

# **NEAPOLITAN RULE**

Written by

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**RAINNBOW**

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

In a white Ford Falcon with the windows rolled down, heat waves dance off of the hood. Fourteen year old HANK dressed in faded jeans and a vertical stripped muscle tank top, sits in the passenger seat as he bangs his arm on the side of the car out the window. Hanks Mom, ASTRID scratches her inner thigh above her sundress as she rolls her eyes down at her scraped Mickey Mouse Mothers day watch.

HANK

Why do I have to go in and get it,  
you want it?

ASTRID

Because I am your mother and I  
asked you again to go to church  
with me and again I went alone.

HANK

You WENT alone. And if you won't  
let me wear a sheet, I'm not going.  
Jesus wore a sheet.

ASTRID

What?

HANK

Told you over and over, my suit is  
way to small.

ASTRID

Just Go!

HANK

No!

ASTRID

I need to stop by Hums Liquors and  
the crab is thawing on the counter,  
now hurry.

HANK

Not again tonight...

ASTRID

I'm not allowed to have a social  
life?

HANK

You're right, I wasn't thinking of you, so sorry, to busy thinking about my SEAFOOD ALERGY!

ASTRID

Right next to the crab is a TV dinner. Salesbury steak, corn, potatoes and those candy apple things you always eat first.

HANK

I'm not a kid.

ASTRID

And I'm not kidding, go!

HANK

It's gotta be a hundred out and I left my Keds in the garage.

ASTRID

Is that what I ran over backing out?

HANK

Why did you do that?!

ASTRID

No, why would you do that? Those cost a lot of money.

HANK

I can always wear--

ASTRID

Henry?! You don't even say such things.

HANK

Auuuuggghhhhh.

Astrid whacks at Hank with wild swings and smacks.

ASTRID

Go! Now! You get out of this car, put your feet to the fire and get my damn ice cream.

HANK

Better go to both services with that mouth.

Hank leans into the door as he pops it open with a forceful grunt.

He catches it just before it dings the Impala parked next to them.

HANK (CONT'D)  
(sliding out of the car)  
This is child abuse.

Hanks dances on the burning asphalt.

ASTRID  
That reminds me, we're out of milk.

HANK  
Come on, now I gotta get a bag.

ASTRID  
It's called a sack.

HANK  
Crazy...

ASTRID  
And no PDQ either.

Hanks slams the door shut, a bit of rust crumbles onto the pavement.

Astrid re-adjusts the rearview mirror as she cranes her neck to check her lipstick.

ASTRID (CONT'D)  
And don't you dare dawdle.

HANK  
The guy was a dictator. Now I see why you want to eat his damn ice cream.

ASTRID  
It's called Neapolitan. So, so proud of my A plus, plus student.

Hanks burns it for the door of the Grocery store, his bare feet slap and stomp on the hot asphalt.

He slows down near the front shopping carts as he glances over at a young boy with a grand buckaroo smile on his face, bouncing in violent flops on the old chipped paint "What A Diamond" mechanical horse.

The boys Mom stabs her finger into her coin purse as she tries to balance her weeks worth bag of groceries.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

In past the checkers, two of whom used to be his teachers.

A woman his Moms age suddenly wave at him.

HANK  
Hi Mrs. Updyke.

MRS. UPDYKE  
(teasingly)  
Your Mom finally sent you in by yourself.

HANK  
(quick fake laugh)  
Pressing business in the car with a comb I believe.

MRS. UPDYKE  
Oh that's right.

HANK  
And I don't know how the country club date went. He's our preacher, I'm afraid I'll burst into flames if I ask for you.

MRS. UPDYKE  
Don't be disrespectful now.

He turns sharp, his bare feet smack on the cool tile as he sprints down to the frozen section at the end of the isle.

He turns and skip steps to a halt as he spots the ice cream section.

A cooler door suddenly swings open, and almost knocks him back into the next glass door.

BECKY  
Hey better watch out there.

BECKY, fourteen, barefoot and wearing a "Bring On the Sunshine" T-shirt and cutoff jeans shorts, clamps her fingers tight around the last carton of Neapolitan.

HANK  
Sorry gotta have that.

Hank slaps his hand over hers in a tight clutch grip as king of the ice cream.

Becky flashes a diabolical smile at him.

Hank eyes flick down to read her shirt.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Looks like you've had a great  
summer for sure.

BECKY  
Missed you in Sunday school the  
past seven weeks.

HANK  
Oh been real busy you know.

BECKY  
Great lesson last week. "Sin is  
doing things our own way instead of  
God's way."

HANK  
Heard your Dad's been giving it the  
old fire and brimstone on the  
sermons.

BECKY  
He does write the Sunday school  
lessons to.

HANK  
Oh trust me, I've heard them all.

BECKY  
Just me and the Stella's and space  
cadet Lenny. It's a madhouse bore.

HANK  
Everywhere these days.

Becky glances down at their hands gripped on the ice cream carton.

BECKY  
You like strawberry, vanilla or  
chocolate best?

HANK  
Uh... Small sliver of scrapping the  
spoon across the top of the carton,  
rolled into a spoonful bite.

BECKY  
Oh a suicide scoop.

HANK  
I never know what things are  
called.  
(pause)

BECKY  
My hand is getting cold.

HANK  
Mine is getting hot.

As the frosty air billows out of the freezer, Becky clears her throat as she catches Hank as he stares down again at her T-shirt.

BECKY  
I hear boys shrink in the cold. Are  
you shrinking now Hank?

HANK  
(embarrassed, looking up)  
I, I need to get this ice cream  
back. My Mom has plans.

BECKY  
They're everywhere these days.

HANK  
She's gonna kill me if I don't  
bring this back.

BECKY  
Tell her they were out.

HANK  
That won't matter one iota.

BECKY  
My Dad said I have to bring it  
home, go to all the stores if need  
be, and to not let him down for  
once.

HANK  
We both have patterns of  
excellence.

BECKY  
I've saw you ride your bike by my  
house last week.

HANK  
Left my mitt in our car.

BECKY  
Oh...

HANK  
Yeah...

BECKY  
Well I wasn't bringing the ice  
cream home I was going to eat it  
and tell my Dad they were out.

HANK  
Ah...

BECKY  
Well my hands still getting cold.

HANK  
Mines still gettin' hot.

BECKY  
My hands on it first.

HANK  
But I HAVE to bring it back. It  
will be freak out city if I don't.

BECKY  
Why don't we both take it home to  
your Mom.

HANK  
Come over? That would give her  
fits. She would have to share with  
us for sure.

BECKY  
I can try your suicide.

HANK  
It's to die for.

Hank rolls his eyes at himself embarrassed at what he said.

BECKY  
Deal?

Hank squeezes his grip on Becky's hand.

HANK  
I can trust you?



BECKY  
To do what?

HANK  
OK, deal.

BECKY  
Right on.

HANK  
But my Mom's waiting out in the car.

BECKY  
She always is.

They both stare at their hands on the now frosted ice cream container.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You're not moving your hand?

HANK  
I was just thinking.

BECKY  
You should never think too much I always say.

Hank suddenly lifts his hand off of the ice cream then slams it back down.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Hey man, we had a deal.

HANK  
Who carries it?

BECKY  
You have money?

HANK  
Mom always pays.

BECKY  
Great, I was gonna steal it and keep the money.

HANK  
Well then you carry it and I'll pay.

BECKY  
How very ERA of you. I'll carry it  
like a baby.

HANK  
Oh uh, I just meant so you don't  
have to steal it.

BECKY  
One... two...

HANK  
Three!

They both yank their hands up and Becky slams the carton  
quick into her breadbasket like she's ready to run with a  
football.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Well that's that.

BECKY  
Warm my hand up.

Becky slaps her palm on Hanks cheek.

Hank flinches his head back hard with a BANG hard on the  
freezer glass as it swings shut, the glass cracks in a spider  
web pattern.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You're the man.

HANK  
Come on, oh my god.

Hank grabs Becky's hand and in a hurried motion yanks her  
down the Isle.

