alright guys. Whatever happens,
let's just leave here today knowing
in our hearts we... What is it
Rippy?

RIPPY
I gotta pee-pee.

STEVE
Aw man!

RIPPY
It's my nerves, sorry.

MUNGO
Yeah me too. I think I drank too
much Gatorade.

STEVE

Alright. Rippy you're up first, so
hurry back. Ready...

Steve reaches his right hand in. Rippy and Mungo do the same
and stack hands upon Steve's.

STEVE, MUNGO AND RIPPY

BREAK!

They pump their stacked hands and dissolve the huddle.

EXT. UNDER BLEACHERS - 200 YARDS AWAY - DAY

Down a ways, Mike and his team stretch and warm up. Mike
wraps his wrists with tape. Joe sees Steve down the way.

JOE

Look, your boyfriend's here!

Mike looks over and huffs. He flicks Joe in the nuts.

MIKE

Listen up boys. Those sallies are
not a threat to us, but make damn
sure they don't win any points
today. Got it?

SUMMER'S EVE TEAM

Got it!

EXT. UNDER BLEACHERS - STEVE'S PREP AREA - DAY

Steve adjusts his web belt. Sunny appears.

SUNNY

Hey.

Steve looks up.

STEVE

Hey. Look I-

SUNNY

Really. I don't want to hear it.

STEVE

But-

SUNNY

Good luck out there okay?

STEVE

Thanks.

Sunny turns to leave then stops.

SUNNY

And thanks for fixing my pond. It's dope.

She turns away and walks off. Steve sulks.

STEVE

Yeah. It's pretty tight.

EXT. SPORTSCASTERS STAGE - DAY

Frank and Jim are back on the air after a commercial break. Jim sulks in his seat with arms folded.

FRANK

Welcome back folks. We're setting up for our first event, the string trimmer edging dash. Jim, what do we need to know about this event?

JIM

Well Frank, you gotta be able to go fast. And in a straight line. And backwards.

FRANK

Uh, thanks. Now let's go to the field for the first heat of edging action.

EXT. EDGING CONTEST FIELD - DAY

CONTESTANTS line up before long sections of temporary sidewalk. They power up their weedwackers and get last-minute coaching by their TEAMMATES.

A REFEREE (60s) inspects the marks of each contestant.

Steve and Mungo stand with Rippy as he pull-starts his trimmer.

STEVE

Okay, now take it easy on this one. We don't want you to blow your wad here.

RIPPY
I already blew chunks.

Steve slides protective glasses over Rippy's eyes.

STEVE
You'll be alright. Now go get 'em
kid!

The referee steps into view of all the contestants.

REFEREE
Edgers, now remember that every
inch you stray from the sidewalk
will result in a one second
penalty. Got that?

The contestants all face the referee and nod.

REFEREE
Up and back to the line finishes
the race. Edgers on your marks!

The contestants ready themselves at their marks, weedwackers
revving.

REFEREE
Set!

Rippy takes a deep breath. Sweat streams down his brow.

Joe sneers at Rippy from the lane to his right. Sanchez
sneers at him from his left. Rippy gulps.

The referee raises his starter pistol... BANG!

STEVE AND MUNGO
Go! Go! Go!

Rippy and the other contestants all dash off backwards.

STEVE
Go Rippy!

MUNGO
Full speed behind dude!

Rippy has a good lead on everyone. He reaches the end, turns
around and starts down the other side.

Sanchez is right behind him, followed by Joe.

FRANK (V.O.)
Looks like a dark horse from the
Yard Bodies team taking
a surprising lead.

JIM (V.O.)
That's some good form there Frank.

FRANK (V.O.)
But Sanchez is not far behind. If
Yard Bodies lose steam here it's
his race. They're neck and neck!

Rippy puts everything into it. Sanchez struggles to keep up.
Joe holds steady in third.

They near the finish line. Sanchez sweeps his trimmer at
Rippy's feet.

Rippy loses his balance yet keeps his trimmer in control. He
stumbles across the finish line.

Joe takes first place and the Summer's Eve Crew celebrates.

STEVE
Aw come on! That was dirty,
Sanchez!

