

Pinokkio 3000

by
Mohammed Hassan Ali

Mohammed Hassan Ali
House 783 Road 1622 Block 816, Isa Town, Bahrain
+973 39680322
Pinokkio83@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. WENDELL'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Strange toys fill this workshop.

The figure of a hand made of wax sits on a shelf. The fingers are spread wide and the palm has an odd drawing on it.

Next to the hand are tiny iron feet, painted green. They are peculiarly small.

On a large table are a bunch of materials. Pieces of wood, buckets of paint, knives, carving tools and some cloth.

WENDELL, 40's, slightly over-weight, glasses, is sitting on the table, working vigorously on the project in his hand. His clothes are a mess from the paint but he's only interested in his creation.

In front of him is a life-size wooden toy. It's a large version of PINOCCHIO. Although it does resemble the famous toy, there are noticeable differences. Wendell's version has dark features on its face. His eyes seem to be squinting. The nose is long as on the popular toy but the mouth is just a slit. It all combines for an unsettling face. It's wearing a green shirt, red shorts and black shoes.

Wendell is very carefully carving something onto the sole of the toy's foot..

He finishes carving and looks at what he's written, proudly.

On the toy's sole, the word "PINOKKIO" is carved.

Wendell leans back and looks at his creation with admiration.

JIMINI, Wendell's cute little dog, is sitting next to him. He's paying attention as well. He has on a collar with the word "JIMINI" on it.

The clock that's hanging on the wall is in the shape of an eye. The eye seems to be closed, as the eyelashes are pointing downward. The two hands indicate the time is "11:59". It's about to be midnight..

The hand moves to indicate "12:00" precisely. The closed eyelid lifts up, opening the eye.

An electronic voice comes out of the clock.

CLOCK VOICE
It is now midnight. Pleasant
dreams, Wendell.

WENDELL
Right on time.

Wendell gets up. His work is finished.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Well. I guess that's it, Jimini.
Come on, let's go to bed.

He takes one last good look at his quite unattractive
product.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Look at you. You're perfect. She's
gonna love you.

Wendell walks over to the door, Jimini with him and puts his
finger on the light switch.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Sleep tight.

He turns off the light and they exit.

Pinokkio sits alone in the dark.

The door opens again and Wendell opens the light.

He walks back over to his toy.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Alright, you can sleep in the bed.
But just for tonight. Remember,
you're gonna have a new home
tomorrow.

He picks up the large toy and puts it over his shoulder,
carrying it outside.

INT. WENDELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Wendell comes in with Pinokkio on his
shoulder. Wendell is now in his pajamas.

He places the toy on his bed and crawls into bed, lying next
to it. Jimini jumps on the bed.

He stares at it with a smile.

WENDELL

Lucky you. You're gonna be living in her home. Sleeping next to her every night. I envy you. It's getting late, we should get some sleep. Good night.

He pulls the cover on his toy and turns off the lamp next to his bed. They both go to sleep.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wendell is walking in the street with Pinokkio over his shoulder. There's a joyous smile on his face as he walks with a bit of hurry in his steps.

EXT. BITCH'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

Wendell arrives at his destination. He puts down Pinokkio on the ground, gently and rings the doorbell.

He steps back, adjusting his outfit. He picks up Pinokkio, holding it from under the arms.

The door opens.

BITCH'S P.O.V.

Wendell is standing in front of the porch with a ridiculous smile on his face.

WENDELL

Good morning, my rose.
(Extends Pinokkio to her)
This is for you.

BITCH (O.S.)

Look at that hideous thing.

The smile quickly fades from Wendell's face.

WENDELL

You don't like him?

BITCH (O.S.)

It's too big.

WENDELL

I made him that way so you'd have something to hold when you sleep at night.

BITCH (O.S.)
Look at its face.

WENDELL
What's wrong with it?

BITCH (O.S.)
It's so ugly.

WENDELL
But I spent the whole night up
working on him. I made him for you.

BITCH (O.S.)
I don't want that thing in my
house. It creeps me out.

WENDELL
Just take him, please. That's all
you have to do. I promise I won't
ask for anything else. Just take
him, please.

BITCH (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Wendell. I can't.

WENDELL
Why not?

BITCH (O.S.)
I don't think it's a good idea.

WENDELL
I don't understand.

BITCH (O.S.)
Wendell. I don't think it's a good
idea for you to come here anymore.

Wendell is stunned by this.

BITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I don't think we should see each
other anymore.

WENDELL
Is this because of him? Cause I can
fix him?

BITCH (O.S.)
It's not a him, Wendell. It's an
it.

(MORE)

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

This is why we can't see each other anymore. You're not normal. There's something wrong with you..

Wendell's anger is bottling up.

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

.. You think this toy is a person. You spend your whole time in that workshop. You rarely go out and you don't have any friends. The only real person you know is me and you can't stop calling..

WENDELL

(Under his breath)

There's nothing wrong with me.

BITCH (O.S.)

What?

WENDELL

There's NOTHING wrong with me. What gives you the right to say that? Just because you fit in with those losers around you at your house or at your work doesn't mean you're better than me. Maybe I'm different but I'm still a man. And I'm sorry if I call you all the time, it's just cause I like talking to you, that's all. I thought you liked talking to me too. If you didn't then you should have just told me. Even someone as weird as me can I understand that.

BITCH (O.S.)

Wendell.

WENDELL

NO.

He picks up Pinokkio and hoists him back over his shoulder.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

If you don't want it, that's fine. We're both leaving.

He points his finger in her direction.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You're gonna be sorry one day.
You're gonna be sorry and you'll
come begging for us to take you
back.

BITCH (O.S.)

Go away, I don't wanna call the
cops.

Wendell storms off with his toy on his shoulder.

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

Freak.

Door SLAMS shut.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Wendell is sitting on a park bench. Pinokkio sitting next to him.

He's staring at the distance in front with rage bursting through his eyes, yet he's silent. Who knows what's going on through his mind right now.

People walk past him from in front and behind the bench, but he's oblivious to their existence, in a hateful world of his own.

A raindrop falls on Pinokkio's wooden face.

A few more raindrops follow, landing on Wendell's head. Wendell doesn't move.

The rain starts pouring down on both of them. Wendell is quickly getting soaked with the water but he's not feeling a thing.

Wendell is frozen in a state of silent hatred on that park bench.

FADE TO:

LATER

It's night time. By now the rain is an unstoppable shower, mixed with THUNDER.

Wendell and Pinokkio are still where they were. Both have absorbed the seemingly endless water.

Nobody is in the park right now.

Wendell's frown gets bigger. He's reached his limit.

He turns to Pinokkio and directs all the hatred burning through his eyes at his creation.

He violently GRABS the toy by the arm and carries it over his shoulder, getting up.

He starts walking away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (THUNDER AND RAIN)

Wendell is treading on towards his destination. The frown on his face has never left.

Pinokkio's head bobbling up and down from the speed and force of his driver.

EXT. WENDELL'S BACK YARD - NIGHT (THUNDER AND RAIN)

Wendell reaches the yard at the back of his house. The door to the house is only a few metres away from where he's standing.

He reaches a clear spot in the middle of the grass and THROWS Pinokkio off of his shoulder.

He hurries inside the house.

Pinokkio is left alone in the pouring rain..

A minute goes by..

Wendell comes out of the house with a shovel in his hand.

He hurries over back to where he left the toy.

Wendell digs the shovel in and starts ploughing through.

Some of the dirt that he flings over, lands on Pinokkio.

Wendell continues digging and digging under the pouring rain.

The sound of SUDDEN THUNDER doesn't even make him flinch.

PINOKKIO'S FACE is by now half-covered with dirt.

Wendell finally stops digging. The hole is deep enough.

He looks over to Pinokkio and walks over to pick it up.

He takes one last, long look at what was supposed to be his best work. A product of love..

He quickly wipes off some of the dirt with his hand, staring at a clear picture of Pinokkio's eye now..

Wendell's frown returns.

He carries the toy over to his new grave and PUMMELS it into the hole.

Wendell picks up the shovel and starts putting the dirt back on top of Pinokkio, burying the toy.

Wendell continues filling up the grave with dirt.

The rain hasn't slowed down at all.

By now, Pinokkio has disappeared under the dirt, buried.

Wendell looks down to see that the patch of dirt he made is way too noticeable. He looks around, noticing a BUSH in his yard.

He walks over to the bush and YANKS it out of the ground.

He starts dragging it over to the new grave and puts it over the patch, covering it up but not doing a very good job of it.

Wendell puts the shovel on his shoulder and stares down at the bush-covered square patch in his yard.

He heads back inside with the shovel, reaching the door.

He turns around and takes one more look at it.

He goes in and shuts the door. The lights from the window next to that door turn off. His job is done.

EXT. WENDELL'S BACK YARD - MIDNIGHT (THUNDER AND RAIN)

The heavy rain showers continue to pour down, falling down on the bush and the grave it's supposed to hide.

It's quiet in the yard.

Under all that dirt..

INSIDE THE GRAVE

Pinokkio is covered in dirt from top to bottom.

The arm seems to be tangled up in something..

It's the root of a plant. It has Pinokkio's arm in its grip, wrapped around it.. It's moving.

It's reaching further down Pinokkio's arm.

Near the foot, another root is crawling around the sole. It wraps around the foot, wanting to engulf the whole body.

By now, there are roots surrounding Pinokkio from all sides. They are swallowing the toy in their tight grip.

OUTSIDE THE GRAVE

The rain is merciless. Not waning down for a second. The bush does nothing to stop the patch of dirt from absorbing most of the water. It's drenched with water.

INSIDE THE GRAVE

Pinokkio has disappeared under all the intertwined roots.

A small portion of the face is still uncovered. The left eye can still be seen.

A DROP OF WATER falls from the dirt above and straight into the exposed eye.

Another drop falls on the roots covering the body.

The drops seem to be falling all over the root-covered body. A steady stream of drops is diving into the eye. The entire body is weathering a shower of water..

The eye BLINKS.

The over-whelming roots start shaking because the body they encapsulate is shaking.

The eye starts blinking repeatedly.

Some of the roots start breaking, falling off, revealing the body beneath bit by bit.

Pinokkio's hand BREAKS THROUGH the roots. His other hand soon follows.

Most of the roots have now fallen off, leaving the ones on his face as the last piece.

The roots covering the face fall off. Pinokkio is now free.

His movement causes the sand above him to start descending on him.

He starts clawing his way through the sand. He's not having a hard time doing it since the distance between him and the surface isn't that far.

OUTSIDE THE GRAVE

The dirt starts moving from the outside. It starts moving from the impact beneath. Successive thrusts from under the grave is causing the freshly covered dirt to move the bush on top of it. One thrust after the other.

The thrusting stops for a few seconds..

The bush FLIES OVER from the grave and out comes Pinokkio from the dirt, sitting up.

Pinokkio gets up, as all the dirt falls to the ground.

Pinokkio is no longer an it. Pinokkio is a he. Wendell's creation has come to life.

He's standing in his place, but seems unadjusted to standing on his feet. There are a couple of BRANCHES protruding from his body.

He immediately walks towards the door that Wendell went in earlier.

He starts bumping into the door, trying to walk right into it as if it's not there. He continues to bump for a number of times..

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (THUNDER AND RAIN)

In the darkness, the BUMPING sound can be heard from the door.

The light FLICKS ON. Wendell is standing there with a rifle in his hands. He's extremely cautious as he approaches the window. Jimini is on his nerves as well, BARKING.

WENDELL

Shh. Quiet, boy.

He slowly nudges the curtain, peeping outside. He doesn't see anybody outside.

He takes a step back.

Another BUMP sound comes from behind the door.

Wendell COCKS his rifle and extends his hand, waiting to open the door..

.. He presses the handle and the door opens..

Wendell jumps back, aiming the rifle at the centre of whatever might come through that door..

The door is open wide..

Wendell can't believe his eyes.

Pinokkio is standing right in front of him.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You?

Pinokkio takes a step towards him..

Wendell aims the rifle at Pinokkio's face.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Stay back.. Whatever you are, don't come closer. What's going on here? Who.. What are you?

Pinokkio is silent. He takes another step forward.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Don't you dare come one inch closer or I'll shoot you back to whatever hell you came from.

Wendell points with his finger.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Stay - back.

Pinokkio does what he's told.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Wuh..wuh.. What.. what do you want from me?

Pinokkio doesn't say anything. He's just standing still.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

I thought I buried you. I know I buried you.

(MORE)

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Did you come back from the dead to
haunt me? What am I sayin'? You're
not real!

Wendell stares at Pinokkio, lowering his rifle as he finally
comes to grips with his reality.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You're not real.

Wendell decides to do the brave thing. He approaches him
carefully..

Wendell puts his hand on Pinokkio, feeling up his arm.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You're different. It feels like
bark.

He caresses his face.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You're different but you're the
same... You're a miracle. Come, sit
down.

He takes him to the table. Wendell sits down, Pinokkio
doesn't.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Sit. Sit.

Pinokkio doesn't sit. Wendell points at the chair.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Sit - down.

Pinokkio sits down. Wendell is emotional.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Oh, you little miracle, you. You're
a blessing. You can walk, you can
understand, well, you can't
understand everything I say but
that's okay. Nobody's perfect,
right?

Wendell inspects Pinokkio's new body.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Where did all those branches come
from? And how did you get out from
under all that dirt?

(MORE)

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You probably didn't understand anything from what I just said, huh? Let me take a look at you.

Wendell stands up and pulls Pinokkio up with him, admiring him from top to bottom.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

I knew it. You are perfect. That bitch wouldn't know a true work of art even if it got up and spoke to her face. You can't speak, can you? Well, I didn't think you would. She called you hideous. If only she could see you now.