BECKY  
Taking that your the man bit a  
little too seriously now.

HANK  
That was your fault.

BECKY  
You're going the wrong way, and no  
one saw us anyway. You're just  
drawing attention, slow down.

They round the corner at the end cap and Hanks flings Becky's  
hand away as he morphs into a slow stroll down the cereal  
isle.

HANK

So what's your favorite cereal?

BECKY

We've moved on to lists now?

HANK

I still have that Jackson 5 ABC song record that I cut off a box of Honey Comb.

BECKY

I'll bet you do. I always had to give my prizes to my little brother so he wouldn't tell on me.

HANK

Lets not exaggerate now.

BECKY

That kids cereal now days just makes my lips to sticky. I hate having sticky lips.

HANK

So no favs huh.

Becky smacks a cereal box.

BECKY

Frankenberry!

HANK

Now way, that Frankenstein cereal should never have made it off the table. Count Chocula all the way man.

BECKY

(smacks every box)  
Crazy cow!

HANK

Fruit Brute!

BECKY

Captain Crunch.

HANK

The royal crunch of King Vitamin?

BECKY

Apple Jacks.

HANK

If you don't mind the roof on your  
mouth turning into sandpaper.

BECKY

Pussy. No pain, no gain.

HANK

Three glorious words, Sir Grape  
Fellow!

Becky stares over at Hanks and smiles.

BECKY

Very, very, purple sticky, sticky  
lips.

Becky grabs and pulls Hank to a stop at the sunglasses  
revolving display.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Oh I love these to death.

Becky yanks up and on a pair of pink rimmed Ray-Bans.

BECKY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

HANK

You look like my cousins Barbie  
Doll.

BECKY

You do have that too happy Ken look  
on your face.

Hank tries on a pair of Elvis styled mirrored sunglasses.

HANK

(Elvis impersonation,  
giving a karate chop)  
What do you think of these baby?

BECKY

Oh I love those on you.

HANK

(regular voice, cracking a  
bit)  
You do, you really do?

BECKY

I can see myself in them twice.

HANK  
(annoyed)  
We gotta go.

Becky LAUGHS as they both turn to the check out islands still wearing their cool sunglasses.

BECKY  
Well here we are at the gates of...

HANK  
Oh yeah.

Hank digs in his jeans pockets for the cash.

He pulls his pockets inside out as Becky flips the ice cream carton into the air.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Oh no... No.

BECKY  
I won't drop it, you worry way too much.

HANK  
No I forgot to get money from my Mom.

BECKY  
Looks like we're stealing it them.

HANK  
I'll just go out and get it. I'll be right back.

BECKY  
Nope. By the time you get back I'll be gone with it.

Becky switches the ice cream to behind her back.

HANK  
You wouldn't.

BECKY  
I have. We are in this together.

HANK  
You are not stealing that ice cream.

Becky whips the ice cream back around and shoves the carton into hank's arms.

BECKY

You're right, you are buckaroo.

Hank holds his arms out pushing the ice cream back to Becky.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'll create a distraction and you  
just walk right out the door like a  
ghost.

HANK

Oh hell no, you'll get me in  
trouble to. Then I'll really have  
to go to church, and Sunday school.

Becky suddenly leans hard into Hank and slow burn kisses him  
on the lips. Hanks eyes wide-open in surprise, his lips start  
to instinctually undulate like a fishes mouth.

BECKY

(up close lips still  
touching)

Good thing they're not too sticky  
huh.

HANK

(whispering)

Wow, what?

BECKY

(whispering)

Need to work on your technique a  
bit though.

HANK

(whispering)

What is that perfume?

BECKY

(whispering)

Oh that's a yesterday spray called  
Estée Lauder Youth Dew. My Dad gave  
me a jewelry box last week of Mom's  
stuff that was still on his dresser  
and it was in there.

HANK

Only one box?

BECKY

Leftovers she didn't want I guess

Becky strokes her finger through the side of Hanks hair.

HANK  
(whispering)  
People are staring.

BECKY  
(whispering)  
I know that's the point.

Hank bumps into the candy bar rack as he steps back, almost dropping the ice cream.

HANK  
(talking quiet)  
What? I'll get caught, no. There's  
no distraction that will...

Becky grabs the bottom of her "Bring On the Sunshine" T-shirt and tucks it through the top and yanks it down, as the shirt morphs into a bikini top.

BECKY  
Go.

HANK  
No I'll get caught for sure.

An older gentleman walks by and ogles Becky's top.

BECKY  
Trust me, you could grab a sack of  
charcoal briquettes and three bags  
of ice and no one would notice.

HANK  
No, I won't.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. BEEEEEP, BEEEEEEEEEP!

Hanks head spins towards the grocery stores front windows as he recognizes his Moms mad honking cadence.

BECKY  
Mommies calling.

HANK  
(panicking a bit)  
With you coming over what does that  
mean?

BECKY  
We're going to your room, we're not  
going around.  
(pause)  
Yet.

HANK

What?

BECKY

Go, you're not getting another kiss  
right now so go.

HANK

Huh? No we can't.

Becky bends over, bottom left butt cheek popped out of her jeans shorts and reaches into the bright red coke cooler machine and pulls up a bottle.

She winks at Hank and rubs the cold coke on the side of her face and then rolls and slides it down on the front of her neck, condensation drips down on the knot of her shirt.

BECKY

Excuse me checker Sir?

Hank blinks with panic in his eyes, ducks his head and makes a straight line for the door, almost in a march while he clutches the ice cream.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Do you know how much this coke is  
Sir? If it's fifteen cents I can  
get two, and I think its hot enough  
for two don't you?

Becky pulls the bottle up from her neck and wipes it slow across her forehead.

The coupon ladies as they flip through their Enquirers and Good Housekeeping mags humph and roll there eyes in disgust in sags of lost youth.

Hank reaches the door, in almost a sprint out as it slides open with an automatic swish.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hello did you hear me Sir?

The checker man looks Becky up and down with a grin on his face.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. BEEEEEP, BEEEEEEEEEP!

Becky rubs the cool Coke up and down the outside of her arm.

The checker man just stares lost in a gaze of a fantasy first love. His pot belly sucked in.



BECKY (CONT'D)

Hello?

And older lady, hair in curlers unloading her cart, slams a hefty cured ham down on the grocery belt as she stares at the checker man in disgust.

CHECKER MAN

(coming to clearing his  
throat)

No SHIRT, No SHOES, No SERVICE.

BECKY

Oh Ok, so sorry, what was I  
thinking, silly me.

Becky yanks the knot out of her shirt, flips the coke bottle up catching it without looking and parades towards the door.

Past a most grimaced faced Family Circle reader lady, she chucks the Coke bottle into her cart with a bang.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Don't feel bad it's just my time  
that's all.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Hank, strolls across the parking lot, face in a winch as he cranes his neck staring back at the kid still in full gallop on "What A Diamond".

Becky burst, full dash out of the store laughing, flipping up her barbie sunglasses as she scans for Hank.

Hank reaches the Falcon and opens the back door and tosses the Neapolitan onto its Elba.

ASTRID

Where's the milk? I need the milk.  
Where having Brandi Alexanders.

HANK

It's made with creme.

ASTRID

I need the milk. And you bought  
sunglasses with my money? You take  
them back right now and get the  
damn milk and my change!

HANK

I didn't buy them, I just tried them on and forgot to take them off.

ASTRID

So you STOLE THEM? You go in and take them back right now!

Becky struts up to the drivers side window in full smirk.

BECKY

Hi Miss Astrid. Hank invited me over for ice cream if that's Ok?

ASTRID

Uh, I'm, having company... Sure, you know, I'm sure. Why not for a while I guess.

Becky reaches behind Hank and pinches his butt hard without letting go.

Hank doesn't flinch.

HANK

(stern look on his face)  
I have to--

ASTRID

Seems like Hank here has missed to much Sunday school and turned into a thief and stole some sunglasses.

BECKY

Really, is that true Hank?

HANK

(looking at becky  
incredulously)  
No I... sure it's true whatever.  
I'll go back in and take them back.