EXT. SPORTSCASTERS STAGE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK
Wow! Things are really heating
up with an unexpected placing by
Rippy Gallagher of the Yard Bodies
Lawn Care team. But it looks like
the other teams don't want them
anywhere near the scoreboard.

JIM
Can't say I blame 'em, considering
Yard Bodies caused folks to convert
to that ridiculous plastic grass.
Atlantic County's going down the
toilet.

FRANK
(sotto)
Jim, please. Cyberlawn is a
sponsor!

Jim reaches for his crotch under the desk.

JIM
Sponsor this.

EXT. PUSH MOWER FIELD - DAY

CONTESTANTS work in sections using push mowers.

FRANK (V.O.)
In our next event, competitors race
to complete a four hundred square
yard plot of lawn.

Steve steadies his mower forward. He empties his bag into a
trash can, re-attaches it to the mower and pushes on.

JIM (V.O.)
And their lines need to be clean
with no stray grass clippings.

IN THE GRANDSTAND:

MR. TUCCI
There ya go, kid!

FRANK (V.O.)
And with that we'll introduce our
panel of judges.

EXT. GRANDSTAND - CONTINUOUS

A row of JUDGES sit at a long table on the top level of the
bleacher. Our announcer introduces them:

GEORGE GUNDERSON (60s), grins left and right to the crowd.

FRANK (V.O.)
First we have our chief judge,
George Gunderson, Chairman of the
Seaview Country Club.

IRIS SCHULMAN (60s), watches the action with binoculars.

FRANK (V.O.)
Next we have Iris Schulman,
President of the Atlantic County
Beautification Committee.

THORNTON PHILLIPS (50s), studies the action.

FRANK (V.O.)
Thornton Phillips, Head of the
Horticulture Department at Stockton
University.

JODI RIZZO (40s), chews gum and sets her cellphone down.

FRANK (V.O.)

Jodi Rizzo, Editor-in-chief of
Atlantic City Homes and Gardens
Magazine.

Tad does 'elbow-elbow wrist-wrist' to the crowd.

FRANK (V.O.)

And finally, Tad Waters, a
prominent Philadelphia businessman
with many fingers in many pies.

Tad gives a thumbs up and claps his hands.

EXT. PUSH MOWER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Steve hears this and scowls at the grandstand.

STEVE

What?!

Mungo and Rippy look up as well. Steve approaches them,
about to make a turn for his next swath.

RIPPY

Son of a bitch! Wait, who's that?

MUNGO

Don't worry about him. Just keep
your eye on the focal point, like I
taught you dude.

STEVE

Alright. Watch my six.

Steve pushes forward. Bill pulls up next to him, releases
his deflector shield, spraying clumps into Steve's swath.

BILL

Nerd Bodies!

Bill snickers and pushes on. Steve looks behind him.

STEVE

Aw you guys! My six! My six!

EXT. LEAFBLOWER LOT - DAY

CONTESTANTS blow piles of grass clippings and leaves with leaf blowers and corral them onto the adjacent lawn.

Joe blows clippings back onto Mungo's work area. Mungo looks toward the REF, whose back is turned.

MUNGO

Aw come on dude?

FRANK (V.O.)

Yard Bodies catching wind from Summer's Eve in the leaf blower roundup. Once again, the refs don't seem to notice...

JIM (V.O.)

Get out your tinfoil hats folks.

Joe finishes clearing his area and raises his arms in triumph. His crew join in hooting and hollering.

Mungo finishes his area and casts a dejected look.

EXT. MULCHING LOT - DAY

CONTESTANTS scurry with wheelbarrows between large piles of mulch and prop flower beds.

Steve shovels mulch from a large pile into a wheelbarrow.

FRANK (V.O.)

Yard Bodies going hard at the mulching two yard scramble...

Mike runs by and kicks his wheelbarrow over.

EXT. LAWN PATTERN FIELD - DAY

CONTESTANTS ride zero-turns and stand-on mowers, each making complex patterns.

Mungo focuses his ride on a point down the line.

FRANK (V.O.)

Our competitors exercise creative latitude to come up with complex designs here in the Lawn Pattern Freestyle.

JIM (V.O.)
 Yup. But you can't do that on no
 counterfeit grass.

