RE-RIGHT
“Prejudice is the reason of fools”

– Voltaire
FADE IN.

STUDIO LOGOS RUN as -

V.O.
It began with two men.

IMAGE: GREG BARR (early 30s) and TOM HOLLINS (same) in an OFFICE HALLWAY. They’re in the middle of a buddy-buddy moment.

V.O.
Greg Barr and Tom Hollins were best friends and associates. Until one day -

INT. OFFICE

Greg and Tom sits at their respective desks, not four feet away from one another... they sign documents, Greg with his right hand, and Tom with his left... this is an important deviation, and one that Greg notices:

GREG
Are you - are you left handed?

TOM
Huh? Oh. Yeah.

GREG
Huh. That’s weird.

TOM
W-why?

GREG
Well, cuz I’m, ya know, right handed.

Slowly, the smiles leave their faces. The room grows still, and the walls seem to close in. An awkward moment of revelation.

Greg scoots his desk away from Tom’s.

V.O.
Their partnership collapsed.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

The place literally COLLAPSES.

SOME TIME LATER --

Where the first building stood, now two SEPERATE stand -- the BARR building and the HOLLINS building.
V.O.
And what first affects their business -

EXT. BARR BUILDING

Yelling "across the way":

GREG
Hey, A-Hole, you stole my newspapers!

EXT. HOLLINS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Arms full of packaged papers, grinning from ear-to-ear:

TOM
That's right, punk! And I'd do it again too!

V.O.
Quickly takes hold of their families as well.

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE

Tom, his wife CLAIRE at his side, is crouched down, looking his THREE KIDS square in the eye.

TOM
Mommy and I forbid you from playing with the Barr children from across the street. Understand?

POV - TOM
The kids stare up at us.

KIDS
Yes Daddy.

EXT. BARR HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - DAY

MRS BARR stands in the threshold, staring at the GIRLSCOUT in front of her.

MRS BARR
You a Hollins girl?

GIRLSCOUT
Yes ma'am. Do you wanna buy some cookies?

MRS BARR
Depends. Do you wanna kiss my ass?
The Girlscout begins to sob.

INT. BARR HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg, in PJs, talks enthusiastically to his wife as she covers up with a quilt.

GREG
I don't care if we have to hire personal specialists, none of my children will write with their left hand.


GREG
And that's final!

V.O.
But now -

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

RONNIE HOLLINS (18) sits at the table, eating cereal, the spoon in his right hand.

His dad looks up from his paper, takes notice:

TOM
Ronnie, are you holding that spoon with your right hand?

V.O.
Fifteen years later -

RONNIE
(switches hands)
Sorry, sir. It just slipped.

TOM
Make sure it doesn’t happen again.

Ronnie’s brother LLOYD (15) sits at the bar, snickering.

V.O.
The children become independent -

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

On the couch with his parents:

(MORE)
RONNIE
I mean, is the left hand really that great?

Tom stands up, appalled.

V.O.
And customs are thrown to the wind.

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Tom sits on one side of the bed, his wife set behind him.

TOM
We’re losing him, Claire.

INT. COUNSELORS OFFICE

The COUNSELOR (60 something), folder in hand, looks across the desk at Tom and Claire.

COUNSELOR
(addressing folder)
It says here that he “refuses to use the family’s designated hand?”

TOM
Yes. We continuously find him writing with his right hand.

COUNSELOR
Now, has he been showing these wrong-handed tendencies in anything other than writing?

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ronnie pitches the ball with his right hand.

Standing, screaming, from the stands:

TOM
Your left hand, dammit! Your LEFT hand!

COUNSELORS OFFICE

TOM
I’m afraid so.

COUNSELOR
What might have happened recently that possibly triggered this issue? Has he recently been threatened, humiliated? Anything of that sort?
BALLPARK (FLASHBACK)

TOM
YOU SUCK, RONNIE! I'LL RIP OFF
YOUR RIGHT HAND, AND BEAT YOU
WITH IT, YOU LITTLE PIECE OF -

COUNSELORS OFFICE

TOM
No.

CLAIRE
No.

TOM
Nothing comes to, uh, mind. No.

CLAIRE
Is there anything we can do?

COUNSELOR
Well, have you tried locking him
in a dark closet?

The Hollins couple looks at one another: that's an idea.

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Standing in front of his whole family, reaming Ronnie:

TOM
You will stay in your room, and
practice your handmanship, and
you will not leave until you come
to realize that the left hand is
the only hand.

