INT. MICKEY RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON A TWIN BED LIES MICKEY RILEY (25) AVERAGE LOOKING LOVABLE TRAIN WRECK, WEARING ILL-FITTING SPIDER-MAN PAJAMAS, NEXT TO HIM LIES JILLIAN (24) NERDY LOOKING, BUT PRETTY DAMN CUTE AND FULLY CLOTHED.

ROLLED OVER FACE TO FACE, JILLIAN'S EXPRESSION IS ONE OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

MICKEY

What's the matter?

JILLIAN

Hmm... Let's see... your house is a shrine to the catholic church, you're totally underdeveloped.

(POINTS TOWARDS HIS PENIS)

And you still live with your over protective, creepy mom.

MICKEY

First of all... my house is not a shrine.

JILLIAN

Oh no.

JILLIAN GRABS MICKEY'S HEAD AND TURNS IT TO THE CEILING. A POSTER OF POPE JOHN PAUL II SMILES DOWN ON HIM.
JILLIAN (CONT'D)
Most single men would have Pamela
Anderson or Jennifer Aniston
staring back at them... they
would also still be in college.

JILLIAN'S THOUGHTS GO INTO OVERDRIVE.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
Oh god, you don't... you know...
to that poster, do you?

MICKEY
Sweet Jesus! and I mean that in
a religious way.

MICKEY PULLS OUT A CRUCIFIX FROM UNDER HIS PILLOW
AND BLESSES HIMSELF OVER AND OVER.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
No impure thoughts, no impure
thoughts.

JILLIAN
Ok... I think I'm gonna leave
now.

JILLIAN JUMPS OFF THE BED FREAKED OUT.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)
Just a heads up for possible
future relationships, kissing
leads to passion, which leads to
sex and more importantly' girls
don't need to hear that "Spidey
prepares to cast his sticky web".
MICKEY

You know you could have given me a sign.

JILLIAN

A sign! Maybe one of these statues could have told you.

PANNING THE ROOM, WE SEE IT'S FILLED WITH THE VIRGIN MARY STATUES, ROSARIES DRAPED OVER THE DRESSER, A PICTURE OF JESUS AND RIGHT NEXT TO IT... A PICTURE OF J.F.K

MICKEY

My mom designed it, every Irish home has Mary statues, rosaries and Jesus

(TRAILING OFF)

And J.F.K, the greatest American president.

JILLIAN

He was a womanizer!

MICKEY

What's your point?

JILLIAN

Well at least he had the parts to satisfy a woman.

MICKEY

For your info I'm not that underdeveloped.

MICKEY DROPS HIS PANTS.
JILLIAN

Really! I've seen pubes bigger than that... listen Mickey, you're probably a sweet guy and I wanted a one night stand not an Easter Vigil... goodbye.

JILLIAN PUTS HER HAND ON THE DOOR GETTING READY TO EXIT.

MICKEY

And one last thing, my mom is not creepy.

JILLIAN OPENS THE DOOR. PEGGY RILEY (60'S) ABOVE AVERAGE LOOKS, AS FAR AS SIXTIES GOES, STANDS RIGHT OUTSIDE WITH ONE HAND IN THE AIR LOOKING FOR A HIGH FIVE.

MICKEY QUICKLY PULLS UP HIS PANTS.

PEGGY

Did you have sex with my son?
Well did you?... C'mon don't leave me hanging.

(TO MICKEY)
You better not have used Satan's sheaths.

MICKEY
Oh God.

PEGGY

Exactly.

MORTIFIED, JILLIAN HIGH TAILS IT DOWNSTAIRS, AS MICKEY TRIES TO CATCH UP WITH HER.
JILLIAN

Stay away from me.

EXT. MICKEY RILEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

IT'S A TYPICAL SMALL SUBURBAN HOME, WITH HUGE VIRGIN MARY STATUES LIT UP EITHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

JILLIAN RUNS DOWN THE DRIVEWAY. MICKEY STANDS AT THE DOOR.

MICKEY

Jillian wait!

PEGGY GLANCES OUT FROM BEHIND HIM.

PEGGY

You know she had a great ass.

MICKEY SCOWLS AT HIS MOM.

MICKEY

I'm off to bed.
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HARRY'S PET SHOP - MORNING

IT IS A SMALL STORE WITH YOUR EVERYDAY HOUSEHOLD PETS. NOTHING EXOTIC, RABBITS, PUPPIES, FISH, THAT SORT OF THING. THE STORE IS QUIET, NO CUSTOMERS.

PEGGY SITS BEHIND THE COUNTER GOING OVER PAPERWORK, MICKEY INTERACTS WITH THE ANIMALS, CHECKING THEIR FOOD LEVELS.

PEGGY PICKS HER HEAD UP AND SMILES TOWARDS MICKEY, A LOVING MOTHERLY SMILE, MICKEY SLOWLY TURNS HIS HEAD AS HE FEELS HIS MOM WATCHING HIM.

MICKEY SMILES BACK... MORE OF A HALF SMILE.

MICKEY

Why?... Why are you smiling at me?

PEGGY

Can't a mother smile at her boy.

MICKEY

Okay.

MICKEY TURNS AND FACES A TORTOISE TANK, HE NOTICES PEGGY'S SMILE REFLECTING OFF THE TANK, NOW BECOMING MORE CREEPY.

HE LIFTS A TORTOISE OUT AND PLACES HIM ON THE GROUND.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Go get some exercise, groundy.

MICKEY MAKES HIS WAY TO A PARROT CAGE... NOT JUST ANY OLD PARROT... HARRY, 32, A BEAUTIFUL AFRICAN GRAY.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Dad's pride and joy... aren't you Harry?
HARRY THE PARROT
Pride and joy.

PEGGY
Your father loved that bird,
like he was his own.

MICKEY
I miss dad, nine years he's
gone... I still can't believe
he started this store thirty
years ago.

PEGGY
Thirty three.

A COMMOTION IS HEARD OUTSIDE AS MICKEY RUNS TO THE
FRONT DOOR.