Mike nods to Bill who's holding a bulky sack. He strolls
 toward Mungo's area and sets the sack down:

Four kittens scurry out onto the field.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Uh-oh, looks like we have some
 unexpected visitors!

RIPPY
 Mungo! Watch out!

Mungo swerves and weaves on his stand-on.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Well that's not good for the Yard
 Bodies design. He can always go
 back and fix it, but it will cost
 him time. But wait...!

THE JUDGES

nod at Mungo's design:

An intricate pattern of swervy cross-hatched swaths.

Tad looks upset.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Yard Bodies making lemonade out of
 lemons but barely inching closer to
 Summer's Eve's lead.

Mungo caresses a kitten and hands it to a LITTLE GIRL (7).
 Steve and Rippy hand the other kittens to other KIDS (6-8).

EXT. GRANDSTAND - DAY

Tad, with back to the table, clutches his cell phone close.

TAD
 Take them out, dammit!

EXT. HEDGEROW - DAY

CONTESTANTS each work on a section of tall hedging along a fairway with ladders and power hedgers.

Rippy stands atop his ladder and sweeps at the hedge with his electric trimmers.

STEVE AND MUNGO

Go! Go! Go!

FRANK (V.O.)

Rippy Gallagher, the veritable workhorse of the Yard Bodies.

Brian struggles with his oversized hedge trimmer. He looks down and sees a power cord leading back to Rippy's ladder.

JIM (V.O.)

I personally woulda gone with a gas-powered articulated twenty-four instead of that electric seventeen he's using. But the kid's pretty shrimpy.

Brian looks over to Mike. Mike nods.

FRANK (V.O.)

Hmm, well I'd say it's a good strategy on his part. A light weight trimmer lets a guy like him scurry up and down that ladder like a spider on a window screen.

Brian climbs down the ladder and loops the cord under his boot. He nudges his ladder forward and kicks the cord.

Rippy reaches for a final patch but the ladder yanks from under him, his trimmer flies off.

RIPPY

AAAARRGH!

Rippy crashes down into the grass. Steve and Mungo dash toward him, kneel beside him and give support.

STEVE

Rippy!

MUNGO

You alright dude?

RIPPY

My ankle. I think I destroyed it.

STEVE

Ah dammit! Damn those damn
assholes!

The Summer's Eve crew all guffaw.

Steve faces them about to charge. Mungo grabs him.

MUNGO

Save it dude! There's one more
event left and you're it!

STEVE

The lawn feature medley? But
Rippy's our best guy on weedwacker!

RIPPY

(writhing)

You're the best guy now Steven.
Remember the cemetery. Channel that
anger.

STEVE

Okay Rippy. I will. This one's for
you, pal.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

A large field sectioned to contain several identical
features: flower beds, birdbaths, wading pools, etc.

FRANK (V.O.)

They saved the best event for last
here folks. The lawn feature medley
consists of a two-man team -- first
a precise trimming around various
features and then he tag-teams his
partner who finishes the job with a
zero-turn.

JIM (V.O.)

Sounds like a good time to me,
Frank.

Steve warms up at the starting line. Rippy, in crutches,
psychs him up. Mungo stands by on his stand-on mower.

The other CONTESTANTS get pepped up by their own TEAMMATES.

Mike warms up at his line next to Steve. The Summer's Eve
crew sneer at Steve and his boys.

MIKE

Why don't you just go away and have
a soy latte, asswipe?

Steve ignores him and faces the course. He starts up his trimmer.

The referee steps out into the open.

REFEREE

Okay, this is the last event. Let's
keep it clean boys.

Mike smirks and motions to Phil, who shifts his position.

Steve watches Phil's move. He looks to Mungo, who shrugs.

FRANK (V.O.)

Looks like Summer's Eve and A-One
are switching up their strategies
by taking the course in reverse.

The "Cut Above" Guy, TOM (40s) shifts his position away from Mike, as does Ed, who moves closer to Phil.

Steve looks around him, shifting focus to each of the men.

They all eye him with blood lust.

Steve looks to Rippy. Rippy gulps.

REFEREE

Trimmers on your marks!

Steve takes a deep breath and clenches his jaw.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

Set!

Mike snarls at Steve.

The referee raises his starter pistol. BANG!

Steve dashes off, sweeping his trimmer around a bird bath.