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/RONNIE'S ROOM

Ronnie is shoved in, with the door closing - and locking -
behind him.

V.O.
But when young eyes set on one
another -

He sits on his window sill, looks out, and... STOPS.

There, across the street, in one of the upstairs windows of
the Barr house -- JULIE BARR (18). She leans out, glances
about herself and the street below --
The two lock eyes. Time stops. True love.

V.O.
Things go from bad to Holy-Crap-
This-Is-Yikes.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Ronnie sits across from his pal MARTY, whispering:

RONNIE
Marty, I think I’m in love with the enemy.

MARTY
You have the hots for a Democrat?!

RONNIE
No, no. ... Julie Barr.

MARTY
Ha-hey. Nice. But, wait, uh, don’t her parents and your parents kinda, you know, hate one another?

CUT TO:

EXT. BARR HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Tom CHUCKS A PIE at the side of the house. It SPLATTERS upon contact.

Greg rushes out onto the porch, sees the pastry explosion, and confoundedly turns to his sworn enemy:

GREG
That was a Pie!

TOM
Darn right it was.

CUT TO:

CAFETERIA

RONNIE
That’s one way to put it.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Ronnie and Marty walk and talk.

MARTY
So, listen, I can totally help you out with this.

INSERT: Julie and Ronnie smile at one another from across the hallway.
MARTY
So, when is this one night stand gunna happen?

INSERT: Julie slips Ronnie a note.

RONNIE
Well, actually, I was kinda hopin' to have a relationship with her.

MARTY
A relationship? What are you, gay?

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/RONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

On the phone, lying on his bed, speaking softly:

RONNIE
See, I feel naturally right-handed.

INT. BARR HOUSE/JULIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JULIE (on phone)
Well, I think you should be able to write with whatever hand you want to write with.

V.O.
But when compassion flares -

SOME TIME LATER --

Still sitting on her bed, still on the phone:

JULIE
What would you do if our parents found out about us?

RONNIE (PHONE)
How do you feel about eloping?

They both LAUGH for a second or two, and then:

RONNIE (PHONE)
No, seriously.

V.O.
Conflict ensues --

INT. SCHOOL/LOCKER ROOM

Marty, intense, looks Ronnie square in the face and:
MARTY
Is this what you want? Do you like dating the enemy, or do you like the idea of dating the enemy?

RONNIE
Marty, what're you talking about?

MARTY
I dunno. I'm really high.

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT
Ronnie creeps down the corridor, the only light provided by the lightning flashes in the windows --

V.O.
Secrets are revealed -

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/STUDY - CONTINUOUS
Ronnie reaches the threshold, and sees Tom sitting at his desk... quiet... alone... a contemplative maniac.

TOM
I've had people watching you at school.

INSERT: A TEACHER (A.K.A. One of Tom's spies) watches Ronnie and Julie out of the corner of her eye.

TOM
Some of them tell me you've been spending a bit of time with that Barr girl.

RONNIE
You've had people spying on me?!

Tom stands, faces his son.

TOM
It was for your own good!

RONNIE
What's so bad about Julie?

TOM
She's the spawn of the enemy!

RONNIE
That was fifteen years ago! Let (MORE)
RONNIE (CONT’D)

bygones be bygones! Move on with your life!

TOM

I WON’T BE ABLE TO MOVE ON UNTIL EVERYONE IN THAT FAMILY IS DEAD!

INSERT: Ronnie breaks a mirror with his fist... and then cries in pain.

EXT. HOLLINS HOUSE/Front Yard - Day

Ronnie has his brother Lloyd pinned onto the ground.

V.O.

Siblings war...

RONNIE

Have you been spying on me, Lloyd? Did you tell Dad about me and Julie?

INSERT: Lloyd watching Ronnie and Julie as they flirt in the hallway.

LLOYD

No, no! I swear! On our Mother’s grave!

RONNIE

Mom’s not even dead, you sunuva-

V.O.

And caps are busted.

CUT TO:

INT. BARR HOUSE/STUDY

Greg sits across from a young man... his nephew, TYBALT (18).

GREG

You know what to do.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL/BATHROOM

Ronnie washes his hands, as Tybalt approaches beside him.

TYBALT

Hey, you Ronnie Hollins?

RONNIE

Yeah. Who wants to know?
TYBALT

... Me.

Tybalt SOCKS him, and we BLACK OUT.

BACK UP ON Tybalt, holding Ronnie’s head underneath a blowing HAND DRYER.

TYBALT

STAY AWAY FROM MY COUSIN!

Tybalt drops his captive, exits.

Ronnie leans against the wall, his eyes wide and his hair frizzy.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Ronnie and Julie look into each other’s eyes.

JULIE

No. Don’t let my cousin scare you.

RONNIE

I won’t. But he’s right. We can’t see each other anymore.

JULIE

You’re absolutely right.

They starting MAKING OUT.

EXT. SCHOOL/PARKING LOT - MIDDAY

Tybalt and his THUGS charge at Ronnie.

TYBALT

What did I tell ya? Huh?!

Ronnie literally LEAPS into his car, and PULLS AWAY.

EXT. BARR HOUSE - MIDDAY

Julie waits at the curb.

Ronnie pulls up, swings the door open for her to get in.

RONNIE

Get in.

V.O.

This summer -
INT. CAR (DRIVING) - MIDDAY

RONNIE
Look, your cousin Teabag -

JULIE
Tybalt.

RONNIE
Whatever. Look, he’s got a couple of guys, and he’s gunna kill me, and then I’ll be dead!

V.O.
Prepare -

JULIE
So what are we gunna do?

RONNIE
I dunno. We’ll find somewhere safe for you to go, and then I’ll straighten this whole thing out.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTOSHOP - MIDDAY

Ronnie’s car pulls away, leaving Julie alone at the curb. She looks around, and spots -

Two PERVERTED MECHANICS... both give her the up-down, and one of them chuckles sinisterly.

Julie grimaces.

V.O.
For a story of families, shattered by their own prejudice -

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLINS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Enraged, yelling at his father:

RONNIE
DAD, I’M BECOMING AMBIDEXTEROUS!

TOM
Hey, you wanna date guys, that’s your business! But when it comes to hands, you need to realize that the left hand is the right one!

(beat)
I mean the correct one.
EXT. MALL/PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Tybalt and his Gang stand across from Marty and Ronnie. A single STREET LAMP illuminates the whole group.

TYBALT
I’ve warned you time and again
to stay away from Julie. But
you just don’t listen!

Tybalt DRAWS A GUN. Everyone PANICKS. Marty leaps in front of Ronnie and -

BLACK OUT. ... BANG. A GUNSHOT.

BACK UP ON Marty, lying bleeding in Ronnie’s arm.

RONNIE
SOMEBODY CALL AN AMBULANCE!

V.O.
Friends are lost.

MARTY
(dying)
Ronnie, I just want you to
know, if I ever had to be gay,
it would’ve been with you.

RONNIE
That means a lot to me.

EXT. CEMETERY - EARLY AFTERNOON

A little shower falls as a GROUP OF PEOPLE, all dressed for mourning, stand around a COFFIN. Standing among the crowd, Ronnie drops a single ROSE onto the pine box.

V.O.
And revenge is taken.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM

Ronnie has Tybalt’s head under the air hand-dryer.

RONNIE
How do you like it, you sunuvagun!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

--Two cars BARRELING down the street, one in chase of the other.
--Ronnie and Tybalt SWINGING at one another, Ronnie finally landing the first punch.

--He and Julie drinking from their wine glasses. Beside them, a bottle of wine, and a cylinder reading “ARSENIC. DO NOT DRINK.”

--Julie throwing water balloons at her father.

Over Montage:

   RONNIE (PRE-LAP)
   Each person is born with two hands. Which one we use -

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Sweet talking Julie:

   RONNIE
   - is our decision.

A FASTER MONTAGE:

--A huge EXPLOSION rocks the neighborhood.

--Greg scribbling FURIOUSLY onto a sheet of paper.

--Ronnie fighting off Tybalt’s cronies.

--People break-dancing

--Ronnie sawing off his left hand

TITLE CARD: RE-RIGHT

INT. ELEVATOR

Ronnie stands, AMMO BELTS strapped over his shoulders, a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN in hand... very much Ash of “Evil Dead.”

A BUSINESSMAN steps in, pushes the button for his respective floor.

Stands for a moment. Then glances over. Gives Ronnie the ol’ up-down.

Curious:

   BUSINESSMAN
   You here for an interview?
RONNIE
Huh? Oh. No. I'm just here to kill my father.

BUSINESSMAN
Ah. Right.

The businessman faces forward again. Then thinks about it. Realizes what Ronnie said, and looks back over at him as --

TITLE CARD: HANDS WILL SHAKE, SUMMER 2008