EXT. HARRY'S PET SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A HEAVYSET GIRL, MID TWENTIES, EASY ON THE EYE,
STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, CARS WEAVE AROUND
HER.

GIRL
(SCREAMS AT THE CARS)
You missed me!

MICKEY CAUTIOUSLY STOPS TRAFFIC AND PULLS HER OFF
THE ROAD.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Hey, get your hands off me.

MICKEY
Are you trying to get yourself
killed?
GIRL

Maybe.

THE GIRL SAUNTERS OFF AS MICKEY SIGHS AND TRUDGES BACK INTO THE STORE.

INT. HARRY'S PET SHOP - CONTINUOUS

PEGGY PEERS OUT OF THE SHOP WINDOW.

PEGGY

What was that about?

MICKEY

Just another whack job.

PEGGY

Always thinking of others, just like your father. He was tough on the outside and soft on the inside.

MICKEY

Like an armadillo.

PEGGY

Wouldn't harm an animal.

MICKEY

So it was kind of ironic that his last words were "I wonder if a bear lives in here?"

THE DOOR OPENS AND IN WALKS THE GIRL. SHE STROLLS STRAIGHT OVER TO MICKEY AND STANDS NOSE TO NOSE.

GIRL

Thank you.

SHE TURNS AND WALKS OUT. MICKEY THROWS HIS HANDS IN THE AIR.
PEGGY

I think she likes you.

MICKEY

(SARCASTIC)

I think she tried to sniff my brain.

PEGGY PAUSES AND SIGHS, SHE REMOVES HER READING GLASSES.

PEGGY

You're gonna need more help in here.

MICKEY

We're doing good, besides there ain't nobody I can trust.

PEGGY

To be honest, I'm not getting any younger, and this was your father's passion not mine... and Michael... we need a change, a new set of eyes.

MICKEY

Just trying to balance your logic... we're losing money so we should hire someone.
PEGGY

Call it a last throw of the dice... nobody wants a mom and pop store anymore, especially with these big powerful chains opening up... besides, we owe a lot of money.

MICKEY DROPS HIS HEAD IN SADNESS.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

With me off the payroll, that will leave just you and sweetheart, you're not very... how do I put it? Creative.

MICKEY

Creative, it's a pet shop not the freaking Museum of Modern Art.

PEGGY

Michael, in the last few years I've given you a lot of control. I put you in charge of hiring... Not one single person.

MICKEY

Nobody good enough.
PEGGY
What about Terrance?... He had a
Doctor of Veterinary Medicine
degree, loved animals and was
looking to start at minimum wage.

MICKEY
Go on.

PEGGY
You always have to play the hero,
always think you can do it by
yourself.

MICKEY
Mom, I can do this, I can turn
this pet shop around... I'm not
gonna let my dad down... besides
it's not like the next person
through the door could do any
better.

PEGGY
You never know.

THE FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN AND IN MARCHES BRAD
DOLSON(25) LOUD, BRASH, KINDA LIKE A CAR SALESMAN
ON CRACK, BUT WITH THE BRAIN OF A FLEA.

BRAD
Hi Mrs W. You don't look a day
over seventy... still preaching
the good word?
PEGGY
Riley still starts with a "R" and always will do and thank you for your sad attempt at flattery.  
(PICKS UP A BIBLE) 
You could learn a lot from this. 

BRAD 
Ahh you know me... I'm more of an evolution man myself, fish become ducks, ducks become bats and bats become vampires, that kind of thing.

PEGGY  
(TO HERSELF) 
The devil's sperm he is, God forgive him. 

BRAD SHRUGS AND WALKS OVER TO MICKEY. 

BRAD 
Give us a job?  

MICKEY 
There is a great saying my old man used to say, to people of desperation, those who are always constantly wanting. Now how did it go... Oh yeah... NO!
BRAD
Wow... That's rough, bestest buddy.

MICKEY
Best friends or not... you and animals, don't go together. I watched you duct tape a firework to a pigeon.

BRAD
Oh c'mon, we were young, you're still not over that.

MICKEY
It was last week.

MICKEY LOOKS AROUND AND BEYOND BRAD VERY CURIOUSLY.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
You seem to be missing something.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AGAIN, IN WALKS BOB DALSON(23) THE POLAR OPPOSITE OF OLDER BROTHER BRAD. TIMID, QUIET, DULL AS A DISHWASHER AND EQUAL IN BRAIN SIZE, TALKS LIKE EEYORE THE DONKEY.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Ahh, there it is.

PEGGY
Third time lucky.

BOB
(TO BRAD)
I thought we were going to Murphy's?
BRAD

Mickey here is gonna give us a job.

MICKEY

No I'm not, you can barely take care of yourselves, you're not touching my animals.

BOB TRUDGES OVER TO THE TORTOISE "GROUNDY" AND KNEELS DOWN NEXT TO IT.

BOB

Hello there little guy.

BRAD

You see... We're a package deal.

MICKEY WATCHES ON, AS DOES PEGGY.

BOB PICKS THE TORTOISE UP AND BEGINS TO EXAMINE IT.

BOB

He looks very unhappy and I can see why.

BOB NOTICES SOME DUCT TAPE ON THE SHELF NEXT TO HIM. HE PLACES IT OVER THE TORTOISE'S BACK AND THEN PUTS HIM IN A GOLDFISH TANK.

BOB (CONT'D)

There you go, your back had cracks in it and now you're in your natural setting... There's nothing you can't fix with duct tape ---

BRAD

--- And a beer.
MICKEY SPRINTS OVER AND GRABS THE TORTOISE OUT OF THE WATER.

MICKEY
That's his shell and he is not a turtle!

MICKEY HOLDS HIM UPSIDE DOWN.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Do you see any webbed feet? Well do you?

A SMALL TEAR, SLOWLY TRICKLES DOWN BOB'S FACE.
BRAD PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HIM AND VERY SLOWLY WALKS HIM TO THE DOOR.

MICKEY SHRUGS.

PEGGY
Michael Susan Riley! I don't like your attitude one bit.

BRAD
Yeah, Mickey, he was only trying to help. Wait. What?... Susan?