The other contestants do the same and make their way along flower beds, around bird baths, across sections of temporary sidewalk, etc.

FRANK (V.O.)

And they're off! Things are looking
neck and neck and so far, no
discernable leader here.

Phil starts around his flower bed, speeds up and body checks Steve, who crashes into the birdbath.

STEVE

WTF, man!

FRANK (V.O.)

Ouch! Well that was a very unorthodox move by A-One. No doubt there will be repercussions...

The referee approaches Phil.

REFEREE

You're out!

PHIL

Yeah yeah yeah.

Phil shuts off his trimmer and makes his way off the field.

Steve sets the birdbath back and continues trimming.

Phil looks up in the grandstands and makes a money counting hand gesture.

TAD

smiles and nods.

RIPPY

watches Tad's interaction with Phil and turns toward Steve.

RIPPY

Steve, watch your six! They got all the other teams after you!

STEVE

Shit!

Steve dashes up to a cluster of garden gnomes and sweeps away at the grass between them.

MUNGO

Look out!

Ed charges at Steve with his weedwacker. Steve ducks and continues his work.

STEVE

What are you doing man?

ED

Staying in business!

Steve jabs his weedwacker into a patch of gravel, kicking up a cloud of dust. The cloud dissipates and Steve is gone.

Ed stands bemused. The referee marches up to Ed.

REFEREE

You're out!

Ed snickers and walks off and looks to Tad, who makes a money fanning gesture. Phil sees this.

PHIL

Hey that's my cut!

He charges at Ed and they get into a scuffle. They wrestle into the play area of the SHARPEST CUT GUY.

SHARPEST CUT GUY

Hey! Get outta here!

He punches out Phil and the benches clear.

Steve dashes to the garden pond and sweeps at the grass along it. Tom charges at Steve.

STEVE

Aw come on, you too?!

TOM

Who's the sexy guy now?!

Tom charges at Steve, who evades him while trimming the outline of the pond.

STEVE

Quit it man! If I lose we all lose!

TOM

You're already a loser!

Tom closes in on Steve and swings his weedwacker at him. Steve squeals as the neck strikes his gut, but he clutches the tool and sends Tom sailing into the pond.

The referee comes up to the edge of the pond.

REFEREE

You're out!

TOM
No, you're out!

Tom tugs the referee by the shirt into the pond.

Steve dashes along the final flower bed.

FRANK (V.O.)
Absolute pandemonium here at the
Seaview Country Club folks! Yard
Bodies holding steady with just
their last flower bed and...

He turns the corner and Mike Summers awaits him.

STEVE
Get out of my way Summers.

MIKE
You need to quit showing up where
you're not wanted!

STEVE
You could've just locked the door!

MIKE
You got off on it!

Steve charges at Mike with his weedwacker. Whistles from the referees BLARE. Mike swats at Steve, their weedwackers clang together like Darth Vader and Obi Wan Kenobi.

THE OTHER CONTESTANTS

are squared off in fights of their own. Absolute chaos on the country club grounds.

STEVE AND MIKE

take turns swinging at each other with the awkward heavy power tools, each parrying the other's blows.

Mike swats at Steve and swishes by his shoulder. A speck of blood peeks through a tiny gash in his shirt.

STEVE
AAAAARRGH!!

Rippy and Mungo react.

MUNGO
Uhh, Medic!!

Steve retreats to catch his breath and check the wound. It's nothing big, but he still breathes heavy.

Mike, in much better shape, is barely winded.

MIKE
Give it up, Asswipe.

STEVE
No way... Come on... Let's dance!

Steve mocks the dance move Mike performed the day before.

Mike charges. Steve fakes a lunge and Mike swings at him. He clutches the tool's neck and knees Mike in the gut. Mike keels over and drops his weedwacker.

BILL

sets his stand-on mower to full throttle and takes off.

MUNGO

sees this and launches in pursuit on his own stand-on.

STEVE

steps on Mike's throat and raises his weedwacker with the trimmer head aimed at Mike's face.

STEVE
What's my name?!

MIKE
Asswipe!

JOE

turns to Brian.

JOE
Get him!

Joe and Brian dash toward Steve.

BRIAN
Oh, it's on now!