Becky lets go of his butt, then smacks him in it.

BECKY

Well Hank, good for you being all honest.

ASTRID

Henry would never steal a thing, so, so disappointed.

BECKY

Called by your proper name you're  
in trouble now.

HANK

No she didn't.

Hanks stares down, eyes wide open at Becky's shirt in defiance, as his Mom glances up at the rearview mirror.

ASTRID

And don't forget the damn milk. Oh  
sorry to cuss Becky.

BECKY

Oh it's Ok, fire and brimstone you  
know.

Becky hops in the backseat.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'll just sit here with Mom. Hurry  
back.

Astrid peeks at Becky in the rearview mirror.

HANK

Uh huh...

Hank starts to ramble towards the store as he stares ahead. The kid finally hops off the "What A diamond" horse, holding his butt.

BECKY

I never knew he was so bad.

ASTRID

Maybe you can spend some time with  
him and straighten him out a bit.

BECKY

Oh I would love to help you out. He  
just has to remember that Sin is  
doing things our own way instead of  
God's way.

Astrid scratches her inner thigh under her sundress as she glances down at her Mickey Mouse.

Becky stares into the rearview mirror.

ASTRID

How true, how true.  
(pause)

BECKY

My Dad sure has been in a better mood now lately.

ASTRID

He gets in bad moods?

BECKY

There's a lot of death in his biz you know.

ASTRID

I suppose.

BECKY

But it's mostly old death so it's Ok.

ASTRID

Part of the routine I guess.

BECKY

You prolly ran over a hundred ants on the way here.

(pause)

ASTRID

No squirrels today.

BECKY

(laughing out loud)

Too hot, they all went to the pool.

(pause)

BECKY (CONT'D)

Neapolitan is my Dads favorite Ice cream.

ASTRID

It is?

BECKY

Oh yeah, he has me go to the store all the time and get it for him.

ASTRID

Well that's nice of you.

BECKY

Hank took the last one. He seemed like he was ready fight me for it so.

ASTRID  
Do you like it to?

BECKY  
I love that it has all the choices  
at once. I can just devour without  
thinking about who's feelings I'm  
hurting.

ASTRID  
Ice cream can be cold hearted that  
way sometimes.  
(pause)

BECKY  
He comes Hank!

Hank sprints out of the front door, feet slapping hard on the  
blazing asphalt, zig zagging through parking lot traffic, as  
the gallon of milk swings at his side.

ASTRID  
That boy gets weirder everyday.

Hank bounds up to the car and grabs the front passenger door  
handle.

HANK  
Come on lets go.

ASTRID  
You got to get in first.

BECKY  
You're not gonna sit back here with  
me?

Astrid glances up in the rearview at Becky.

HANK  
Fine whatever, lets go.

Hank Hops in the back with the milk as Astrid starts the  
Falcon.

ASTRID  
Why are you in such an all fire  
hurry.

BECKY  
Yes Hank why?

Astrid gazes up in the rearview.

HANK

Uh, the ice cream is melting, don't want it to spoil.

ASTRID

OH Come on! You got the wrong damn milk.

HANK

It's not chocolate, what?

Astrid backs up out of the parking space almost nicking the Impala's chrome bumper and takes off for the exit then down the street.

ASTRID

You bought store brand two percent, we drink Borden whole milk. Damn water milk.

BECKY

Dad's on a diet.

HANK

The ice cream's store brand?

ASTRID

That's Ok it was the last one.

HANK

What? How?

ASTRID

Rebecca here has been very helpful about your behavior. We're thinking you might be GIVING the Sunday school lesson this week. Do I need to check your pockets for candy bars and cigarettes?

Hank stares over at Becky.

HANK

No Mom come on.

ASTRID

And don't forget to give me my change when you get home.

BECKY

(smiling big in Hanks face)

Yeah Hank you don't wanna steal your Mom's money too.

HANK

Uh huh, I won't spend any of her  
money, at all.  
(long pause as they drive)

BECKY

Thank you Miss Astrid for giving my  
Dad the bra suggestion.

Hanks shakes his head in full uncomfortableness.

ASTRID

Uh, I guess, no problem.  
(glancing up in the  
rearview)  
Why aren't you wearing it today  
dear?

BECKY

I thought at my age they were for  
special occasions, like church and  
such.

ASTRID

You ARE a special occasion now  
Rebecca.

Hank just stares up at the stained car roof upholstery.

BECKY

Oh yeah.

Becky pinches the side of Hanks thigh as he squirms.

HANK

Are we there yet please?

ASTRID

We are where we are.  
(pause)

Becky pries open the ice cream top. Hank reaches over as he  
tries to yank it out of her hand to stop her.

Becky switches the carton to her other side and scrapes two  
fingers across the top of the Neapolitan for a small scoop.

Hank glances up to see if his Mom notices her.

He turns to Becky his eyes wide with a worried look, jaw open  
in surprise.

Becky flicks the dollop straight into his mouth.

Hanks coughs, chokes and turns straight ahead, his jaw clenched like nothing happened.

BECKY

Thanks for getting the ice cream  
Miss Astrid. I can almost taste it  
in my mouth right now.

ASTRID

One stop first. And please make  
sure it's on the floor so it  
doesn't melt.

Astrid flips the blinker and they pull into the Hums liquor.

BECKY

Oh it's worth the wait for sure.

The Falcon pulls into a parking spot at the front of the store.

Hank looks over at the car next to them and the buckaroo kid is sitting in the back seat.

Astrid grabs her purse from between the front seats and hops out.

The car is still running.

ASTRID

Don't go off joyriding and picking  
up hitch hikers now.

HANK

Well I've got the milk to drink  
when I win the five hundred.

Astrid sticks her head in through the window and slaps the top of the door.

ASTRID

Keep an eye on him Rebecca and  
don't let him touch that ice cream.

BECKY

It's safe with me Miss Astrid.

Hanks Mom sashays into the store, her purse in a full swing as she waves to someone.

(pause)

Becky smacks her bare knees and sighs.



HANK

They give out suckers. If you want one I could run in quick.

BECKY

Let me guess, is this a how many licks does it take to get to the center ploy.

HANK

Bogus thought.

BECKY

She told me to keep an eye on you.

HANK

I would say the fox is watching the hen house but I wouldn't want you to be to flattered.

BECKY

There's that excellent chivalry again.

(pause)

Hank reaches down and pulls the sunglasses halfway out of his pocket the shoves them back in.

BECKY (CONT'D)

How'd you get out the door with the milk?

HANK

Invited the checker guy to church. He asked if we were going out.

BECKY

(laughing)

I've created a monster.

Becky slams a Charlie horse into Hanks thigh.

He stares straight ahead without a flinch.

(pause)

Becky stretches her arms out in front of her with another deep sigh.

HANK

You having some sort of sinus problem?

BECKY  
You finally got me in the back  
seat, we gonna make out now?

HANK  
Are you crazy? My Mom can see us  
and I don't want to corrupt the  
youth of America.

Hank ganders over at the buckaroo. The kid smiles and flips  
him off.

Becky howls in LAUGHTER as Hanks stares back straight ahead.

BECKY  
I think we'd be doing him a favor.  
(pause)

Hank leans forward looking for his Mom through the window.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
At least we've got a nice breeze.

HANK  
Uh huh.  
(pause)

BRAP, BRAP, BRAP, BRAP, THRRRRP!!!

Becky lets out an ass flapping fart.

Becky smirks over at Hank as she waves her hand his way.

He just breathes in a quick lungful gulp of air from the  
window and stares straight ahead unbothered.

The buckaroo kids LAUGHS in a hysterical fit.

Becky frumps over onto the door.  
(pause)

BECKY  
What's your favorite bands?

HANK  
Now YOU'RE doing lists?

BECKY  
Judas Priest, Bang Your Head dude  
.

HANK  
You banged yours on the pulpit.

BECKY

What blistering rock do you got?

HANK

Sir. Barry Manilow, the whole world sings his songs.

BECKY

He proves there is no God. None whatsoever and that is why we have, Black Sabbath!