MICKEY'S HEAD DROPS LOW AS IF WAITING FOR THE GROUND TO SWALLOW HIM UP.

BRAD (CONT'D)
All these years ---

PEGGY
--- Well, we weren't too sure when he came out... you know...

below.
BOB
(LOOKING AND SOUNING EVEN MORE MISERABLE)
Well that's cheered me up.

BRAD
(TO BOB)
Let's go to Murphy's bro. We'll have a drink for Susan.

THEY BOTH EXIT THE STORE.

MICKEY STARES HIS MOTHER DOWN.

PEGGY
I thought they knew.

MICKEY SIGHS AS HE TAKES IN THE SITE OF THE EMPTY STORE AND THEN SHUFFLES OVER TO HARRY THE PARROT... HE OPENS THE CAGE DOOR AS THE BIRD TIPTOES ONTO HIS SHOULDER.

MICKEY
What do you think?

HARRY THE PARROT
Losing money... losing money.

MICKEY
When you're right, you're right.

(TO PEGGY)
I'll talk to the bank, just give me the details, maybe they can cut us a break.

PEGGY
Yeah, the thing is... we don't owe the bank any money.
MICKEY
Ok. Well that's good.

PEGGY
We're pretty clear as far as legal financial institutions go.

MICKEY
Why did you just stress the word "legal"?

PEGGY SINKS HER HEAD LOWER, PICKS UP HER ROSARIES AND SIGHS.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Mom?

PEGGY LOOKS UP TO THE HEAVENS.

PEGGY
Harry, a little help here would be nice.
ACT TWO

INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK - LATER

GUARDS APPROACHES, ONE GUARD SHOUTS OUT.

GUARD

Open cell three.

CELL BLOCK

THE GUARDS MARCH THROUGH.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Close cell three.

THE INMATES WATCH ON AS THE GUARDS APPROACH ONE OF THE CELLS.

CELL

A WELL TONED MAN, 40'S, IS DOING PULL UPS, ONE OF HIS FINGERS MISSING ON HIS RIGHT HAND, WE ONLY SEE THE BACK OFF HIM BUT HE IS COVERED IN TATTOOS.

EACH TATTOO TELLS A STORY... THE SAME STORY... DEATH TO ALL ANIMALS.

GUARD (CONT'D)

James Patrick Riley, the warden

would like to see you.

THE MAN LOWERS HIMSELF TO THE FLOOR AND GRUNTS. AS HE MOVES TO THE SIDE, THERE IS ANOTHER INMATE, AN OLDER FRAIL MAN, JIMMY RILEY, 60'S, IRISH BORN AND BRED NEVER LOST THE ACCENT... OR THE SARCASM.

JIMMY GLANCES AT HIS FELLOW INMATE.

JIMMY

Now what would this be about

Frankie?

FRANKIE SPEAKS IN A MAFIA TONE.
FRANKIE
(TO GUARD)
Give me a few minutes.
WARDEN
Sure thing Frankie.
THE GUARD WAITS TO ONE SIDE.
FRANKIE
(TO JIMMY)
Maybe your time has come.
JIMMY
Yeah right.
FRANKIE
If you do get out I need you to
do me a favor.
JIMMY
Sure Frankie anything.
FRANKIE
There's a big hayfield up near
Buxton. Do you know where Buxton
is?
JIMMY
Haven't a clue.
FRANKIE
Got a rock wall with a big oak
at the north end.
JIMMY
Still don't know where it is.
FRANKIE
It's where I killed my first wife.

JIMMY
That's beautiful.

FRANKIE
Under that wall you'll find a rock that has no business being there.

JIMMY
It's a rock wall, it's in the name... wait a minute, are you going all Shawshank on me?

FRANKIE
Loved that movie... anyways, take care of my store, if you know what I mean?

JIMMY
Haven't a clue.

FRANKIE
Don't play dumbass, you owe me for not killing you.

JIMMY
Are you still angry about that old ratting you out thing?

FRANKIE GROWLS.
JIMMY (CONT'D)

Let me get this straight, if I
get out you want me to destroy
the store you own?

FRANKIE STANDS NEXT TO JIMMY AND PUTS HIS ARM AROUND
HIM.

FRANKIE

It's time you learned the story.

JIMMY

I know the story.

FRANKIE

You think you know the story.

JIMMY

No. I know the story.

FRANKIE

Would you mind letting me tell
the story.

FRANKIE TIGHTENS A GRIP AROUND JIMMY'S NECK.

JIMMY

(BARELY BREATHING)

Ok. Tell the story.

FRANKIE RELEASES HIS GRIP, AS JIMMY CATCHES HIS
BREATHE.
FRANKIE
Let me take you back. As you remember back in the day, that store was the busiest on the block... Harry had a gift, a way with the people and we wanted a piece of the action... he was a fighter your brother, never gave it up until ---

JIMMY
--- I double-crossed him.

FRANKIE
You double-crossed him.

JIMMY
That's what I just said.

FRANKIE
You told your own brother to take a small vacation and you would watch the store.

JIMMY
And he did, back to the old country.

FRANKIE
And while he was gone, you gave us a piece of the action... Your own brother Jimmy, how could you?
JIMMY
And your point is?

FRANKIE
When Harry found out, he was gonna kill you, and what did you do?

JIMMY
Then I set you up... It was a good one too. Trapping you in the store with the animals and cages open and you with your phobia.

FRANKIE HAS A TIGHTER GRIP AROUND JIMMY'S NECK, JIMMY TURNS RED.

FRANKIE
Yeah, pity you didn't realize you trapped a customer in there too.

FRANKIE LETS GO AGAIN. JIMMY'S AFRAID TO MOVE.

JIMMY
Yeah poor guy.

FRANKIE
So the cops came and took me away. Not before I told Harry you were chopped liver.

JIMMY
Yeah but Harry saved me.
FRANKIE
Not at first, it took him a few minutes and the cops didn't mind waiting, cuz they didn't like you, nobody did.

JIMMY
Ahh that's sweet and you're full of rainbows and butterflies.