Rippy

is in their path. He whips his crutch from under his arm and trips Brian with it.

Brian sails into a table of Gatorade, cups and coolers splash all over him.

RIPPY

Take a bath Brian, you're grimy!

STEVE

presses his foot further into Mike's throat and moves the trimmer head closer.

STEVE

WHAT IS MY NAME?!

Mike groans and squirms but can't break free.

MIKE

Agh... Steve...

Steve cracks a smile and begins to stand down.

Mungo slams into Bill's mower sending him flying. He stumbles onto Joe and they both crash into Steve.

Steve falls forward and the trimmer head flies straight at Mike's face.

MIKE

AAAAAAAARRGH!!!

EXT. AWARDS STAGE - DAY

A grand stage with podium set up in the middle of a putting green. The judges stand to one side and the teams cluster on the other side. A large AUDIENCE faces the stage.

Mike stands scowling with his team, dirty and sweaty, with half his hair now buzzed off - a beefed-up Skrillex.

Steve stands with Rippy and Mungo, sweaty and exhausted.

FRANK (V.O.)

Well, all I can say Jim is this was quite an exciting day of landscaping!

JIM (V.O.)

That was completely messed up.

FRANK (V.O.)

The scores have all been tallied and the winners will now be presented by Atlantic County Executive Denny Livingston.

Tall, balding DENNY LIVINGSTON (60s) steps to the podium.

DENNY LIVINGSTON
 (over PA system)
 Ladies and Gentlemen, first off, I wish to express my deepest disgust to all the men and women who competed here today. Your displays of strength, skill and sportsmanship were deplorable.

Steve furrows his brow. He looks around and sees most of the other contestants looking anxious.

DENNY LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)
 At this time, we present the winners of today's event. And before I do please know that, in my heart, you're all derelicts.

Steve takes hold of Rippy's hand with his left and Mungo's with his right. Mungo looks up to Steve and ekes a smile.

DENNY LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)
 Our first place finishers, and recipients of the five hundred thousand dollar landscaping contract with the County goes to...

Steve and the boys watch intently.

DENNY LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)
 ... Paisajismo Del Sanchez!

Steve and the boys all drop their heads.

The Mexican crew all celebrate. A MARIACHI BAND joins in playing the Mexican hat dance.

The Summer's Eve crew throw a fit.

MIKE
 That's bullshit, man!

FRANK (V.O.)
 Well that comes as no surprise there, Jim.

JIM (V.O.)
 Yup. It just goes to show you when it comes to landscaping, nobody beats the Mexicans.

Tad clears his throat and approaches the podium. He hands a paper to an OFFICIAL (50s). The official reads it, walks up to Denny and whispers in his ear. His eyes widen.

DENNY LIVINGSTON

(into mic)

Ladies and gentlemen, there's been an issue in the judging. Sanchez Landscaping is disqualified on account of undocumented workers on their crew.

The Mariachi music fizzles and their crew stops cheering.

DENNY LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)

That means, the winner will now go to the second place finishers...

Steve and the boys look up.

DENNY LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)

... Summer's Eve Landscaping.

The Summer's Eve crew hoot and holler.

Steve and the boys drop their heads once again.

Mike and his crew rush up to the stage greeted by Tad.

FRANK (V.O.)

Well that's quite a twist, but no surprise given the raw power of Summer's Eve.

HEIKO (O.S.)

Hold on!

Everyone turns to see Heiko stumbling through the crowd with a squirrely working man type, JERRY (40s), in tow.

STEVE, MUNGO AND RIPPY

Heiko?!

They take the stage and approach Denny. Jerry hiccups.

MIKE

You frigging kidding me? Get lost, Heiko! Who's this lush?

Tad locks eyes with Jerry and quickly looks away.

HEIKO

You can't give them the contract.

DENNY LIVINGSTON

Who are you? Extinguish that
cigarette!

Heiko shoves the smoke in his pocket and pats it out.

HEIKO

Tell them, Jerry.

Jerry takes the microphone.

JERRY

I had a landscaping business up in
Ocean County. That is, (hic) until
I met him.

He points at Tad. Tad looks around nervously.

TAD

What? Everyone knows me. I'm a
likable guy!