Wendell starts walking around the room, pondering to himself.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

But she mustn't see you. No one should see you. No one will believe what happened. They already think I'm crazy. This will make them think I'm psychotic.

(Pretends he's in a conversation)

So, Wendell, who's your friend? Oh, him? He's just a toy that I made from cheap wood that I then buried and it later rose from the grave as a real person. And how are you?

Wendell looks behind him to see Pinokkio is still standing still.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Great, now you think I'm crazy. I guess you're the biggest secret I ever had to keep. Shouldn't be that hard. It's a good thing I don't have any real friends.

Jimini BARKS.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Except for you, Jimini. Well, who needs people anyway, right? I have you now.

Jimini BARKS.

He caresses Pinokkio's wooden cheek.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Ouch!

He's pricked his finger.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Guess a little trimming down won't hurt. Wait here. I'll be right back.

Wendell hurries out of the room.

Jimini stares at Pinokkio with disdain. He doesn't like the new guest.

Jimini GROWLS.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wendell is sitting next to the fire place with Pinokkio laid down on the floor in front of him. Carving tools are spread on the floor close to them.

Most of the branches and additions that Pinokkio grew are now gone, cut off or trimmed by Wendell's handiwork.

Jimini is in the corner, watching.

WENDELL

The last touch..

Wendell positions his knife over Pinokkio's nose, which is a small branch that has a couple of leaves grown from both sides.

He gently digs the sharp side of the knife in the nose..

Jimini BARKS..

Wendell reacts and the knife SLICES off most of the nose by accident.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Look what you made me do. Stupid mutt.

Jimini lowers his head to the ground, ashamed.

Pinokkio's nose is now horribly disfigured. Most of it is gone.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Are you ok? I didn't hurt you, did I?

Pinokkio doesn't respond.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a no. Let me take a look. It's not that bad. I can fix it but I'm too tired now. It'll have to wait till tomorrow. Come on, get up.

Wendell gets up and extends his hands to help Pinokkio up..

Pinokkio takes his hands and gets up..

Without both of them realizing, Pinokkio puts his foot on a small pair of scissors that's laying on the floor..

The scissors cause him to lose his balance, flailing his arms about..

WENDELL (CONT'D)
CAREFUL!

Pinokkio trips a step backward and falls extremely close to the fire place. With his left arm extended above his head, his hand FALLS DIRECTLY INTO THE FIRE.

Pinokkio WRIGGLES AND WRITHES ON THE FLOOR. He's obviously in pain but not a peep comes out of him.

He pulls his hand out of the fire place and Wendell can see it's on fire.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Oh no.

Wendell rushes out of the room as fast as he can.

A few seconds go by, with Pinokkio lying on the floor, twisting in silent agony..

Jimini just stares at him from the corner.

Wendell comes back in with a bucket of water in his hands.

He pours the water on the burning hand, putting it out.

Pinokkio calms down. The pain has gone.

Wendell sits down on the floor, catching his breath.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

Pinokkio turns his head and looks straight at him. He extends his now blackened hand to Wendell.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Oh, thank god.

Wendell grabs his hand and helps him up to his feet, then grabbing him by the shoulders, trying to make sure he listens to what he's about to say.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Never, ever go near
this fire. You understand? Do this
if you understand what I'm saying
(he nods)
Do you understand me?

Pinokkio nods yes.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Good. Good.

Wendell takes a look at the hurt wooden creature standing in front of him.

With an uncontrollable urge, he hugs him.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

I can't believe how close I was to
losing you. I promise you, as long
as I'm alive, you'll never be in
pain again. Come along. I can't
leave you here the whole night, who
knows what could happen to you.
You're gonna sleep in my bed again
tonight. Come.

He grabs his charred hand and Pinokkio reacts.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Sorry. Does it still hurt?

Pinokkio nods yes.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll be gentle, I promise.

He grabs Pinokkio by the arm and guides him out of the room.

Jimini follows them.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wendell opens the bedroom door, letting Pinokkio enter first and then he follows.

He shuts the door behind him.

Jimini arrives at the bedroom door and starts scratching the door, wanting to get in.

The door doesn't open and Jimini starts BARKING.

The door opens and a frowning Wendell looks down at the little dog.

Jimini lowers his head, again expressing his remorse.

WENDELL
(Strict but tolerant)
Get in.

Jimini walks in and Wendell follows, shutting the door behind him.

INT. WENDELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (RAIN)

Wendell is sleeping on the bed. Pinokkio is sleeping next to him, though his eyes are open.

Jimini is curled up beneath the bed.

The room is dark and quiet.

A weird, drawn-out SOFT SHRIEK can be heard. It's coming from Pinokkio.

Everyone is still asleep.

Pinokkio lets out another SHRIEK, this time a little louder.

Wendell wakes up and grabs his glasses from the night stand. He glances at Pinokkio to his side.

Once again, Pinokkio SHRIEKS, this time loud enough to get the attention of both Wendell and Jimini.

Wendell checks on him to see Pinokkio curled up in a ball. He nudges him a bit but he won't break the position he's in.

Another SHRIEK.

Wendell grabs a glass of water from the night stand and is about to drink it when he notices Pinokkio's body gravitating towards the glass.

Wendell lowers the glass, closer to him..

Pinokkio's body is now more active. He's fidgeting.

Wendell turns the glass over, pouring it slowly on Pinokkio's legs. He carefully pours the liquid all over his body, from his leg to his head.

Pinokkio breaks free from the curled position. He's at ease.

Wendell smiles and gently caresses his now wet face.

Pinokkio rests his head back on the pillow.

PINOKKIO'S FACE (NIGHT TIME)

DISSOLVE TO:

PINOKKIO'S FACE (MORNING)

INT. WENDELL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Pinokkio is now serene. His eyes are still open but they seem still. He must be sleeping with his eyes open.

Wendell is sitting on a chair, opposite the bed. He's staring at Pinokkio with dreamy eyes. His eyes are tired from staying up all night.

Jimini is awake, wagging his tail and looking at Wendell with his doughy eyes.

WENDELL

Well. I guess it's breakfast for three this morning, Jimini.

INT. WENDELL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Wendell is standing over the oven, stirring eggs in a frying pan.

Jimini is running around the kitchen table, more frisky than a dog should be this time of day.

Pinokkio is sitting at the table. Plates, knives and forks all set in front of him.

Jimini BARKS.

WENDELL

Just a minute, boy. What's with you this morning?

The eggs are ready. Wendell takes the pan and unloads the eggs in Pinokkio's plate.

Wendell stares at Pinokkio with an enormous smile, eager to see what happens.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

There ya go. Eat.

Pinokkio doesn't do anything.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. You do eat, right? Let's see, what do trees have for food? They live on shit. You don't eat shit, do you? Cause it took me long enough to stop him from doing that.

He points at Jimini, who lowers his head in shame.

Pinokkio turns his head and stares at the sink.

Wendell goes over to the sink and pours water into a jug. He brings it back to Pinokkio.

Pinokkio positions his head under the jug, waiting for Wendell to pour it on him..

WENDELL (CONT'D)

No. No. Like this.

Wendell takes a sip from the jug and hands it over to Pinokkio.

Pinokkio holds the jug with his two hands and presses it against his mouth, which is nothing more than a straight carved line.

All the water ends up on the floor.

Wendell takes the jug away from him.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Ok, ok. That's not gonna work. So just water, huh? On the plus side, you can shower and have a meal at the same time.

Wendell LAUGHS.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Ok, ok.

Wendell sits down.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

See? We're learning. But it's gonna be very difficult for us to communicate like this. You can't talk, laugh. I'm not even sure if you can hear me. You can't even wink. Let's see.. Where do you go if you can't speak or hear?

Wendell smiles. He's figured out the answer.

EXT. P.S. 940 - OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE - DAY

The entrance of a "special school" reads "P.S. 940".

Wendell walks into the entrance, holding Pinokkio by the hand.

INT. P.S. 940 - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Wendell and Pinokkio are sitting at the Principal's table. Wendell is visibly nervous.

At the other end of the table, sits PRINCIPAL HARRISON, middle-aged, grey hair and glasses give him a distinguished academic looks, along with an old-fashioned grey suit. He's staring at Pinokkio with a warm, embracing smile.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

We'd love to have him at our school.

Wendell's face lights up.

WENDELL

Really?

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

Of course. I can tell that he's a fast-learner. We have many qualified teachers and facilities to deal with any handicap, including speech impairment. We find that instead of treating a handicap as a deterrent for learning, we simply circumvent that by finding out what areas the student is most comfortable in. I'm sure you'll find P.S. 940 a wonderful place for your son to learn.

WENDELL

He's not my son.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

Come again?

WENDELL

Well, not by birth.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

Oh, he's adopted?

WENDELL

Um..

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

That's still fine. We just need to get some paperwork done, but we can still accept him.

WENDELL

Paperwork?

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

Yes, usual stuff for identification purposes, passport, birth certificate, etc.

WENDELL

Um..

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

He is a legal citizen, right?

WENDELL

It's complicated. Technically, he was born here.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

I'm gonna have to ask you this, I hope you don't find me too forward. How do you two know each other?

WENDELL

Well, he showed up at my door one night.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

Jesus Christ. Just to make sure I understand, you've never seen this kid before in your life, until he just showed up at your house and you decided to take him in?

WENDELL

Yes.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

I can't deal with this. I'm gonna have to inform the authorities.

The Principal picks up the phone.

WENDELL

No, wait.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

This is unacceptable. You can't just raise someone else's son as your own.

WENDELL

He's not anyone's son. Trust me, he has nobody else but me.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

What about his family?

WENDELL

He doesn't have a family. You gotta believe me.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

Even so. The right thing to do would be to call the authorities. They can take him to an orphanage or they can find him some nice parents who will adopt him legally.

Wendell JUMPS out of his seat and SLAMS his hand down on the Principal's hand, blocking him from picking up the phone.

WENDELL

NO!

Wendell's face has completely changed. He's not in his nice-guy mood anymore.

The Principal isn't threatened.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

Please, take your hand off, sir.

Wendell gets a hold of his rage. He sits back down.

WENDELL

Please don't. I grew up in that system. I had no parents when I was a little kid. They took me to one of these places. It's an endless struggle no child should go through. You have no idea what loneliness can do to a little boy. You spend your whole life looking for someone to get close to you. But when you're raised by strangers, you tend to push away anyone who wants to get close, cause you want them to remain strangers. I don't know why but that's how it happened to me. Even the ones that did get close just ended up leaving me. Please, don't let that happen to him. I'm begging you. I know you know he deserves better.

The Principal takes another look at Pinokkio, who doesn't seem to show a single emotion throughout all this.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

I'm sorry. The law is the law and we're not about to break any laws in order to enroll your s.. him into the school. I understand that you consider him to be special but you, also, have to understand that all our students are special. All of our students have went through all the legal procedures and provided all the necessary documents. It would be unethical, not to mention unfair, for us to give anyone preferential treatment.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
 Not to mention the legal
 liabilities. So I'm sorry, but my
 hands are tied here.

Wendell nods, accepting his defeat. He's about to get up..

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
 But..

He's got Wendell's full attention.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
 If what you want for him is to
 learn, be able to interact with
 people with conditions similar to
 his, then maybe we can make some
 sort of arrangement. We can let him
 sit in on the classes, learn some
 basic communication skills from the
 teachers.

Wendell is delighted.

WENDELL
 You would do that for him?

PRINCIPAL HARRISON
 Yes, as long as he doesn't cause
 any disruptions in the classroom.

WENDELL
 Thank you so much.

Wendell shakes his hands in enthusiasm.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
 I really appreciate you doing all
 this. I promise you he won't let
 you down.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON
 As long as he follows the same
 rules everybody else follows, he
 won't. And just to be safe, let's
 keep this little arrangement
 between us.

WENDELL
 I have nobody to tell anyway.

Wendell turns to Pinokkio, enthusiastic.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
 Did you hear that? You're gonna go
 to school!

Pinokkio doesn't offer any emotion in response.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
 He has a little shyness problem.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON
 (to Pinokkio)
 That's alright. Welcome to P.S.
 940, son.

INT. P.S. 940 - CLASSROOM - DAY

MISS BRIDGES, young woman with a warm and gentle face, is standing, using sign language to translate what's written on the board behind her.

The class has 6 students: WILLIE, BOBBY, MAUREEN, EDDIE, CLAIRE and JACK "JACKASS" ASTON. Their ages vary slightly but most of them are young boys and girls of the preteen age.

A KNOCK on the door.

The door opens and in comes Principal Harrison, followed by Wendell whose hands are on Pinokkio's shoulders. Pinokkio is wearing red shorts with suspenders, a white shirt and long white socks.

Pinokkio looks at the faces of his new classmates.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON
 Class. I want you to say hello to a
 new student..

Miss Bridges is translating what the Principal is saying in sign language.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
 .. He's gonna sit in with you
 starting today. I want you to treat
 him just like you treat each other,
 ok?
 (to Pinokkio)
 Come on.

Wendell kneels down, talking in Pinokkio's ear.

WENDELL

Go on. Don't be afraid. They're
your new friends.

Pinokkio walks closer towards the class. He looks at Miss
Bridges who waves a friendly hello to him.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON

Go on, son. Take a seat over there.

He points to a vacant chair and desk.

Pinokkio walks over and sits down.

He looks to his right to see Claire. She gives him a smile.

He looks to his left to see Jackass whose looking at him with
a sly smirk.

EXT. P.S. 940 - YARD - DAY

Pinokkio and Claire are taking a stroll in the school yard
which is surrounded by beautiful trees and greenery. She's
wearing a different outfit but Pinokkio is dressed in his
usual school outfit.