FRANKIE
So Harry and myself struck a deal, your life for the store and if you ask me, Harry got the short straw on that one.

JIMMY
Thank you.

FRANKIE
Since Harry was a good man I gave him one condition... based loosely on my rough calculations, I figured I could have made a hundred grand from that store.

JIMMY
Why? Was Harry selling lotto tickets?
FRANKIE
I never said maths was my strong point. So I was generous, I gave him ten years to pay it off. If they did it, the store and all it's profits return to the family. Harry agreed as long as there was no funny business.

JIMMY
You mean like opening a comedy venue.

FRANKIE GRIPS JIMMY'S HEAD ONCE AGAIN. JIMMY LETS OUT A LITTLE SCREAM... THE GUARD HAS HIS BACK TURNED.

GUARD
Everything ok Frankie?

FRANKIE
Yeah we're good.

FRANKIE LETS GO OF HIS GRIP, JIMMY GASPS FOR AIR.

JIMMY
So this is the last year.
FRANKIE

Yep, with Harry dying so sudden,
I was sure the building was mine.
Peggy's a stubborn one and that's
the only reason I haven't killed
you in the last nine years...
well you're gonna help me.

JIMMY

How?

FRANKIE

Guard!

THE JAIL CELL SLIDES OPEN, AS JIMMY STEPS FORWARD.
THE GUARDS WALK JIMMY DOWN THE HALLWAY.

A VOICE CAN BE HEARD FROM FRANKIE'S CELL.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Say hi to Peggy for me.

ANOTHER VOICE CAN BE HEARD FROM ANOTHER CELL.

MAN

I'll see you on the outside,

Jimmy.

JIMMY AND THE GUARDS LOOK INTO THE CELL. THEY SEE
A MAN BUTT NAKED, COVERED IN VASELINE STANDING IN
THE MIDDLE OF A TOILET BOWL... HE FLUSHES AND SPINS
HIMSELF AROUND.

MAN (CONT'D)

Freedom!

JIMMY JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD.
INT. MURPHY'S BAR - LATER

IT'S A TYPICAL NEIGHBORHOOD IRISH TAVERN, IRISH NAME, IRISH PROVERBS ON THE WALLS, SHAMROCKS IN THE WINDOWS, GUINNESS ON TAP AND A JAPANESE OWNER.

THAT OWNER IS CHAD SMITH, 30'S, A VERY WELL EDUCATED MAN, KNOWS EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING.

BRAD AND BOB ARE ROOTED TO TWO BAR STOOLS AT THE COUNTER.

CHAD STROLLS TO THE END OF THE COUNTER, AS ONE OF HIS CUSTOMERS IS GETTING LOW ON THEIR DRINK.

CHAD

Wou youa like anotha?

THE CUSTOMER SHAKES HIS HEAD, STANDS UP, LEAVES A TIP AND STUMBLES OUT THE DOOR.

CHAD MAKES HIS WAY OVER TO BRAD AND BOB.

BRAD

I know you've told me before and this time I might listen... Why do you speak in that funny voice?

CHAD

It keeps the locals happy, the happier they are, the richer I am.

BRAD

It's a small town, I think we all know you speak better English than most locals... Do you know Kung Fu?

CHAD

Why would I know Kung Fu?
BRAD
Well because... Bruce Lee and stuff.

CHAD
Bruce was a master, he was an iconic figure throughout the world, everybody wanted to be him, especially in China. Also he was known for portraying Nationalism in his movies.

BRAD
You must be proud.

CHAD
Why? I'm Japanese... are you like all American movies and tv shows, where you have a habit of combining all Asian cultures together.

BRAD
So you're not Chinese?

BOB
I thought you were German.

CHAD SIGHS.

BRAD
Do you have a samurai sword?
CHAD
What is it with Americans and stereotypes?

BRAD
Ok calm down it was just a question.

CHAD PULLS OUT A SWORD FROM BEHIND THE BAR, SCREAMS LOUDLY AND STRIKES IT DOWN CUTTING SUSHI IN HALF.

CHAD
Sushi anyone?... sometimes it's hard for me to jump on board the stupid train... but I do it for you and to maintain my sanity and customers.

BRAD
What are you saying?

CHAD
Well hear me out, I'm not always right, but even Einstein's velocity composition was proved invalid for it's purpose involving uniform motion.

BRAD
What are you saying?

CHAD
I'm asking you to think outside the quadrilateral parallelogram.

ABSOLUTE DEADPAN STARES FROM THE GUYS.
BRAD

Oh wait, Bob here, has something really incredible to tell you.

BRAD NUDGES BOB.

BRAD (CONT'D)

This is mind blowing... Go on, tell him.

BOB

Bob is Bob spelled backwards.

NOW IT'S CHAD'S TURN FOR THE BLANK DEADPAN STARE.

BRAD

See, your mind is blowed.

CHAD

It's a palindrome.

BRAD

It's not a palindrome, I'm telling you right now it's true... I looked it up.

CHAD

My stupid train is getting derailed. Ok, bare with me, you... need... jobs.

BRAD

Well we know that, but Mickey won't hire us.
CHAD
You know Mickey is not your only option.

BRAD
Really? Will you hire us?

CHAD
No, nope, nein, non, naw... or maybe Japanese, Iie... so you really want Mickey to hire you?

BOB
It would be nice.

CHAD
So come up with an idea, that would be easy to do, which in turn creates a revenue for the store and thus he will have no other reason not to hire you.

BRAD
You mean like, rob a bank and then bring the money to him.

CHAD BREATHERS HEAVY.
CHAD

(TO HIMSELF)
Stupid train here I come... Choo Choo.

(TO THE GUYS)
Think of something that would attract more customers, thus making more money, thus making Mickey smile more... for example, exotic pets... the more exotic, the more people will have an interest in the store.

BRAD AND BOB SCRATCH THEIR HEADS.

CHAD (CONT'D)
People like different things...
Look at me, I mix it up in here every night, I keep it interesting.

BRAD
You do? As in karaoke every night.

BOB
As in, you're the only one that sings... every night.

