

REFORM ME

By:
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4FADE IN:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

SEVERAL ELDERLY PERSONS are sitting around in the activity room watching television, playing checkers, and doing puzzles. SAMUEL COLLINS (80 physically fit, wearing an eye patch, sloppily dressed and cantankerous demeanor) is playing solitaire at a table.

AUDREY MARTIN (40 old-school librarian style clothes and hair in a bun) enters beside BERNARD WHITLEY (80 stalky build, wearing a suit with a bow tie, and mild-mannered) and MATT WHITLEY (35 wearing three-piece business suit)

MATT WHITLEY

Looks like a pretty nice place,
Pap.

AUDREY MARTIN

Bernard. You will find things here to keep you busy throughout the day. I know you're going to enjoy living here at the Sunshine Retirement Community.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Thank you, Miss Martin.

AUDREY MARTIN

Audrey. Call me Audrey. We like things to be on a first-name basis around here.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Okay. Audrey. Then you can call me Bernie or Whit. Bernard just sounds... (squinces up his face) old.

AUDREY MARTIN

All right then. Bernie it is.

BERNARD WHITLEY

You said I'd be sharing my quarters. Is he in here?

AUDREY MARTIN

Yes. Yes he is. Come on, I'll introduce you. I have to warn you though. Samuel can be a bit cantankerous at times.

Bernie gets a perplexed expression and rubs his chin.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Samuel? Nah... Couldn't be.

The three walk to where Samuel is playing cards.

AUDREY MARTIN
Samuel Collins. I want you to meet
your new room mate. Bernard
Whitley.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Slammin' Sammy! What the!

Samuel stands up and flips his eye patch up.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Nitwit Bernie! That you? What the
hell?

AUDREY MARTIN
This is wonderful! You two know
each other.

MATT WHITLEY
Wow, Pap. You know him?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Yeh! I know him. Too well!

MATT WHITLEY
This is great!

SAMUEL COLLINS
(gets face-to-face with
Bernie)
Great my ass!

Samuel snaps the eye patch back down, takes a step back and pulls his fists up into a boxing stance. He then shuffles his feet and bounces a bit as though he is in the boxing ring.

Bernie takes a step backward and points his index finger directly at Samuel's nose.

Samuel and Bernie's voices grow increasingly louder and more agitated as the conversation goes on.

BERNARD WHITLEY
I ain't roomin' with him!

MATT WHITLEY

Pap! What's the matter?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Him! He's the matter!

Samuel continues to bounce around and throws a couple of punches that come so close to Bernie's face that he has to lunge his head backward to keep from being hit.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I'll knock your head clean off! I
ain't roomin' with you!

Audrey puts her hand over top one of Samuel's fists and pulls his arm down.

AUDREY MARTIN

Now. Now. Let's be sensible about this, gentlemen. You both signed up to share living quarters.

Bernie is visibly agitated and turns his back on Samuel.

BERNARD WHITLEY

I don't care what I signed! He ain't no gentleman and I ain't roomin' with him!

Samuel shakes his clenched fist toward Bernie.

SAMUEL COLLINS

And he's nothing but a nitwit and I ain't roomin' with him!

AUDREY MARTIN

Boys! I mean gentlemen. Please! We have to work this out. There are no other rooms available.

Matt walks up and grasps onto Bernie's upper arm.

MATT WHITLEY

Pap. You can't stay here. Come on. You'll live with us.

Bernie pushes Matts hand off his arm.

BERNARD WHITLEY

You stay out of this, Matt. This started a long time ago and doesn't concern you.

SAMUEL COLLINS
I'll sleep in the hall before I'll
share a room with this idiot!

Bernie and Samuel get face-to-face as they argue in a heated tone of voice.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Well...I'd rather sleep on the
porch!

SAMUEL COLLINS
The porch is the best place for a
dog like you!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Who you callin' a dog?

Samuel pokes Bernie in the chest with his finger as he talks.

SAMUEL COLLINS
You! I'm calling you...nitwit
Bernie a dog! Because that's what
you are! A dog!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Why you! If I was twenty years
younger...I'd.

SAMUEL COLLINS
You'd what?

Samuel puts both fists up in a boxing stance and starts to bounce around a bit.

BERNARD WHITLEY
So that's how you want to play!

Bernard puts his fists up in a boxing stance and the two start to circle and punch at each other.

AUDREY MARTIN
Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Please.
Whatever the past was, you have to
forget it.

SAMUEL COLLINS
I can't forget what he did! I'll
never forgive him!

AUDREY MARTIN
It can't be all that bad.

Samuel pulls his fist back and takes a swing at Bernie but Bernie ducks and Samuel's arm goes over his head.

SAMUEL COLLINS
He stole my wife!

AUDREY MARTIN
(gasps)
Oh.

MATT WHITLEY
Grandma? This is about grandma?

BERNARD WHITLEY
She wasn't your wife!

Samuel takes another swing at Bernie. Bernie leans back this time and Samuel misses.

SAMUEL COLLINS
She told me she loved me!

BERNARD WHITLEY
You never asked Sarah to marry you!
Did you? Just answer me that!

SAMUEL COLLINS
And you jumped right on
that...didn't you?

BERNARD WHITLEY
What the hell did you expect her to
do...wait forever for you to decide
if she was more important than
boxing!

Samuel takes another swing at Bernie and this time Bernie grabs onto Samuel's wrist and stops the punch.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Why you back stabber! You ain't
rooming with me!

Samuel yanks his hand free and storms away with Audrey, Matt and Bernie quickly following.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

In the hallway of the apartment unit area, Samuel enters his unit and slams the door in the faces of the other three. The dead-bolt lock can be heard being set.

Audrey knocks on the door and looks around to see if anyone else is in the area.

AUDREY MARTIN
(pleading tone)
But, Samuel. Please. We have no other rooms available.

SAMUEL COLLINS (O.S.)
That's not my problem! It'll be a cold day in hell before he steps foot inside this room!

AUDREY MARTIN
(begging tone)
But, Samuel. Be reasonable.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Sammy has never been reasonable.

SAMUEL COLLINS (O.S.)
Shut up back stabber!

MATT WHITLEY
Pap. I think you need to find someplace else. Come home. Obviously Samuel doesn't want you.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Sammy never knew what's good for him.

SAMUEL COLLINS (O.S.)
Watch it Whit! Slammin' Sammy never backed down from anything!

Bernard gets up next to the door. Audrey backs up a couple of steps. Bernard pounds hard one time.

BERNARD WHITLEY
That's always been your problem! Even as a kid, you didn't know when to quit and walk away.

SAMUEL COLLINS (O.S.)
Quittin' ain't never been an option.

AUDREY MARTIN
(stern and loud)
Mr. Collins! Open the door!

The door bursts open and Sammy punches straight out and hits Bernie in the nose and immediately shuts the door in Bernie's face.

SAMUEL COLLINS (O.S.)

Happy?

Bernie grabs his nose and carefully moves it with his fingers.

Audrey immediately turns in a huff, flails her arms and yells as she exits.

AUDREY MARTIN

I'm getting security!

MATT WHITLEY

Come on, Pap. You'll live with us.

Bernie pounds on the door with his fist and yells.

BERNARD WHITLEY

That all you got old man! You hit like a sissy!

The door bursts open and Samuel is standing there with a mean expression and his fist ready to punch.

Bernie doesn't budge and puts his fists up, ready to box.

Sammy and Bernie start swinging at each other and Matt tries to get between them and gets knocked down just as Audrey arrives with a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

(stern and loud)

Collins! Cut it out!

Sammy and Bernie stop boxing but hold their fists up in a defensive stance.

SAMUEL COLLINS

He started it!

BERNARD WHITLEY

Did not!

Matt gets up and grasps Bernie's shoulder and pulls him back a step.

The security guard steps between the two men and holds his hands up as though he is going to push them both with the palms of his hands.

SECURITY GUARD

That's enough.

Audrey gets a determined expression on her face and speaks in a high-pitched tone.

AUDREY MARTIN

You two will have to work this out!
You signed contracts!

Sammy gets a mad expression and leans forward, holds his fist up in front of Bernie's face, and speaks directly to Bernie.

SAMUEL COLLINS

If he's movin' in... he'll have to
stay on his side of the joint!

Bernie doesn't flinch a bit, has a steadfast expression, stands up straight and pushes his shoulders back, and speaks strongly.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Okay. I can do that.

Sammy snorts, turns in a huff, and storms into the apartment.

MATT WHITLEY

Pap. You sure about this?

We hear a door slam and everyone, except Bernie, reacts with a jerk.

Bernie takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(matter-of-fact tone)

Well. I did sign a contract.
Suppose I should give it a shot...
Let's get my stuff.

Matt pats Bernie on the shoulder as they all turn and walk away.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LATER

Inside the apartment unit. The area is open. The kitchen, with a card table and two non-matching chairs, is visible from the living room where Bernard and Matt put boxes filled with items on the older, worn couch. There is one old lounge chair and two crates as a coffee table, one crate for an end table with a lamp, and the television is up on a stand made out of crates. The walls are bare.

MATT WHITLEY
That's it, Pap. You sure about
this?

BERNARD WHITLEY
I'll be okay.

MATT WHITLEY
I could bring some better
furniture.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(patting Matt on the
shoulder)
I think it's best to leave things
as they are. Go on now. You've
done plenty. Give Barbara my love.

MATT WHITLEY
Okay. But, I'll be back to check on
you in a week or so.

MATT WHITLEY
(hugs Bernard)
Love you, Pap. If you change your
mind. Remember, my house is always
your house.

Matt exits and Bernard takes a deep breath and picks up a box
of his things and scans the room.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Looks a lot like the old huntin'
cabin me and Sammy had.
(smiles and is jovial)
Knowin' him... it's probably the
same stuff!

Bernie shakes his head a bit and heads toward his bedroom.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

In the dining room, the tables are filled with RESIDENTS
eating dinner; meatloaf, mashed potatoes, peas and desserts.

Samuel is sitting alone at a table in the middle of the room.
Samuel has a large piece of chocolate cake next to his plate.

Bernie hesitantly walks up to the other side of the table,
sits his plate and piece of Angel food cake down.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(pleasant tone)
Seat taken?

Sammy does not look up from his dinner.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(gruff tone)
Nope.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Okay if I sit here?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Free country.

Bernie sits down, looks like he about to say something, then starts to push his peas to the edge of his plate away from his other food.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(mumbling)
I still hate these things.

Samuel jabs two peas onto his fork and points it toward a table next to theirs where HERMAN is sitting, facing their direction.

SAMUEL COLLINS
See the rug over there?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Rug?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Yeh. Herman's toupee. Over there.

Bernie looks over at Herman.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Yeh. Bad one to say the least.

SAMUEL COLLINS
I'll bet you my dessert I can land
a pea in it before you do.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(concerned tone)
Don't you think.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (sarcastic tone)
 That's your problem, Whit... you
 think too much!

Bernard gets a determined expression and stabs his peas with his fork and holds it up as he looks directly at Sammy.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 You're on!

Samuel flings the peas on his fork toward Herman.

Immediately Bernie scoops up a spoonful of peas and flings them toward Herman.

Audrey rushes up behind Samuel, grabs him by the collar and stands him up. Stunned, Bernard stands up slowly.

AUDREY MARTIN
Mister Collins and Mister Whitley!
 To your room! Now!

Samuel starts to reach for his cake and Audrey pulls him back away from the table and turns him toward the door. Bernard quickly moves around the table and follows Samuel.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LATER

Samuel and Bernard are entering their apartment unit. Samuel is clearly aggravated.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 I don't believe Atilla sent us to
 our room! I couldn't even get my
cake! Who does she think she is?
 Our mother?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (jovial)
 That guy wasn't none too happy
 about having peas in his toupee.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Herman's an old poop! There's a
bunch of old poops around here.
 Peas never hurt no one.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Got anything to eat in here?

Samuel waves his arms in a sign of aggravated defeat.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Yeh. Want a beer?

Bernard bends over slightly and rubs his knee with both hands.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Sounds good. This darn knee is acting up again. Must be gonna rain.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Got some good stuff in the medicine cabinet. Gets cold then hot.

BERNARD WHITLEY

I'll give it a try.