Students are running about as the two are walking.

They're having a conversation in SIGN LANGUAGE WHICH IS
TRANSLATED INTO SUBTITLES.

CLAIRE

I like Miss Bridges. She's the best
teacher in the school. She doesn't
give us a lot of work in class and
she takes us on trips every year.

PINOKKIO

I like her too. She's very nice.

CLAIRE

I like your shorts.

Pinokkio lowers his head, possibly embarrassed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Don't be shy. Was that your father
who came with you the first day?

PINOKKIO

Yes.

CLAIRE
I never saw him before. Do you live
in this neighborhood?

PINOKKIO
Yes. Our house is over there.

Pinokkio points to a direction.

CLAIRE
My family lives in this
neighborhood and we know everyone
here. My dad works as a contractor
for a big construction company in
the city. What does your dad do?

PINOKKIO
He makes toys.

Claire makes a sweet face, placing her hand gently on her
heart. She likes the innocence of this profession.

CLAIRE
That's sweet. Can he make a toy for
me?

PINOKKIO
I don't know.

CLAIRE
Can you ask him?

PINOKKIO
Ok.

CLAIRE
By the way, how old are you?

Pinokkio shrugs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You don't want to tell me? Ok,
maybe I can guess? Are you.. Older
than eighteen?

Pinokkio shrugs again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Younger than eighteen?

Pinokkio shakes his head, almost looking confused.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Eighteen?

Pinokkio pauses for a second and then confirms the answer with a nod.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

See? I'm good at knowing people's age. Maybe I can guess your dad's age?

Pinokkio waves his arms, indicating he wants no part of this. And then he points his index finger up in the sky, referring to Wendell's age.

Claire reacts with a big smile and covering her mouth, probably laughing on the inside.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Do you want to go to the movies tonight?

PINOKKIO

I don't know.

CLAIRE

Come on. It will be fun. Don't you like to go to the movies?

PINOKKIO

I don't know.

CLAIRE

Didn't you ever go?

PINOKKIO

No.

Claire is surprised by his answer.

CLAIRE

You never went to see a movie before?

PINOKKIO

No.

CLAIRE

Then you have to go! It's really fun! We should go tonight. Just ask your father, I'm sure he will say yes.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Wendell is sitting on a chair, with his back to the kitchen table.

WENDELL
Of course. Why not?

Pinokkio is standing across the room from him.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
I would love to make your friend a toy. Her name is Claire, right?

Pinokkio nods.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
You must really like her, huh?

Pinokkio doesn't respond.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Tell her I'm gonna make a toy just for her.

Pinokkio uses his sign language to add something further.

PINOKKIO
There's something else.

WENDELL
Something else? What is it?

PINOKKIO
Can I go to the movies tonight?

Wendell looks confused by a certain hand gesture.

WENDELL
Can I go to the..?

Wendell picks up a book on the table titled "LEARNING UNIVERSAL SIGN LANGUAGE". He flips through the pages trying to see what that gesture meant.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
I don't know. Here, point it out.

Pinokkio comes closer and flips the pages until he reaches the sign for the word "cinema", where he plants his finger on it.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
Cinema? You wanna go to the movies?

Pinokkio nods.

WENDELL (CONT'D)
No.

PINOKKIO
Why?

WENDELL
Because it's too dangerous. I can't
let you go into the city alone.
What if something happens to you?

PINOKKIO
But she will go.

WENDELL
Never mind what she does. You and
her are different. I can't believe
her parents would let her go into
the city without someone watching
them.

PINOKKIO
But I want to go.

WENDELL
Well, I don't know. Maybe I can go
with you. When do you wanna go?

PINOKKIO
Tonight.

WENDELL
Tonight? I can't go tonight. I'm
already behind on a major project.
It's gonna take me the whole night
to finish working on that alone,
not to mention all the other things
I didn't even start yet. I'm sorry,
you can't go tonight.

PINOKKIO
But she's going tonight.

WENDELL
I said enough already. You're not
going and that's that.

Pinokkio performs a hand gesture WITH NO SUBTITLES.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

What does that mean?

Wendell flips through the book again to no avail.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

What did that mean?

Pinokkio puts his left hand on his right arm and pulls his right arm upwards, performing a very rude and popular gesture, then walks out of the kitchen.

Wendell is speechless as he looks at him walking away.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The road is empty this time of night. No sound except for the chirping of the night beetles.

Wendell's house can be seen from this side of the road. It's quiet as well. All the lights are off.

A DISTANT SOUND coming from the house causes the insects to stop chirping.

The SOUND OF MOVEMENT IN THE GRASS near the house can be heard. It's getting CLOSER AND CLOSER.

A figure appears coming out of the green bushes. It's Pinokkio.

He sneaks away from the house, reaching the road and continues walking onward.

EXT. OUTSIDE CINEMA ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Claire and her brother, ROBERT, teenager wearing typical teen clothing, jewelry and cap, are standing outside the cinema.

Pinokkio appears, he looks around, finally spotting them.

Claire waves for him to come and he does.

CLAIRE

What took you so long? We've been waiting for over twenty minutes.

Pinokkio doesn't have an answer.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 This is my brother,
 (She pronounces his name)
 Robert. He can talk. He'll get us
 the tickets.

Robert nods in typical "I wanna be cool" teen fashion. Unlike his sister, he can speak.

ROBERT
 Yo? What up?

CLAIRE
 I don't see your dad. Where is he?

PINOKKIO
 He's busy.

CLAIRE
 Come on. Let's go in before they're
 sold out.

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

The hall's lights are out and the movie has already started. Everyone's quietly attentive to the big screen.

Claire's eyes are transfixed on the screen as the lights emanating from the movie are projected onto her face. She's eating popcorn.

Without taking her eyes off of the movie, she extends her hand and dips into the popcorn sitting in Pinokkio's lap.

Pinokkio's head is tilted to his right, watching Claire instead of the movie.

He notices Robert, who is sitting next to Claire, is picking up his cellphone.

ROBERT
 (Quietly)
 Yo, what up? Yeah, I'm inside. You
 are? I'll be there in five, bro.

Robert whispers something into Claire's ear then gets up and leaves.

PINOKKIO
 Where is your brother going?

CLAIRE

He's going to see his friends at the mall outside. It's opposite this place. He'll be back after the movie.

Her face goes back to the screen.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I love this actor. I saw all his movies. He's so handsome.

Pinokkio now turns to the movie.

Claire puts her hand on Pinokkio's hand in a moment of cinema fantasy.

On the screen, a scene is shown where a soccer ball is being thrown into the air. The actor, handsome enough to be the one Claire mentioned, is running towards it. He's planning to kick it as soon as it reaches his shoes. The man runs in SLOW MOTION.

Pinokkio is entranced by this scene. They keep showing the man's legs slowly rising.

Pinokkio's leg starts to twitch, almost as if he wants to kick the ball himself.

All of a sudden, Pinokkio SLAMS his feet into the chair in front of him.

A TOUGH GUY occupying the seat is taken aback. A man with a good physical build and a goatee, he looks like the kind of person who doesn't need more than one minute to instigate a fight. He's wearing a jacket.

TOUGH GUY

What the..?

He turns back, shooting Pinokkio with angry looks.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)

Hey, pal. Watch what you're doing with that foot, ok?

Pinokkio doesn't even notice him. He's still paying attention to the screen.

The man turns back around, figuring he might have gotten the message.

Pinokkio once again TAPS the man's chair with his foot but in a much milder manner than before.

The man jumps out of his seat, staring down at Pinokkio.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)

(Enraged)

HEY! I SAID STOP THAT! You don't understand English? What are you, a retard or something?

Pinokkio is looking at the man with no words or facial expressions to offer.

Claire is looking at him with her scared round eyes.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)

You're lucky your little sister is with you, or else I would have wiped the gum on the floor with your face. You understand what I'm saying to you or not?

(To Claire)

Tell your big brother to stop doing what he's doing if he knows what's best for him.

Claire motions with her hands to Pinokkio and herself, gesturing no, implying that he's not her brother.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)

What? He's not your brother? What is he, your cousin or something?

Claire nods no.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)

You're too old to be his daughter. What are..

He looks down to see her hand covering Pinokkio's hand. He makes the conclusion on his own as he looks at Pinokkio, who has a face that doesn't generate him a lot of sympathy.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)

You sick piece of.. You got one minute to get the hell outta here or you won't like what I'm gonna do to you.

He takes off his jacket, prepping for a fight.

Claire stands up and waves her arms in front of Pinokkio, trying to tell the man not to harm him.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)
You stay out of this, little girl.
You shouldn't be hanging with scum
like him anyway.

Pinokkio looks around to see everyone in the theater is looking at him and the spectacle that's happening before him.

His popcorn seems to be sliding from his grip.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)
You like 'em young, huh? You sick
bastard. That's how you get your
kicks? By tricking innocent girls
into doing what you want? And
nobody's gonna stand up to you?
What do you think? This is just a
game? People's daughters are not
your toys.

The popcorn falls from Pinokkio's hands onto the floor.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)
That's it! You're dead!

The man LUNGES onto Pinokkio, grabbing his collar..

Claire struggles to break free from the confusion..

She manages to slide from under the weight of the man, who's now stretched, covering both his seat and Pinokkio's..

She pulls on Pinokkio's hand, who takes her cue and squeezes out from under the man..

Just as he's about to walk away, the man grabs Pinokkio by the arm, spins him back, facing each other and delivers a punch to Pinokkio's face. The man reacts but Pinokkio doesn't.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)
Oww!

Pinokkio and Claire run outside, escaping the angry man's wrath.

The man stands back up examining his fist which he just used to hit Pinokkio. A splinter is lodged into his forearm.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)
What the..?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Pinokkio and Claire are walking along the road in the darkness. It's the same road Pinokkio used to get to the cinema.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry all that happened. That
guy was just trying to pick a
fight. I didn't know people can be
so mean for no reason. Are you ok?

PINOKKIO
Yes.

CLAIRE
Did he hurt you?

PINOKKIO
No.

She smiles, relieved.

CLAIRE
I'm glad. Do you still want to go
out next week? I promise it won't
be the movies.

PINOKKIO
Yes.

CLAIRE
Good. I have to go back now. My
brother is probably wondering where
I went.

PINOKKIO
Ok.

She takes a timid step closer to him and plants a kiss on his cheek.

CLAIRE
Bye.

PINOKKIO
Bye.

She walks away as Pinokkio looks at her getting further and further.

He turns around and continues on down the road.

INT. P.S. 940 - CLASSROOM - DAY

Miss Bridges is standing by the board, on which the sentence "The boy is ---" is written, with a blank at the end and three choices under the sentence: a- handsome, b- eat, c- banana.

She's teaching her class with the usual sign language.

MISS BRIDGES
Class, who can tell me which one is
the right word?

Jackass raises his hand.

Miss Bridges points at him, wanting his answer. He also uses sign language to communicate but in this case he decides to showcase his voice.

JACKASS
(Spoken)
Banana.

Some of the seven students LAUGH and Miss Bridges covers her mouth, laughing on the inside as well.

Jackass is clearly proud of himself for making them laugh.

MISS BRIDGES
I'm sorry. That's not the right
answer. Anyone else?

Pinokkio raises his hand and Miss Bridges points to him.

PINOKKIO
The boy is handsome.

MISS BRIDGES
Very good. Give him a hand.

The class APPLAUDS.

Pinokkio looks to his right to see Claire, smiling happily for him.

Pinokkio doesn't notice but to his right, Jackass is eyeballing him with disdain.

EXT. P.S. 940 - CAFETERIA - DAY

Pinokkio and Claire are sitting together. Claire has her lunch box open in front of her. Inside it are a couple of eggs, a juice box and a sandwich. Pinokkio just has a bottle of water inside his lunch box.

CLAIRE
Why don't you like to eat?

PINOKKIO
I'm not hungry.

CLAIRE
Even when we go out, you don't eat anything.

Before Pinokkio can respond, a FAT KID appears standing over them. He's a chubby boy with red, curly hair and has Down Syndrome, which slurs his speech a little.

FAT KID
Hey, weirdo.

CLAIRE
What do you want?

FAT KID
I'm not talking to you, blondie.
I'm talking to the weirdo. What are you eating?

He lifts up Pinokkio's box and opens it. The bottle of water falls to the floor.

FAT KID (CONT'D)
Just water? What a weirdo. You got any money?

PINOKKIO
Why?

FAT KID
Why? Because I said so.

CLAIRE
He doesn't have any money. Leave him alone.

FAT KID
(LOUDLY)
I SAY SHUT UP, BLONDIE!

He turns to Pinokkio with an even fouler mood than before.

FAT KID (CONT'D)
You. Get up.

CLAIRE
Don't listen to him.

FAT KID
(Impatient)
I say get up.

Pinokkio stands up.

The kid takes an egg from Claire's open box and rubs it all over Pinokkio's face.

The entire cafeteria is now ROARING WITH LAUGHTER, as all the students point and LAUGH at Pinokkio, who's standing still through all this.

The Fat Kid is enjoying himself thoroughly.

FAT KID (CONT'D)
EGG FACE! EGG FACE!

The entire Cafeteria starts chanting "EGG FACE! EGG FACE! EGG FACE!" In unison.

INT. P.S. 940 - BATHROOM - DAY

Pinokkio and Claire are standing at the sinks. She's wiping off his face with a tissue.

CLAIRE
Forget about him. He's just like
that man from the cinema.

Pinokkio has his hand under the running stream of water coming out of the tap. It's not clear whether he's listening to what she's saying or not.

Jackass walks into the bathroom.

JACKASS
Now the bathroom smells like eggs
instead of pee.