CHAD
Yes... but different songs every night.
AFTER A MOMENT OF SILENCE, BRAD HAS HIS EUREKA MOMENT.

BRAD

I got it. We will find exotic pets, bring them to the store. Which would attract more customers, bring in more money. Make Mickey smile more ---

BRAD AND BOB

--- And he will give us jobs.

CHAD

The train just keeps a rolling.

BRAD

Just one unrelated question. Why are there two Amish guys arguing over in the corner?

CHAD, BRAD AND BOB GLANCE OVER TO THE CORNER OF THE BAR AS TWO OLD HASIDIC JEWS, 60'S, ARE WAVING THEIR FISTS AND SCREAMING IN YIDDISH AT EACH OTHER.

CHAD

They're not the Amish, as you'll notice from their ipods, they're in fact Hasidic Jews... and I believe they appear to be arguing over stolen hats.

BRAD

Wow! You speak Eskimo.
CHAD
Are you sure you can't be stupid somewhere else.

BOB
And it looks like it's getting violent.

THE HASIDICS GRAB EACH OTHER BY THE THROAT.

CHAD
You're right. I need to calm this down.

CHAD RUNS TO THE LITTLE STAGE WHERE THE KARAOKE MACHINE IS SET UP.

STAGE

CHAD GRABS THE MICROPHONE AND PLAYS "IF I WERE A RICH MAN" FROM FIDDLER ON THE ROOF.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Altogether now... "If I were a rich man.
Yuppy dibby dibby dibby dibby dibby dibby dum".

THE HASIDIC JEWS LOCK ARMS TOGETHER, SWAY FROM SIDE TO SIDE AND START JOINING IN ON THE SONG.

BRAD JUMPS OFF HIS STOOL.

BRAD
(TO BOB)
We gotta go... I know someone who can help.

CHAD AND THE JEWS CONTINUE SINGING IN THE BACKGROUND.
INT. HARRY'S PET SHOP - LATER

MICKEY BANGS HIS HEAD CONTINUOUSLY OFF A GOLDFISH TANK.

PEGGY LOOKS ON VERY CONCERNED. A CUSTOMER WALKS IN, AN OLD LADY, EARLY 70'S, WITH HER GRANDSON TIMMY, 6, VERY EXCITABLE.

PEGGY

Mickey, sweetheart, please stop,

we have customers.

MICKEY LIFTS HIS HEAD UP AND NOTICES THE OLD LADY AND HER GRANDSON STARING... AFTER A TEN SECOND BREAK, MICKEY RETURNS TO BANGING HIS HEAD ON THE TANK.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

It helps him meditate.

OLD LADY

Oh... well I would like to get a fish for my grandson Timmy.

TIMMY

Yeah I wanna fish, a great big one. Fish are sooooo coool

MICKEY

Well Timmy you've certainly come to the right place. How would you like to sleep with the fishes?

TIMMY

Huh.

PEGGY

Mickey!
MICKEY

What size of shoes do you take Timmy?

TIMMY AND GRANDMOTHER LOOK ON PUZZLED, AS MICKEY DROPS TO HIS KNEES NEXT TO TIMMY AND PRETENDS TO SIZE UP HIS SHOES.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Nevermind we can fill them with concrete... and drop you in the river. Doesn't that sound like fun, eh Timmy?

MICKEY STORMS PAST TIMMY AND OUT THE DOOR.

OLD LADY

Looks like that mediation therapy is not working.

PEGGY NODS HER HEAD IN AGREEMENT.
ACT THREE

INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK - EVENING

JIMMY RILEY STANDS IN FRONT OF THE WARDEN, AN OLD MAN, 70'S, UPTIGHT BUT FRIENDLY.

WARDEN

James Riley I have some good news for you, you're a free man.

JIMMY

Really! Just like that.

WARDEN

Yeah, budget cuts.

JIMMY

Is that why I was thrown in a cell with a murderer?

WARDEN

What? No. Frankie wanted you in there.

JIMMY

I kinda get the feeling he has too much power in this prison.

WARDEN

That's ridiculous.

A GUARD APPROACHES WITH AN EXTRAVAGANT DINNER, FILET MIGNON, FRESHLY COOKED VEGETABLES, AND A BAKED POTATO.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

.TO THE GUARD)

Let me see that.
THE WARDEN CUTS INTO THE FILET MIGNON AND SPREADS IT APART.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
You know Frankie likes medium, this medium to well. Take it back, get him a new one.

THE GUARD LEAVES.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Ah now, what were we saying. So we kind of put it to a vote between the guys and myself, as to who is more likely to harm himself and least likely to harm anyone in society... and congratulations you came out a clear winner Jimmy.

JIMMY
Thanks. I think.

WARDEN
Naahh, just messing.

JIMMY
So I'm not getting out?

WARDEN
Oh you're getting out all right... just not anytime soon.

JIMMY
What?
WARDEN

Soon as in the next couple of hours, but you will be released tomorrow... maybe.

JIMMY'S GETTING VERY FRUSTRATED.

JIMMY

Am... I... getting... out... or not?

WARDEN

Wow, getting a little testy now.

Yeah you're getting out.

JIMMY'S WAITING TO SEE IF THE SENTENCE IS FINISHED.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Someone paid your bail.

JIMMY

Who?

EXT. HARRY'S GRAVESTONE - AFTERNOON

MICKEY IS KNEELING DOWN NEXT TO HIS DAD'S HEADSTONE. ON TOP, RESTS HIS ASHES IN A URN.

MICKEY

How could you dad? Gave the store to the Mafia, just to save your criminal brother... I'll get their money somehow and we will take back what's rightfully ours, give me a sign your listening.

A DOVE LANDS ON THE HEADSTONE.
MICKEY (CONT'D)

Well hello there, did my dad
send you?

THE DOVE STARTS TO CRAP ALL OVER THE HEADSTONE.
MICKEY SHOOS THE BIRD AWAY.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Get lost.

MICKEY STANDS UP AND WE SEE HE IS SURROUNDED BY
OTHER GRAVES... SMALL GRAVES... FOR ANIMALS.