JERRY

I thought so too. (hic) He gave me
and some other businesses a shit
ton of money to turn our customers
over to his company, (hic)
CyberLawn.

The crowd collectively murmurs. Steve scowls at Tad.

STEVE

You greasy prick! There never was
any job!

DENNY LIVINGSTON

Go on.

JERRY

Fake grass all over the place
caused home values to tank. (hic)
Then his investors came in and
bought them all for cheap.

DENNY LIVINGSTON

Yes, I heard about this. An
absolute travesty.

HEIKO

I'll say! He got the county to
re-zone those properties and
knocked them down to build condos!

The crowd burbles, uncertain and confused.

JERRY

Now I live in a shack in the (hic)
pine barrens.

RIPPY

He's gonna turn our beach community
into vacation homes for rich
shoobies!

MUNGO

We'll all have to move to the pine
barrens!

The crowd resumes burbling. Steve turns to Denny.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Can I say something?

Denny gently directs him to the microphone.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(over PA system)

You know, I haven't been around in
a while but this is my childhood
home.

The judges all nod along sagely. Mrs. Russo watches
adoringly, as do Connie and Linda.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I grew up here. I care about the
backyards I grew up playing in.

(looks to Sunny)

And I care about where my friends'
kids are playing, and where their
kids will play too.

Sunny is transfixed. Debra stands next to her with her RBF.
Their kids look bored. Maddie picks her nose.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Sure, we were in a drought but we
got through it. Are we really going
to let a scheming businessman come
here at the first sign of trouble
and turn our town into some giant
Lego playset for his own profit?

The crowd groans. Dr. Slattery and Mrs. Gunther nod along.

STEVE (CONT'D)

If and when I go back to the city,
I want to know that I can come back
here and go the park and lay in the
grass, or play touch football with
my friends in their backyards and
get grass stains on my pants and
dirt under my fingernails.

The crowd coos. Bartender Paul listens with his SON (10).

STEVE (CONT'D)

I may not be the best guy to mow
your lawns. Hell, I'm not allowed
within a hundred yards of most of
them. But I do care about our
community's natural beauty. Mike
Summers doesn't. And CyberLawn sure
as hell doesn't either.

The crowd collectively cheers and shouts expletives at Tad
and Mike, etc. Carl claps from the stands.

TAD

Hey come on! It's just business!

MIKE

Yeah and who cares?! We won fair
and square. Now where's that big
cardboard check at? I'm ready for
my photo!

MUNGO

But they sabotaged our equipment
dude!

DENNY LIVINGSTON

Is this true?

MIKE

Hell no! You can't prove anything
anyway!

Steve and Heiko exchange baffled looks.

DENNY LIVINGSTON

Well I'm afraid he's right
gentlemen. It's no bearing on the
contest. Margaret bring up the
check.

The crowd GROANS.

Mike and his crew all snicker.

Denny's secretary, MARGARET (50s) clambers up the stairs with an over-sized check, followed by a PHOTOGRAPHER.

DENNY LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)
 (into mic)
 Ladies and gentlemen, we now
 present our winners...

The official steps up to Denny and whispers into his ear. His eyes light up and he smiles.

DENNY LIVINGSTON (CONT'D)
 ... Yard Bodies Lawn Care!

MIKE AND TAD
 What?!?!

The crowd erupts in cheering and applause.

Steve and the boys roar in triumph. They hug and rush up the stage and hug with Heiko.

Celebratory dance music kicks in. The photographer snaps photos of the crew.

Margaret dons them with medals and gives Mungo an especially long hug and kiss on the cheek.

MUNGO
 Thanks mom!

Ileshia looks disgusted as she watches Mrs. Wolfe do an eighties dance.

Mike and Tad charge up to Denny.

TAD
 What the hell, Denny?!

MIKE
 Yeah, what you pullin' yo?!

DENNY LIVINGSTON
 I'm afraid you've also been
 disqualified.

TAD
 What?!

DENNY LIVINGSTON

It appears your whole team tested positive for performance enhancing drugs. You should all be ashamed.

The official points out JD in the stands to Denny. JD raises a mason jar full of pee and gives a thumbs up.

MIKE

How did you get that?!

MRS. GUNTHER

That's enough out of you!