CLAIRE
Go away.

JACKASS
I'm his friend too. Maureen is
looking for you.

CLAIRE
What does she want?

JACKASS
I don't know. She just said she
wants to talk to you.

Claire puts her hand on Pinokkio's shoulder.

CLAIRE
I'll be right back.

Jackass makes KISSING NOISES.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(Spoken)
Jackass!

She heads out of the bathroom.

JACKASS
(Spoken, frustrated)
JACK ASTON!

Jackass now shifts his attention to Pinokkio, whose just
turned off the water tap.

JACKASS (CONT'D)
You have to get that fat bully. You
can't let him do that to you.

PINOKKIO
What should I do?

JACKASS
You have to fight him.

PINOKKIO
I don't know how to fight.

JACKASS
It's nothing!

Jackass takes a couple of steps backwards to make some room
as he performs a couple of boxing style maneuvers.

JACKASS (CONT'D)
A kick in the stomach, a punch on
the head. You know.
(MORE)

JACKASS (CONT'D)

You're bigger than him. He can't do anything to you. He should be scared of you.

PINOKKIO

But I don't want to fight.

JACKASS

What about her?

Jackass gestures for the girl who just left the bathroom.

JACKASS (CONT'D)

Girls like a strong man. If you don't hit back when they hit you, you're weak. Do you think Claire wants you to be weak?

PINOKKIO

She said she doesn't like fighting.

JACKASS

She's just saying that so she wouldn't hurt your feelings. All girls say they don't like it when guys fight but they really do. They like watching strong men. I'm telling you this because you're my friend. If you don't fight this bully, then Claire will leave you.

Pinokkio looks at himself in the mirror.

INT. P.S. 940 - STAIRS - DAY

Claire and Maureen are sitting on a flight of stairs inside a building, conversing in sign language.

CLAIRE

He has a new problem every day. Nobody likes him. I have to protect him from everything.

MAUREEN

If I were you, I would just leave him.

CLAIRE

I can't do that to him. He's so sweet.

MAUREEN

Sweet? Did you see his face?

Maureen shivers, as if watching a terrifying scene in a horror movie.

CLAIRE

But he didn't do anything.
Everybody else is causing trouble.
They all want to pick a fight with
him.

MAUREEN

But it's not fair to you. If he has
problems, he should fix them
himself. Why should it be your
problem too? I don't know why you
like him so much.

CLAIRE

I can't hurt his feelings like
that. What if it was me that people
hate for no reason?

A bunch of students pass them by, apparently running towards
a destination.

Maureen stops one of the students.

MAUREEN

What's going on?

STUDENT

Fight outside.

The student continues running.

Claire and Maureen look at each other and get up, hurrying
after the speeding mob.

EXT. P.S. 940 - YARD - DAY

The Fat Kid is standing at a corner of the yard, talking with
a bunch of his friends. He notices Pinokkio and Jackass
approaching him.

FAT KID

Look here. It's Egg Face again.

His friends LAUGH.

FAT KID (CONT'D)

What do you want, Jackass?

JACKASS
 (Spoken, irritated)
 My name is Jack Aston.

FAT KID
 Whatever. What do you want?

JACKASS
 (Spoken)
 He want to fight.

Fat Kid LAUGHS.

FAT KID
 Fight? I don't fight little girls.

JACKASS
 (To Pinokkio)
 Don't be scared of him. He's just
 talk.

Claire appears in front of Pinokkio, gesturing for him to stop.

CLAIRE
 What are you doing?

JACKASS
 He's gonna fight.

CLAIRE
 No, don't! He could hurt you. I
 told you before that I don't like
 fighting. I don't like boys who
 fight.

Pinokkio looks at her troubled face and then glances over to Jackass, whose encouraging him with a sly, confident smile.

Pinokkio takes a step closer to the bully. He's made his decision.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Please, don't do this.

Jackass takes her back into the safety of the gathered crowd, away from the fight that's about to ensue.

Pinokkio is staring at the Fat Kid, whose now a few feet away from him.

Pinokkio uses the only communication tool he has, his hands to signal his intent to get things started.

PINOKKIO
I want to fight.

FAT KID
I'M GONNA KICK YOU ASS!

The fat kid runs towards Pinokkio, releasing a warrior's cry.

FAT KID (CONT'D)
Aaaaaaaaah!

As soon as he's in his reach, Pinokkio delivers a thunderous kick to his stomach. The kid freezes a few inches away from Pinokkio, grasping his tormented abdomen.

Pinokkio lands a punch to the back of his head, which generates a horrible, bone-crunching sound as the kid falls face first onto the sandy ground, at Pinokkio's feet.

The gathered crowd are looking on in silence. The kid's body doesn't seem to be moving.

Claire is also watching in terror.

Jackass walks over to the flattened bully.

He nudges him with his shoe a couple of times.. Then takes a step back in shock.

A stream of blood appears from under the kid's buried face.

Jackass looks over to Pinokkio who still has no emotional response to offer.

INT. P.S. 940 - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Harrison is sitting behind his desk, reading a paper.

Sitting in front of him is Wendell, his head lowered and his eyes directed to the ground in shame.

Pinokkio is sitting at the chair next to him.

Complete silence in the room.

The Principal puts down the paper, SIGHING as he lifts his eyes up at Wendell's direction. He glances over to Pinokkio, whose looking back at him, then goes back to Wendell. He gestures to the paper.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON
Fractured bones, dislocated
shoulder, broken jaw. The poor
kid's gonna have to sip food
through a straw for at least a
month.

Wendell can't bear to look him in the eye, as if he's the one
who hurt the boy.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
What kind of monster are you
raising?

Wendell lowers his head even further, taking the brunt of his
harsh words.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
You're lucky the parents were
sympathetic to his condition
(Points to Pinokkio)
And decided not to press charges.
God knows how this would have
turned out if the police got
involved. He probably wouldn't be
in this room right now.

The Principal eyes Pinokkio again.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
I hope you're proud of what you
did.

He goes back to lecturing Wendell.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
I hope you understand this means
our little arrangement is over. We
don't want your s.. Him in the
school anymore. We don't even wanna
see him anywhere near it. We dodged
a potential disaster thanks to the
parents' consideration. I hope you
understand the amount of courage
and sacrifice they exerted in
coming to this decision.

Wendell nods his head, appreciative.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)
I'd prefer if you never come to
this school again. For any purpose.
(MORE)

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)

Let's pretend we never had any conversations cause the school wants this incident to pass as quickly and quietly as possible. As for him, perhaps home-schooling might be a more fitting environment for someone of his.. Nature.

Wendell SIGHS on the inside, not even able to open his mouth to let the air go out. He gets up from his chair and gestures for Pinokkio to stand up as well, which he does.

He turns around, about to leave the office.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)

A word of advice.

Wendell and Pinokkio turn around, looking at the Principal one last time.

PRINCIPAL HARRISON (CONT'D)

Throughout my academic life I've met students with similar behavioral problems so I hope you take this advice seriously. These things don't go away. Unless they're handled properly, they just keep getting worse.

He gestures for them to leave.

Wendell and Pinokkio vacate.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wendell is sitting on the chair next to the kitchen table. Once again, his back is to the table.

Pinokkio is standing in the kitchen, looking at Wendell, who has a contemplative look on his face.

WENDELL

What am I gonna do with you?

Pinokkio doesn't offer a response.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Home schooling? What do I know about teaching? I can't bring someone in here to teach you, lord knows what could happen. You're not a normal kid. You're not even safe to be around. That poor little kid.

(MORE)

WENDELL (CONT'D)

How could you.. How could you do that to a little kid? Do you even know how horrible..

Pinokkio is still standing there, getting lectured with seemingly ineffective results.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Do you even know what I'm saying? Do you get just how serious this is? I stuck my neck out for you and this is how you repay me? By humiliating me and breaking my heart? Do you have any idea how I felt back there? You can't be that selfish. You..

Wendell can see this will never land.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You know what? Do what you wanna do. I tried my best to help. From now on, you're on your own.

Wendell turns back in his chair, giving his back to Pinokkio. He grabs a bottle of liquor from the table and starts chugging in silence as Pinokkio stares at him.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - AT THE DOOR - DAY

Claire is standing inside her house, holding the door open. She's staring in front of her with stern, hateful eyes.

Her stare is directed at Pinokkio, who's standing on the porch, opposite the door.

With the vicious look not leaving her, she goes back inside, SLAMMING THE DOOR in his face.

Pinokkio is left standing there. He looks to his back and comes down from the porch. Jackass is waiting for him.

JACKASS

So it didn't go well?

PINOKKIO

She told me to leave her alone forever.

JACKASS

Forget her. Come on, I'm gonna take you somewhere.

PINOKKIO
Where are we going?

JACKASS
You'll know when we get there.

EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSIDE SHOP'S WINDOW - DAY

The weather is a breezy afternoon. The noises from the city's vehicles and pedestrians create the background for this area, even though this particular street isn't that busy.

Pinokkio and Jackass are standing outside a shop, looking through its giant window. The inside is filled with assortments of candy and toys. Jackass is about to drool looking at the display of chocolates. He looks over to Pinokkio, formulating an idea.

JACKASS
Here's what we are gonna do. I will throw a brick into the big window, that will make the guy inside chase after me. When he gets far enough, you gather as much stuff as you can hold and run in the other direction.

PINOKKIO
Why?

JACKASS
What do you mean why? Don't you want chocolate?

Pinokkio doesn't reply, perhaps not knowing what chocolate even means.

JACKASS (CONT'D)
You don't like chocolate?

Jackass looks through the window again, seeing what they have to offer besides chocolate.

JACKASS (CONT'D)
Do you like toys?

PINOKKIO
Toys?

JACKASS
Yes. Grab some chocolate for me and grab some toys for you.

PINOKKIO

Ok.

JACKASS

Ok, As soon as you see him running
after me, you grab the stuff and
run that way.

Jackass looks to his right and left, making sure nobody's
paying attention to the two scoundrels.

He picks up a brick on the ground and with all his might,
drives it through the giant window, CRASHING most of the
glass and leaving all the items exposed to the outside world.

SHOP CLERK (O.S.)

HEY, YOU!

Jackass bolts out of the scene like a bullet and the clerk
runs out of the shop in pursuit.

Pinokkio gathers all the candy he can get and eyes the
different toys on offer. His attention is caught by a small,
white rabbit with shaggy hair. He picks up the toy and
hurries in the direction opposite to where Jackass was
running.

EXT. CITY - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Jackass is sitting on a protrusion in a brick wall, devouring
his newly acquired batch of sweets. Pinokkio is sitting next
to him with his new toy in his hand.

JACKASS

Are you sure you don't want this?
It's really good.

PINOKKIO

I don't want it.

JACKASS

Ok.

Pinokkio turns the rabbit in his hands, inspecting it. A
cat's MEOW makes him drop the toy to the ground.

They both look in the direction in which the cat sound came
from. They spot a cat a few feet away from them, apprehensive
about coming forward.

Jackass takes one of the chocolates and throws it near his
feet, offering it a treat.

The cat approaches the sweet.

It starts licking and eating the candy, feeling much more secure now.

Jackass SNATCHES the cat with both of his hands, clutching it in his firm grasp.

He gestures with his head for Pinokkio to grab the cat as well. Pinokkio follows suit.

Jackass lets go of the cat, now being held by Pinokkio's arms, and searches for something in his back pocket.

JACKASS (CONT'D)

Don't let it go. Hold it tight.

He brings out a knife from his pocket and proceeds to position it on the cat's wiggling tail.

Pinokkio looks on as his accomplice starts slicing off the helpless cat's tail.

He holds up the tail, proudly showing it off to Pinokkio.

The cat finally wriggles its way out of Pinokkio's clutches and runs away.

PINOKKIO

Why did you do that?

JACKASS

To mark my territory. Now, when someone sees this cat without its tail, they will know this cat belongs to this neighborhood. Plus, it's fun.

Jackass can see his friend's interest in the tail.

JACKASS (CONT'D)

Here, you keep it.

Pinokkio takes the gift and inspects it in his palm, like he did with the toy.

EXT. CITY - STREET - DAY

By now the sun is setting on the city.

Jackass and Pinokkio are walking on the sidewalk. Jackass seems engrossed in the conversation he's having. Even acting out some of the dialogue.

JACKASS

So then at the end, he took out a machine gun and fired at everyone in the room. Bullets were flying here and there. He got all of them. It was great. I love that movie. I love all gangster movies. I wish I was a gangster. I could do anything I want. The police can't touch me. I would let you be my partner too.

PINOKKIO

Me?

JACKASS

Yeah, why not? We're partners in crime. If you were a gangster, the school would never think of kicking you out. They would be too scared. You see, that's how life works. You get what you want by fear. The more they fear you, the more they will respect you. I read that in a book, really.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Wendell's house appears calm from the outside in the night time.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pinokkio is sitting on the couch in front of the TV, watching with his usual squinty eyes and tightly shut mouth slit. The room's lights are turned off as the lights from the screen flicker onto his face, just like in the cinema. A conversation between a couple of gangsters can be heard coming from the TV.

TV GANGSTER #1 (O.S.)

Did you really think you could get away from me, Bobby?

TV GANGSTER #2 (O.S.)

(Voice of a rat)

I did it before, didn't I?

TV GANGSTER #1 (O.S.)
 I own this city. You can run but
 wherever you hide, I'll find you.
 And I'll make you pay.

TV GANGSTER #2 (O.S.)
 I ain't never paid a debt before in
 my life and I ain't about to start
 now.

TV GANGSTER #1 (O.S.)
 That's because you were never in
 debt to me.

Something catches Pinokkio's attention. He tilts his head to the left, looking at something.

Jimini has just entered the living room, taking his time as he walks near the side of the sofa.

Pinokkio's eyes are following him. A specific part of him.

He's got his eyes fixated on the little dog's tail, watching it all the way until Jimini is behind the sofa.

Pinokkio gets up and heads towards the kitchen, leaving the gangster movie.

TV GANGSTER #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You're nothing but a rat. You look
 like a rat. You sound like a rat. I
 should have known you'd act like a
 rat too. You're gonna die now,
 Bobby. Keep your money, you might
 need it to bribe your way outta
 hell.

Pinokkio disappears in the kitchen and CLANKING NOISES can be heard from there. The sounds of pots, pans and silverware being shuffled around. Pinokkio is looking for something.

TV GANGSTER #2 (O.S.)
 Hey, Don. Would this be a bad time
 to tell ya your wife was great in
 the sack?

TV GANGSTER #1 (O.S.)
 I know, we already took care of
 her. Say, Bobby, would this be a
 bad time to tell ya it was your
 girl who sold you out? And my wife
 in the sack was nothing compared to
 her.

TV GANGSTER #2 (O.S.)
You slimy, little..

TV GANGSTER #1 (O.S.)
Shoot him.

SEVERAL ROUNDS OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS explode loudly from the TV screen as Pinokkio comes back from the kitchen. He's holding a knife in his hand.

He walks over to the back of the sofa to see Jimini cuddled onto himself, attempting to sleep.

Jimini opens his eyes to see Pinokkio's large shadow hovering over him. He jumps to an attacking pose, GROWLING fearlessly.

Pinokkio walks toward him with heavy footsteps as Jimini starts backing up.

The two keep moving until Jimini's back paws are very close to the extension cord that's attached to the TV. He doesn't notice though as he's too busy trying to intimidate Pinokkio.

Pinokkio bows down a little.. And snatches Jimini's collar with his free hand.

Jimini tries to break away. He bites Pinokkio with his full might but his sharp teeth seem to have no effect on his wooden wrist whatsoever.

Now that the little dog is in his possession, Pinokkio diverts his eyes to the tail.

He lifts the knife up, preparing to attack the little tail..

He slams the knife down but misses as Jimini somehow broke free of his grip.

The knife's edge slams into the floor as Jimini starts running away but he accidentally drags the extension cord's wire with him, causing the plug to be pulled out of its socket and in turn making the TV go blank.

Pinokkio starts running after Jimini in the room as the little dog BARKS LOUDLY.

INT. WENDELL'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Wendell is in his workshop, painting some of his crafts.

Jimini's INCESSANT BARKING immediately gets his attention.

WENDELL

Jimini!

He jolts out of his chair and heads out as fast as he can.

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Wendell comes, running out of the work shed and straight through the back door of his house.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Wendell bolts into the room, looking around in hysteria.

Jimini BARKS once more and he follows the direction from which it came from, heading towards the living room.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pinokkio has Jimini cornered inside the bathroom. The door is closed behind Pinokkio's back.

Once again, he lunges down and catches the dog with his free hand and once again, the dog bites his wrist to no avail.

Pinokkio lifts the knife up..

And plunges it down..

But he misses the tail and instead stabs Jimini in his lower back.

The poor dog lets out a WHIMPERING SOUND.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

The soft whimper can be clearly heard in the living room, where Wendell is now standing in a state of fear and shock.

WENDELL

Jimini.

He runs towards the bathroom door and tries to open it but every time he pushes it forward, it rams into Pinokkio's body, blocking him from entering.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

What are you doing to him? Let him go!

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Pinokkio is standing over the battered Jimini, now struggling to stand up.

Pinokkio positions his knife on his tail, preparing to slice it off but Jimini still manages to wiggle around, forcing him to lose his focus.

Finally, Pinokkio decides to stop the constant wiggling. He jams his knife directly into Jimini's body.

Jimini lets out a PAINED WHIMPER.

BACK OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Wendell's eyes widen. He can tell that was a dog's last call for help.

He latches onto the door knob and shakes it violently, adamant to get in one way or the other.

BACK INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Pinokkio has got Jimini's tail under his knife. This time Jimini isn't resisting.

He's just about to dig the knife into the tail when the door bursts open, driving Pinokkio to fall onto the floor. Yet, he still has the knife in his clutch.

Wendell stands at the door. He can't believe the sight in front of him.

Jimini is lying motionless on top a pool of his own blood. Knife cut marks visible throughout his body.

Wendell is horrified. He's in a frozen state of shock.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jimini's carcass is spread on the kitchen table. Wendell is sitting at the table, sobbing over the sorry sight. His tears are falling uncontrollably.

Behind him, Pinokkio stands a few feet away. His knife is still in his grip.

Wendell now regains his composure. He turns around, jumping out of his chair and staring at the killer in front of him.

WENDELL

You murderer. You cold-hearted,
evil..

Wendell is about to burst into tears but he manages to pull himself together.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Why can't you feel anyone's pain?
Why do you keep hurting me? I loved
you. You were like a son to me. How
could you do that to me? How could
you rob me of the only friend I
ever had? I thought you were like
me. I thought I saw a little bit of
myself in you. I was wrong. I'm
nothing like you. You're pure evil.

Wendell presents his hands, the hands that made him.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

I made you with all the love in my
heart. But you, you don't even
understand the meaning of that
word. Do you know what love means?
Do you know what it means? You were
supposed to be a product of love.

Wendell sits back on his chair, wiping the tears off of his face. He looks out of the corner of his eye at Pinokkio, his face turning grim.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You should have never crawled out
of that grave. I should have dug
you deeper. Maybe I should bury you
again right now.

Pinokkio is still standing his ground. His grip on the knife never lessened.

Wendell notices the knife. He looks up from the knife all the way to Pinokkio's face. Wendell is now defiant.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Are you trying to scare me? I'm not
scared of you.

Wendell gets up from his chair and takes bold, heavy steps towards Pinokkio.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

(Menacing)

YOU SHOULD BE SCARED OF ME! You think cause I don't understand what you are, you think that scares me? I'm not scared of you, you unfeeling little monster. I'm gonna show you who's scared.

Wendell fires his index finger towards him.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

(Psychotic)

YOU'RE GOING BACK INTO YOUR GRAVE!

Wendell runs towards the back room while Pinokkio simply stares at him as he goes.

SOUNDS can be heard from the back room, as if Wendell was moving things around.

Wendell comes back out of the back room. His old shovel is in his possession. He immediately exits through the back door.

The shovel gets Pinokkio's attention. He follows him.

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Wendell comes through the door and heads over to Pinokkio's old grave. The spot of the grave is still visible, even though it has been covered with several bushes and more dirt.

He plunges the shovel into the grave, digging up the hole back again.

He's engrossed in his digging, his eyes not wavering away for anything.

He keeps digging more and more, faster and faster.

There is now a sufficiently-sized hole for Pinokkio.

Wendell wipes the sweat off of his forehead, catching his breath.

He turns around..

Pinokkio is standing right behind him. Wendell looks from Pinokkio's face all the way down to his knife.

Wendell isn't even slightly fazed by the weapon. Instead, he appears more defiant, clutching tightly on the shovel in his hands.

Wendell steps to the side, trying to angle his opponent. Pinokkio simply stands there, looking at him moving to his right.

Wendell suddenly YELLS and rockets towards him like a spear, shovel held high up above his head.

The shovel lands right on Pinokkio's head and a LOUD RINGING NOISE resonates.

Wendell stares in amazement as Pinokkio doesn't seem to be even slightly hurt.

Frightened, he drops the shovel from his hand and takes a couple of steps backward.

He runs in the first direction he can find and almost immediately trips on a bush lying on the ground.

Pinokkio now approaches the fallen Wendell, whose sliding on his back with his hand held out in front of him from fear.

Wendell stares into the eyes of his creation, whose face is covered by the shadows of the night. He's crouching over him.

Pinokkio starts stabbing him multiple times in his body. Blood starts leaking out of him like a sieve.

Wendell lays back on the ground, awaiting his death as his murderer looms above him..

His eyes roll back.. He's dead.

Pinokkio stands there, looking at a lifeless body, almost inspecting it.

He gives Wendell a few more stabs and waits to see what happens.. Nothing.

He stands back up straight and looks at the open grave right next to Wendell's body.

He starts pushing the body towards the grave and Wendell rolls over and falls into the grave quite easily.

Pinokkio goes back inside the house. He's gone for a few seconds..

He comes back, holding the dead Jimini in his hands.

He walks over to the grave and throws Jimini in with Wendell.
He then picks up the shovel and starts loading the dirt that Wendell dug out, throwing it back onto the grave.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pinokkio is back on the couch, watching TV.

TV FOOD SHOW HOST (O.S.)
This looks delicious. What's it called again?

TV FOOD SHOW CHEF (O.S.)
This is, uh, Lasagne Verdi Al Forno. It's basically a pasta with spinach and it has, uh, it's layered with a rich meat sauce, bechamel, ricotta and parmesan. You bake it until it has a nice golden, uh, color. Here, try it.

The host MUNCHES.

TV FOOD SHOW HOST (O.S.)
Mmm, mm. That's delicious. Doesn't it look delicious, guys?

The crowd APPLAUDS.

TV FOOD SHOW CHEF (O.S.)
Now for dessert, I'm making something called Panettone Loaves.

TV FOOD SHOW HOST (O.S.)
What's that?

TV FOOD SHOW CHEF (O.S.)
It's an Italian fruitcake.

TV FOOD SHOW HOST (O.S.)
My mom would love that. You are what you eat, right?

The crowd LAUGHS.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The fridge door opens and Pinokkio peers inside.

The fridge is barren aside from an assortment of alcoholic beverages, a can of mayonnaise and an unfinished dinner plate.

Pinokkio grabs one of the beer bottles. He inspects it, like he does with anything he sees for the first time, and then pours it over the floor. He then pours it over his arm and waits..

Nothing happens. He looks back into the fridge, looking for something else but accidentally steps over the pool of beer and slips down to the floor, breaking the bottle in the process.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pinokkio is back to the couch. Behind him, the room looks a bit messier. Wendell's clothes are flung all over the floor.

TV FORTUNE TELLER (O.S.)
 (Terrible Mexican accent)
 Do you ever think about the future?
 Are you looking to find out about
 your future love? Your career? Your
 life? I can help you. My name is
 Mother Camellia and I can read your
 future. Call this number now and
 find out what you didn't know about
 yourself. See what the future has
 in store for you.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pinokkio picks up the phone and dials a number.

AUTOMATED VOICE
 (Lovely woman's voice)
 Hello and thank you for calling
 Mother Camellia's future
 revelations hot line. If you'd like
 to find out about your future,
 press one now.

Pinokkio dials one.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
 If you would like to know about
 your life in general, press one
 now.

Again, Pinokkio presses the number.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
If you would like to know something
about life in general, but would
like it in a specific manner, press
one now.

Pinokkio doesn't press the number this time.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
If you would like to find out about
your life just in general, press
two now.

Pinokkio presses two.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
Would you like to speak directly to
Mother Camellia? If so, press one
now.

Pinokkio presses one.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
Say your voice after the beep.

Pinokkio doesn't know what to do here.

BEEP.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
Mother Camellia will be with you
shortly.

Music starts playing on the phone as Pinokkio waits.

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE VIEW - NIGHT

Wendell's house looks quiet in the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE VIEW - SUNRISE

Birds chirp as the sun rises in the horizon.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNRISE

Pinokkio is still holding the phone close to hear and the
music is still blaring out of the headphone..

Finally the music stops.. The familiar "no service" tone can be heard.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pinokkio is sitting on the now filthy couch once again. The whole place is filthier than before. Stains are everywhere on the floor, books are scattered throughout and many devices, such as kitchen utensils and Wendell's toy-making tools cover the space.

Pinokkio is still magnetized towards the TV. A scene from the movie "A Clockwork Orange" is playing.

ALEX DELARGE (O.S.)

Where are my treacherous droogs?
Get them before they get away. It
was all their idea, brothers. They
forced me to do it. I'm innocent.

MR. DELTOID (O.S.)

You are now a murderer, little
Alex. A murderer.

ALEX DELARGE (O.S.)

Not true sir. It was only a slight
tolchok. She were breathing, I
swear it.

MR. DELTOID (O.S.)

I've just come from the hospital.
Your victim has died.

ALEX DELARGE (O.S.)

You try to frighten me, admit so,
sir. This is some new form of
torture. Say it, brother sir.

MR. DELTOID (O.S.)

It will be your own torture. I hope
to God it'll torture you to
madness.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Pinokkio is sitting on Wendell's bed. He's flipping through a dictionary. He reaches the definition of murderer.

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Pinokkio is sitting on the grass. A few feet away is the grave of Wendell and Jimini. The dirt on top of the grave is now covered with fallen leaves and bushes.

Pinokkio stares at the grave with no intent on doing anything in particular, just looking at it in the silent night.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place has swarming flies, hovering over all the mess that coagulated here over the days. There's no telling how long this stuff has been piling up.

Pinokkio isn't bothered at all. He goes on watching the TV. Some sort of a political news show is on, with the two guests discussing the subject of unemployment.

TV POLITICAL SHOW GUEST #1 (O.S.)

I know what you're saying but we have to face facts here. We can't provide total employment for the entire population of this country and expect everything to run smoothly. These are businesses we're talking about, profit is top priority.

TV POLITICAL SHOW GUEST #2 (O.S.)

And that's fine with me. What I'm talking about is how come when a mass layoff takes place, it's always the bottom row workers who bear the brunt of this decision. Why don't they even cut their budget by laying off some of the fat cat bigwigs who contribute no real, uh, who offer basically nothing to the company?

TV POLITICAL SHOW GUEST #1 (O.S.)

What do you mean nothing? They're management, they're the ones in charge.

TV POLITICAL SHOW GUEST #2 (O.S.)

Well the people in charge are running their own business into the ground with their ridiculously oversized paychecks and their apparently never ending benefits. It's a disgrace. That's an expense too, isn't it?

TV POLITICAL SHOW GUEST #1 (O.S.)

If the managers are the ones who have to pay the price, then what's the point of being a manager in the first place? Why don't we all just get the same exact blue-collar job and leave nobody as manager? This is capitalism. The top controls the bottom, end of story.

TV POLITICAL SHOW GUEST #2 (O.S.)

No, that's not the end of the story. The end is that everyone needs a job. It's as simple as that. They can't get along without a job. You take that away from them, then what are they supposed to do? Whose gonna pay the bills? Whose gonna keep the lights on in the house? It's a tough world out there.

TV POLITICAL SHOW GUEST #1 (O.S.)

Oh, boo hoo!

TV POLITICAL SHOW GUEST #2 (O.S.)

We got kids to put through college, we got payments that are overdue, everyday expenses plus emergency expenses. You take that away then we might as well all move into a cave and live in the dark.

The lights in the living room GO OUT.

Pinokkio has disappeared in the darkness.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out in this room as well. Pinokkio is holding a flashlight in one hand and the dictionary in the other. He shines the spotlight on the word "Job".

EXT. CITY STREET - NEAR CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Pinokkio is crossing the street. His clothes are dirty. They look like they've been worn for weeks.

A group of FOUR CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are sitting on a wall, eating their lunch. They spot Pinokkio walking in front of them on the sidewalk.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #1
 Woah! Look what crawled out of the chimney!

Pinokkio stops and turns around, looking at them.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #2
 Hey, look it's Oliver!

The three workers LAUGH, amused by their insults while the fourth one, STAN, shakes his head.

STAN
 Come on, leave him alone.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #3
 (Thick cockney accent)
 I'll leave 'im alone, I will, I will!

The three workers BURST INTO LAUGHTER. Stan jumps off the wall and lands on his feet.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #1
 Oh, come on! We don't mean nothin'!
 We're just breaking his balls!

STAN
 Jealous cause he actually has balls?

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS #2 & #3
 Ooh!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #1
 I got balls bigger than both of you combined.

STAN
 Yeah, yeah, we get it. You're a real man's man.

Stan approaches Pinokkio.

STAN (CONT'D)
What's your name, kid?

Pinokkio doesn't answer, or rather he can't answer.

STAN (CONT'D)
Whassamatter? You shy or somethin'?

Pinokkio gestures that he can't speak.

STAN (CONT'D)
Oh, I see.

Stan looks at his friends behind him, who by now are rubbing their necks in embarrassment, wishing they never mocked the poor boy.

Stan looks at Pinokkio, inspecting his old, dirty clothes.

STAN (CONT'D)
You live 'round here?

Pinokkio nods yes.

STAN (CONT'D)
Who do you live with? Like, your parents? Relatives?

Pinokkio nods no.

STAN (CONT'D)
You live with anybody?

Again he nods no.

STAN (CONT'D)
What, so you live all by yourself?

He nods yes.

STAN (CONT'D)
So, like, uh, who provides for you? Who pays for your food, your clothes?

Pinokkio has no answer for that question.

Stan lets out a SIGH of discontent.

STAN (CONT'D)
What kind of world is this?

He stares at Pinokkio for a few seconds and then brings out a pencil and a small piece of paper, about to jot something down.

STAN (CONT'D)

So, you don't have any money at all?

Pinokkio nods no.

STAN (CONT'D)

Alright, go to this address- you can read, right?

Pinokkio nods yes.

STAN (CONT'D)

Alright, listen up, kid. Go to this address. You'll find a guy there called Ralphy. Tell him.. um, never mind, I'll tell him. Just go to this place, find Ralphy and give him this piece of paper. He'll take care of the rest. You can trust him, he's a good friend of mine. You understand what I just told you?

Pinokkio takes the piece of paper and nods yes.

STAN (CONT'D)

Good. Now run along. I got work to do.

Pinokkio continues his walk as Stan goes back to his coworkers.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #3

Did you get his phone number?

The two other workers try to hold back their laughs.

STAN

Shut up.

EXT. STRINGER'S STEEL FACTORY - DAY

This factory is a rather large structure. The noises that are coming out from inside and the people and trucks that are on the outside combine to make one giant factory-work ruckus.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - DAY

This is a very busy place. Many workers, in their work-issued overalls, fill up the rather dark space. Some are working near giant saw machines, others are using welding materials while wearing their protective face shields. A couple of workers are lifting objects. The noise in here is ten times louder than outside. The machinery submerges all the workers' exchanges into barely audible dialogue, even with all the shouting.

Pinokkio appears with RALPHY, over-weight, mustached man with a friendly, boyish face, standing next to him. Ralphy is in his work overalls as they take a tour through the place.

RALPHY

This here is where the real magic happens. This is where we do the casting. You see that giant ladle over there?

He points to a large ladle hanging by an over-head crane. It's filled with raging, molten metal that looks like burning volcanic lava. The container is slowly being lowered, its contents about to be emptied into its next destination, a round-shaped, giant crucible.

RALPHY (CONT'D)

The metal gets melted and then poured out of that big bucket into molds. Then when it's cooled off, we take out the cast. That's it. Easy peezy, right? Your job is to pour the liquid metal right into that crucible over there.

He points and Pinokkio looks into the direction.

He's faced with an enormous round crucible.

He watches intently as the metal is poured into it from the ladle, now side-ways.

The brilliant fire is playing fireworks as its light radiates on his face.

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

Yep, that's one raging pit of fire. We call it The Whale. The heat might get to ya at first but I reckon you'll handle it.

They start walking again.

RALPHY (CONT'D)
Come on, we're gonna meet some of
the guys here.

In order of standing closer to Pinokkio and Ralphy, the foundry workers: PETE, young, handsome man with a rather well-built physique, GRIFF, black, tall man with mustache, EMILIO, hispanic, short are standing next to each other.

RALPHY (CONT'D)
That's Pete and that's Griff. This
here is Emilio.

They all greet the new comer with their own non-verbal style. Pete gives a quick nod, Griff tips his helmet and Emilio just smiles.

Another trio also appear as they walk along. GRACE, 30's, blonde, with a butch appearance, SAM, thick beard, and BILLY, thin, average-looking.

RALPHY (CONT'D)
That's Grace, Sam, Billy. This is a
big place so there's a lot more
people you're gonna meet but you're
gonna find everybody here, is like
brothers. Even Gracie. Hell, she
even looks like a brother.

The humor is lost on Pinokkio.

RALPHY (CONT'D)
Anyway, we're not just coworkers.
There's a real bond between the
guys here. I'm sure they'll like
you and you will like them.

He looks at Pinokkio for a moment, admiring the charitable work he's offering him.

RALPHY (CONT'D)
It's a good thing Stan told ya to
come to me. The streets are no
place for someone with your um..
Condition. And don't worry about
Uncle Sam, a lot of the guys here
without so much as a red, white and
blue bumper sticker on their car.
This ain't exactly a high-brow
establishment.

(MORE)

RALPHY (CONT'D)

We understand that you gotta make
compromises at times. Life is hard.

He leans onto a protrusion behind him, pondering the philosophical words he just shared. Then snaps back to his visitor.

RALPHY (CONT'D)

So what's it gonna be? Yes or no?
If you say yes, or rather, nod yes,
then you can work here starting
tomorrow.

Pinokkio nods yes.

RALPHY (CONT'D)

Good. Come on, let's go get ya some
overalls and your very own helmet.

He puts his arm on his shoulder and escorts him out.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - DAY

The usual clicks and clanks, among the other noises generated by the machinery and workers fill the place.

Pinokkio is standing near the controlling wheel of the hanging ladle. He's spinning it with somewhat of ease. The crane moves along, pulling the hanging ladle with it.

A short distance from where he's standing are Pete, Griff and Emilio, all three working on the material laid out on the assembly line in front of them.

Emilio is eyeing Pinokkio with suspicion.

Pinokkio notices him and they exchange looks for a few moments until Emilio decides to break the silence.

EMILIO

Hey, Champ. Watch out for that
bucket over your head
(pointing at the ladle)
That ain't tomato juice in there,
eh?

Pinokkio offers nothing but more silent stares.

Emilio turns back to his work.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

What's wrong with that kid?

PETE

He's one of 'em deaf-mutes, ain't he?

GRIFF

Man, he ain't a deaf-mute. Deaf-mutes can't talk or hear. He's just a mute.

EMILIO

That's not what I'm saying. He's weird, you know?

GRIFF

Weird?

EMILIO

Yeah, he's not all there.

GRIFF

Don't know about that but I tell you what. He sure ain't the handsomest guy I ever seen.

PETE

I know. Did you see the mug on that kid? I'm like, take a shit already.

Pete and Griff exchange LAUGHS, but Emilio isn't interested in their humor.

EMILIO

You notice he never eats?

GRIFF

What?

EMILIO

Yeah, two weeks he's been here now and I ain't never seen him take a bite out of anything. He just drink water.

PETE

Maybe he eats at home.

EMILIO

Psht, yeah, maybe. I'm tellin' you man, somethin' wrong with that kid.

GRIFF

Yeah, well, I'm sure he ain't lived the best live ever lived.

(MORE)

GRIFF (CONT'D)

If I was him, I'd be walking around
with a frown too.

Emilio doesn't seem interested in hearing his rationale as he's back to watching Pinokkio, peering over his own shoulder.

EMILIO

I can't get him to smile no matter
what. Watch this.

He turns around, now fully facing Pinokkio. Pete and Griff also watch on.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

Hey, champ.

He has Pinokkio's attention again.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

(Pirate)

Arrgh, matee. Turn it round,
iceberg straight ahead. Arrrrrgh!

Pinokkio fails to see the connection between the comment and the giant wheel he's holding. No reaction at all.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

You doin' great over there, keep up
the good work.

Emilio gives him a thumbs up.

Pinokkio looks sharply at the gesture, studying it.

Emilio gives up on the hope of getting a reciprocated thumbs up and gives his back again to his new coworker, chuckling to himself.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

What a freak.

Pinokkio looks on as Emilio continues his work. Right beside him, Pete and Griff are playing around, pushing and nudging each other, the way close friends act at times to show their masculine bond. Griff puts Pete's neck in a lock-hold, pretending to be fighting him.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pinokkio is sitting on the couch. The good, old TV is back on, but the lights are off.

The scene, which flickers onto Pinokkio's attentive face in the form of colorful lights, is a common scene in Hollywood movies. The final scene in a usual father-figure film. It takes place between a boy and a man.

BOY (O.S.)
Do you have to leave?

LEAVING MAN (O.S.)
(Gruff, southern voice)
Yeah, the road's calling. Time to head out again.

BOY (O.S.)
Where are you gonna go?

LEAVING MAN (O.S.)
Wherever she wants me to go. Don't worry about me, kid. I'll be alright. You just remember what I told ya. Take care of that old lady of yours. She's a good woman.

BOY (O.S.)
I will. Thank you for everything.

LEAVING MAN (O.S.)
Well, it's time. Goodbye, kid.

BOY (O.S.)
Goodbye, Mr. Blue.

The Sound of FOOTSTEPS can be heard.

BOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, Mr. Blue?

The footsteps STOP.

BOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thumbs up?

BEAT.

LEAVING MAN (O.S.)
(Approving)
Thumbs up.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FACTORY - DAY

Pete, Griff and Emilio are all sitting on a pile of bricks that sit on the floor in organized fashion. They're eating lunch. Emilio is watching something to his left.

Pinokkio is a distance away from where they're gathered. He's sitting on a protrusion that's next to the entrance of the factory, holding a bottle of water.

Emilio's eyes are full of disdain. The frown on his face won't budge. He seems adamant on taking action.

Pinokkio spots him. Their eyes lock for a few seconds.. The disdain in Emilio's eyes quickly turns into rage.

Until Pinokkio gets up and starts walking away, throwing the bottle into a trash can as he's moving along. He's heading somewhere away from work.

Emilio violently stands up and follows him, catching the attention of his two coworkers.

GRIFF

Hey, where you going?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Pinokkio continues walking on the sidewalk. Emilio is a visible distance behind him.

Pinokkio turns around, catching a glimpse of the impending Emilio, still striding behind with wide, determined footsteps. His open, plaid shirt fluttering in the wind from his increasing speed, exposing a white tank-top that's wrapped tightly around a somewhat impressive physique.

Pinokkio increases his speed. He keeps looking back and forth until he eventually starts running.

Emilio sprints after him.

Pinokkio takes a left turn and hurries into an alley.

Emilio sees this from a short distance and picks up the pace of his running to catch up.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Pinokkio is still running in the alley, passing a large dumpster and making a right turn in the narrow passage.

Emilio is still on his track, following the same path.

Pinokkio looks to his back, checking to see if his predator is still on his heels. He's not. He looks to his front and abruptly stops running. He finds himself standing opposite a brick wall. It's a dead-end.

Emilio arrives.

Pinokkio turns around, facing him. He seems hesitant, probably not sure what to do next.

Emilio takes powerful steps till they're standing face to face. He's catching his breath but that doesn't take from the intimidating stare he's giving his captive. He's almost frothing at the mouth from the intensity.

Pinokkio looks at him for a moment.. Then starts tapping his shoulder.

Emilio simply pushes his tapping hand away with a quick brush of his hand..

Pinokkio starts tapping the shoulder again and again Emilio brushes his hand away.

Pinokkio takes a second, perhaps contemplating something..

And then suddenly wraps his arm around Emilio's neck, placing him in a neck-hold, imitating Griff and Pete in the foundry.

EMILIO

You bastard.

He delivers a sharp elbow to Pinokkio's abdomen. Although Pinokkio doesn't react with pain, the sudden impact forces him to break the hold.

Emilio immediately stands back up straight and sends a thunderous kick to Pinokkio's chest, shoving him all the way to the floor, landing on his back.

Emilio sits down on him and starts delivering a succession of punches to his poor victim's face. One punch after the other causes Pinokkio's head to bob left and right but there's still no painful reaction.

EMILIO (CONT'D)
You like that? Huh? You little
freak.

Emilio pulls his fist way back, about to land a final blow..

Suddenly, a hand grabs him. It's Griff.

GRIFF
Hey, what the hell's wrong with
you, man?

Griff holds back the enraged Emilio, pulling him off of Pinokkio, who's still lying on the floor, until Pete takes his hand and helps him back to his feet.

PETE
Come on, get up.

Emilio struggles to break through but Griff has him in his grasp.

EMILIO
I'm gonna kill you, asshole. I'm
gonna kill you.

GRIFF
Calm down.

EMILIO
He ain't human, man.
(Pointing to Pinokkio)
You ain't human. You know what you
are? You know what you are? You're
the devil.
(In Spanish)
You're the devil. Burn in hell.
Burn in hell.

Emilio reaches under his tank-top and brings out a crucifix hanging around his neck.

Griff starts pulling him away, heading back from where they came from. Emilio spits on the floor as he's escorted away, holding his crucifix and looking at Pinokkio with raging eyes.

EMILIO (CONT'D)
This ain't over.

Pinokkio and Pete look at him as he goes away. The look on Pete's face shows disapproval.

INT. OUTSIDE RALPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Pinokkio is sitting on a chair outside the office. The door next to him is shut. Some RUMBLINGS can be heard from the inside.

The door bursts open and out comes Emilio. He's livid.

He approaches Pinokkio, who stands up. Emilio stares at him with fiery eyes.

Ralphy appears, stepping out of his office and standing by the door. Emilio looks at him but he doesn't seem intimidated, retaliating with a stern look of his own.

Emilio turns back to Pinokkio.. and walks away, obviously dissatisfied.

RALPHY

Step into my office, kid.

Pinokkio and Ralphy step back into the office.

INT. RALPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ralphy walks in and heads to his seat. Pinokkio walks in and notices Pete and Griff are there too.

RALPHY

Sit down.

Pinokkio sits down, facing him from across the desk.

RALPHY (CONT'D)

Alright, first let me tell you- how are you feelin'? You alright?

Pinokkio nods yes.

RALPHY (CONT'D)

Alright. First let me tell you this. You don't have to worry about Emilio anymore. We took care of him. You won't see him here anymore. And before you say- I mean.. Before you.. Look, we don't want any trouble here. I know your situation and I told you the first day we met that we're like family here and I still mean that.

(MORE)

RALPHY (CONT'D)

So what I hope is we can forget all what happened today and just start clean. We all like you..

GRIFF

That's right.

PETE

Yeah, that's right.

RALPHY

And we all want you to stay here. Nobody's gonna give you a hard time anymore. I give you my word on that. So what do you say? Sound good?

Ralphy casually produces a thumbs up.

Pinokkio observes the protruded thumb for a while.

He looks over to Griff and then to Pete and then finally to Ralphy..

And gives a thumbs up of his own.

With the tension gone, everyone in the room is now relaxed.

Pete squeezes his palms on Pinokkio's shoulder, while Griff rubs his knuckles into his head, both accepting them as one of the guys in typical alpha-male fashion.

Ralphy relaxes in his chair.

RALPHY (CONT'D)

I always knew you're a good kid. Come on, go back to work. All o' yas.

The three leave the office, both men hanging their arms on their buddy's neck.

Ralphy reclines in his chair, meshing his fingers into each other and placing them behind his head in a relaxed manner.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - DAY

Pete and Griff are standing at the assembly line, their usual work space, handling the different casts that are laid out in front of them.

GRIFF

Man, this is too much work for too little money.

PETE

I hear ya. So did Wall Street call you yet?

GRIFF

Yeah. They called and said we only have openings for smart asses. I put in a good word for you.

PETE

Oh, I'm the smart ass, eh?

GRIFF

Oh, you an ass, alright.

Pete gives him a soft punch on the arm. Griff takes it in good sport, laughing it off.

Griff turns to his side to see Pinokkio a small distance away, operating the ladle's giant wheel as usual.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Yo, kid. How you doin' over there? Doin' alright?

Pinokkio looks at him, nodding yes.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You gotta put your back into it.

PETE

Speakin' o' that. Last night, I met this hot chick at a bar, I mean smokin' hot, right? So we went back to my place and man, she rode it like a champ.

GRIFF

Yeah?

PETE

I swear, man. My balls were so blue, they looked like planet earth split into two. I was so sore this morning, I had to open the fridge and just stand there for five minutes with my balls in my hand.

GRIFF

At least one of us got lucky last night. Your girls are fun. I don't know why I always get the freaks.

PETE

Another one, huh?

GRIFF

It's like I'm a magnet for psycho bitches or somethin'.

PETE

What did this one do?

GRIFF

She wanted me to go home with her for a BJ.

PETE

Sounds good so far.

GRIFF

No, you don't get it. In her scenario, the B part would be my responsibility.

PETE

What does that mean?

Griff stares down at Pete with a telling look. Pete finally gets it.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh. Oof, tough luck, man.

GRIFF

We'll see what lady luck has to say tonight.

PETE

The Lucky Bar?

GRIFF

Yep.

PETE

I'm there, man.

Griff turns back to Pinokkio, who appears to have been watching them through the entire conversation.

GRIFF
 Hey yo, kid. You ever get laid?

 PETE
 Maybe you should choose another
 word for it.

 GRIFF
 He knows. The guy spends his entire
 time in front of the TV.

 PETE
 Really?

 GRIFF
 Yeah. Go ahead, ask him about any
 movie or TV show, he'll tell you.

Pete turns to Pinokkio now, willing to give it a try.

 PETE
 You ever see that movie with Al
 Pacino? The one where he's a Cuban
 gangster?

Pinokkio places the tip of his index finger on his cheek and
 slides it down, making an imaginary scar.

 PETE (CONT'D)
 That's pretty good. Maybe he did
 get laid.

 GRIFF
 Did you? Did you ever get laid? You
 know what we're talking about,
 right?

Pinokkio nods again. He takes both his hands off the
 controlling wheel and takes a step forward, getting himself
 some space and then proceeds to thrust backward and forward,
 mimicking a sexual act.

Pete and Griff seem thoroughly amused at this. They both
 BREAK INTO RIOTOUS LAUGHTER.

 PETE
 (Uncontrollable Laughter)
 OH MAN, LOOK AT HIM GO!

 GRIFF
 Hey Tony! Come here, you gotta see
 this.

GRIFF

Yeah, that's what I'm talking about.

PETE

You know it.

Pinokkio doesn't have a drink in his hand. Griff hangs his arm on his neck.

GRIFF

Hey bartender, get our friend here a drink. You drank alcohol before, right?

Pinokkio responds with a negative nod.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

No? Well, that's what first times are for.

The BARTENDER places a beer bottle in front of Pinokkio.

PETE

Well, what you waiting for? Chug-a-lug.

Pinokkio picks up the bottle and gulps it down in one long chug, except almost all of the beer ends up on his shirt and pants.

GRIFF

Whoa! We got ourselves a new champion here.
(to the bartender)
Keep 'em coming!

BARTENDER

You got it.

A new bottle almost immediately replaces the now empty one. Pinokkio this time doesn't need encouragement as he picks up the bottle and starts gulping once more, again barely getting any of the actual alcohol inside him.

PETE

Go easy, kid. Look at how he's puttin' 'em away!

Pete and Griff LAUGH as they BUMP their bottles together once more.

Pete turns to his back and notices THREE ATTRACTIVE WOMEN, sitting at the table behind them. A BLONDE, A BRUNETTE AND A BLACK WOMAN.

Pete smiles to the lovely ladies and they respond by smiling back.

Pete turns to a WAITRESS whose passing by.

PETE (CONT'D)
Excuse me. You see those lovely ladies over there? Get 'em whatever they want on us.

WAITRESS
Alright, sir.

Griff turns around, gauging the women himself.

GRIFF
Definitely some potential there.

PETE
Yep.

GRIFF
The one I have my eyes on doesn't look psycho.. Yet.

Pinokkio suddenly bobs up and a down in one single motion, apparently hiccuping silently from the inside. Both Pete and Griff are taken aback by the suddenness of that movement.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Whoa! He's already drunk? That was fast.

Again Pinokkio hiccups silently.

PETE
Ok, maybe that's enough for you.

Pete reaches to take the bottle from his hand but Pinokkio tries to chug the rest of it down before he does.

PETE (CONT'D)
Hey, gimme that!

Pete snatches the bottle away from his hand.

PETE (CONT'D)
You gotta behave now. We might be meeting some new people.

GRIFF
Hey, check it out.

Pete and Griff both look to their back to see the waitress talking to the three women and then pointing towards the men.

The blonde and the black woman both get up, heading for the bar counter.

 PETE
It's go time.

The two women sit down at both ends of Pete and Griff.

 GRIFF
Hi there, what's your name?

 BLACK WOMAN
Sandi.

 GRIFF
Hi Sandi, I'm Griff.

 SANDI
Hi.

 PETE
Hi, I'm Pete.

 BLONDE WOMAN
I'm Emily.

 PETE
Hey.

 EMILY
Hey.

Griff notices the brunette is still at their table, sipping a drink.

 GRIFF
So what's up with your friend over there?

 SANDI
She said she wants to sit there.

 GRIFF
How come?

SANDI

I don't know. She's weird. But she did say she wants your friend to go join her.

Pete and Griff look at the woman to see she is sipping her drink and staring intently at Pinokkio, whose giving her his back.

Pete and Griff both lean in closer to each other, with the bottles in hand.

PETE

And that's why they call it..

GRIFF

The lucky bar.

PING.

The bottles sound off once more and Pete and Griff get up and drag an inebriated Pinokkio out of his stool.

They both sit Pinokkio down in front of the woman.

PETE

Take good care of my friend here.

GRIFF

And don't count on a two-way conversation. He's mute.

PETE

And shy.

GRIFF

And drunk.

PETE

He's so drunk.

They both leave Pinokkio alone with the woman.

BRUNETTE WOMAN

I'm Evelyn.

Pinokkio's swaying head bobs up, hiccuping in silence again.

EVELYN

Wow, you're really drunk.

Pinokkio nods yes in a drunken motion.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You can't even sit still?

Pinokkio nods no.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You don't feel like puking?

Pinokkio nods no.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Did you piss in your pants yet?

Pinokkio nods a no.. And then stops for a second.. And nods a yes.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You're funny.

Pinokkio stares at her, struggling to maintain his posture.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You're cute when you're drunk. Or
are you always this cute?

She takes a sip of her drink, her eyes squarely on Pinokkio.

Pinokkio hiccups again, this time with a less violent movement.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pinokkio is flung onto the bed, landing on his back.

Evelyn is still standing by the edge of the bed, apparently the culprit who pushed him. She's in a sexual pose, ready to be taken.

She starts stripping, revealing a bra first and then a thong, a sexy black ensemble.

She crawls onto Pinokkio's body until their lips are aligned.

She's just about to kiss him when she pulls back.

EVELYN
You have something to drink?

Pinokkio points to the direction of the kitchen.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
I'll be right back. Don't move.

She gets out of the bed and heads to the kitchen, leaving Pinokkio whose following her advice to the letter, not moving an inch.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evelyn opens the fridge door, hoping to find something alcoholic. She looks confused.

The refrigerator is filled with several bottles of mineral water and nothing else. She picks a bottle up and heads back to the bedroom.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evelyn stands by the door frame, drinking her water. She still appears intent on finishing what she started.

EVELYN

What, do you work out a lot? Who needs this much water?

She takes another sip and then spills the rest of the water over herself, rubbing her palm across the wet skin between her neck and her breasts. She eyes Pinokkio, she's ready.

She climbs to the bed on all fours, hovering over Pinokkio. This time her lips reach his mouth and she plants a kiss. She starts kissing him from the slit that appears to be his mouth, going lower to his chin and further, planting a kiss on each stop along the way. Pinokkio seems hardly fazed by all of this.

She finally reaches his pelvic area. She unzips his pants and starts pulling the two upper-halves of the area around the zipper away from each other, revealing his underwear beneath.

She gets a good clasp on the edge of his underwear, preparing to pull them down.

She looks up to Pinokkio and smiles.

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A view of the house at night. Night crickets chirping.

EVELYN (O.S.)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Evelyn's SCREAM can be heard from outside the house.

From the street across, a shadowy figure is hiding behind the bushes. It's Emilio.

He looks on with his eyes bulging in amazement.

The house's front door opens and out comes Evelyn, still in her underwear, running as far away from the place with her clothes in her hand. She gets into her car and the car speeds away. In her rush, she leaves the front door wide open.

Emilio is still mesmerized by what's taking place on the other side of the street. He notices something by the front door and crouches a little, resuming his hiding behind the bushes.

Pinokkio is at the front door. Emilio watches as he stands by the door for a few seconds.. Then vomits all over the steps. His vomit is nothing but water.

Pinokkio turns to go back inside but slips on the now slippery steps and falls sideways, landing neck first onto the sharp edge of the upper step.

Emilio reacts in horror at the horrific fall. But he soon returns to his state of shock, extending his neck forward, trying to get a better look at Pinokkio.

Pinokkio simply gets back to his feet and steps inside the house, closing the door behind him.

Emilio is frozen in his place, he can't believe his eyes.

EXT. GRIFF'S HOUSE - MORNING

The front door opens. Griff appears, wearing his work uniform. He is taken aback for a second but almost immediately a frown is formed on his face.

Emilio is standing in front of him.

GRIFF

What're you doin' here?

EMILIO

I gotta talk to you about somethin'.

GRIFF

I'm on my way to work.

Griff closes the door behind him and locks the door.

EMILIO

You're goin' to work with that
freak?

GRIFF

Man, I don't have time for this. Is
this what you came here for?

EMILIO

That.. That.. Thing isn't normal.
I'm tellin' you, man. He's inhuman.
Last night I was watching his
house..

GRIFF

You what? You're stalkin' 'im now?

EMILIO

I always knew something was wrong
with that kid. The whole mute thing
just didn't fly with me. I had a
cousin who was a deaf-mute, doesn't
turn you into a creep. Can't you
see it, man? He's playin' everyone
so he gets what he wants.

GRIFF

You need help.

Griff starts walking away, heading to work but Emilio won't
let go.

EMILIO

I saw him, ok? He puked all over
the place. I think.

GRIFF

He had his first drink last night.
Maybe if you weren't such a
miserable human being you could've
joined us. Your so-called freak
actually went home with a hot piece
of ass.

EMILIO

Oh, she was hot alright. She was
even more hot when she ran out of
his house naked, screaming her
lungs out.

Griff stops walking.

GRIFF

Really?

EMILIO

Griff, I saw it with my own eyes, why would I make up somethin' like that? There's somethin' off about him, you know that.

Griff appears contemplative. Emilio has gotten through to him.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

Look, you know I can't go to the cops. If I do that, it might set them off on my trail and I spent too many years in this country to go back to where I came from. I'm askin' you this as a friend. Please, all I want you to do is ask him about last night. If he tells you the truth then I promise I'll back off.

Griff wants out of this obligation.

GRIFF

I can't deal with this now. I gotta go to work.

Griff walks away.

EMILIO

(Shouting as Griff gets further)
Just ask him.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - DAY

The place is back to its usual noisy busyness.

Pinokkio is twisting the big wheel, bringing the giant empty ladle back towards him. Pete is at a close distance, wearing the protective face shield, he's standing next to a wheelbarrow that contains what appears to be red hot metal molds.

Ralphy is standing behind Griff, who is standing opposite the assembly line, working on the different molds that are laid out in front of him. Griff works dutifully but appears agitated. Ralphy is holding a clipboard in his hands.

RALPHY

Good job, boys. Best month we had yet. If you keep it up we'll be ahead of schedule by the start of next week. I guess losing Emilio may have been a blessing after all.

Griff's agitation becomes more apparent as he handles his material with roughness.

RALPHY (CONT'D)

Whoa, easy there, Griff. It's just a hunk of metal not your ex-wife.

Ralphie lets out a slight CHUCKLE but the humor is lost on Griff.

RALPHY (CONT'D)

What's wrong? You look bummed.

GRIFF

Nah, just tired, Boss.

RALPHY

Not the cushiest of jobs, is it? But, well, somebody has to do it.

PETE

Forget about him. He's just sad cause he probably got another psycho last night. Am I right?

Griff feints a smile.

PETE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's gotta be it. Speakin' of last night, what happened with that broad?

Griff looks over his shoulder. The question was directed at Pinokkio.

RALPHY

Oh, what's this I hear about a broad?

PETE

That's right. My boy here tore up the scene last night. You should've seen the body on that girl.

RALPHY

Is that so? Well, I'll be. Hope you have better luck with the ladies than I had. You treat 'em good now, you hear? Don't listen to these two. If it was up to them, every..

Griff throws everything in his hands on the table and quickly turns around.

GRIFF

So what did happen last night?

The two eye Griff, questioning his abrupt question. Pinokkio looks at Griff as well.

PETE

Well, I can tell you that.

GRIFF

I wanna hear it from him.

PETE

He can't talk.

GRIFF

(brushing over the remark)
Did you do something with that woman? Did you have sex?

Pinokkio looks at Ralphy and Pete and then looks back at Griff. He nods a yes.

PETE

Yeah?

GRIFF

So she slept over the whole night at your place?

Pinokkio nods another yes.

PETE

My boy! What'd I tell ya?

Pinokkio does the grinding movement once more as Pete and Ralphy look on.

Griff turns around and goes back to working on the molds for a moment.. But then gives a powerful shove, swiping whatever is on the table with his hand, sending it CLANGING onto the floor and causing Pinokkio to abruptly stop the grinding.

RALPHY

Hey!

An angry Griff leaves.

Pete follows.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Griff enters the bathroom, still on edge.

Pete walks in.

PETE

What the hell you think you're doin'?

GRIFF

He's lyin' to us.

PETE

Who?

GRIFF

Him. He's been lyin' to us all along. Nobody spent the night with him.

PETE

How do you know that?

Griff takes a second before answering, realizing it might not be a good answer.

GRIFF

Emilio told me.

PETE

Emilio? What're you still talkin' to him for?

GRIFF

I didn't. He talked to me, ok? You wanna know what he said happened with that girl last night?

PETE

No, I don't wanna know. That guy is outta my life now. I don't want people like him thinkin' we're friends.

GRIFF

That's what I'm sayin', man. How can we be sure our new friend is what he seems?

PETE

Look. I know the kid is a little weird. Hell, he's out there, ok? That's not an excuse for you or me or anyone to treat him any different. I thought you already knew that. Is that really the kind o' man you wanna be, Griff? You wanna be like the guys who picked on us when we were growin' up? You wanna treat someone innocent badly cause he's different?

GRIFF

How different?

Pete gives a hard, stern look into his friend's eyes.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Just forget it.

PETE

Yeah, you'd better forget it too cause Ralphy just said he needs some guys to pull a graveyard shift tonight and I told him you're gonna do it. We're all gonna do it, all three of us, understand?

GRIFF

Whatever, man.

Pete walks out of the bathroom as Griff leans with his arm on the tiled wall, wiping his face with his palm.

He punches the wall and goes into one of the stalls.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Pinokkio, Pete and Griff are all here. The usual loud noises are missing as they are the only three left.

Pinokkio twists the wheel while looking at the direction of the assembly line where the two are working. Although they are standing in the same line, there is a bigger gap than usual between them. Pete seems to be further down the line from Griff.

Pete is working with his tools on the material in front of him. He looks at Griff, letting his eyes do the talking.

Griff looks back at Pete and then looks over his shoulder, staring at Pinokkio.

Pinokkio stares at Griff as his hands are still turning the wheel.

Griff goes back to looking at the work in his hands.

Silent tension fills the place..

WHACK.

Griff and Pinokkio look over to Pete to see that he has just thrown the tools on the table.

PETE

I'm gonna go take a crap.

Pete walks out, leaving the two alone.

Griff and Pinokkio glance at each other and then go back to their duties.

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the dark silence of the night, the house appears empty.

Emilio sneaks out of the bushes, heading towards the front door.

He reaches the door and looks to his left and right. Then he brings out a small lock-picking tool and injects it into the keyhole, twisting and turning it until he hears a CLICKING sound.

He gently opens the door and walks in.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emilio gently shuts the door behind him.

He looks around him, inspecting the place as he moves forward towards the couch.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Griff and Pinokkio are still alone.

Griff SIGHS. Pinokkio doesn't pay him any attention and continues focusing on his task.

Griff drops everything in his hands and turns around, now facing Pinokkio.

GRIFF

How come I ain't never seen you smile?

Now he has Pinokkio's attention.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You never smile. Don't tell me you didn't notice that. I guess Emilio is right, you are a freak. Cause only a freak wouldn't notice that.

Pinokkio takes his hands off of the wheel, standing there, receiving Griff's uncharacteristic words.

Griff starts walking around.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You know what a freak is, don't you? I'm sure you heard it on TV before. That's all you do, isn't it? Just sit home and watch TV all day and all night long. What're you lookin' for? Are you waitin' for one of them shows to tell you somethin'? I like TV too. You know what I like best? When at the end of a crime show, the detectives gather enough evidence to put the bad guy away for good. You know what evidence is?

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emilio opens the fridge. He is at a loss when he sees the fridge is stacked with nothing but bottled water.

EMILIO

(What?!)

Freak.

He closes the fridge and immediately notices a small trail of dried stains leading to the bathroom. He follows the trail.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom door opens. Emilio immediately notices something on the floor.

He squats down to get a closer look. He squints.

A large, faded, red blot is visible. He touches it with the tip of his finger and inspects the finger. It's dry.

He gets up and heads back to the kitchen.

INT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emilio stands by the fridge, trying to piece it all together.

He looks at the stains by his feet coming from the bathroom and going all the way to the table. The trail ends there.

Emilio's eyes look up from the floor to the kitchen table to the door that leads to the backyard.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Griff is still venting onto Pinokkio. By now, he's closer to Pinokkio, holding nothing back.

GRIFF

Do you know what anything is? Do you really? How old are you? Who are your mom and dad? Where were you born? What hospital, what day, what year, what time, what.. Place. What anything. When did you hit puberty? What's your favorite food? Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot. You don't eat food. You just drink water. I'm sure all this doesn't look suspicious to you at all, why would it? It's not like you can talk so you can answer any of these questions.

(LOUD)

BUT DON'T YOU DARE..

Griff raises his finger, pointing in warning.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Don't you dare think that just because you can't talk..

(MORE)

GRIFF (CONT'D)

That nobody's gonna ask you any questions. They will. Oh, they'll ask you question after question after question and you'd better find a damn good answer too cause otherwise..

Griff LAUGHS as he throws his open, flat palms into the air.

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The door bursts open and Emilio comes out into the yard.

He immediately spots the suspicious arrangement of bushes that cover the grave that Wendell and Jimini were thrown into.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Griff has both his index fingers in the air, formulating his words.

GRIFF

Now, if I had to choose one question, just one question to ask my new friend here, you know what it would be? Why.. Would an attractive, nice woman.. Be running out of my new friend's house in the middle of the night, screaming to the top of her lungs? What could she have seen that was so.. horrific? Do you know?

Pinokkio has nothing to offer but his silent stare.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You probably don't know. It's just a thing with you, ain't it? You don't know. You just don't know.

Griff takes few very quick steps towards Pinokkio, they're now extremely close to each other.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

(Almost whispering)

You wanna know something? I know. It's because you're a freak. I don't mean you look like a freak, even though you kinda do. I don't mean you act like a freak, even though you do.

(MORE)

GRIFF (CONT'D)

I mean what you are.. What you
always will be.. Is a freak.

Griff steps back, he's now standing only a few feet away from the giant ladle that's hanging behind him. He finishes his thoughts, using the space in the air to wave his hand, forming a gesture that accompanies his words.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Something that will never fit
anywhere.

He points to Pinokkio, letting his accusing finger hang in the air.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

That's you. And if it was up to me.
If I had the means to get my way.
You wouldn't be a part of this
world. I would make sure you
disappear, like the metal you pour
into that fire.

(Pointing at the giant

ladle hanging behind him)

One trip inside and whoosh, it's
gone. It's good that it's gone.
Cause that hot, raging metal? It
could harm so many people just by
being here. Harmful. Harming people
just by being around them, does
that remind you of anyone?

Pinokkio suddenly grasps the controlling wheel and in a movement that's faster than lightning, turns the wheel around in tremendous speed.

Griff spins around to see the giant ladle approaching at a fast speed..

Griff's eyes open wide, almost bulging out of their sockets.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

NOOOOOOOO!

BANG.

The giant ladle smashes head first into Griff, sending him to the floor.

Griff's face is bloodied and bruised. He's a broken mess, not able to stand up.

EXT. WENDELL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Emilio is digging through the grave with his bare hands. He has dug through most of it already.

His hands finally feel something.

He brushes off the sand. He can see something.

He picks up something..

It's Wendell's glasses, broken and blood-stained.

He peers inside.

Emilio SCREAMS.

He tries to get up, falling on his back and kicking all the way until he gets back on his feet and runs back inside with no time for reflection.

INT. THE FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Pinokkio stands over the mess that is Griff.

He looks down, staring at a face that's bloodied and bruised.

The blood keeps pouring out of Griff's mouth.

PETE (O.S.)

NO!

Pete runs in, hurrying towards Griff. He crouches down, trying to help his friend.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh, no, God, no. Griff.

Pete looks up at Pinokkio.

PETE (CONT'D)

What did you do? How could you do this to him? Huh? You wanna kill him? You wanna kill me?

Griff makes a feeble noise.

PETE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, my friend. I'm gonna get you to a hospital. You'll make it, just stay with me, ok?

Griff gets up and picks Griff up in his arms.

He hurries towards the exit but turns around, looking at Pinokkio.

PETE (CONT'D)
You should just go.

He turns back and continues leaving with Griff.

Pinokkio is now all alone.

He turns around. The crucible is ahead of him.

He steps towards it.

The fire is insatiable inside. The flames appear ready to engulf anything thrown in its way.

Pinokkio stares into the fire. The bright lights are reflected on his face.

He starts taking off his overalls. He places it gently on the floor. He does the same with the rest of his clothing, taking it off one by one and placing them on the ground.

He's now stripped bare.

He walks forward, climbing the round opening that surrounds the fire inside.

He is only inches away from the flames.

The heat causes his fingers to start melting, dripping down.

His face is now altered from the heat. The closed slit that used to be his mouth has now changed into a curve, like a little smile.

Pinokkio walks into the fire.

Pinokkio is gone.

FADE OUT.

THE END