MICKEY THEN TURNS AROUND AND WE NOTICE HE IS STANDING
IN HIS OWN BACK YARD. HE STROLLS TOWARDS HIS HOUSE.

INT. MICKEY RILEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM

MICKEY PICKS UP THE TV REMOTE AND SITS DOWN ON THE
COUCH... HE HEARS A YELP AND JUMPS UP... HE SAT ON
HIS DOG "SCRAPPY", A MINI CHIHUAHUA.

MICKEY

Sorry there buddy.

HE PUTS THE DOG ON HIS LAP AND TURNS ON THE TV.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Ahh scraps, let's see what's
going on in this wonderful world
of ours... I really need some
cheering up.

ON THE TV

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR DIANE ANDERSON, 40'S, FABULOUS
LOOKING, VERY STYLISH, SITS BEHIND A DESK. BEHIND
HER IS A PICTURE OF A HEAVYSET GIRL... IT'S THE
SAME GIRL FROM EARLIER.
DIANE

In local news, a woman has attempted suicide by locking herself in a car, with the garage door closed and starting the engine... she was found six hours later by a neighbor screaming and kicking the car, which belongs to her stepfather... why she tried to attempt suicide is unknown? But luckily for her she was in a hybrid... Her name is Sally Weston.

BACK TO SCENE

MICKEY LAUGHS DISGUSTEDLY AND TURNS OFF THE TV.

MICKEY

This girl is on a mission.

MICKEY LOOKS ACROSS THE ROOM, AS A BLOW UP DOLL LAYS IN FRONT OF HIM.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What are you staring at?

INT. BRAD AND BOB'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

IT'S A SMALL ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT, COMPLETELY TRASHED... BROKEN BOTTLES, CLOTHES EVERYWHERE, DRAWERS PULLED OPEN.

BRAD AND BOB ARE HORRIFIED, THEY SIMULTANEOUSLY SIT DOWN ON THEIR RAGGED COUCH.
BRAD
I think someone broke in... It's trashed.

BOB
It's always trashed.

BRAD
Yeah, but I don't remember those candy wrappers being on the floor... do you?

BOB
That's true... I remember them on the table next to the open window... we better check to see if anything is missing.

THEY GET UP FROM THEIR COUCH, PICKING UP THE NEAREST THING FOR A WEAPON... BOB GRABS THE REMOTE... BRAD A CUSHION.

KITCHEN

BRAD OPENS THE REFRIGERATOR SLOWLY... AS IF SOMEONE IS GONNA JUMP OUT.

BRAD
Oh no.

BOB
What is it?

BRAD
Someone has taken all our beer.

BOB
We took all our beer.
BRAD

Damn it.

LIVING ROOM

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE COUCH. BOB TURNS ON THE TV... STRAIGHT TO PORN... AS BRAD PICKS UP THE PHONE.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You're gonna put porn on, while I'm on the phone.

BOB

Yeah... So?

BRAD

Don't you think there's something disturbing about watching porn with your brother.

BOB SHRUGS.

BOB

Who are you calling, anyway?

BRAD

Uncle Ted... He's always collecting wild animals. He's the best hunter, trapper, collector guy thingy in the state... at least that's what he tells us.

BRAD STARTS PUNCHING IN NUMBERS, THE PHONE RINGS.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hi uncle Ted.
WE HEAR AN OLD FAINT VOICE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PHONE.

TED (V.O.)
Hello, who is this? I don't want no freaking timeshares.

BRAD
It's me Brad, your nephew.
Listen, I need a favor from you.

TED (V.O.)
Brad my boy, I'm sorry, the boys and I are out hunting... Turkey season you know.

WE HEAR GUNSHOTS BEHIND HIM.

BOB TURNS THE VOLUME UP ON TV, WE HEAR MOANING AND GROANING.

BOB NUDGES BRAD.

BOB
Look at the rack on that...
Helllooo.

BRAD GIVES HIM A THUMBS UP.

BRAD
I need some exotic animals.

TED (V.O.)
What?... You need toxic what?

MORE GUNSHOTS GO OFF ON THE PHONE.

BRAD
No... I need exotic animals, to be brought to Harry's pet shop.
TED (V.O.)

What kind of animals?

BOB NUDGES BRAD AGAIN, POINTING AT THE SCREEN.

BOB

Look at the beaver on that.

BRAD'S STILL HOLDING THE PHONE TO HIS EAR.

BRAD

Yes Bro, that's some nice beaver.

TED (V.O.)

I'll see what I can do.

TED HANGS UP, WHILE BRAD STARES AT THE PHONE.

BRAD

Hello... hello?

BRAD SHRUGS.

BRAD (CONT'D)

That was easy.

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - LATER

STAGE

THE BAR HAS A SMALL CROWD. CHAD IS PREPPING HIS MIC FOR THE NEXT SET OF KARAOKE SONGS.

CHAD

One two, testicles, one two.

Welcome all, you're in for great treat tonight... it's karaoke night!

THE CROWD GROAN.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Thank you for your enthusiasm.
PEGGY HAS CLOSED UP SHOP AND NOW SITS PERCHED ON A BAR STOOL. SHE PUTS HER HAND ON HER HEAD.

STAGE

CHAD GLANCES OVER AND SIGHS.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I'll be right with you folks...
don't go anywhere.

THE SMALL CROWD GROAN AGAIN.

CHAD TURNS ON SOME BACKGROUND MUSIC "THE THEME FROM THE GODFATHER" AND MAKES HIS WAY TO PEGGY.

COUNTER

CHAD (CONT'D)

Peggy, sweet peggy. What brings you to Murphys, with a sad face? That's usually reserved for your son.

PEGGY GLANCES UP WITH A FROWN.
CHAD (CONT'D)

Let me guess... Mickey found out that the pet store is actually owned by animal hater four finger Frankie... ironically, I may add... which is due to the fact that Frankie was gonna kill Jimmy, because he ratted him out in the pet store... so much irony... so Harry being a beloved brother, offered his store as a trade for Jimmy's life and just to add more twists... Frankie ends up in jail sharing a cell with... Jimmy.