Bernard exits to the bathroom and Samuel heads toward the kitchen area.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Bathroom of the apartment unit. A towel is hanging over the shower and the sink is covered with items.

Bernard walks up close to the medicine cabinet and shakes his head in disgust.

BERNARD WHITLEY

You'd think he'd put this stuff away.

(opens medicine cabinet and finds the Icy Hot)

This must be it.

Bernard pulls his pants down and sits on the commode and reads the label.

BERNARD WHITLEY (CONT'D)

Might as well kill two birds with one stone.

Bernard rubs the cream on his knee then looks around for something to clean his hand with. He pulls toilet paper from the roll.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

In the living room, Samuel starts to sit down on the couch. Snacks and beer sit on the coffee table.

A yell comes from the bathroom.

BERNARD WHITLEY (O.S.)
This shit's hot! Get me something!
Quick!

Samuel grabs a beer, takes a gulp, and hurries over and opens the bathroom door.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

In the bathroom, Bernard is fanning his bare butt with both hands.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Whoa! Ugly butt!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Don't just stand there! Get me something! Quick! This shit's burning!

SAMUEL COLLINS
What'd you do? Wipe your ass with the stuff?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Just get me something! Hurry!

Samuel pours the can of beer over Bernard's back side.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Here you go! That one was yours.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Thanks, Sammy. I need a shower.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Trust me... you need more than a shower. And Whit. Clean up that mess. They'll think you have a problem.

BERNARD WHITLEY
I do have a problem.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What are you talkin' about?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Remember? Sneeze too hard, and... you know!

SAMUEL COLLINS
You still do that? Should see a
doctor.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(depressed tone)
Don't hold much faith in doctors.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(jovial)
I suppose the next thing your gonna
tell me is you wear diapers!

BERNARD WHITLEY
(stern)
It's not that bad!

SAMUEL COLLINS
(stern)
For God's sake don't piss on any
furniture!

Bernard throws his arms up to chase away Samuel and gets mad.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Git outta here!

Samuel slams the bathroom door behind himself as he exits.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Now that will make a man drink!

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Samuel is in the garden area near a small pond, wearing a sweater with large pockets and his eye patch, hunkered down and stirring the water with a stick.

Bernard saunters up next to Samuel and clears his throat.

Sammy looks up at Bernard and then puts his attention back to the water.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Look, Sammy. I know we ain't the
best of friends anymore.

Sammy stands up and holds the stick with both hands in front of himself.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Whit.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Let me finish.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Okay.

BERNARD WHITLEY
I'd like to get past this and start over.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Okay. I'll give it a try. No promises though.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Understand.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What'd you do all those years?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Worked in a mill. Made cabinets.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Shame.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Nothing shameful about it. Good job. Decent pay. Home every night to a good wife and great family. Good life.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Never had much of a hankerin' for kids myself.

BERNARD WHITLEY
There ain't nothin' like family.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What happened to Sarah?

Tears fill Bernie's eyes and he drops his head a bit.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(choked-up tone)
Cancer.

Sammy turns back toward the pond and throws the stick into the water.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (somber tone)
 Good woman.

Bernie wipes his eyes and forces a smile and talks fast and loud.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 That Audrey seems to be wound up
 tighter than a main spring.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Atilla runs a pretty tight ship
 around here.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 I can see that.

Samuel's attention is drawn away from the pond and he looks down the walkway and flips up his eye patch.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 And I see something pretty nice
 coming up the walk.

HELEN GRAFF (80, prim and proper, hair professionally done, and dressed immaculately) and BETH MILLER (75, casual hair cut, dressed in a sweat suit and sneakers) are coming down the walk.

SAMUEL COLLINS (CONT'D)
 That's Helen Grump, I mean Graff.
 I wonder who's with her?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Maybe a friend.

Samuel sucks in his stomach and adjusts his clothes a bit.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Nice looking friend.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Good old, Sammy. Hasn't changed a
 bit.

Sammy flips his eye patch back down as Helen and Beth approach them.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (bowing slightly)
 Good day ladies.

HELEN GRAFF
 (nose in the air and very
 curt)
 Samuel.

The ladies stop next to the two men.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 This is Bernie. He's my room mate.

HELEN GRAFF
 This is Beth Miller. My new room
 mate.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Nice to meet you Miss Miller.

BETH MILLER
 Beth. Please call me Beth.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Beth it is. Maybe the four of us
 can get together sometime.

HELEN GRAFF
 Let's go Beth. Lunch will be
 served soon. And if you don't get
 in front of this one, you might not
 get dessert!

Beth and Helen start to walk away, a frog jumps into the
 small pond and scares Beth. Beth jerks into Samuel's arms
 and the two look into each others eyes and smile.

Helen grasps onto Beth's arm and yanks her out of Samuel's
 hold and speaks in a gruff tone.

HELEN GRAFF
 You don't want to get mixed up with
 this one!

BETH MILLER
 (meek tone)
 Sorry, Samuel. I didn't mean to.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Nothin' to be sorry about.

HELEN GRAFF
 Come on. He's a big pile of
trouble.

BETH MILLER
 (smiling back at Samuel)
 Oh. A bad boy.

Helen leads Beth away.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (calling to the women)
 Nice to meet you.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (calls loudly)
 Bye, Beth.
 (loud whisper)
 Bye you old grump!

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Sounds like Helen knows you pretty well.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Ah. She's a biddy body! She's the one to stay away from. Now take that Beth. Not bad. Not bad at all!

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Do ya think there's enough frogs in there for a good mess of frog legs?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Ah! They're too small.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Doubt that many people eat 'em anymore. Speaking of food. What's for lunch?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Let's see... It's Wednesday. Spaghetti.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Any good?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Hey! I have an idea! Still any good at catchin' frogs?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 What for?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 You'll see.

Bernard catches a frog and Samuel puts it into his pocket.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LATER

Samuel and Bernard enter the dining room and walk to the table where Audrey is sitting with a plate of spaghetti. Audrey stands up.

AUDREY MARTIN

Excuse me, Bernie. I hope you're not upset about dinner last night. It's just that we can't have you doing things like that.

Samuel reaches into his pocket and slips the frog under Audrey's spaghetti as she talks to Bernard.

BERNARD WHITLEY

I understand.

AUDREY MARTIN

Samuel has been with us for a while now. And. And. Well.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(anxious)

Thank you for your concern. If you'll excuse me. I'd like to eat while it's still hot.

AUDREY MARTIN

Certainly.

Bernard and Samuel scamper away.

Audrey puts her fork into the spaghetti and the frog jumps out, scaring her and throwing food all over.

AUDREY MARTIN (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Who did this?

Everyone in the dining room points to Samuel. Beth giggles and smiles and Helen is repulsed.

AUDREY MARTIN (CONT'D)

(demanding)

Mister Collins! Come with me!

Samuel and Bernie stop in their tracks and smile at each other and then cringe.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Uh oh!

AUDREY MARTIN

And Mister Whitley! I'm sure you had a hand in this. Clean up this mess!

SAMUEL COLLINS

When she uses last names. You're in deep shit.

AUDREY MARTIN

(stern)

Mister Collins! I'm waiting!

Sammy cringes and slowly turns toward Audrey.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Coming, Atil. I mean Audrey.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LATER

Samuel enters their apartment unit carrying a long-handled scrub brush and Bernard is reading a book which he puts down.

BERNARD WHITLEY

How'd it go?

SAMUEL COLLINS

A woman with authority! What has happened to this world?

BERNARD WHITLEY

What? What'd she do?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Since I love playing in the water so much. I get to clean the fountain.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Fountain? Don't you mean pond?

SAMUEL COLLINS

No. The fountain. The big son of bitch that sits in the center of the driveway.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Holy shit, Sammy!

Disgusted, Samuel tosses the brush onto the chair.

SAMUEL COLLINS
I get to start at six A M sharp.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(jovial)
Deja vu!

Bernard gets up, smiles at Sammy, and gets excited as he talks.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Fourth of July nineteen forty-two.
Fountain in the square. Ring any
bells?

Samuel gets a large grin on his face and slaps his hands together and rubs them vigorously as he speaks.

SAMUEL COLLINS
By golly you've given me an idea!

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - MORNING

In the front driveway of the home, Samuel takes off his clothes as bubbles form in the large, tiered water fountain. Samuel gets into the fountain with the brush.

Audrey comes storming up to the fountain as bubbles cascade all over the driveway. She anxiously paces sideways and gets increasing frustrated as she talks.

AUDREY MARTIN
What in the world is going on!
Samuel Collins! Are you in there?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Yes! I'm here! Scrubbing as you
instructed.

AUDREY MARTIN
Not like this!

SAMUEL COLLINS
How else do you scrub something?
Soap and water. Right?

AUDREY MARTIN
Get out of there this instant!

SAMUEL COLLINS
But you said I had to clean it.

AUDREY MARTIN
Out! Now!

A CROWD of residents has gathered, laughing and pointing. Beth is smiling widely and Helen is gasping in disgust.

Samuel walks to the edge of the fountain covered in suds.

AUDREY MARTIN (CONT'D)
(gasping for air)
Are you naked?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Define naked.

Bernard appears with a huge grin on his face, the demeanor of satisfaction, and stands next to Audrey.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(jovial)
Whatever are you doing, Sammy?

SAMUEL COLLINS
(matter-of-fact tone)
Following instructions. Cleaning the fountain. Just like she said.

Bernard tries to keep a straight face as he speaks.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Soap and water. Yep. That's what Ma would use.

AUDREY MARTIN
(stern tone)
You probably had something to do with this too! Mister Whitley.

BERNARD WHITLEY
She's using last names again!

A large gob of soap suds floats over and lands on Audrey.

AUDREY MARTIN
(angrily wiping the suds away)
I want this mess cleaned up!
Immediately!

SAMUEL COLLINS

That's what I'm doing. Cleaning it up.

AUDREY MARTIN

(irate)

I want the two of you to get the suds out of the fountain and scrub it down!

BERNARD WHITLEY

Two of us?

Audrey turns so she is face-to-face with Bernard.

AUDREY MARTIN

(steaming mad)

Yes! Two of you!

BERNARD WHITLEY

(taken back)

How do you expect us to do that?

AUDREY MARTIN

(irate and flailing her arms)

I don't care how you do it! Just do it!

Audrey storms off toward the building, flailing her arms as she walks.

Samuel steps out of the fountain with suds around his middle and waves to Audrey as she storms off.

Beth is smiling coyly and eyeing up Samuel.

BETH MILLER

(low and smiling)

Full of spit and vinegar.

HELEN GRAFF

(snubbing)

More like full of shit!

Helen takes Beth by the arm and pulls her away.

Samuel and Bernie smile and admire all the bubbles flowing from the fountain.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LATER

Bernard and Samuel enter their apartment unit all wet and clearly exhausted.

BERNARD WHITLEY
I need a shower.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Shower? We just spent four hours
in soap and water, for God's sake!

BERNARD WHITLEY
You're right. A nap.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What about lunch?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Forget it. I have aches where I
don't even have muscles.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Suppose it wouldn't hurt to miss
one meal. Nap sounds pretty good.

Samuel and Bernard walk separate ways toward their rooms.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Bernard enters his bedroom which is neat and clean, minimal furniture, and takes off everything except his underwear. He picks up a family portrait of himself and Sarah in their 40s and three teens (2 boys 18 & 12 and 1 girl 16), from the dresser and lays down on the bed with the picture on his chest and falls asleep.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LATER

Samuel bursts into Bernard's bedroom wearing a pair of old boxing gloves and punching as though he is in a ring.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Hey, nitwit! Wake up! It's dinner
time.

BERNARD WHITLEY
What? What'd you say?

SAMUEL COLLINS
It's dinner time! Gonna sleep your
life away?

BERNARD WHITLEY
I'm comin'. I'm comin'.

Samuel gets next to the bed and shoves the gloves within an
inch of Bernard's face.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Remember these?

Bernie pushes the gloves back and slowly sits up on the edge
of the bed, holding onto the picture and groggily speaks.

BERNARD WHITLEY
You still have those old things?

SAMUEL COLLINS
My good luck charm.

Samuel starts to throw punches towards Bernard.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Look, Sammy. I'm not interested.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Come on, Whit! Where's your sense
of adventure?