HANK

From the Sunday school queen. Uh, Boz Scaggs.

BECKY

What is a Boz Scaggs. Sound like a VD or somethin'. AC/DC, Let There Be Rock.

HANK

There was no eighth day PK. Drum roll please... Loggins-

BECKY

Let me guess... and Messina? MC5, Kick Out the Jams baby!

HANK

England Dan and Jon Ford Coley!

BECKY

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Band.

(pause)

BECKY (CONT'D)

Just reach up and turn on the radio, LOUD!

HANK

I guess I can do that, but not loud.

BECKY

I love that you're such a gentleman.

HANK

Uh huh... But when she asks, you did it.

BECKY  
No prob, just wanna here some  
tunes.

HANK  
Ok, Ok...

Hank leans up over the front seat and stretches for the radio knobs below the dashboard.

He stretches a bit more and the speakers suddenly blast out Beethoven's 6th symphony.

BECKY  
Auuhhggggg make it stop.

HANK  
I think this will be good for you.  
I'll just turn it down.

BECKY  
No, turn the station first, turn it  
now, my God.

HANK  
Jesus Christ.

Hank leans way over the seat, his shirt pulled up as his skin makes a SQARKEE noise on the vinyl.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Auh I can't--

Suddenly the gospel song "Nearer My God to Thee" blares out of the speakers.

BECKY  
God No! That's the worst of all the  
worst. I'll burst into fire and  
brimstone.

HANK  
(straining)  
It's to hard to reach.

BECKY  
Then just turn it off!

Becky slaps Hank on the butt hard.

HANK  
Hey!

Hank jerks up, his arm hits the gearshift on the steering column and the Falcon jerks back in reverse.

Becky turns to the buckaroo kid as he waves goodbye.

BECKY  
Here we go!

HANK  
Oh, No, No, No, No!

Hank leans over in desperate grasps at the gear shift over and over.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Goddamit!

Becky turns and clutches the inside handle accidentally swinging the door open. Hanging halfway out of the car she yanks hard the other way and slams the it shut.

The Falcon jolts to a bucking stop diagonal in the middle of the street.

Hank flip fly's back into Becky's lap, his head full frontal into her T-shirt.

"STILL ALL MY SONG, NEARER MY GOD TO THEE"  
(pause)

Cars begin to halt around the Falcon to HONKING and annoyed YELLING.

BECKY  
You can have that kiss now.

Astrid sprints out of Hums like a banshee, hops around the cars parked in the street and up to the Falcon.

ASTRID  
What the living hell is going on?!  
What are you two doing?

"YET IN MY DREAMS, NEARER MY GOD TO THEE"

Astrid jumps in the car and tosses the bottle of brandy and her purse onto the passenger seat.

ASTRID (CONT'D)  
Why is the radio so loud? What the hell happened Hank?!

BECKY

Hank here wanted to here some  
Gospel music real bad. I thought it  
would be good for him. He bumped  
the shifter.

HANK

(incredulous look on his  
face)  
I do want to wear a sheet like  
Jesus.

"ANGELS TO BECKON, NEARER MY GOD TO THEE"

Astrid turns the ignition off. Silence except for HONKING at  
the Falcon cattywampus in the street.

The sound of a SIREN is heard in the distance.

Astrid rest her head on the steering wheel with a long deep  
sigh.

HANK (CONT'D)

What are you doing. We need to go,  
now.

BECKY

You alright Miss Astrid?

HANK

Come on go the cops are coming.

Astrid leans back in the seat, her hands white knuckle grip  
the wheel.

HANK (CONT'D)

Have you lost your mind? Lets go!

Suddenly Astrid projectile vomits all over the inside  
windshield and with a back splash onto her dress.

Becky and Hank jump back in there seats.

BECKY

Oh Wow that's a lot.

HANK

I'm not cleaning that up.

BECKY

(leaning over to Hank)  
Egg salad sandwich and BBQ potato  
chips.

Astrid just leans her head back as she starts to hyperventilate.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You Ok Miss Astrid? Past the throw  
up?

HANK  
Mom you Ok?

Astrid jerks her arm up and flips on the windshield wipers that squeak across the clean glass.

The doppler sound of the SIREN getting closer.

BECKY  
Seriously, Miss Astrid?

HANK  
Mom?!

ASTRID  
I'm pregnant Goddammit, I'm  
PREEEGGGNNAANNTTTT!!!

**PRESENTS**

INT. HANKS BEDROOM - DAY

Becky and Hanks burst into a small wooden paneled basement room hands gripped to heaped bowls of melting Neapolitan Ice cream.

Weak sunlight from one lone window well window filters in, losing itself in the damp musty smell.

They both take huge spoonful's the biggest by Becky as it dribbles down her chin.

BECKY  
(talking with frozen  
mouth)  
So damn good.

HANK  
Mmm, mmmmm...

They both set there bowls on a dresser as Becky begins to look around.

She rambles around, stopping to touch a bunkbed, clean desk, small table with a stereo and an old chip painted toybox.

BECKY  
My little brother got my old one.

HANK  
Yeah been meaning to get rid of  
that. Next garage sale maybe.

Becky spins her gaze around at the walls covered with black light posters of space aliens and shelves full of Nasa spacecraft models.

She stares curious at one wall with a set of shelves full of evenly spaced boxes with bows.

BECKY  
How did you calm your Mom down.

HANK  
Made her a double old fashioned.

BECKY  
That's how they got us into this  
mess proolly.



They both shove another spoonful of sloppy Neapolitan into their pieholes.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I can't believe my Dad knocked up your Mom.

HANK

You and the Kiwanis club.

BECKY

Wonder what happens now? My Dads been splashing through all the Hi Karate's I've given him all those Fathers days.

HANK

I dunno, but I can't wait to go to church now. The smile is gonna be big on my face.

BECKY

They'll have to get married before the sermon to even have a chance stopping a whisper choir.

HANK

If she tells him.

BECKY

Oh she has to tell him tonight for sure.

HANK

Oh hell I don't wanna be here for that shit.

BECKY

Me either, 'cause she's gonna have to hail Marry him right before she tells him to soften the blow. And you do NOT want to hear that.

HANK

Oh god, that's why she got me the green stamp headphones.

BECKY

Lucky, I just got a box of junk.  
(pause)

HANK

Maybe we can go to the movies?

Becky flashes a devilish grin, saunters over bumps shoulders with Hanks and sticks.

BECKY  
So are you asking me out.

HANK  
Out is the goal here, out.

BECKY  
Out is always the goal.

They both turn into each other take big spoonful's of liquid swirl ice cream staring into each others eyes.

HANK  
What do they see in each other?  
Boredom and ice cream?

BECKY  
Women have this thing where they  
need to please a man that notices.

HANK  
Notices what?

BECKY  
Hey your Mom is hot to trot.

HANK  
Hey that's my Mom. The Mother of  
your... And my... Somethin'

BECKY  
She has great tits. Gonna be super  
great now.

HANK  
Oh God, shut the hell up.

BECKY  
You were breastfed weren't you.

HANK  
I forgot.

BECKY  
Or chose not to remember.  
(pause looking at each  
other)

HANK  
Step sister.

BECKY

Step brother. And it's a disaster.

HANK

The more I think about it, not for me. Moves me into the shade from the hot baking sun. Escape from the mirage is at hand!

BECKY

What do you have to escape from?  
You're the bartender.

HANK

I'm at the end of the yelling telescope and its a moonshot if I do something right.

BECKY

Well my ice creams gonna melt, big time.

HANK

Well I know how to steal more now.

BECKY

You'll need me for that won't you.

HANK

You are a reliable decoy, I'll say that.

BECKY

With their drama, less eyes on us.  
Can steal a garage freezer full.

HANK

I'll need a decoy for my decoy.  
(pause)

BECKY

Well if we're in the same room after, I get the top bunk. I don't want you watching me sleep or something weird like it.

HANK

I'll get your little brother, I wouldn't get to happy.

BECKY

Good luck he's been playing with himself since he was five.

HANK

Ah a young jedi and his light  
saber.