PEGGY

Did anyone ever tell you that you know too much?

CHAD

If I was a superhero in a movie, I would be "Captain exposition man". Besides I'm a bartender. Drinking brings out a sober man's thoughts, I hear everything.
PEGGY
I'm really worried about my boy.
If age has taught me one thing,
it's that young people are stupid.

CHAD MIXES A DRINK AND HANDS IT TO PEGGY.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have told him, he wasn't ready.

CHAD
I'm still amazed how you kept it from him.

PEGGY
Oh my poor Michael, he's very gullible. He believes everything I tell him... I once told him that if he ate his own poop, it would prevent any form of cancer from ever spreading throughout his body.

CHAD
Tell me he didn't.

PEGGY BARELY TOUCHES HER THUMB TO HER INDEX FINGER.

PEGGY
This close.
CHAD

Listen Peggy, I'm sure he'll be ok. It's not like Jimmy's getting out, that will really push him over the edge... we all know how much they hate each other.

PEGGY'S HEAD BANGS OFF THE COUNTER.

CHAD (CONT'D)

He's getting out isn't he?

PEGGY

Not a word to Michael.

CHAD'S CELL PHONE STARTS TO RING. HE PICKS IT UP AND LOOKS AT THE CALLER ID... IT'S MICKEY.

CHAD

I'm not answering it... should I?

PEGGY

He probably wants help.

CHAD

I am a barman, not Doctor freaking Phil.

THE PHONE CONTINUES TO RING.

PEGGY

Put him on speaker... but don't tell him I'm here.

INT. MICKEY RILEY'S HOUSE - SAME LIVING ROOM

MICKEY SITS ON THE COUCH WITH THE PHONE TO HIS EAR.
INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

CHAD

Hello Murphy's hotline.

MICKEY

Chad, it's Mickey. I need help and you're the only one I can trust.

PEGGY LEANS IN CLOSER TO CHAD'S PHONE.

PEGGY

(WHISPERING)

I told you.

CHAD COVERS THE PHONE AND WHISPERS BACK TO PEGGY.

CHAD

I'm sure it's nothing.

MICKEY

Hello Chad are you still there?

CHAD

Sorry Mickey I'm here, I was dealing with a customer... So what's the problem?

MICKEY

Well you wouldn't believe this, but I have HIV.

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

CHAD DROPS THE PHONE, AND BLANK STARES AT PEGGY, WHO BLANK STARES BACK.
PEGGY
Oh my God, it's all my fault.
I've been preaching not to use condoms... My poor boy.
(LOOKING UP TO THE HEAVENS)
Oh God why have you forsaken me?

INT. MICKEY RILEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY CONTINUES TO HOLD THE PHONE TO HIS EAR.

MICKEY
Hello, hellooooo... Hmm, Must be busy. Anyways where was I?

MICKEY PROPS HIMSELF UP, AS WE SEE HE IS PLAYING SCRABBLE WITH THE BLOW UP DOLL PERCHED ACROSS FROM HIM. THE LETTERS HE CAN USE... HIV

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(TO THE DOLL)
Good job I've got a couple more letters to pick out.

MICKEY'S PHONE VIBRATES... HE RECEIVES A TEXT.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Must be Chad.

HE PICKS IT UP AND READS IT, A BEWILDERED LOOK APPEARS ON HIS FACE.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Hmm.
ACT FOUR

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

CHAD WALKS OVER TO THE KARAOKE MACHINE, LEAVING PEGGY TO DROWN IN HER SADNESS.

STAGE

CHAD

I have a special song to sing
for a special person tonight...
and that special person is sitting
over there.

(POINTING TO PEGGY)

Feeling... Well, not very special.

CHAD BENDS DOWN AND TURNS THE MUSIC ON, PLAYING R.E.M'S "LOSING MY RELIGION"

CHAD (CONT'D)

"That's me in the corner. That's
me in the spotlight, Losing my
religion"

PEGGY GETS UP AND STORMS OUT.

EXT. HARRY'S PET SHOP - LATER

BRAD AND BOB STAND OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR. NEXT TO THEM IS A HUGE CRATE... MICKEY ARRIVES IN A TAXI.

MICKEY

So, what's the big news?... Why
is the store closed?... Where is
my mom? And why is there a crate
in front of the door?
BRAD
To answer all of your questions.
Your mom is not here, so the store is closed and the big news is inside the crate.

MICKEY
Do I have to guess what's inside?

BRAD AND BOB SMILE AT EACH OTHER AS MICKEY OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Ok let's bring it inside.

INT. HARRY'S PET SHOP – CONTINUOUS

THE GUYS DRAG THE CRATE INSIDE.

MICKEY
Please tell me it's full of one hundred dollar bills.

BRAD
Better, we realize you need a little help around here.

MICKEY
Oh my god, you got me a Pigmy, that's well versed on the feeding and cleaning schedules of domestic animals... who requires very little payment and if needed, is willing to be flogged off to the circus for profit... so that we get the store back the Mafia.
BRAD AND BOB

What? Mafia, what?

MICKEY

Nevermind.

BOB RIPS OFF THE LID.

BOB

We got you exotic pets.

A HORRIBLE STENCH RELEASES FROM THE CRATE.

MICKEY

What the hell?

THE BOYS COVER THEIR NOSES AND THEY ALL SLOWLY PEER INTO THE CRATE AT THE SAME TIME... THEN SIMULTANEOUSLY JUMP BACK.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

It's a crate full of dead beavers.

BRAD

We tried to help.

BOB

We wanted to bring in more customers for you.

MICKEY

Oh don't worry Bob, people will come flocking all over the world to see my crate of dead beavers.

BOB

Really?

MICKEY STARES BOB DOWN.
INT. MURPHY'S BAR - EVENING

BRAD, BOB AND MICKEY SIT BEHIND THE COUNTER, EACH STARING AT A PINT IN FRONT OF THEM.

CHAD WATCHES ON, CLEANING GLASSES.

CHAD

(TO MICKEY)

So how are you feeling?

MICKEY

Like crap on a stick... by the way "vehicle".

CHAD

"Vehicle" what?