Bernie stands up in slow motion, holds the picture out in
front to guard from Samuel's punching, and stretches a bit.

BERNARD WHITLEY
It went down the drain with the
soap suds.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Bet I can still beat ya!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Sammy. Please.

Samuel punches Bernie's arm and the picture drops and the
glass breaks.

Sammy pulls one boxing glove off and picks up the picture,
stares at it a few seconds, and gets a scorned expression.

Bernie wipes his eyes.

Sammy gets a mad expression, pulls back and hits Bernard on the chin with his boxing glove, knocking Bernie back onto the bed.

SAMUEL COLLINS

(mad)

That's for takin' my girl!

Bernie bolts onto his feet, grabs the picture out of Sammy's hand, and slaps Sammy in the face with an open hand.

SAMUEL COLLINS

(steming mad)

Why you!

Bernie tosses the picture onto the bed and the two go into a full-fledge boxing match.

Bernie backs up next to a window and when Sammy throws a hard punch Bernie ducks and Sammy's hand goes through the window, busting it out.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(jovial)

That all you got?

SAMUEL COLLINS

(determined)

Why you!

The two box around the room more aggressively, knocking things over and making a huge mess.

Audrey comes bursting into the room, flailing her arms and screaming loudly.

AUDREY MARTIN

Stop it this instant!

Samuel swings back in a wide punch and knocks Audrey down.

SECURITY OFFICER rushes into the room and gets between the two men.

SECURITY OFFICER

All right! Break it up! You all right Miss Martin?

AUDREY MARTIN

(getting up)

I think so.

SECURITY OFFICER
If I were you, Miss Martin. I'd
press charges.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Charges! Come on! We're only
havin' a little fun here!

AUDREY MARTIN
Look at this mess!

Bernard and Sammy both look around and survey the damages.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(matter-of-fact tone)
We'll clean it up.

AUDREY MARTIN
(shaking her finger at
them)
You'll pay for the damages!

BERNARD WHITLEY
(humble)
Yes, Miss Martin.

AUDREY MARTIN
(stern)
And tomorrow... Senator Jackson is
coming here for lunch and you two
will be confined to your room!

SAMUEL COLLINS
What about food?

Audrey stiffens up, adjusts her clothing and snorts.

AUDREY MARTIN
You can eat your own food tomorrow.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(humble nervousness)
Whatever you say, Miss Martin.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(mumbling)
We'll see.

AUDREY MARTIN
What did you say, Mister Collins?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (taken back)
 Nothing. Room. Tomorrow. Got it.

AUDREY MARTIN
Good! Now get this mess cleaned
up!

Audrey stiffens up more and storms out of the room with the security guard following her.

Samuel and Bernie shrug their shoulders and smile slightly.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Got a broom?

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - LATE MORNING

A limo pulls up in the front driveway. The DRIVER, 30-35, gets out and opens the back door for SENATOR JACKSON, 50-55.

Audrey Martin approaches the limo.

AUDREY MARTIN
 Senator Jackson. Welcome. We are
 so looking forward to your speech.
 I hope you can stay for lunch.

SENATOR JACKSON
 I'd love to. Thank you.

Samuel is hiding behind the fountain and watches as Senator Jackson is lead into the building by Audrey Martin. The driver lights up a cigarette.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (sarcastic)
 I hope you can stay for lun....ch!
 (irritated)
 They ought to shove it down his
 throat and choke him!

Bernard sneaks up behind Sammy and startles him when he speaks.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (loud whisper)
 Sammy... what are you doin'?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Checkin' out that limo.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Audrey said.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Audrey said stay away from the
Senator. She didn't say nothing
about his car. Come on.

Sammy walks briskly in a direct line toward the limo and Bernie turns in various directions, scanning the area, as he tries to keep up with Sammy.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Trouble! I see trouble.

Samuel goes up to the limo, and leans on it, looking through the tinted windows.

LIMO DRIVER
Get your hands off the car!

SAMUEL COLLINS
Ain't hurtin' nothin'.

The limo driver goes up next to Samuel and pushes his shoulder, knocking Sammy a bit off balance.

LIMO DRIVER
I said. Hands off!

SAMUEL COLLINS
(holding his hands up)
Whatever you say.

Samuel goes to the hood of the car and wipes his hands all over the hood.

LIMO DRIVER
Come on old man! Stop it. Or
I'll...

SAMUEL COLLINS
You'll what? Make me?

LIMO DRIVER
Yeh! I'll make ya!

SAMUEL COLLINS
(puts his hands up to box)
Come on. Let's see what ya got.

Helen and Beth are walking into the building behind the scene at the limo. Beth stops to watch and Helen quickly goes into the building.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(disgusted tone and
expression)
Sammy. Come on now. Cut it out.

LIMO DRIVER
(pushing up his sleeves)
No problem old man. Let's go!

Samuel and the limo driver box for a few seconds and Sammy knocks him out and the keys fall out of his pocket when he lands on his back.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Now look what you've done!

Samuel looks up with the demeanor of satisfaction until he sees Audrey coming their direction at a fast and determined pace.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Audrey! Shit! Here she comes.

Samuel scoops up the keys and runs to the driver's door.

SAMUEL COLLINS (CONT'D)
Let's go!

Samuel opens the driver door and jumps into the seat and starts the engine.

Bernard is hesitant and standing next to the passenger front fender, perplexed as to what to do.

SAMUEL COLLINS (CONT'D)
Get your ass in the car or else!

Bernard quickly gets into the limo on the passenger side and Sammy tears out of the driveway before Bernie has a chance to close the door.

Audrey stops to check on the driver and raises a fist in the air as he yells toward the limo.

AUDREY MARTIN
You two are evicted!

EXT. RURAL ROADWAY - DAY

Samuel and Bernard are speeding along the road in the limo.

INT. LIMO - DAY

SAMUEL COLLINS

What a rush! Ain't had this much fun since we borrowed your ma's car before we went to the service.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Borrowed? You mean stole!

SAMUEL COLLINS

It was your ma's. We borrowed it!

BERNARD WHITLEY

Without asking! That's stealin'!

SAMUEL COLLINS

It all worked out. Didn't it?

The faint sound of sirens can be heard.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(frustrated)

Worked out? You wrecked it! And Ma never let me forget it!

Bernard rolls down the window, loud sirens can be heard, and he sticks his head out and looks towards the back of the limo and gets a scared looked on his face.

BERNARD WHITLEY (CONT'D)

(excited)

Sammy! The cops!

EXT. RURAL ROADWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Police cars are forming behind the limo with lights and sirens blaring.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

SAMUEL COLLINS

Let's see what this thing's got!
Hold on, Whit! Yahoo!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Sammy! No! Stop!

SAMUEL COLLINS
Quit bein' an old poop! Hold on!

Bernard holds onto the dash board and the limo goes faster, blows a tire, and ends up running over an embankment and the air bags deploy against the two men.

BERNARD WHITLEY
We ain't gettin' out of this one!

SAMUEL COLLINS
Know a lawyer?

BERNARD WHITLEY
(clearly upset)
Sure... But why should I stick my neck out to save your sorry ass?

SAMUEL COLLINS
(matter-of-fact tone)
August, 1950. Inchon, Korea.
Remember the rat nest MacArthur sent us into?

BERNARD WHITLEY
(somber)
Oh... right. But you have to let me handle it.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(throws up his hands)
It's all yours!

EXT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

POLICE OFFICER #1 and POLICE OFFICER #2 rush up to the limo and pull the front doors open.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Out of the car! Now!

SAMUEL COLLINS
(pointing to the air bag)
Got a pin?

POLICE OFFICER #2
Hey! Looky here! It's a couple of old guys! You all right?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (motioning toward Bernard)
 Better check his pants. Probably
 needs changed!

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (exasperated tone)
 Shut up, Sammy! Just shut up!

INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

In the court room, JUDGE HOLMAN, 70-75 wearing a good toupee,
 is seated at the bench and is looking over papers.

A COURT OFFICER stands next to the table where Samuel,
 Bernard and Matt Whitley, all in suits, are seated.

Senator Jackson and the PROSECUTION ATTORNEY are seated at
 the next table.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (whispering)
 Matt any good at this?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (whispering)
 Of course. He's the best juvenile
 defense attorney in the area.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (fumbling with his suit
 and whispering loudly)
 Juvenile? What the hell?

JUDGE HOLMAN
 (rapping the gavel)
 Order in the court. Senator
 Jackson versus Bernard Whitley and
 Samuel Collins. Are the defendants
 here?

MATT WHITLEY
 Yes, your honor.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 I'm here.

Bernard smacks Sammy on the arm and puts his finger over his
 lips to signal him to be quiet.

JUDGE HOLMAN
(astonished)
You two?

Sammy makes a face and rolls his eyes.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Nitwit here and me.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Nitwit? You're the nitwit!

MATT WHITLEY
Pap, please! I apologize, your honor. My clients. Well. They.

JUDGE HOLMAN
What are you doing representing these two anyway?

MATT WHITLEY
You see, your honor. Special circumstances. This is my grandfather. And.

JUDGE HOLMAN
I see. None the less, they assaulted the Senator's driver and stole his limo. How do you plea?

SAMUEL COLLINS
(jovial)
I'm surprised setting your ass on fire wasn't on there!

BERNARD WHITLEY
(angry outburst)
Will you forget that! Now, shut up!

The judge slams the gavel down hard one time.

JUDGE HOLMAN
Another outburst like that and I'll hold you both in contempt of court. Now. Mister Collins and Mister Whitley, I'll hear your explanations.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(simultaneous with Samuel)
Your honor, we were just.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (simultaneous with
 Bernard)
 It's like this, judge. Nitwit
 here.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (loud and stern)
Quit calling me that!

JUDGE HOLMAN
 Order in the court! One at a time.
 Mister Whitley. You start.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Thank you, your honor. Me and
 Sammy here.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (outburst)
 I'm a tax payer. Tax money paid
 for the limo. So, I figure we had
 a right to take it for a ride.

JUDGE HOLMAN
 You figured wrong.

MATT WHITLEY
 Your honor. May I say something.

JUDGE HOLMAN
 No. I want to hear this from them.
 Mister Collins, you may continue.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 We was just having fun. Like when
 we was landin' peas in Herman's
 toupee. No one got hurt. Just a
 little fun. An extra dessert was
 at stake. Of course... Herman's
 toupee wasn't as good as yours,
 your honor.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (disgusted tone)
 What are you talking about? The
 judge ain't wearing a toupee!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (loud outburst)
Sure he is! It's a good rug. But
 it's still a rug!

The judge is visibly irritated and reaches up and gently touches his hair.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(calm and firm tone)
No. You're wrong, Sammy.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(loud outburst)
I ain't wrong! I'll prove it!

Samuel bolts out of his seat and heads toward the judge's bench.

Matt and Bernard instantly stand up and try to grab onto Samuel but miss.

MATT WHITLEY
Samuel. Please! Don't!

Samuel goes right up to the judge and pulls his toupee off and waves it at Bernard. The room erupts in laughter.

SAMUEL COLLINS
See! I was right!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Yeh. But look who's the nitwit now!

JUDGE HOLMAN
(grabbing the toupee back
and disgusted tone)
Order in the court! Officer remove this man from the courtroom! I hold Samuel Collins in contempt of court and fine him one-hundred dollars. Get him out of here! Never... in all my days on the bench!

The court officer takes Samuel by the arm and leads him out as the judge pounds the gavel and everyone sits back down.

JUDGE HOLMAN (CONT'D)
Now. Prosecution. Your recommendations?

PROSECUTION ATTORNEY
Your honor. We feel these two are a menace to society and should be remanded until the trial.

MATT WHITLEY

But your honor. These are special circumstances. Taking their age into consideration. The general population at the prison is.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(clearly upset)

Prison! We didn't do anything that bad!

MATT WHITLEY

Pap. Keep quiet or you'll end up like Sammy.

JUDGE HOLMAN

I agree these are special circumstances. And. The place we usually send your clients will do just fine for these two.

MATT WHITLEY

What? Are you serious?

BERNARD WHITLEY

What's that mean?

MATT WHITLEY

Pap, please. Let me handle this.

JUDGE HOLMAN

I'm serious.

MATT WHITLEY

But your honor... juvenile?

JUDGE HOLMAN

Code seven-zero-one allows me to send anyone there that I see fit. In this case. It fits. Bernard Whitley and Samuel Collins will be remanded to the Lancaster County Juvenile Detention Center until their trial.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(clearly upset)

Trial? Please! I didn't do anything! It was Sammy!

JUDGE HOLMAN

You need to be more careful with
the company you keep.

The judge motions to the court officer. The court officer
takes Bernard by the arm and leads him away from the table.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(turning to Matt)
Do something!

MATT WHITLEY

(disheartened)
I'll work on it, Pap. I promise.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - DAY

TWO POLICE OFFICERS lead Samuel and Bernard into the
receiving area, in hand and foot restraints, to a desk where
SUPERVISOR MIKE is sitting. SUPERVISOR KEN enters.

POLICE OFFICER #3

Bernard Whitley and Samuel Collins.

SUPERVISOR MIKE

You must have the wrong guys.
These two are. Are.

POLICE OFFICER #3

Old. Yes, Sir. These are Whitley
and Collins.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Sure done it this time.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Seriously... How bad can juvey be?

BERNARD WHITLEY

I think this whole deal is
ridiculous!

SUPERVISOR MIKE

All right, gentlemen. Enough. As
ridiculous as this seems. To all
of us. We'll just have to make the
best of it. You're stuck here
until your trial.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(clearly upset)
Fine mess you got us into, Sammy.
(MORE)

BERNARD WHITLEY (cont'd)
I'd better be out of here before
Barbara has the baby... or... or
I'll.

SAMUEL COLLINS
You'll what? Break out? Hey! Now
there's an idea!

BERNARD WHITLEY
No you don't!

SUPERVISOR MIKE
Pat them down.

Supervisor Ken quickly pats down both men.

SUPERVISOR KEN
All clear. Remove the restraints.
We'll take it from here.

The two officers remove the restraints and leave.

SUPERVISOR MIKE
Samuel Collins. Behind the curtain
and strip.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Are you out of your mind?

SUPERVISOR MIKE
Full body cavity search, shower,
uniform, picture, and medical
review. In that order. Then it's
to unit B for orientation. Let's
go, Samuel. We don't have all day.

SUPERVISOR KEN
Move.

SAMUEL COLLINS
This can't be happening! We were
just having some fun for Christ
sake!

SUPERVISOR MIKE
Trust me. You don't want me to
call Judge Holman and tell him that
you're not cooperating.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Come on, Sammy. It can't be that
bad!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Sure! You say that now. Wait til
 it's your turn!

Samuel goes behind the curtain and Supervisor Ken snaps on latex gloves.

MONTAGE:

Bernard and Samuel changing into uniform - they look at the underwear with disgust before putting them on. They put on a uniform and socks.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 This ought to make you feel right
 at home.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 What? Prison?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 The crappy clothes!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Always got somethin' smart to say!

Bernard and Samuel get mug shots taken.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 I can't believe we have to wear
 someone else's underwear!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Ain't done that since I was a kid!

SUPERVISOR KEN
 You get your own stuff back when
 you get out. Until then, you wear
 what's issued.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Shoes. We need shoes.

SUPERVISOR KEN
 No shoes.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 My feet get cold!

SUPERVISOR KEN
 Live with it. Orientation. Let's
 go.

Supervisor Ken starts to walk down the hallway and the two men follow close behind him.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(whispering)
Did ya tell her?

BERNARD WHITLEY
(whispering)
Tell who, what?

SAMUEL COLLINS
(whispering)
Nurse Kelley. About your pissing
problem. Did she touch it?

BERNARD WHITLEY
(whispering)
Shut up! Just shut up!

SUPERVISOR KEN
Quiet in the ranks.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

Bernard and Samuel enter a class room.

SARGENT CARL (30s) and DIRECTOR BLAINE (40s) are standing at the front of the room.

CORY THOMAS (small built age 10) and ADAM KEEL (large built age 17) are sitting in school type seats.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(low tone)
My God! He's Josh's age.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
(to Carl)
Reminds me of my grandpa.
(clears his throat and
then speaks in a strong
voice)
Let's get this going.

SARGENT CARL
Take a seat. Samuel and Bernard.
These are residents Cory and Adam.
I'm Sargent Carl. This is Director
Blaine Martin.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(whispering to Bernard)
Wonder if he's any kin to Audrey?

BERNARD WHITLEY
(whispering to Samuel)
Maybe that's why we're here.

Samuel and Bernard squeeze into seats. We see them make faces and react to the statements being made; Samuel taking it all as a joke and Bernard taking it seriously.

SARGENT CARL
For the next several days you will be assigned to unit B. You'll learn how we do things here, what is expected of you, and the punishments if you don't cooperate.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
You may call me Director Blaine or Mister Martin. Anytime you feel you need to speak to me or one of the supervisors, just let a staff member know and we'll arrange it. Sargent Carl will go over the daily schedule.

SARGENT CARL
You get up at seven, do personal hygiene, and unit G I before breakfast. Classes are every day including weekends and holidays. Two-thirty is lock down and count. From eight til nine in your room. Take a shower and then lights out. A staff member will check on you throughout the night.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Bad behavior will earn you time in Unit A. The hole. Then you start all over. Everything will be shared with the judge. Sargent Carl will now escort you to your quarters.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

They walk through the hallway to an area where there are cells with solid doors with only a narrow window in them. Carl places each one in front of a different door.

SARGENT CARL
Where you now stand will be your
sleeping quarters.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(looking through the
window)
Holy shit!

SARGENT CARL
Quiet! This unit is your
responsibility. It gets scrubbed
every morning. Any questions?

Samuel raises his hand.

SARGENT CARL (CONT'D)
Yes, Samuel.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Where's the shitter?

SARGENT CARL
At the end of the hall. You will
be given regular breaks throughout
the day and before you're locked
down at night.

Bernard raises his hand.

SARGENT CARL
Yes, Bernard.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Bernie. Call me Bernie.

SARGENT CARL
All right. Bernie. What is it?

BERNARD WHITLEY
May I go now?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Better let him go before he pisses
himself.

Cory and Adam laugh.

SARGENT CARL
Quiet! You may all go and wash up
for lunch. After lunch we'll get
started.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

The four come out of the bathroom and Carl motions for them to line up against the wall in the hallway and then pats them each down quickly.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Keep that up and we'll have to get engaged.

Cory and Adam laugh.

SARGENT CARL

Quiet. Single file. Let's move.

BERNARD WHITLEY

How bad can juvey be, he said. It's pretty damn bad from where I stand.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Better than P O W camp.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Not much.

SARGENT CARL

Quiet in the ranks.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

They all walk into the lunch room where they get in line behind OTHER INMATES to be served. There are boxed drinks of juice and milk sitting at the beginning of the serving line.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I want coffee!

SARGENT CARL

We don't serve drinks with caffeine.=

SAMUEL COLLINS

This is the twenty-first century for God sakes! They do make decaf!

SARGENT CARL

Samuel. Take a drink and move on.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (whispering to Samuel)
 Don't you think we're in deep
 enough already?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 What are they gonna do? We're
 already in jail!

CORY THOMAS
 Hey mister! Get movin'!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Hush up you little whipper snapper!
 I want a cup of coffee and I'll
 make noise until I get one. Decaf!
 Decaf! Decaf!

CORY THOMAS
 Hey! They make decaf soda too!
 Decaf! Decaf!

The entire room of inmates breaks out chanting 'Decaf.'

BERNARD WHITLEY
 See what you started, Sammy?
 You're gonna get us all in trouble.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Who cares!

BERNARD WHITLEY
 I care! I don't want to miss one
day of my great grandson!

SARGENT CARL
Quiet! Everyone! Quiet!

Director Blaine comes into the lunch area.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
 What's going on here?

SARGENT CARL
 Samuel wants a cup of decaf coffee.

CORY THOMAS
 And we want decaf soda!

The entire room of inmates start to chant 'Decaf.'

Director Blaine raises his hands and waves them.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

All right! All right! Someone get grandpa, I mean Samuel, a cup of decaf from the office.

CORY THOMAS

What about the soda?

DIRECTOR BLAINE

I'll see what I can do.

The room erupts in cheers.

DIRECTOR BLAINE (CONT'D)

Quiet! Another disturbance like this and I'll take privileges away!

The room becomes dead silent.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Thank you, Mister Martin.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

Welcome.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

Samuel, Bernard, Cory and Adam enter a classroom with Carl close behind.

SARGENT CARL

Take a seat.

The four quickly sit down.

SARGENT CARL (CONT'D)

All right then. We're going to help you progress through the system as easily as possible. Hopefully, we won't see you back here again.

BERNARD WHITLEY

You won't be seeing me again! Promise you that!

SARGENT CARL

Quiet.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Yes, sir. Sargent, Sir.

SAMUEL COLLINS
We're not in the service, Bernie.
Drop the sir stuff.

Bernard raises his hand.

SARGENT CARL
Yes, Bernie.

BERNARD WHITLEY
What about pajamas?

SARGENT CARL
Everyone sleeps in their underwear.
Your uniform is to be neatly folded
and placed outside your room after
shower. You put your soiled
underwear and socks on top. Clean
underwear and socks are issued
daily.

SAMUEL COLLINS
I'd hate to see what they consider
dirty underwear!

SARGENT CARL
Quiet! You are permitted to have
nothing in your room over night.
You will be issued a clean uniform
every four days. Be careful how you
eat... there are no exceptions.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Be careful how you sneeze, Whit!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Shut up, Sammy!

SARGENT CARL
Quiet! For evaluation purposes,
you will each have a private
session with our psychologist,
Megan Ramsey.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Short session for you, Sammy. Your
brain's been beat out!

SAMUEL COLLINS
You didn't have one to start with!

SARGENT CARL

Quiet you two. Unit A. Three days if you try to harm yourself or someone else. Seven days for fighting. And ten days for any sexual infraction.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Hey, Whit! That means no hand shaking with your one-eyed snake!

BERNARD WHITLEY

At lest I can still find mine!

ADAM KEEL

You two old shits ain't got nothin'!

SAMUEL COLLINS

Look who's talkin'! All you got is a big mouth!

ADAM KEEL

(lunging toward Samuel)
Why you!

CORY THOMAS

(frustrated tone)
Hey, Pops. You're gonna get us all in deep shit! Shut up!

SAMUEL COLLINS

Who you calling Pops?

SARGENT CARL

(stern)
Quiet! I see this group is a problem already. Maybe we should call the judge and see what he recommends.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Maybe he'd let us out of this hole!

BERNARD WHITLEY

Maybe he'd never let us out!

SAMUEL COLLINS

No beer. No women. Damn!

BERNARD WHITLEY

When do I get to talk to my grandson? I mean my attorney.

SARGENT CARL

I don't know. Your shower time is four minutes a day.

SAMUEL COLLINS

That's barely enough time to get wet!

SARGENT CARL

You'll get used to it. You shave only when you go to court.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Runt don't need to worry about that.

CORY THOMAS

Who you callin' a runt, old man?

SAMUEL COLLINS

You. You little.

SARGENT CARL

Enough! I'm going to cut you a break today. If you keep it up we'll have no choice but to put this on your record. Now. Let's talk schooling.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - NIGHT

Samuel and Bernard are in the shower room and turn on the water. Adam purposely bumps into Samuel on his way past them.

ADAM KEEL

Your crusty old bodies make me sick!

SAMUEL COLLINS

Watch it punk!

ADAM KEEL

Rather not! The view ain't worth seein'!

Adam goes to the shower head at the far end and starts to shower.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Four minutes! How the hell do they expect us to get clean?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Better than no shower at all.

Cory enters and cowers as he walks past Samuel and Bernard to a shower head as far away from the two as he can get. Cory's body has visible bruises.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Hurry up, Cory. Don't have much time.

CORY THOMAS
(curt)
I know. Been here before.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Ah. He ain't got much to wash anyway. If you know what I mean.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Don't pick on the boy. What do ya mean you've been here before?

CORY THOMAS
From what I see old man, you ain't got much either.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Boy speaks the truth!

SAMUEL COLLINS
Ah shut up and get washed!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Where'd you get those bruises.

CORY THOMAS
Don't pay no never mind. I'm okay.

SAMUEL COLLINS
The runt probably fell down some stairs.

CORY THOMAS
(defensively mad)
Did not! I was fightin' off...
Ain't your business!

Cory rushes out of the shower.

BERNARD WHITLEY
That kid sure needs help.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Can't save the world, Whit.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Suppose not. The kid was right
though. I don't see how any woman
could get excited over that little
thing!

SAMUEL COLLINS
Shut up and get washed!

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

Samuel, Bernard, Cory and Adam stand at their respective cell doors in the hallway. GUARD NATHAN opens each door as he speaks.

GUARD NATHAN
Cory. Enter and remove your
clothing. Fold it and place it
outside the door.

CORY THOMAS
Yes, Sir. I know.

GUARD NATHAN
Adam. Enter and remove your
clothing.

ADAM KEEL
I know the drill.

GUARD NATHAN
Bernard. Enter and remove your
clothing. Fold it and place it
outside your door.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(reluctant and mellow)
Yes. Sir.

Bernard hesitates at the door and scans the room.

GUARD NATHAN
Bernard. Is there a problem?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Yes. I mean, no. Sir.

GUARD NATHAN

Then enter your room and remove your clothing.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(whispering as he enters)
It will be okay. It will be okay.

GUARD NATHAN

Samuel. Enter and.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I know. I know. Remove my clothes and fold them and place them outside the door. Got it.

GUARD NATHAN

No back talk.

SAMUEL COLLINS

(entering the room)
No, Sir. Yes, Sir. I mean. I don't know what the hell I mean.

After each one puts the clothing outside and goes back into their room, Nathan locks the door behind them.

MONTAGE:

Inside Bernard's room, making up the bed.

BERNARD WHITLEY

I can't let this get to me. I won't let this get to me. I survived the war, I can survive this.

Inside Samuel's room, making up the bed with mad, jerking actions.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Damn sons of bitches! If they think they're gonna reform me in this hell hole! I'll show them!

Inside Adam's room, he is throwing the bedding around.

ADAM KEEL

Fucking place! They can't keep me here!

Inside Cory's room, he does not make the bed but wraps himself up in the blanket and lays down and tears flow.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - NIGHT

In the hallway of the cell block, we see uniforms with underwear on top of them next to each cell door.

MONTAGE:

Inside Samuel's room he is comparing the width of the narrow window to his shoulder width, then starts to throw his arms as though he is boxing.

Inside Bernard's room he is sitting on the edge of the bed staring at the sky through the small window.

Inside Cory's room he is sitting on his bed tight against the corner with his knees tucked up and his arms wrapped around his knees and his head resting on the tops of his knees.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

A STAFF MEMBER walks along the hallway and flips the light on to each room, looks through the window in the door, then turns the light back off and goes to the next door. When he gets to Samuel's door, Samuel has his face pressed against the window and scares the staff member.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I need to shit!

STAFF MEMBER

I can't let you out.

SAMUEL COLLINS

That doesn't change the fact that I need to use the shitter!

STAFF MEMBER

Nothin' I can do about it.

SAMUEL COLLINS

You'll do something if I shit in the corner and paint the wall with it!

STAFF MEMBER

(flustered)

Hold on!

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MORNING

In the hallway by the cells, Lance opens three cell doors. Samuel and Bernard come out and pick up their clothes.

GUARD LANCE

Cory. Front and center. Let's go!

BERNARD WHITLEY

Cory?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Come on runt! Get going!

GUARD LANCE

(looks inside Cory's room
and keys up the shoulder
mic)

We need the nurse in unit B. Stat!

Lance goes into Cory's room and Cory is wrapped up in the blanket shaking.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(looking in the door of
Cory's room)

What's wrong?

GUARD LANCE

Bernard and Samuel. Back to your
rooms. Now!

Lance guides the two back into their cells and locks the doors. Bernard stands at the window in his door and strains to see what is happening to Cory. NURSE KELLEY, 30s and pretty, arrives and goes in with Cory.

NURSE KELLEY

Cory. Can you hear me, Cory?

CORY THOMAS

(barely audible)

I hear you.

NURSE KELLEY

Good. Can you sit up, Cory? Come
on. I'll help you.

CORY THOMAS

(crying)

I'm sorry. Please don't hit me.

NURSE KELLEY
 We're not going to hit you, Cory.
 We're going to help you.

TWO STAFF MEMBERS arrive with a gurney.

NURSE KELLEY (CONT'D)
 They're going to take you to the
 medical room, Cory. I'm coming
 with you.

CORY THOMAS
 I'll be all right.

NURSE KELLEY
 I'm sure you'll be just fine.

Bernard's face is against his door window and he is frantically straining to see what's happening.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (yelling from his room)
 What are you doing! Cory! What's
 going on!

Cory is wheeled out by the staff members with Nurse Kelley walking close beside him. Once they are gone, Lance opens the cell doors for Samuel and Bernard.

GUARD LANCE
 Unit G I still needs done before
 breakfast. Get to it!

Bernard comes out in his underwear.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Nitwit! Get dressed!

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Oh. Yeh.

Bernard turns back to the cell and a hole is seen in the back of his underwear.

Samuel immediately goes over to Bernie and pokes his finger through the hole in Bernie's underwear and Bernie jumps.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 What'd you do, Whit? Gas so strong
 it blew a hole in the britches?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (covering up the hole with
 his hand)
 Shut up, Sammy! Just shut up!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Ugly butt like that... it was
 probably a shart!

BERNARD WHITLEY
 A shart? What the hell's a shart?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 A fart with lumps in it!

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Then you'd better check your hand
 for brown spots!

Samuel pulls his hand back in a fist.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Why you!

GUARD LANCE
 Enough! Samuel. Bernard. Get
 dressed. Starting today you will
 be included in P T. Maybe it'll
 work off some of that energy.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 P T? Whatever for?

GUARD LANCE
 To keep you physically fit.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 At our age, physical left a long
 time ago.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (holding in his stomach
 and pushing out his
 chest)
 Speak for yourself. I ain't the
 one with the ugly butt!

GUARD LANCE
 It's the program. You're here.
 You're in the program.

BERNARD WHITLEY

I suppose a little exercise can't hurt. How's Cory?

GUARD LANCE

Don't know.

BERNARD WHITLEY

What about meeting with my grand. I mean my attorney?

GUARD LANCE

Don't know.

BERNARD WHITLEY

What do you know?

GUARD LANCE

After breakfast, Director Blaine wants to see Samuel in his office.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Me? What for?

GUARD LANCE

Don't know.

BERNARD WHITLEY

You probably screwed something up!

SAMUEL COLLINS

I ain't had no chance to screw anything up!

GUARD LANCE

Gentlemen! Let's get it done and get to breakfast.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Yeh... Hurry up, Whit! My stomach's growlin'.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

The residents are lined up single file against the wall in the hallway near the bathroom area. GUARD LANCE is standing in front of them.

GUARD LANCE

Unit G I. Let's go. You have one hour before breakfast.

The residents get busy with the mops and scrub brushes as Lance watches.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(whispering)
Just like boot camp.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(whispering)
In case you hadn't noticed, we're locked in here. And how the hell do they expect to you to get any sleep when they keep turning the damn light on?

SAMUEL COLLINS
(whispering)
As long as we're in here, it keeps you away from Beth.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(whispering)
Beth?

SAMUEL COLLINS
(loud whisper)
Don't play innocent with me! You're just waiting for the chance to take her away from me!

BERNARD WHITLEY
(loud whisper)
You don't even know if she likes you!

SAMUEL COLLINS
Sure she does! I can tell. I'm gonna get the hell out of this place and prove it!

GUARD LANCE
Quiet! Get to work!

ADAM KEEL
(whispering)
I'm with you, old man. I know all the tricks.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(whispering)
You're too young to know anything.

ADAM KEEL

(whispering)

I know more than you. I bet you don't even know how to work a computer!

SAMUEL COLLINS

(whispering)

Who cares!

ADAM KEEL

(whispering)

My fourth time through the joint.

SAMUEL COLLINS

(whispering)

You ain't so damned smart! They ought 'a do to you like they did those guys in Alcatraz.

ADAM KEEL

(loud whisper)

You guys were on the rock?

GUARD LANCE

Less talk and more work!

SAMUEL COLLINS

(whispering)

Hell no! Shit no! Our boat stopped on the way to the front lines and picked up some of the cons.

ADAM KEEL

(snickering whisper)

Boat? What? No planes back then?

SAMUEL COLLINS

They ought to load you on a plane for Iraq!

ADAM KEEL

(throwing a brush at Samuel)

Shut the fuck up, old man!

Lance pounces on Adam and puts him face down and cuff his hands behind his back. TWO STAFF MEMBERS rush in with shackles and secure Adam.

GUARD LANCE
Thought you'd learn by now, Adam.
Three days in A. Take him out.

Two staff members take Adam out.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(starts to work)
Have to admit. The kid knows how
to get out of work!

BERNARD WHITLEY
(working)
That Adam kid reminds me of someone
else at that age.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Maybe so. But I never ended up in
jail.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Just luck... pure and simple. Luck.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Ah shut up. I'm gonna find a way
out of this place. Wait and see.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Whatever it is... leave me out of
it.

GUARD LANCE
Enough talk. Pick it up or you'll
be missing breakfast.

Samuel starts to scrub hard and fast.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Hope they got coffee!

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - DAY

Director Blaine is sitting at the desk in his bare-basics
office. Sargent Carl enters with Samuel.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Samuel. Welcome. Have a seat.
Carl, you wait outside.

SARGENT CARL
Yes, Sir.

Carl leaves and closes the door behind himself.

Director Blaine motions toward the chair facing his desk.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Sit. Please, Samuel. Sit.

Samuel is uneasy and slides into the chair.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What's this about?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
I hear from the night staff that
you have an interest in painting.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Well. I just needed him to
understand that I had to take a
shit. I didn't really mean that
I'd.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
I see. But do you?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Have to shit?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
No. No. Do you paint?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Good as anyone else, I suppose.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
As director, I can use discretion
as to some of the programs, things,
that go on here.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What's that got to do with me?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
I figured that since you like to
paint. Maybe you'd be interested
in doing a job for me.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Job?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Painting. A hallway. Not with the
brown stuff though.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Something other than gray or white
I hope. This place sure is dull.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Maybe. I'll consider it. You
interested?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Sure. When do I start?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
You have to keep this on the Q T.
Okay? At least until we see how it
goes.

SAMUEL COLLINS
My lips are sealed.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Good. I'll get everything set up.
Sargent Carl will take you back to
the unit now.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Thanks.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Welcome.

Samuel and Blaine stand up and shake hands.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

TWO GROUPS OF RESIDENTS carrying shoes, and TWO STAFF
MEMBERS, enter the gym. Sargent Carl stands in the middle
of the floor.

SARGENT CARL
Sit and put on your shoes.

Everyone sits down quickly and scrambles to put on their
shoes. Samuel gets down fairly easy. Bernard struggles and
ends up falling on his butt.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Good thing you got lots of padding!

Everyone starts to laugh.

SARGENT CARL
Quiet! Stand up.

Everyone stands up quickly but Samuel struggles some. Bernard reaches his hand out for help and two residents help him up.

SARGENT CARL

You'll have an hour of P T and then return to your units for lock down and count.

Bernard goes up close to Samuel.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Sammy. What'd the director want?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Can't say.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Come on, Sammy. You can tell me.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Said I had to keep it Q T. If I tell you, then I'll have to kill you!

BERNARD WHITLEY

Ah, hell. Must not be that big a deal or you'd be spreadin' it all over the place.

SAMUEL COLLINS

That's exactly what I'll be doin'. Spreadin' it all over the place.

BERNARD WHITLEY

What? Ah forget it! Come on. Let's get this exercise crap over with.

MONTAGE:

The group jogs around the floor perimeter. Bernard is sluggish and gets pushed from the boy behind him. Samuel is keeping up.

The group does sit ups. Bernard struggles and gets help from one of the boys. Samuel does fine.

Sargent Carl walks into the middle of the floor and raises his arms.

SARGENT CARL

Remove your shoes and drop them at the door on your way out. Step it up!

Bernie slumps onto his back and spreads his arms and legs out and takes a deep breath.

BERNARD WHITLEY

How about stepping it down?

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - NIGHT

A STAFF MEMBER walks the hallway near the cells picking up the soiled underwear and socks on top of the folded clothes. He picks up Bernard's underwear, disgustingly looks at his hand and then smells the underwear. He looks up at the number above the cell and leaves.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MORNING

Lance is in the hallway by the cells and unlocks the doors. Samuel and Bernard come out and pick up their clothes. Cory comes out of his room.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(smiling widely)

Hey! Cory! Good to see you back!

CORY THOMAS

Yeh. Got back last night. Hey! Mister Sammy. Thanks for gettin' us soda!

SAMUEL COLLINS

Glad I could help.

CORY THOMAS

Director Blaine says just on Sunday and holidays. But it's better than nothin'!

SAMUEL COLLINS

Welcome.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Sure hope I don't spend my holidays here.

GUARD LANCE

Get dressed!

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - DAY

A group of RESIDENTS, including Cory and Bernard, are lead into the computer classroom by a STAFF MEMBER. MISS RENEE (30s) is standing at the front of the room.

STAFF MEMBER
Take a seat.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(whispering)
Cory. Sit by me.

CORY THOMAS
(whispering)
Why?

BERNARD WHITLEY
(whispering)
I need help.

CORY THOMAS
(whispering)
Whatever.

STAFF MEMBER
Get settled. Let's go!

Once everyone is settled, the staff member stands at the open door and watches.

MISS RENEE
Good afternoon, residents. Looks like we have a visitor today.

STAFF MEMBER
No, Miss Renee. He's a resident. Special circumstances.

MISS RENEE
I see. All right then. My name is Miss Renee. I know some of you have been here before and I hope you will assist those who need help. You will learn the basic functions of the computer, how to look for jobs on the internet, and to send e-mails. Now. Wake up the computer.

The residents all click the mouse or a key except for Bernard who slaps the monitor. The room erupts with laughter.

MISS RENEE (CONT'D)
I see we have a resident who knows
very little about computers.

CORY THOMAS
I'll help him, Miss Renee.

MISS RENEE
Thank you, Cory.

CORY THOMAS
Whatever.

MISS RENEE
All right then. Let's get started.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(whispering)
Cory. I'm glad you're okay.

CORY THOMAS
Ain't nothin'.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Now show me how this thing works.

Cory smiles a bit and reaches over to Bernie's computer and presses a key.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

In a classroom, tables are placed together in a U shape with chairs around the outside. A group of residents enter the classroom escorted by TWO GUARDS. MRS. GLADYS WEAVER (70-80 nicely dressed and attractive) is standing at the front of the room. When Samuel notices Gladys, he sucks in his stomach and pushes out his chest.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(low tone)
Not a bad lookin' lady. Not as
nice as Beth. But okay.

Resident MORGAN SCHICK (large build, age 17) tries to push ahead of the BOY between himself and Samuel.

MORGAN SHICK
Move over punk. I wanna sit by
gramps.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Hey. Get back in line where you were punk!

Morgan gives Samuel a glare, notices a guard coming toward him, and sits down with one chair between them. The guard returns to the door and stands guard.

GLADYS WEAVER

Good afternoon. My name is Misses Gladys Weaver. In this session, you will learn about foods and how to spend your money to get the best value and nutrition.

SAMUEL COLLINS

(raises his hand)

Misses Weaver?

GLADYS WEAVER

Yes. I'm sorry. I don't know your name.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Samuel. Samuel Collins.

GLADYS WEAVER

Samuel? You're a resident here?

STAFF MEMBER

Yes. He's a resident.

GLADYS WEAVER

(astonished)

Really?

STAFF MEMBER

Yes, Madam. Special circumstances.

GLADYS WEAVER

All right then. Samuel. What's your question?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Are you going to cook up something good?

GLADYS WEAVER

Oh, no. We don't cook in here.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Damn! I thought we were gonna get some food!

The room erupts in laughter and the boys start to chant
'Food.'

STAFF MEMBER

Quiet!

The room becomes instantly quiet.

GLADYS WEAVER

All right then. Let's get started
with high protein foods.

SAMUEL COLLINS

(loud whisper)

Sure hope she pats me down after
class.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - DAY

Bernard is escorted to the medical room by a STAFF MEMBER who
opens the door and motions for Bernie to enter. Bernie enters
and the staff member closes the door and stands next to it.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the medical room, Bernie approaches Nurse Kelley who
is standing next to an examining table.

NURSE KELLEY

Hello, Mister Whitley.

BERNARD WHITLEY

What am I doing here?

NURSE KELLEY

You don't know?

BERNARD WHITLEY

No. I don't. Already had the
physical.

NURSE KELLEY

Yes. But it seems we missed
something.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(nervous)

Oh no you don't! You ain't
sticking your finger up my ass!

NURSE KELLEY

Nothing like that. The night staff noticed urine in your underwear. Wanna tell me about it?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Nothin' to say.

NURSE KELLEY

Is it because you're nervous?

BERNARD WHITLEY

No. Had it since the war. Sneeze or cough or strain and I... I... you know, just a little.

NURSE KELLEY

I see. What did your doctor say about it?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Didn't see no doctor.

NURSE KELLEY

Maybe we can help.

BERNARD WHITLEY

You ain't gonna stick something up my... you know...
(points to his groin area)

NURSE KELLEY

I don't think that will be necessary.
(winks)
At least not yet.

Bernie swallows hard and cringes.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

Director Blaine is standing in the hallway that leads to the outside exercise area. A solid wall is on one side and glass windows are on the side of the recreation area. He has a gallon of paint and brushes sitting on the floor. Sargent Carl escorts Samuel to the hallway where Blaine is standing.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

Carl. Go on outside in the rec area and keep an eye on Samuel from there.

SARGENT CARL

Sure thing.

Sargent Carl exits to the outside.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

Now. Sammy. This wall needs painted.

SAMUEL COLLINS

What color?

DIRECTOR BLAINE

(opening the can of paint)
Beige.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Not much of a change.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

I figure we start out slow.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Your call. But it seems like a waste of time.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

Have to keep management happy.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I still say it's a waste.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

I'll check back later. The doors will be locked, so don't get any ideas about trying to get out of here.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Got ya.

Director Blaine exits through a door at the end of the hall and locks it. Samuel stands and looks at the wall for a few moments then smiles widely as he gets an idea. Samuel starts to paint the outline of a large-brimmed ladies hat with a feather in it.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

Samuel stands back from the wall and smiles and acts proud of his work.

BOY #1 resident who is outside in the recreation area comes up to the window and smiles and jumps around pointing at the wall.

BOY #1
 (yelling)
 Hey! Come here! Look what Decaf
 did!

All the RESIDENTS and GUARDS that are outside come up to the window and gaze in amazement at the wall. Some inmates whistle and hoot. Sargent Carl enters the hallway and keys up the shoulder mic.

SARGENT CARL
 This is Sargent Carl. Tell
 Director Blaine that he needs to
 get down to the hallway to the
 outside recreation area stat.

Sammy crosses his arms and smiles with pride at the wall.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

Director Blaine enters the hallway and walks up beside Sammy. His mouth drops open as he gazes at the silhouettes of Mae West and Betty Boop that are painted on the wall.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
 What the?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (proudly)
 Like it? Mae West and Betty Boop.
 The two most voluptuous women in
 the world.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
 This is not what I had in mind.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Well, it's what's on my mind!

DIRECTOR BLAINE
 It's... it's. Whew. I like it.
 But the State Director won't!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Why not?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
 Because she is a woman. You'll
 have to paint over it.

SAMUEL COLLINS
You can't be serious.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Unfortunately. Yes. I am.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What a waste!

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Wait a minute!
(pulls out his cell phone)
I want to get a picture of this and
send it to my buddies. They'll get
a kick out of it.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Ain't that a phone?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Yes.

SAMUEL COLLINS
And you can take pictures with it?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
Yes.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Man. Strange world we've become.
Women in charge and phones that
take pictures. What's next?

DIRECTOR BLAINE
What's next is painting that
wall... all of it.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Ladies. I hate to do it. But the
man says you have to go.

Sammy starts to paint over the pictures and the BOYS outside
all start to moan and yell.

BOY #1
Ah, man!

BOY #2
Don't do it!

Director Blaine motions for everyone to go back to the
recreation area and they slowly turn and go back to the yard
area.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - DAY

Two groups of residents and staff members enter the gym in single file. One group on each side of the gym. Bernie and Cory are on one side and Samuel is on the other with Morgan Schick. Everyone sits and puts on their shoes.

Residents stand up and start to run in single file around the gym.

Cory is in front of Bernard and Morgan is several boys behind Samuel but slowly working his way up to Samuel.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(winded)
Cory. What's your story?

CORY THOMAS
What?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Why are you here?

CORY THOMAS
Cut up a man.

BERNARD WHITLEY
You did! Why?

CORY THOMAS
Rather not say.

BERNARD WHITLEY
It can't be that bad.

CORY THOMAS
You'd be surprised.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Try me.

CORY THOMAS
My old man pimps me out to men for drugs.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(taken back)
I... I... Me and Sammy could give you some hittin' lessons.

CORY THOMAS
Maybe. Look! He's gonna get him.

BERNARD WHITLEY
What are you talking about?

CORY THOMAS
Morgan. He's gonna get Sammy.

BERNARD WHITLEY
What do you mean?

CORY THOMAS
He's gonna beat him up.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Why?

CORY THOMAS
Morgan and Adam are old heads.
Lifers. Morgan's gonna get Sammy
for puttin' Adam in the hole.

BERNARD WHITLEY
But Sammy didn't! Adam did it
himself!

CORY THOMAS
Ain't the way they see it.

BERNARD WHITLEY
What's he gonna do?

CORY THOMAS
Not sure. Keep your eyes open.

Morgan grabs Samuel from behind and starts to hit him.
Bernard and Cory rush over and Cory jumps on Morgan's back.

MORGAN SHICK
Damned scapegoat! Get the fuck off
me!

Cory is thrown to the floor and Bernard rushes to Cory's aid.
Staff members radio for help as the gym erupts in confusion
and the residents form a wide circle around Morgan and
Samuel. Some of the residents restrain the staff members.
The residents all start to chant 'Decaf.'

Morgan and Samuel separate and circle sideways as they talk.

MORGAN SHICK
You're gonna get it old man!

SAMUEL COLLINS

Look kid. I don't wanna hurt you!
I've been boxing since I was in the
Army.

MORGAN SHICK

(sarcastic)

What? The Salvation Army?

SAMUEL COLLINS

(determined)

You don't scare me, punk!

MORGAN SHICK

You couldn't knock out a tird, old
man!

SAMUEL COLLINS

You'll eat those words and a few
teeth right along with 'em!

MORGAN SHICK

Come on, old man. Show me what you
got!

SAMUEL COLLINS

You asked for it, smart ass!

Morgan and Samuel fight and the chanting of 'Decaf' gets louder and louder. Samuel hits Morgan with a hard right and Morgan falls to the floor. Staff members rush the crowd and quickly handcuff and shackle both Morgan and Samuel and make everyone else sit down. As the staff removes Samuel everyone claps and whistles and chants 'Decaf.'

Sargent Carl gets into the center of the crowd and throws his hands up.

SARGENT CARL

All right! Quiet! If you don't
want to go to the hole with these
two I suggest you keep quiet!

The room becomes instantly silent.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MORNING

Bernard and Cory are working close together scrubbing the bathroom floor.

CORY THOMAS
 (whispering)
 How's Sammy?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (whispering)
 Don't know. You know anything?

CORY THOMAS
 (whispering)
 They took him to the hole.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (whispering)
 But he didn't start the fight.

CORY THOMAS
 (whispering)
 Don't matter. He hit Morgan.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (whispering)
 How come you didn't end up there?

CORY THOMAS
 (whispering)
 Lucky I guess. Maybe they didn't
 see me.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (whispering)
 Let me know if you hear anything.

CORY THOMAS
 (whispering)
 You got it.

Lance walks up to Bernard.

GUARD LANCE
 Whitley.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Yes, Sir.

GUARD LANCE
 You have a meeting with your
 attorney at nine.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 You sure?

GUARD LANCE

Word just came down from the front office.

BERNARD WHITLEY

What about Sammy? He goin' too?

GUARD LANCE

Couldn't say. I just know about you.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Thanks.

CORY THOMAS

Maybe that means you're gettin' out 'a here.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Could mean someplace worse.

CORY THOMAS

Yeh. You're right.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

Matt Whitley is patiently waiting in a meeting room, looking over some paperwork when Bernard enters the room. A guard waits outside and watches through the door window.

MATT WHITLEY

How you doing, Pap?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Barbara have that boy yet?

MATT WHITLEY

Not yet. Most any day though.

BERNARD WHITLEY

I sure hope the hell I'm out of here before she does. Pick out a name yet?

MATT WHITLEY

Kickin' around a few. Barbara wants to wait until he's born before we decide. Look, Pap. We really need to talk about this whole situation.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Sammy comin'?

MATT WHITLEY
No. Not yet. I'm only allowed to talk to one client at a time. Look. When this is over, you're coming to live with me and Barbara.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Nah. Had enough of those early morning cries with my own kids. I'll work something out.

MATT WHITLEY
I don't want you living alone, Pap.

BERNARD WHITLEY
I can take care of myself.

MATT WHITLEY
I know you can. But what if you fall? I'd never forgive myself if something happened to you.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Well, something is happening now!

MATT WHITLEY
I know. And we'd better get it resolved soon or Dad's going to find out. They're coming in once the baby comes. If you're still in here then... I'll have to tell him.

BERNARD WHITLEY
I know. I know. I appreciate what you've done so far. So. What now?

MATT WHITLEY
Not sure. We'll get something figured out. I promise.

BERNARD WHITLEY
What if we pay for damages? Think that would help?

MATT WHITLEY
Worth a shot.

BERNARD WHITLEY
I trust ya, Matt. Just don't take too long. Okay?

MATT WHITLEY

You got it, Pap.

Bernard hugs Matt and exits. Matt quickly looks over some paperwork. Samuel enters and shakes hands with Matt.

MATT WHITLEY

How are you?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Ready to get out of this place.
Gotta get my mits on Beth before
someone else does.

MATT WHITLEY

The judge is really pissed off at
you.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Ah hell. We was just havin' fun.
Been a long time since me and Whit
had fun together. Don't tell him I
said this... But... Whit is like a
brother to me... never dreamed we'd
end up like this.

MATT WHITLEY

Senator Jackson wasn't none too
thrilled about his limo. Thank
goodness it wasn't destroyed.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Hey! That's it!

MATT WHITLEY

What?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Sure! That's our ticket out!

MATT WHITLEY

What are you talking about?

SAMUEL COLLINS

The Senator. He wants re-elected.
Right?

MATT WHITLEY

Yeh. So?

SAMUEL COLLINS

He was at the home to get votes.
What if we go public with this?
Less votes, right?

MATT WHITLEY

Go public?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Sure. The news. Bring one of
those hot shot reporters in here
and let me talk to 'em.

MATT WHITLEY

They'd never allow that. But. You
know what? You may have something
there. I have a friend who works at
the news station.

INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

In the Judge's chambers, Judge Holman is behind his desk.
Senator Jackson is seated in front of the desk.

Matt Whitley enters and walks to the desk in a confident
manner.

MATT WHITLEY

Judge Holman. Senator Jackson. I
want to thank you for meeting me.

JUDGE HOLMAN

So what's the emergency? This is
highly irregular.

SENATOR JACKSON

Yes. What's this all about?

MATT WHITLEY

We need to discuss Samuel Collins
and Bernard Whitley's situation.

SENATOR JACKSON

Nothing to discuss. They stole my
limo.

JUDGE HOLMAN

Not to mention what they did to me!
Why they made me the laughing stock
of the county.

MATT WHITLEY

I understand your positions. Totally. But. I have to say. If we can't come to some kind of compromise. Well. I'll just have to go to the media with it. They're waiting in the parking lot for my statement.

JUDGE HOLMAN

What? How dare you!

MATT WHITLEY

It's my grandpa. I have to do what's best for him.

JUDGE HOLMAN

It could mean your career!

MATT WHITLEY

The voting masses would see it as doing what's right for war veterans.

Judge Holman gets up and looks out the window and sees the NEWS CREW in the parking lot.

JUDGE HOLMAN

The bar association would see it as insubordination! Or black mail for God sakes!

MATT WHITLEY

I'm willing to take that chance. The way I see it, I'm young enough to start over. Are the two of you?

Judge Holman and Senator Jackson look at each other with question.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - LATER

Matt Whitley exits the court house and the news crew and REPORTER rush up to him in the parking lot.

NEWS REPORTER

How'd it go, Matt?

MATT WHITLEY

Good. Thanks for your help.

NEWS REPORTER

No problem. Let's take it live.
Three, two, one. Good afternoon.
We're live at the Lancaster County
Courthouse where Juvenile Attorney
Matt Whitley is going to give us an
exclusive update on his two elderly
clients who were sentenced to
juvenile detention. Last week we
brought you the story of Senator
Jackson's limo being taken by two
elderly residents of the Sunshine
Retirement Home. Attorney Whitley
represents them and he has an
update on the case.

MATT WHITLEY

It's my pleasure to tell you that
both of my clients are doing well.
And, I have successfully negotiated
to have the charges reduced. What
they did was wrong, no doubt about
that. But Senator Jackson agreed
to let them pay for the damages.
And Judge Holman is requiring
community service.

NEWS REPORTER

There you have it folks. Justice
at work.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MORNING

Bernard and Samuel are brought into the receiving area
without restraints. Sargent Carl is waiting for them.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Can't say that I'm sorry to be
leaving.

SARGENT CARL

I understand. Need a ride?

BERNARD WHITLEY

My grandson is picking us up.

SARGENT CARL

Your clothes are in there. Go
change.

SAMUEL COLLINS

My own underwear! Thank God!

Samuel goes into the changing room.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Sargent Carl.

SARGENT CARL
Yes, Mister Whitley.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Do you think I could speak to Miss
Megan before I go?

SARGENT CARL
Any particular reason?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Personal.

SARGENT CARL
I'll see what I can do.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Thanks.

Bernard goes into the changing room.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

Samuel and Bernard are in the changing room putting on their
regular clothing.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Never thought underwear could mean
so much to a man. Step it up,
Whit! We're out of here!

BERNARD WHITLEY
I'm coming. I'm coming.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Damn it feels good to get into my
own drawers.

Sargent Carl comes to the door of the changing room.

SARGENT CARL
Mister Whitley. Megan will see
you.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What the hell do ya want to see the
shrink for?

BERNARD WHITLEY
None of your business. I'll only
be a minute.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Well hurry the hell up.

SARGENT CARL
Where you headed now, fellas?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Good question. Got thrown out of
the only home I have. Right now, Y
M C A sounds pretty good.

SARGENT CARL
Could do worse.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Suppose so.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

Bernard is standing in a meeting room with MEGAN RAMSEY
(40s).

BERNARD WHITLEY
Thanks, Miss Megan.

Bernie reaches his hand out to Megan and they shake hands.

MEGAN RAMSEY
You're welcome. I hope it works
out for you.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Me too.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

In the receiving area Director Blaine is waiting with Samuel,
who is pacing the floor. Bernard enters the area.

DIRECTOR BLAINE
You all set?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Yes. Thank you.

SAMUEL COLLINS

About time! Let's get the hell out of here. This place gives me the willies!

DIRECTOR BLAINE

I just had to come and say good bye. You two certainly have made a lasting impression on this place.

BERNARD WHITLEY

And we won't forget you any time soon either.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

Come on. I'll walk you out.

Bernard, Samuel and Blaine start to walk through the hallway.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Have to say. You run a tight ship.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

Have to. Just wish these kids would stay out once they make it through.

BERNARD WHITLEY

What do ya mean?

DIRECTOR BLAINE

Better than half end up coming back.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Should be somethin' better for them.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

I agree. Deep down, most of them are good kids. They need an outlet for all that anger. Well. Here's where you get off. Stay out of trouble you two.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Don't worry about that!

SAMUEL COLLINS

By the way... that paint job I did for you.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

What about it?

SAMUEL COLLINS

(smiling widely)

If the light hits it just right.
You can still see my girls.

DIRECTOR BLAINE

I'll remember that. Some of the
boys asked if they could do some
painting. I think I'll give 'em a
shot at it.

(shakes hands with both men)

Good luck, gentlemen. It's been...
let's just say, it's been real.

EXT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

Samuel and Bernard take deep breaths when they get outside.
The same reporter and news crew as before are waiting on the
sidewalk and rush up to Bernard and Samuel.

NEWS REPORTER

Mister Whitely and Mister Collins.
Will you give us a statement?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Nothing like fresh air.

NEWS REPORTER

I mean about your ordeal.

BERNARD WHITLEY

It was an eye opener. These kids
sure need some help to keep them
out of places like this.

NEWS REPORTER

I understand Senator Jackson
dropped the charges. Can you tell
us the details?

BERNARD WHITLEY

You need to talk to my grandson. I
mean our attorney.

NEWS REPORTER

What's next for you two?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Finding a place to live.

BERNARD WHITLEY

He's just joking. We're gonna do something to help kids stay out of this place.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Sounds like you're spendin' my money, Whit.

NEWS REPORTER

What will you do?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Don't know quite yet, but, I'm sure we'll come up with something.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I know! We can teach 'em to box!

NEWS REPORTER

A boxing program for kids? Sounds like a big undertaking.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Yeh. But me and Whit can handle it! Right, Whit?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Well.

NEWS REPORTER

You heard it here folks, Mister Whitely and Mister Collins are going to use their experience to help kids.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Here comes Matt. Let's go!

A car, with Matt driving, pulls up to the curb. Bernard quickly gets in the front and Samuel gets in the back seat.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Matt Whitley smiles as Samuel and Bernard quickly fasten their seat belts.

MATT WHITLEY

Well, Pap. Finally out.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Let's get the hell outta' here.

MATT WHITLEY

Where to first?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Do we have a baby yet?

MATT WHITLEY

Not yet. We're hoping it doesn't happen until we get everything moved.

BERNARD WHITLEY

We have to get our stuff out of the retirement home. Can you help?

MATT WHITLEY

Sure. We already have the moving truck. Been taking things over to the new house all week.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Any chance you got enough room for me for a day or two?

MATT WHITLEY

What about it, Pap?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Suppose so.

MATT WHITLEY

The house is a mess right now. Moving and all.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I won't take up much space.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Samuel, wearing his eye patch, Bernard and Matt are carrying things to the moving truck that is parked in the front driveway near the large fountain. Matt puts down an open box and pulls out the broken up portrait.

MATT WHITLEY

Dad sure is young in this picture.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Eighteen. Just before he left for Vietnam.

MATT WHITLEY
Grandma was a beautiful lady.

SAMUEL COLLINS
You can say that again. Good
lookin' kids, too.

Bernard points to each one in the picture as he says their names.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(tears in his eyes)
Yeh. That's Paul. And Mary. And
Joshua Samuel.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(proud)
Well. I can't wait to meet my
namesake.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(depressed tone)
Can't.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(defensive)
And why not?

Tears roll down Bernard's face and he speaks in a broken, choking tone.

BERNARD WHITLEY
He died. Not long after this
picture was taken.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(taken back)
Died? What from?

BERNARD WHITLEY
(somber tone)
Snake bite. I didn't get him down
from the woods quick enough.

Bernard wipes the tears from his face and stiffens up his demeanor as Matt pats Bernard's shoulder.

Samuel is fidgety and wipes his face hard.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Bernie. I mean, Whit. It's really
hard for me to say this.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (defensive)
 What now?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (flips the eye patch up)
 Would you just shut up and let me
 talk?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Sure. Go ahead. I ain't stoppin'
 ya.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 What I'm trying to say is. I'm
 glad that Sarah married you.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 What? You got a fever or
 something!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Will you just shut up and listen!

BERNARD WHITLEY
 All right! I'm listening!

SAMUEL COLLINS
 You gave her a good life. A
 family. She deserved someone like
 you.

Bernie pats Sammy on the shoulder.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Thanks. That means a lot.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (flips the eye patch back
 down)
 Let's get this shit loaded and get
 the hell out of here!

The three turn to walk back to the building and Beth and
 Helen are coming down the walk toward them.

BETH MILLER
 Samuel. I want you to know you'll
 be missed around here.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Miss me? I don't believe it.

HELEN GRAFF
 Maybe she'll miss you but I
 certainly won't.

BETH MILLER
 You made it fun.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Why thank you, Beth. You any good
 at cooking?

BETH MILLER
 Why yes. I bake up a great pie.
 Just let me know what kind.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 I'll take you up on that. That is,
 once I get settled.

BETH MILLER
 If you tell me where you're going.
 Maybe I'll move there too.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 I don't think they allow women at
 the Y M C A.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Sammy. You're not going to the Y.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 No place else to go.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 You can move in with me.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 And just where would that be?

BERNARD WHITLEY
My house.

MATT WHITLEY
 Yeh. The house belongs to Pap.
 Now that Barbara and I have our own
 place. Well.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 I was planning on selling the
 place. We could share expenses.
 That is, if you want.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Are you serious?

BERNARD WHITLEY

You have to promise not to.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I promise. Whatever it is. I promise! I'll even give up the beer and women! Wait a minute. You wouldn't ask me to do that? Would you?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Of course not! Let's get this shit loaded! Excuse us ladies.

Samuel gets happy.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Gotta go ladies. Work to do.

Samuel, Bernard and Matt start to walk away.

BETH MILLER

Samuel! Don't forget to take my number with you!

SAMUEL COLLINS

(calling back as he walks)
Don't worry. I'll get it!

INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

Bernard and Samuel are watching TWO TEENS that were in the juvenile detention facility fight in the ring and SEVERAL OTHERS are working out on punching bags and jumping ropes.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Whit. These last months with you.
Well. What I'm trying to say is.

BERNARD WHITLEY

You're not gonna get all mushy, are you?

SAMUEL COLLINS

No. No! It's just that the two of us back together. Working to set this up for the kids. It's like old times.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Suppose so.

SAMUEL COLLINS

It took a lot more green out of the sugar jar than I expected though.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Yeh. Good thing Senator Jackson helped out with fund raising.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Now that was surprising!

BERNARD WHITLEY

You can say that again. I'm sure it helped him get re-elected. What surprised me even more is that he allowed your name attached to it!

SAMUEL COLLINS

He didn't want his name on it in case it doesn't work out.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Suppose.

SAMUEL COLLINS

What do ya say we go to the pub after we close up and put down a couple?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Sounds good.

The boys in the ring stop fighting and one comes over to the ropes where Bernard and Samuel are standing.

YOUNG BOXER

Hey, Decaf! When you gonna paint one of the va-va-voom ladies for us?

SAMUEL COLLINS

When you're old enough! Time to close up boys!

All the boys in the gym start to moan.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Tomorrow's another day.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Speaking of tomorrow. It's report
 card day. No one gets in unless
 they bring their report card.

All the boys moan again.

SAMUEL COLLINS (CONT'D)
 You know the rules. If you don't
 go to school...you don't box. Hit
 the shower!

INT. PUB - LATER

Samuel and Bernard sit down at the bar. A FEMALE BARTENDER,
 30s and very pretty, approaches them.

FEMALE BARTENDER
 You boys got I D?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 She never changes.

FEMALE BARTENDER
 (smiles and winks)
 Gotta run a legit place here.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Draft please. Light beer.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Draft, but give me the real kind.

FEMALE BARTENDER
 You got it.

The bartender draws two beers and sets them in front of
 Bernard and Samuel.

FEMALE BARTENDER
 Anything else, gents?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 (depressed tone)
 No thanks.

The bartender leaves them.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (raises his glass)
 Here's to boxing.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(barely raising his glass)
Yeh. Boxing.

SAMUEL COLLINS
What's bugging you, Whit?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Court hearing tomorrow.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Court? What for!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Personal. If it comes out good...
I'll tell you. Otherwise. I might
not say.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Do I need to start looking for a
new place to live?

BERNARD WHITLEY
No. No. Nothing like that.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Then what?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Rather not say.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Always keepin' them damn secrets.
Want me to go with you?

BERNARD WHITLEY
No. I think it's best that I go by
myself. Wouldn't want you messing
this up.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Messing it up?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Yes. Like pulling the judge's rug
off? Remember?

SAMUEL COLLINS
Oh. Right. But, I got your back
if you need me.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Thanks. I think I can handle this one alone.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Let's just hope you don't sneeze in court!

BERNARD WHITLEY

Got that problem taken care of.

SAMUEL COLLINS

When? You didn't see no doctor.

BERNARD WHITLEY

In the slammer. That nurse, Kelley. She got me on some pill. Take it every day. Haven't had it since.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Well...I'll be damned! Drink up!

INT. BERNARD'S HOME - DAY

The living room is modestly furnished with good furniture and very neat and clean. Bernard enters the living room wearing a suit and tie and smiling. Samuel, sloppily dressed, stuffing his face with bread, comes out of the kitchen.

SAMUEL COLLINS

From the look on your face, I'd say the outcome was good.

BERNARD WHITLEY

Yes. Yes, it was.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Are you gonna tell me what it's all about?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Yes. No! Not just yet.

SAMUEL COLLINS

When?

BERNARD WHITLEY

In a few days. You'll know in a few days.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Damn you, Whit. You sure know how
 to mess with a man's mind.

The sound of dropping pans comes from the kitchen.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Who's in the kitchen?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Whit. Sit down.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 What for?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Remember Beth and Helen?

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Yeh. So. Are they here?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Yes. They're here.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 What for?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Cooking. Good cooking. Real good
 cooking. There's even apple pie.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 And how did they find out where we
 live?

SAMUEL COLLINS
 (states slowly)
 You know, Whit. There are times
 when you shouldn't ask questions.
 Let's just enjoy the food.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Couldn't hurt I guess.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 Good. Come on. Let's eat.

BERNARD WHITLEY
 Maybe you should find that eye
 patch.

SAMUEL COLLINS
 What for?

BERNARD WHITLEY
So the ladies don't notice the way
you're dressed.

SAMUEL COLLINS
I've gotten better!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Maybe so. But you've got a long
way to go.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Ah! You're worse than a nagging
woman! Let's go... the food's
gettin' cold!

Bernard and Samuel walk toward the kitchen.

INT. BERNARD'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Helen is putting plates of spaghetti on the kitchen table and
Beth is pulling an apple pie from the oven. There are dirty
pots and pans all over the stove.

HELEN GRAFF
Hello, Bernard. I'm Helen.
Remember?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Yes. I remember. Helen. Beth.
Thanks for cooking, ladies.

BETH MILLER
Our pleasure. Come on boys, sit
down. Sammy. Sit here... next to
me.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Sure smells good.

BERNARD WHITLEY
(pokes his finger into the
spaghetti as he sits
down)
Yeh. Smells good.

BETH MILLER
Save room for apple pie.

SAMUEL COLLINS
(rubbing his stomach)
Don't worry about that!

HELEN GRAFF

I'll make some fresh coffee. Go ahead and start eating.

INT. BERNARD'S HOME - MORNING

Bernard is in the living room, dressed in a suit with a bow tie.

Samuel approaches in his tattered night clothes.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Where you goin'?

BERNARD WHITLEY

I have personal business to take care of.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Looks like you're goin' to a funeral.

Bernard reacts with a nervousness and gets progressively aggravated as they talk.

BERNARD WHITLEY

No! Will you just stop?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Whoa! Touchy. Must be the court thing?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Yes. The court thing.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Can I come along?

BERNARD WHITLEY

No. Well. Maybe. Do you promise?
No. No. I'll take care of it alone.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Come on, Whit. What the hell's goin' on?

BERNARD WHITLEY

All right. You can come along. But, when we get there, you have to wait in the car.

SAMUEL COLLINS

I can do that.

BERNARD WHITLEY

You have to wait quietly, in the car.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Now you sound like my mother!

BERNARD WHITLEY

I know this is probably a bad decision. But. You can come. Go change.

SAMUEL COLLINS

If I have to wait in the car... why do I have to change?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Maybe you should wear the eye patch so nobody recognizes you! Ah... Never mind. Tuck your shirt in.

Samuel quickly tucks his top into his pants and adjusts them as they continue to talk.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Whit. Ever since you told me about your problem being fixed... I've been wondering about something.

BERNARD WHITLEY

(adjusting his tie)
What's that?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Did she touch it?

BERNARD WHITLEY

Who? Touch what?

SAMUEL COLLINS

Nurse Kelley. Your one-eyed snake. Did she touch it?

BERNARD WHITLEY

(disgusted look)
No. No! Let's go!

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - LATER

Megan Ramsey and Cory Thomas, dressed in street clothes, are sitting at a table in a meeting room.

MEGAN RAMSEY

I promised you I would do my best to find you someplace to live.

CORY THOMAS

Yeh. So.

MEGAN RAMSEY

The county has found a nice foster home for you.

CORY THOMAS

Foster home! Why? They'll just end up sending me back to the old man!

MEGAN RAMSEY

Not this time. I spoke with the case worker and they agreed to try and make this permanent for you.

CORY THOMAS

But. But. I don't want.

MEGAN RAMSEY

I think you'll like this place.

Megan motions for someone to enter. Bernard enters the room.

CORY THOMAS

(excited)

Him? I get to stay with him!

MEGAN RAMSEY

Yes, Cory. Mister Whitley has gotten foster care custody of you. Is that all right?

CORY THOMAS

(happily excited)

All right? It's great!

BERNARD WHITLEY

What do ya say we go home?

CORY THOMAS

Home. Sure sounds good.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Thanks Miss Megan. For everything.

MEGAN RAMSEY
Glad I could help.

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

In the receiving area, Bernard has his arm wrapped around Cory's shoulders. Bernard shakes hands with Sargent Carl and Director Blaine. Bernard and Cory exit the facility.

EXT. JUVENILE DETENTION - MOMENTS LATER

Bernard and Cory start down the sidewalk and Cory sees Samuel sitting in the car. Cory stops walking.

CORY THOMAS
What's he say about this?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Sammy said. Any kid who had enough courage to try and save his back can stay as long as he wants.

CORY THOMAS
Cool.

BERNARD WHITLEY
Sammy and I got a boxing program set up. Interested?

CORY THOMAS
You bet!

Bernard and Cory start to walk towards the car.

BERNARD WHITLEY
If I buy one of those computers, will you teach me how to use it?

CORY THOMAS
Whatever. It ain't hard.

BERNARD WHITLEY
First. We have to get you registered in school.

CORY THOMAS
Ah. School! Do I have to?

BERNARD WHITLEY
Yes. You have to.

CORY THOMAS
Whatever. Let's go home.

A car pulls in behind Bernard's car and parks at the curb. Cory jerks, stops walking and slips in behind Bernard.

BERNARD WHITLEY
What's the matter?

CORY THOMAS
That's my dad. He ain't gonna let me go with you!

MISTER THOMAS (late 30s very rough persona) gets out of his car and storms up toward Bernard and Cory.

BERNARD WHITLEY
He can't stop us. It's legal and all.

CORY THOMAS
He ain't gonna care about that!

Mister Thomas grabs onto Bernie's shirt and pulls their faces close together. Mister Thomas pulls Cory away with his other hand.

MISTER THOMAS
(seething)
He's my son!

BERNARD WHITLEY
Not any more. I have the legal papers to prove it.

MISTER THOMAS
I don't care what your papers say.
He's mine!

Samuel taps Mister Thomas' shoulder, turns Mister Thomas around and punches him directly in the face. Mister Thomas falls straight back to the ground.

SAMUEL COLLINS
Come on. Let's get the hell out of here.

Bernard, Samuel and Cory run towards the car.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cory gets buckled into the back seat of the car. Samuel is in the front passenger side and Bernard is in the driver's seat. Samuel turns around and knuckle rub's Cory's head.

SAMUEL COLLINS

Good to have ya, runt.

CORY THOMAS

Watch who you're callin' runt!

SAMUEL COLLINS

I see we're gonna get along just fine.

Bernard starts the car and they drive away in a rush.

FADE OUT.