BECKY

May the remorse be with you.

They both stir there ice cream and slurp up big spoonful's.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Best suicide soup I've ever had if  
I do say so. Compliments to the  
chef.

HANK

The color grey never tasted so  
good.

Becky chucks her spoon back in the bowl with the lick of her  
lips.

She parades towards Hank, running a single finger up his back  
as she passes him.

BECKY

All these posters are something  
else, they black light?

HANK

Yeah, but I don't have a black  
light.

BECKY

How can you not have a black light?  
It's how they were meant to be  
seen, in 3D.

HANK

I still think they look cool how  
they are. It's a good dimension for  
me.

(pause)

Becky glances over at Hanks alarm clock on his desk.

BECKY

The Reverend gets here in fifteen.  
If we are going to do something we  
need to do it before then.

HANK

What?, We're practically siblings  
now.

BECKY

Well if your Mom wasn't so--

HANK

Takes one to know one I guess.

BECKY

Yes I'm a young healthy woman if that's what you mean.

HANK

Oh haven't even begun to get mean.

BECKY

I know what I want.

HANK

You're reading you imaginations script, it's bogus.

BECKY

Come on, we're now genetically predisposed to like each other.

HANK

Oh my god we think our parents are fools.

BECKY

Well you're a fool for not kissing me.

HANK

Well that's where the love starts.

BECKY

Maybe that's where it ends

HANK

Ah right, no spark.

BECKY

Bad breath.

Becky rubs the bright green fuzz of a black light poster.

HANK

So do you think I'm attractive?

BECKY

It doesn't matter.

HANK

Doesn't matter how?

BECKY  
I can mold you how I wanna see you.

HANK  
I'm not Play-Do!

BECKY  
More Mr. Potato Head.

Becky suddenly flips into a perfect headstand

Hank claps his hands surprised.

Her "Bring On The Sunshine" shirt catches on her underboob as the rest of her shirt goes over the falls and onto her face.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
What do you think they will name it?

HANK  
That's easy, Henrietta or Harry.

BECKY  
How you figure?

HANK  
The ghosts of family names you know.

Becky maintains her perfect headstand.

BECKY  
It could be twins.

HANK  
One for each of us to babysit.

BECKY  
You'll need the practice for sure.

Becky scissors her legs through the air.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You ever open that window its way musty down here.

HANK  
Sorry jammed shut.

Becky stretches her legs wide into open air spits.

Hank jolts back a bit.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Doesn't that hurt?

BECKY  
Not if you practice.

HANK  
I feel like Don Quixote.

BECKY  
Who's that.

HANK  
Nevermind just an old friend from  
third grade.

BECKY  
So what have you been jammin' to on  
your headphones?

Hanks strides over to his stereo and flips up and album  
cover.

HANK  
Richard Pryor album called "That  
Niggers Crazy"

Becky almost falls out of her headstand as her scissors begin  
to cut left handed.

BECKY  
What!? Your Mom... Potato birthin'  
Astrid let you have that?

Hank begins to slap the bottom of Becky's blurred feet with  
the album cover to make her fall.

HANK  
Oh she thinks it's a hoot that  
there was an album at TG&Y with  
nigger in the title, annnd that it  
wasn't on sale.

BECKY  
Drinks at the water fountain in  
front of the courthouse instead of  
the back.

HANK  
Nope, the opposite. She was a  
beatnik person.

BECKY

Ha, she snapped her fingers and  
played the bongos. With those tits  
why not.

HANK

She was legit, I'm telling you.

BECKY

I had to learn "Howl" for school  
once. HOOWWWLLLLLLL! HOOWWWLLLLLLL!

HANK

She wrote one of there most famous  
poems.

BECKY

No way, your Mom, Falcon driving,  
milky Alexander Brandy drinking  
Astrid?

Hanks stands chin out at attention, hands firm on his hips.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Ah Oh, four score and--

HANK

tenant forever  
vendetta smiles, lipstick sticky 3-  
D  
tragic campy,  
killing sense of humor  
clown show conscience,  
always someone else in the room  
whispers, sin sin, into shadows,  
passionioia fine  
spider eyes trustworthy  
watching for rhythms and tics,  
accenting bittersweet psychologies  
flamenco breathing

Becky flips down stumbling out of her headstand.

HANK (CONT'D)

perfumed disappointment minimalist,  
darkened room, used dooms of lucky  
loud rain seduces, desperation lust  
perfection  
on the hardwood floor like it's a  
beach in one hundred degree heat,  
melancholy pervy  
pale stubborn drunk, the moments  
cause,  
curious of laughter

(MORE)



HANK (CONT'D)  
blackberry gypsy mouthful,  
Easter candy suck,  
gag reflex futurist  
apathy off-shoulder delicious  
affection, response and belief  
becoming a dictators wife  
burn the Picasso now!  
(pause)

Becky stares deep into Hanks eyes, her expression almost worried.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Had to memorize it when I was  
little to say it at parties.

BECKY  
She let MY Dad fuck her Wow, just  
Wow.

HANK  
Prolly the other way around. She's  
been repenting for years. I've  
still never met my grandparents.

BECKY  
Yeah...  
(pause)  
Beatniks are in line somewhere with  
the hippies waiting for the world  
to still change.

HANK  
Go to church if you wanna meet  
someone to marry, isn't that the  
saying?

BECKY  
I do believe she skipped a few  
bases.

Hank suddenly curls his arm into a full flex of his bicep.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You don't care way too easily.

HANK  
Says the face of zero regrets.

BECKY  
I'm just very aware of myself  
that's all.

HANK

And I'm a Mr. Potato Head.

BECKY

No you're a potato. My accessories  
will make you a Mr. Potato Head.

HANK

So you're an accessory?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Astrid Gazes down into her drink as she swirls it slow in her  
soft hand.

She rubs her other hand into her stomach.

Gulps down the rest of her old fashioned and stares at the  
humming microwave.

Microwave suddenly dings, and bounces an echo around the  
kitchen.

Astrid blinks slow once then swings the door open and yanks  
the Salisbury steak TV dinner out slapping it to the counter.

She rips the cellophane back quick wincing in pain from the  
steam that charges out.

Shakes her finger then just it in her mouth and sucks, slowly  
closing her eyes.

She then sticks her finger deep into her throat until she  
gags.

INT. HANKS BEDROOM - DAY

Becky jaunts over to a leftover birthday balloon suspended in  
mid-air tied to Hanks desk chair.

She twists then rips open the bottom full suck on all the  
helium in with one chest heave of a breath.

BECKY

(helium voice)

I'm the sexiest thing alive!

Hank moves his arms like he's in and ape hang rev a  
motorcycle.

HANK

And I'm Evil Knieval.

BECKY

Ok we're even. You built all those models?

HANK

Yeah, have to spend your time doing something.

BECKY

That's what I've been trying to tell you. You ever sniff the glue?

HANK

You ever suck the tongue.

BECKY

Even again.  
(pause)

BECKY (CONT'D)

Got anything I can dance to? Other than your Mormon tabernacle choir sings Art Garfunkenfolk?

HANK

How do you dance?

Becky gyrates into the best Tina Turner dance impression ever. Hair fly's everywhere, hips, legs and arms in whirls and grinds into a cacophony of out of beat sex rhythms.

HANK (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)  
The sexiest thing alive.

BECKY

Woo I'm getting dizzy catch me.

She jerks towards Hank, her arms up in the air.

Hank winches as she flops onto the floor.

HANK

(laughing)  
Be aware, of the floor.

Becky, acts unbothered, stretches out onto the floor and starts doing snow angels into the deep shag carpet.

BECKY

Go ahead and put the Pryor on Dear.

HANK

Ok but not loud.

Hanks strolls over to his HiFi and flips the album over, pulls the headphone jack out and sets the needle.

BECKY

What are all those unopened presents on those other shelves.

HANK

Oh nothing.

BECKY

Come on you saved them for a reason. Those from the Dad you never met and you refuse to open them?

HANK

Nope they are just for nobody, just a nobody.

BECKY

They have so be for someone if there's stuff in them.

HANK

Stuff, yep there is. But I'd be dead if I opened them. Almost did though when I couldn't find my mitt.

BECKY

Can I open them then?

Hanks stares down at Becky. With every arm and leg swish into an angel shape, her T-shirt creeps up higher up her body. Underboob begins to flash.

HANK

An angel getting its wings would solve my problem.

BECKY

Come on, what gives?  
(pause)

Hank glances up at the neatly arranged presents with perfectly curled ribbons and bows.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'll let you peek.

HANK

No it's Ok, you don't have to do that.

BECKY

Dear, I don't have to do anything.  
Just tell me and save my  
reputation.

HANK

Sure anything to save your  
reputation. Who would I be if I  
didn't.

BECKY

I just love that you're so  
chivalrous.

Becky's shirt tugs and stretches at the brink.

Hank catches himself as he stares and jerks his eyes towards  
the shelved full of presents and colorful bows.

HANK

They are for Henry.

BECKY

Ah the family name. Who the hell is  
Henry? But you're Hank.

HANK

I used to be a twin.

Becky freezes her angel wings mid-flight, as she lifts her  
head up off of the matted shag.

BECKY

Oh my God infant death is the  
worst. My Dad is sullen for weeks  
after one. I'm so sorry. You need a  
hug.

HANK

NO, Not what you think. In the womb  
I had a twin but Mom said I somehow  
cannibalized it and absorbed him.  
Killed my own brother. She named  
him Henry and me Hank. Henry gets  
the same present I do from her  
every year to keep his memory alive  
for me. That's all there is to it  
no big deal.

(pause)

Becky's head bounces back down on the shag.

BECKY  
You fucking win dude, you fucking win.

HANK  
It's not that big a deal.

BECKY  
Happy fucking Mothers day. Pink carnations, art class ashtray and a new housecoat.

HANK  
Everyone has some little thing.

BECKY  
Yeah that's some little thing.  
(pause)

Becky soars an angel into the shag.

With a big flap of her wings Becky's T-shirt flicks up to her nipples in a last hold on siblinghood.

Hank tries to look away in an awkward eye roll.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You ever see live tits?

HANK  
Nope, dead once either.

Hanks gives up and just admired the angel in flight.

BECKY  
That big blue streak going up the left one, I call that my vampire vein.

Hank just stares.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Not much sunlight down here I think you'd be safe.

HANK  
(nervous laughter)  
Bring on the sunshine.

BECKY  
You look clean but you laugh dirty.

Hank move his glance up, into a lock with Becky's eyes.

Suddenly Becky's shirt snaps up and smacks her chin. Her wings jerk still.

Hanks eyes glance down manifest destiny open.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Enough sunshine for you buckaroo?

Hank gets a quizzical look on his face that grows into a smirk.

HANK  
Uh there seems to be a couple hairs  
growing out of the round area the  
vampire vein drains into.

Becky suddenly jumps up as she pulls her shirt down.

BECKY  
WHAT!? I do something so special  
for practically a killer and all  
you have to say is that I have dog  
tits? DOG TITS?!

HANK  
No, What? I could pull them if you  
want. Then they'd be perfect.

BECKY  
YOU'RE NOT PULLING ANYTHING! I'll  
make damn sure of THAT!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Astrid slowly circles the dining room table with one chair on the end and another right next to it on the long side.

She suddenly turns the potholders for the main dishes into a heart shape then smacks her hands together in a light clap.

She straightens the silverware then makes sure the fine china plates are equal distance between the fork and the knife.

She takes a box of matches out of her flowered pattern apron that covers a bright red Dior knockoff dress, and places them next to a large Jesus candle in the center of the potholder heart.

A lone TV dinner sits at the other end of the table. An upright fork sticks out of a barely steaming Salesbury steak.

Muffles yelling from above her.

Astrid glances up at the ceiling with a smalltown blissful look.

ASTRID  
You kids playing alright up there?  
(silence)

INT. HANKS BEDROOM - DAY

BECKY  
I can't believe...

Becky spins awkward away from Hank.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
I'm so fucking glad you're so  
chivalrous.

Becky bumps into the desk dresser flicks up a spoonful of lukewarm Neapolitan soup onto her Sunshines.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Run, go get me a wet towel.

HANK  
I didn't--

BECKY  
Oh please dear? Pretty please. GO!

Hank flings open the door and rushes out as he mumbles under his breath.

Becky quick, goes over to his bunkbed and lifts up the bottom bunk mattress.

She yanks up a National Geographic magazine with an African tribeswoman on the cover decorated in colorful beads with a large flat saucer stretching out her lower lip.

Becky slaps open the magazine and quick finger lick flips through it.

She suddenly stops and pulls the National Geographic in close to her face

She smiles impressed as she studies the pictures.

HANK (O.S.)  
Yes Mom it's just a wet towel, I  
spilled some ice cream on her.

Becky snaps the magazine shut.



HANK (CONT'D)  
Yes on her.

Becky lifts the mattress, chucks the magazine to the back and slams the mattress back down.

HANK (CONT'D)  
No you don't need to come up here.  
No she doesn't know where he's at.

Becky touches the stain on her shirt and licks her finger.

Hanks runs back in and gives a soft push to shut the door.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Your wet towel madame.

Becky yanks the towel out of his hand and wipes hard at the ice cream stain.

HANK (CONT'D)  
You're welcome.

She slops it back into his face.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Hey Dear.

BECKY  
I've decided to let you pull them  
out and de-dog tit me.

HANK  
What?!

BECKY  
You won't help your step-sister  
out?

HANK  
Uh...

BECKY  
We're practically so close we could  
be twins.

HANK  
Deep burn but I still win.

BECKY  
You're gonna be Sunday roast.

HANK  
I'll invite the Grandparents.

Becky twists her arms into the bottom of her shirt and yanks it off, revealing slight rugburns on her back.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Uh your Dads late.

BECKY  
Uh, so's your Mom Dear.

Hank glance down with a wince on his face.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You're not scared are you buckaroo?

Hank suddenly places his palms on her stomach causing her instant goosebumps.

Becky slowly breathes out, her eyes open wide with fascination as Hanks halting glides his hands up and onto her breast.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
There you go Dracula, you know what  
you have to do.  
(pause)

Becky slaps her hand on top of his hand on her left breast, then presses and squeezes.

They both stare into each others eyes as sudden grins forms on both ere faces

HANK  
My hands getting cold.

BECKY  
Mines getting hot.

HANK  
On three, pull away and I'll yank  
them quick.

BECKY  
You sure you don't want to savor  
anything?

HANK  
There is one thing first.

BECKY  
Yes you can feel both of them.  
There's the chivalry I love.

HANK  
Can I touch the...

BECKY  
Yes you can touch the nipples. And  
sorry I'm white.

HANK  
(confused)  
What?  
(pause)

BECKY  
Are you ready Dear. You need to  
catch your breath or something?

HANK  
There's one thing.

BECKY  
I think you're getting a lot  
already Dear.

HANK  
I uh, think it's...

BECKY  
Your hand is shaking what?

HANK  
Sorry it's...

BECKY  
What?

HANK  
A kiss OK. I think its time for a  
kiss, that kiss, the kiss, I need  
to kiss you first.  
(pause)

HANK (CONT'D)  
Now your hand is shaking Dear.

BECKY  
Shut up, let me think.

HANK  
It's best not to think about things  
isn't that's what you say.

BECKY  
Yes but...

HANK  
You're not scared are you buckaroo?

BECKY  
A kiss is feelings.

HANK  
Soulmates?

BECKY  
Just big feelings maybe. Where  
the...

HANK  
I do believe I have a handful of  
big feelings right now.

Becky blows out a nervous long breath.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Ok breath check good.

BECKY  
Being funny doesn't help.  
(pause)

HANK  
After this we'll have all night at  
the movies, back row balcony?

BECKY  
I'll buy you popcorn.

HANK  
And a Coke.

BECKY  
Fine sure.

Becky squeezes her hand into Hanks.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You sure?

HANK  
Oh I'm very sure on what I'm about  
to do.