MICKEY

The word I made from my letters "HIV" in scrabble, you dropped the phone or something.

CHAD

(RELIEVED)

Ooohh you were playing scrabble. I thought you were... nevermind.

MICKEY HAS A CONFUSED LOOK ON IS FACE.

BRAD

So, thanks for your exotic pets idea.

CHAD

Listen, I feel partially responsible.

THE THREE GUYS STARE AT CHAD.
CHAD (CONT'D)

Ok, more than partial... although dead beaver, not the exotic path I would have chosen... and by the way, thanks for putting the crate outside my door.

THE GUYS SINK THEIR HEADS.

THE HASIDIC JEWS ARE STILL DRINKING FROM EARLIER AND START ARGUING AGAIN... TAPPING EACH OTHER ON THE HEAD.

CHAD GLANCES OVER.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Ok. This is what I'll do... I will take the dead beavers off your hands and on top off that I will pay you.

THE GUYS LIFT THEIR HEADS AGAIN.

MICKEY

Really? what's the catch?

MOMENTS LATER

STAGE

THE THREE GUYS ARE SINGING "MATCHMAKER" FROM FIDDLER ON THE ROOF.

MICKEY, BRAD AND BOB

Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match, find me a find, catch me a catch. Matchmaker, matchmaker look through your book, and make me a perfect match.
THE HASIDICS STOP FIGHTING, LOCK ARMS AND SWAY FROM SIDE TO SIDE, MERRILY.

LATER

MICKEY SITS ALONE AT THE BAR COUNTER, BRAD AND BOB HAVE GONE HOME.

A GIRL WALKS IN AND PULLS UP A SEAT NEXT TO HIM... IT'S SALLY WESTON.

MICKEY GLANCES AT HER, THEN DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE.

MICKEY
Hey, you again!... the suicide girl.

SALLY
Hey it's you... the pet shop boy. So is that a rabbit in your pocket or are you just pleased to see me?

SALLY GLANCES DOWN AT HIS PANTS, MICKEY EMBARRASSINGLY PUTS HIS HANDS OVER HIS CROTCH.

MICKEY
What! No! That's an erection.

AN AWKWARD SILENCE FOLLOWS... THEN MICKEY RECEIVES A TEXT MESSAGE, HE QUICKLY LOOKS AT HIS PHONE.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I gotta go... Nice talking to you.

MICKEY EXITS THE BAR. SALLY FINDS HERSELF ALL ALONE AT THE BAR COUNTER.

SALLY
(TO HERSELF)
Hmm.
CONTINUOUS

CHAD IS TALKING TO THE WELL WASTED HASIDIC JEWS IN
THE CORNER OF THE BAR... HE POINTS TO THE TOP OF
THEIR HEADS.

HE SHAKES HANDS WITH THEM BOTH, AS THEY HAND OVER A
WAD OF MONEY.

EXT. OUTSIDE MURPHY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

THE JEWS ARE LIFTING THE CRATE OF DEAD BEAVERS INTO
THE BACK OF A MINIVAN. CHAD STANDS OUTSIDE WATCHING.

CHAD

They'll make great hats... the
finest beaver fur in town.

CHAD COUNTS HIS MONEY AS THE MINIVAN DRIVES OFF,
SWAYING SIDE TO SIDE.

FADE OUT.
FADE IN:

EXT. MICHAEL RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MICKEY PULLS UP OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE IN A TAXI. HE OPENS HIS FRONT DOOR.

INT. MICHAEL RILEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY

Mom! I'm home... what's the big news?

MICKEY FACE SCREWS UP AS HE SNIFFS THE AIR.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

MOM! I think the sewer has backed up.

AN ARM RAISES UP FROM THE SOFA.

MAN (O.S.)

Shhhhhhhhh.

MICKEY CREEPS TOWARDS THE SOFA AND SLOWLY PEEKS OVER FROM THE TOP.

THE CUSHIONS START TO MOVE.

MICKEY

MOM! Our cushions are moving and they smell like New Jersey.

JIMMY RILEY LEAPS UP FROM UNDER THE CUSHIONS. HIS CLOTHES ARE TORN AND TATTERED.

MICKEY JUMPS BACK AND YELPS.

PEGGY, STORMS IN FROM THE BEDROOM, WEARING BETTY BOOP PJ'S AND A FULL FACE MASK.
PEGGY
It's only your Uncle Jimmy, sunshine... so you got my text.

MICKEY
Could you please explain why he is lying on our sofa smelling like roadkill, and not being the eternal nail to Bubba's hammer at the residence for incarcerated criminals.

PEGGY
(STUMBLING OVER HER WORDS)
Well. They let him out and he has nowhere to stay.

MICKEY
Good, see you later.

PEGGY
Mickey, he's your uncle.

MICKEY
He's no uncle of mine.

JIMMY
I feel the love... so I hear your white blood cell count is so low, they're gonna use it on sesame street.

PEGGY
James Patrick Riley!
MICKEY

What the hell are you talking about?

THE MICROWAVE DINGS.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Ah your lucky day... a spot in hell has just opened up.

JIMMY RAISES HIS FISTS.

JIMMY

If your dad was alive, he'd be turning in his grave.

MICKEY ROLLS HIS EYES AND DROPS HIS HEAD TOWARDS HIS MOM.

PEGGY

Now, now calm down boys... it's only for a short while, until he finds his own place.

JIMMY KICKS BACK ON THE COUCH AND PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Besides, it would be nice to have a man around the house.

MICKEY EYES HIMSELF UP AND DOWN.

JIMMY

No, no... she said a man.
MICKEY

C'mon mom, did he give you the "I'm a new man, prison changed me for better" speech and how he found God, blah, blah, blah...

JIMMY

I am straight and I'm gonna prove it... Starting tomorrow on my new job.

MICKEY

Who in their right mind would hire you?

PEGGY STARTS TO FAKE COUGH.

PEGGY

Son, say hello to your new boss.

JIMMY GRINS THE MOST MISCHIEVOUS GRIN AS MICKEY CLOSES HIS EYES.

FADE OUT: