

FADE IN:

EXT. A WOODEN PORCH - DAY

INSERT - A WINGNUT

in EXTREME CLOSEUP, on the edge of a worn and buckled wooden porch. Grey paint chips reveal splintering wood.

We HEAR someone working with tools. We SEE a DIRTY hand reach in and grasp the WINGNUT with THUMB and INDEX FINGER.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - dirty fingers

affix the WINGNUT onto a bolt.

EXT. BOBBY'S WINGER'S HOME - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

We SEE BOBBY WINGER, 17, hunched over his bicycle. He has attached a PET MILK CRATE to the front of a girl's bike.

Bobby is wearing a GRAY JUMPSUIT. He is soft and pale. His hair is unkept. His tennis shoes tie with VELCRO STRAPS. He has a dull stare.

The home behind him is in desperate need of repair.

EXT. A CITY STREET - DAY

Bobby rides his bike through an industrial area with ships and storage tanks behind him. He rides like a ten-year-old.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

An empty MEN'S room, built in the 50s and never renovated. Worn tiles cover the floor. High ceilings reveal exposed plumbing. Four stand up urinals. Four toilets.

Bars dissect the room's lone window.

It's a cold room. Outdated, but fairly clean.

Bobby enters. There's an anxious gate to his step. He moves apprehensively, peering beneath the empty stalls.

A dirty KITCHEN APRON HANGS before him

Bobby approaches a urinal and struggles for his zipper. The APRON is in the way. He slides the FULL LENGTH APRON behind him. It hangs on him like SUPERMAN'S CAPE.

Another man enters and Bobby stops, his body language revealing the urgency he feels. But he can't go. Not yet.

Bobby's POV: WE SEE the man enter a stall and sit. The man's pants fall to his feet below the stall.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby stuffs BRIGHT YELLOW EAR PLUGS in his ears.

The ROOM GOES SILENT.

CLOSE SHOT - Bobby's face as he urinates. His eyes hold a dull stare. Slowly his eyes AVERT briefly and hold. A spark of life twinkles in his eyes.

BOBBY'S POV: a shiny chrome cap on the urinal has gotten his attention. Bobby's hand TESTS THE ORNAMENT. It's loose.

INT. A ASIAN RESTAURANT KITCHEN - LATER

Bobby is washing dishes. Slowly. Methodically. We SEE that Bobby still has the PLUGS in his ears.

The AUDIO is muted.

Two young ASIAN MEN are angrily discussing math theory. Bobby doesn't even exist to them, nor they to him.

PAN

I can solve for Z/nZ as commutative rings. You don't know!

PHAN DUC

You stupid! That's the Möbius Inversion Formula for single binary quadratic equations not the Diophantine equation!

PAN

You wrong!

PHAN DUC

No you wrong! The Diophantine equation unsolvable. The transcendence of pi shows the impossibility of squaring the circle. Do you read the book? Do you read the book? Asshole.

Bobby remains in his ear plug muted world, slowly and methodically washing dishes.

EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

Bobby riding his bike like a child on a mission.

EXT. A FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Bobby races over the dilapidated porch and into the home.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The small home is dim and shabby. An older, unkept woman wearing a house dress, sits on the couch watching television.

ELDRA WINGER is 60, but looks older. She eyes Bobby angrily.

Bobby cowers in her presence.

ELDRA
Where the hell have you been?

BOBBY
(mumbles)
I had work.

ELDRA
Wipe your feet!

Bobby wipes, and walks by his mother without a glance.

ELDRA
Did you get paid today?

Bobby shakes his head.

ELDRA
(continues)
Your father always said I should
have got an abortion. You know
that? You know what that is?

Bobby looks at his mother and nods. He continues to his room.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby shuts the door. We SEE that the room appears to be that of an adolescent's. There is a small, unmade, single bed.

A torn and tattered poster of the Ninja Turtles hangs on the wall.

The room is cluttered with all kinds of plumbing supplies, pipes, fittings and valves of every type and shape in chrome, galvanized and copper. The plumbing pieces fill every bit of the room's available space.

From beneath his bed, Bobby REMOVES a brown grocery bag. From inside the bag he removes FIVE LEDGER PADS held together with a thick rubber band. A blue mechanical pencil is attached.

Bobby's POV: He thumbs through the ledgers. Every page WE SEE is full. Page after page after page. He finds the LAST ENTRY.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby SMILES as he pulls from his pocket THE CHROME CAP from the bathroom. He examines it closely, this prized possession.

INSERT - CLOSE ON LEDGER SHEET

Bobby sets the CHROME CAP down on the LEDGER and fills in his NEW ENTRY with the mechanical pencil: Item - CHROME CAP, Company - AMERICAN STANDARD, Model Number - 100065728, Date- 01/25/04, Place - LEES THAI PALACE.

BACK TO SCENE

Bobby meticulously puts the ledgers away.

In his closet, WE SEE, BOXES filled with SMALL PLUMBING PARTS. Bobby places his new prize in its place with other identical items.

Bobby takes off his grey jump suit. He kicks the clothes into a corner. He sits on the bed in his underwear and T-shirt.

He stares longingly at a FRAMED PHOTO of an older man SMOKING A CIGAR. The photo is on the night stand.

INT. BOBBY'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Bobby is making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. The peanut butter jar is GIANT. The jelly is a TINY SAMPLE JAR.

Bobby slathers on the peanut butter. Eldra charges up and TAKES THE JAM before he can use it.

ELDRA

What are you doing?

BOBBY

Making a *sanwich*.

ELDRA
For breakfast?

BOBBY
It's for lunch at 12:05. I eat at
12:05.

ELDRA
You always use up my jam. Then I
have none for breakfast. When you
start pulling your weight around
here you can have all the jam you
want. Until then eat peanut butter.

Bobby stares down at his peanut butter ONLY sandwich. He places the other slice of bread on top and puts the sandwich into his lunch pale.

ELDRA
And clean all the junk in your room
or I'm going to throw it out.

BOBBY
No. No. No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Bobby storms out with his lunch pale, forgetting a CARTON OF MILK on the kitchen table.

EXT. LEES THAI PALACE - DAY

Bobby sits in an alley eating his peanut butter sandwich. He has nothing to drink. The peanut butter is caking in his mouth and making him thirsty.

Lee, a slender ASIAN man of 45, looks into the alley from the restaurant. An apron hangs before him. He spies Bobby.

LEE
Bobby, you come now.

INT. LEES THAI PALACE - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is a mad house. Kids running around. People cooking. An old woman cutting a mysterious vegetable.

Lee stands over Bobby, who is still trying to eat his dry, dry peanut butter sandwich.

Lee points to dirty dishes in a rack.

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