BECKY  
How would we ever explain ourselves  
if they found out.

HANK

It's not like you're pregnant or anything.

BECKY

Right, I love that you're funny. Oh sorry to say love, it's just a kiss a simple kiss.

HANK

Just a simple kiss. Are you ready.

BECKY

Ok, ok ready as I'll ever be.

HANK

One request?

BECKY

What hurry.

HANK

I want our eyes closed, I want to feel your lips with everything.

BECKY

Oh Ok, everything huh. Ok, eyes close.

HANK

Ok, on three.

BECKY

On three.

HANK

Close your eyes.

BECKY

Eyes closed, are yours.

HANK

Oh yes.

Hanks eyes are wide open.

BECKY

Let me make sure.

Hank slams his eyes shut.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Ok your eyes are closed. On three.

HANK  
Ready? This is no turning back?

BECKY  
All in Dear.

HANK  
One.

BECKY  
Two--

HANK  
Three!!!

Hank juts his right hand into Becky's right breast with twists and turns of her nipple.

HANK (CONT'D)  
PURPLE NURPLE! PURPLE NURPLE!

Becky tries to yank back but Hank keeps his twists locked on.

BECKY  
OH YOUR FUCKING DEAD!

Hank suddenly lets go.

HANK  
Ok you win!

Becky lunges at Hank as he scurries up the bunkbed.

BECKY  
Dead, dead, DEAD!

She spins around quick grabs his bowl of Neapolitan soup, and flings it up at him.

HANK  
Just a joke. I'll kiss you now,  
I'll kiss you.

Hank smacks his hand out, whacks the bowl back at her. A huge slorp of sticky melted grey ice cream slops off her chest back onto the bunkbed.

BECKY  
Auuuhhggg, so fucking dead!

Becky angles around for the other bowl.

Hank jumps back as the other bowl launches towards his head.

The bed tilts hard against the wall, and bumps the table with the HiFi on it with a bang.

The record starts to rotate.

The sound of loud applause as the live album spins to life.

Hanks reaches down to whack the needle, and tips into a fall.

To try and stop himself he reaches out with a wild grasp, and yanks down the shelves with Henry's presents on them, in an avalanche to the carpet.

HANK

Oh God!

Hank tumbles to the floor, cuts Becky off at the knees, knocking her on top of him.

ALBUM

Mr. Richard Pryor, come on give it up.

Becky and Hank scramble to get up in the sea of presents.

ALBUM (CONT'D)

Hope I'm funny. (wild applause)

They both jerk up to their feet as Becky grabs down hard, a Kung Fu grip on Hanks balls as he winches in deep pain.

Melted Neapolitan drips down Becky's bare back as she flips her hair and twists her hand.

Astrid and The Reverend burst through the door.

ALBUM (CONT'D)

Yeah 'cause I know niggers be ready to kick ass. You'd better be funny mother fucker!

CHURCH

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A perfect late summer Sunday morning. The air is small town clean, the sun shining bright for every reason.

INTERCUT - BECKY/HANK

Becky dressed in a white sundress with a bright red sunflower pattern, sprints, her silver glitter shoes clomp on the pavement as she races past ranch style houses with bikes, birdbaths and garden hoses on the front lawns.

Hank dressed in tight suit pants, a wrinkled white shirt, and unshined shoes, dashes up his sidewalk towards the corner. He hops momentarily over a hopscotch and stumbles into the grass then back onto the concrete, back in the race.

Becky darts aside a tall wooden fence near the street corner crosswalk.

Hank eyes the crosswalk ahead and speeds up as if it's the finish line.

SLAM!

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Becky runs right into Hank, and bangs him cattywampus into the grass.

HANK

Lady what the hell. Why don't you--  
Oh hi.

Becky runs her fingers through her hair as she tries to comb out the fright.

BECKY

You... You're up on a Sunday?  
Thought you were still grounded.

HANK

Mom said not if I go to church. I  
wasn't going to but then I was  
standing there in the sheet and  
thought...



BECKY

It's communion Sunday, we can skip breakfast.

HANK

You look nice.

BECKY

Well you're gonna be late. We should really get going.

HANK

And how fast can you run?

Becky taps both of her shiny silver glitter shoes on the pavement.

HANK (CONT'D)

(glancing down)

My scuffers are archeological.

BECKY

Guess we're just a couple of stragglers then. If we make it too the church by the first service they'll erect statues to us.

HANK

We all need something.

Becky and Hank cross the street then pass a Lewis and Clark trail sign as they saunter down the sidewalk.

HANK (CONT'D)

It's weird them only going "out" on dates now.

BECKY

He still can't look me in the eye for more than three seconds.

HANK

Mom bought me a book, "How Babies Are Made."

BECKY

(laughing)

Can I read Henry's copy.

HANK

All the presents are gone.

BECKY

Well that's somethin'.

HANK

There not grabbing me by the balls  
anymore.

BECKY

You're walking good.

HANK

In bed for a week.

BECKY

(laughing)

Reading "How Babies Are Made?"

(pause)

BECKY (CONT'D)

My grandmas been visiting. Billy  
has a bad cold so she's watching  
him now. I kinda felt bad.

HANK

She mean or something?

BECKY

She smells bad. She has so many old  
Avon bottles sitting around at her  
house but she still smells bad.

HANK

Didn't think I'd see you at church  
today.

BECKY

Oh I live there now.

HANK

I can see that.  
(pause)

BECKY

My Dad just got a waterbed.

HANK

Oh I've seen those advertised in  
National Geographic.

BECKY

Oh I've heard of that mag. What's  
it about.

HANK

Culture stuff, very cultured and  
worldly.  
(pause)

BECKY  
Have you got high yet?

HANK  
My friend Ray tried to talk me into  
it last week.

BECKY  
Wow he's a junior.

HANK  
Just a dude, have you?

BECKY  
No we have a whole cupboard of the  
communion wine if I want I guess.  
(pause)

Hank gazes up at the deep blue sky and notices a tall dark  
cloud as it begins to roll in on the horizon.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
You all are going to be moving into  
our house 'cause we get it free.  
It's called a parsonage.

HANK  
I heard the argument when she was  
on the phone.

BECKY  
They're just like pretending  
everything is the same.

HANK  
You look great in the sunlight by  
the way.

BECKY  
Great, so I'll never have to worry  
about you locking me away in a cave  
as your neanderthal baby popper,  
Mr. Geographic.

Suddenly a cut little dog runs by them as it barks and spins  
on the zoomies.

Becky bends down and hold out her hand but the dog runs right  
by them.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Ah what a cutie.

Hank bends over and holds his hand out in a fist.

The dog rockets right up to him then licks all over Hanks hand and face.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
So cute, I want to keep him.

Becky grabs it up as the dog squeals in happiness.

HANK  
Could have the rabies.

BECKY  
You should have the rabies. He is  
the cutest.

The little dog shakes its head, slopping drool all down Hanks face.

Hanks wipes his face with his cufflinkless sleeve.

HANK  
The cutest machutest.

The dog barks, jumps out of Becky's arms and books it up the sidewalk.

A pickle face woman stomps round the corner in front of them.

PICKLE FACE WOMAN  
Have you two seen my dog? Little  
black mangy thing. Barks way to  
much for his own good. So have you  
seen it?

HANK  
Uh... The one that's cute like you?

Becky shakes her finger and points in the opposite direct that the dog went.

PICKLE FACE WOMAN  
You two are late for church. Get  
going.

Pickle face marches onto the grass and drills between two houses.

BOOM!!!

Thunder rolls through the blueish sky.

BECKY  
Well we'd better get going for sure  
now.

Flash!!!

Lightning strikes behind the houses.

HANK  
Yeah we'd better.

Becky and Hank hurry their pace a bit down the sidewalk.

As they walk along Becky punches Hank soft in the arm, slug bug style.

Becky and Hank stroll up on an assemblage of Fisher Price little people on the sidewalk with their house just off to the side, ramshackle in the grass.

BECKY  
Oh I had these. Played with them  
for hours killin' time instead of  
killin' my little brother.