Mrs. Gunther grabs a tomato out of her bag and tosses it at Mike. It plops onto stage and rolls to his foot.

MIKE

Mrs. Gunther?! But I planted that little baby! I fertilized him!

Other AUDIENCE MEMBERS grab tomatoes and peg them at Mike, Tad and the Summer's Eve crew.

MIKE

AAARRGGHH!!

The men all duck for cover as they get pelted by the tomatoes. Steve and crew scramble off the stage.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE POND - DAY

Steve and Heiko find a quiet moment together in front of the fountain. Rippy and Mungo talk with Jerry in the background.

STEVE

Hey, good thing you went on that field trip.

HEIKO

It was a good bender until I ran into Jerry. Otherwise, I was about to drink myself to death.

STEVE

Wow. That would have sucked.

HEIKO

Yeah. Thanks for not giving up on me. We cool?

STEVE

We cool.

They give each other a big bro-hug. Sunny appears.

SUNNY

Hey, butt-spray.

Steve is taken aback.

STEVE

Hey!... Butt-spray.

SUNNY

Mrs. Russo told me you went to the bathroom in your pants.

STEVE

Uhhhh. Well...

SUNNY

It happens to the best of us.

Steve sighs and smile.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

So does this mean you'll be sticking around and working for Heiko?

STEVE

No, not exactly.

SUNNY

Oh.

STEVE

But I'm not going anywhere... if you don't mind being friends with a grasshole.

Sunny smiles.

SUNNY

Sure. But nothing penetraty or anything, right?

Steve lets his smile fade.

STEVE

Oh, right.

SUNNY
But how bout a kiss?

Steve grins and steps closer.

STEVE
That resonates.

Steve takes her hand and draws her toward him. He's about to kiss her but his phone rings. He pauses and looks at it.

STEVE
Recruiter.

SUNNY
Oh. You should take it.

Steve looks at her, to the phone, back to her. He tosses the phone into the pond.

She jumps into his arms and they kiss.

The crowd cheers.

Rippy and Mungo dance around like monkeys.

Heiko launches into a spastic mime of jerking off.

HEIKO
Oh my God! That's so hot!

Steve keeps the kiss going and shoves Heiko into the pond with his foot.

Paul watches from the crowd. He's talking to a GUY (40s) next to him.

PAUL
Yeah, we had a problem with our card reader a couple months ago. I told him his card was declined. Woops!

Heiko emerges, rubbing his throat and spits water out as if he were a giant ejaculating penis.

The crowd dissipates. Sunny and Steve release their kiss.

SUNNY
But if you're not going to work for Heiko anymore. And you're not going back to New York...

STEVE

I have something else in mind...

EXT. COURT HOUSE GROUNDS - DAY

LANDSCAPERS, in Yard Bodies uniforms, are hard at work mowing the grass, trimming hedges, weedwacking, etc.

Rippy, now a crew chief, marches through the grounds carrying a clipboard. He turns behind him.

RIPPY

Hurry up with that mulch, slacker!

Behind him, Brian struggles with a wheelbarrow full of mulch.

BRIAN

Yeah yeah.

Mungo sweeps by on a stand-on, nearly knocking him over.

Rippy passes by two of Sanchez's FORMER WORKERS, on ladders trimming hedges.

RIPPY

Buenas dias, you guys!

The two men turn from their work and salute to Rippy.

Across the lawn, Heiko stands with Denny, pointing to the work being done. Denny nods in approval.

Steve and Sunny walk up with an iPad in matching polo shirts with "S&S Designs" embroidered on them. Steve's wearing designer frames again.

Sunny shows Denny a graphic mock-up of a flower bed arrangement on an iPad and points to a plot where WORKERS plant shrubs and flowers, realizing the design.

Denny nods in agreement, then shakes Sunny, Steve and Heiko's hands.

Sunny hugs Heiko. Steve shakes his hand.

STEVE

Partner.

HEIKO

Partners.

STEVE
(to Sunny)
Ready?

Sunny nods and slides her sunglasses on.

SUNNY
Let's roll, son.

Steve leads her to a riding mower. He hops on and she climbs on behind him.

They ride off into the sunset... chased by the yapping dog thought to have been run over earlier.

THE END