

Honor Thy Father

written by

Todd Robinson

FADE IN:

INT. DODGERS STADIUM - BATHROOM - DAY (1985)

A series of sinks, urinals, and toilet stalls. Lots of DODGER FANS and a few GIANTS FANS use the facilities on gameday. The radio broadcast flows from speakers in the ceiling.

JIMMY ROLLINS (6) and CADE ROLLINS (8), decked out in complete SF Giants gear wait outside a stall with impatient expressions on their faces. Cade knocks on the stall door.

CADE

Dad, hurry up. We're missing it.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)

Valenzuela offers the two-two pitch... struck him out! The Giants leave the bases full.

DAD (O.S.)

Goddamn Mexican piece of trash.

Every eye in the room turns in their direction. A HIPPIE in Dodger gear at the urinal smirks.

HIPPIE

Man, you can suck it, cellar dweller. Your team is so far out of first not even God can see 'em.

The hippie laughs, offers a high five to the guy at the next urinal for his victory jest, but it's a Giants fan who flashes a the hippie a dirty look.

The boys shuffle their feet, stare at the floor.

DAD (O.S.)

I curse the Dodgers with my very own crap.

Diarrhea sounds EXPLODE from within the stall, followed by a series of groans.

HIPPIE

Serves you right, old man.

DAD (O.S.)

Boys, check another stall for more toilet paper.

Laughter rings out among both Giants and Dodgers fans.

EXT. DODGERS STADIUM - DAY (2000)

Jimmy (21) and Cade (23), disguised in thrift store Dodger hand me downs, skulk next to a chain link fence. Jimmy holds an urn with one hand, rubs his abdomen with the other.

JIMMY

We need to hurry, the laxatives are working.

Cade climbs over the fence. Jimmy tosses the urn over, Cade catches it like a pro. Jimmy climbs over. The brothers sneak into the stadium.

INT. DODGERS STADIUM - BATHROOM - DAY

The brothers creep in through the door. Cade sets the urn down, pulls a book from the back of his pants and tosses it by the urn. The cover reads: "Spells and Curses, A Guide to Modern Day Mischief."

Their intestines RUMBLE. They rush for the stalls and unleash hell into the toilets. The sounds of twin bowel explosions echo in the room along with a cacophony of moans and groans.

JIMMY

I can't believe this was his last wish. Crazy old fart...

CADE

Imagine if this actually works. Instant classic.

JIMMY

Still, to put it in the will as a condition of our inheritance?

CADE

He never was right in the head. We both know that.

The boys proceed to fire off their feces into every toilet, urinal, and sink in the room, even into the floor drain.

MOMENTS LATER

Pants back on, phase one complete. Jimmy grabs the urn. Cade thumbs through the book.

JIMMY

Well, dad. Here goes nothing.

Jimmy adds a handful of ash to each puddle of excrement.

CADE

Fingers crossed. Let's do this.

Cade holds up the book, shows Jimmy a witchcraft symbol.

Jimmy pulls a red sharpie out of a pocket, draws the image on the floor.

The brothers beam at each other, on the verge of success.

Cade reads from the book.

CADE

"Cinis cinerem, ut pulvis  
pulvis. Et fistularum  
commissuras et imaginem  
rubigo."

SUBTITLE

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.  
Make the pipes rust and bust.

Cade lowers the book. The brothers wait with bated breath. Nothing happens. Cade checks the book, flips the page.

CADE

Oops. One more part.

JIMMY

Dumbass.

A BRUTE of a security guard peaks in the door, spots them.

BRUTE

(into a radio)

Found em. Bathroom across from 132.

The boys panic.

CADE

Stall him!

Jimmy charges the massive guard who's more than twice his size. He tackles the guard's leg. The guard doesn't budge, and doesn't look amused. He wrinkles his nose in disgust.

BRUTE

What the hell are you two doing?

The guard marches at Cade with Jimmy latched on to his leg.

CADE

Sit egestas a protrahas datum  
angustianti, eicere cogunt  
unda.

SUBTITLE

Let this curse of the  
downtrodden, force the water  
to thrust.

A wrestling match ensues. Despite his strength, the guard just can't get his hands on both brothers at the same time. One always squirms away.

Sounds from behind the walls and under the floor... Pipes CLANK. Water RUSHES. All three combatants freeze, listen.

Two more GUARDS enter. Three versus two. Hope fades from the boys eyes.

Geysers ERUPT all around the room. A mixture of human waste and water splashes off the ceiling, rains down.

It's a battle royale in a mudpit between pissed off guards and two desperate brothers. Coated in sewer soup, the boys scramble, twist, slip, and slide out of the guard's grips.

The brothers break free, scurry for the door with faces full of victorious excitement. Cade flings the door open.

Six more GUARDS await.

Blood drains from the boys faces.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The brothers stand in front of the mug-shot wall.

Picture after picture of the brothers getting their mug shots taken with various smiles and smirks.

FADE OUT.