HANK  
I had the weebles. Weebles wobble  
but they don't fall down.

BECKY  
Weebles were commies.

They begin to stomp around the little people like giants.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Now I know how Godzilla felt.

HANK  
I'm King Kong.

They both begin to slow motion monster fight high above the frightened little people.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Ooo, ooo! Arrrrggg! Arrrrgguuu.

BECKY  
Raaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawwww!!

An older kid JACK, barefoot dressed on shorts and a muscle shirt walks up unnoticed.

JACK  
You guys trippin' or what?

Becky and Hank startle out of their movie and fall into each others arms.

BECKY  
Oh my God, We're so trippin'.

Hank straightens them both up.

HANK  
Just goofin', what are you up to  
Jack?

JACK  
You're lookin' foxy Mama.

BECKY  
At least someone think so.

Hank looks wide-eyed at Becky as he shakes his head.

JACK  
Chillin' my way to Rays. We're  
gonna do some smoke. You all wanna  
tag along Tina? Bert's comin' to I  
think.

HANK  
No we're on our way to church.

Hanks grabs Becky's hand and tugs.

Becky plants a silver shoe heel onto his foot as he shakes  
off her hand.

BECKY  
What you smokin?

Jack curls his arm around Becky as he tries to look down the  
top of Becky's dress.

JACK  
Ditchweed Maui Wowie.

BECKY  
I heard that's the smoke to have.

HANK  
We Gotta get going.

BECKY  
Looks like the girl here wants to  
party.

Jack smacks Becky hard in the ass.

Becky freezes as she takes in a quick deep breath.

HANK  
Fuck off man, OK!

JACK  
Looks like the little dude here's  
been smokin' the bitch weed. You  
wanna party girl or not?

BECKY  
I'd better go with him. I am sort  
of kinda his babysitter to get him  
to church.

JACK  
That's cool honey. You see me  
around and we'll get high and do  
whatever.

Jack starts to mosey up the sidewalk.

HANK  
(whispering)  
Babysitter?

JACK  
See ya foxy.

Becky gabs Hanks hand and yanks him down the sidewalk.

BECKY  
COMEO ON LITTLE MAN, YOU'RE GOING  
TO MAKE US LATE.

HANK  
Would you please stop.

They are quiet as they step in unison.

BECKY  
Thanks for coming to my rescue.

Hanks glances over at her surprised.

HANK  
No problem foxy.

They walk along and begin to swing their arms hand in hand.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Can you believe his Dad is the fire  
chief?

BECKY

He'll be chief one day. You stick around this town you always end up doing what your Dad did.

HANK

Guess I'd better get out for sure.

Becky flashes an embarrassed fake smile over at Hank.

BECKY

Anywhere... Somewhere...

HANK

Somewhere...

BECKY

No chance of dying of fun here, here you die of death. Drive by your plot at the cemetery every time you go to the park.

HANK

(laughing)

So no going to the pool tomorrow.

BECKY

And the somewhere has to mean it.

Becky leans over and smiles, as she gazes into Hanks eyes.

HANK

You look at me like we've already left.

BECKY

And you look at me like I'm pretty.  
Look at me like I'm a woman.

Hank stares straight ahead and squeezes Becky's hand.

They walk in silence for a bit.

Becky glances up at the dark cloud rolling in.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I think we're just gonna make the second service.

HANK

That was my goal.

They stroll past a small ivy covered college campus.



BECKY

Just go to the college here, learn about the world and never leave.

HANK

Spend the next twenty years talking about that one famous food fight in the dinning hall.

BECKY

And they try to make you feel better about it by calling it a "community" college.

HANK

And how messed up is it that it's right next to the food shelf house.

BECKY

That is a good community thing, I think.

HANK

Oh it's the greatest place ever. Community, immunity, opportunity.

BECKY

So you're planning on going evil?

HANK

Mom always wants me to bring back fresh veggies, but it's mostly just microwave stuff so I have to stay and wait for someone to throw their veggies on the fuck this table. Everyone sees me. The manager lets me sneak out the back though.

Becky squeezes Hanks hand.

(pause)

BECKY

I heard slaves built most of the college buildings back in the day.

HANK

Heard that to and looked into it. Just the library was. Got a Boy scout merit badge for researching it.

Becky turns her head back towards the campus.

BECKY

It does look the best out of all the buildings. Very cultured.

HANK

Mom used to make me spend every Saturday morning there, now I just go on my own.

BECKY

You're a super nerd super hero.

HANK

Just stuff I had to do, it's cool.

BECKY

Well you're the Fonz alright.

HANK

Oh happy days.

BECKY

Exactly what I was saying.

They both laugh out loud as they leap step forward.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hey there's the Psychic palm reader shop, says they are open, wanna try it?

HANK

No thanks. I happen to know for a fact that Madame Tammy the Tarotist doesn't eat her vegetables.

BECKY

"Psychic to the crown heads of Europe."

Hank pulls her hand up to stop and gazes down at her hand.

HANK

Heart line, life line, fate line.

BECKY

Well aren't you a library marvel of cool, past, present and future.

HANK

Your fate line crosses your heart and your life lines.

Becky glances at her palm then shoots her gaze up at Hank as she jerks her hand back.

BECKY  
What the hell does that mean?

Hank forms his expression into a wise and all knowing smile.

HANK  
I just think it means your you.

BECKY  
You should be a preacher. What does yours say?

Hank brings his hand up to his face and studies.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
I think it says your farsighted.

HANK  
My fate line only goes through my heart line.

Becky grabs Hanks hand and pulls him down the sidewalk while he catches up.

BECKY  
Oh I think that's enough, I wouldn't worry yet.

HANK  
What's yet?

BECKY  
You'll know when it happens.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Thunder rumbles through, the sky grows darker.

Hank puts his other hand up feeling the blustery wind.

HANK  
Know it when it happens...

Bright lightning flashes all around them, competing with the few rays of sunlight still breaking through.

INT. CHURCH NAVE - DAY

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

Thunder rattles the open lower stained glass hopper windows.

Reverend Garland paces around the alter as he finishes up the church announcements. The brass offering plates pass their way around.

Astrid sits in the front row at the end of the center pew.

She fluffs up her pink checkered summer dress up over her baby bumps as she rocks slow, back and forth with an uncomfortable look on her face.

The church hat ladies whisper to themselves and then peek her way.

Astrid twist her head around quick, glaring back at them.

HAT LADY TWO ROWS BEHIND  
(whispered but still  
heard)  
And the nerve to sit on the front  
row where Jesus would sit if he  
where here.

ASTRID  
(angry whisper)  
Maybe your kind is the reason he's  
been gone two thousand years.

HAT LADY TWO ROWS BEHIND  
(whispered a little  
louder)  
Not the sinner here.

A church deacon bends down with an offering plate in front of Astride. She lays the neat folded dollar on top.

CHURCH DEACON  
E pluribus unum.

ASTRID  
Thank you so much.

CHURCH DEACON  
(leaving her)  
You smell very nice is that Youth  
Dew?

Lightning suddenly brightens the sanctuary as it beams a twinkle off of the alters golden cross.

Out the top of Astrid's purse poke the familiar letters of a Cosmopolitan magazine.

ASTRID  
COUGH, COUGH.

Astrid gassy from pregnancy, rumbles out a pew slap flap fart.

The flatter chatter girls giggle into their fans.

REVEREND GARLAND  
And never forget, WE ARE ALL  
SINNERS. God is all POWERFUL, all  
GREAT and all KNOWING, so visit the  
shut ins that you know. They need  
you as God needs you.

Reverend Garland walks up and stands at the pulpit. Glances towards Astrid and flashes her a smile.

The sanctuary glooms darker as the clouds rolls in.

The Reverend stands still, and stares straight ahead waiting for the chitichat to murmur into silence.

Astrid straightens up in her seat as she adjusts her dress over her baby bump again.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
Storms enter our lives, that is a  
given. Anything can be a storm. The  
decisions we have to make, the  
commitments we have.

Astrid grin up at him.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
The pressures of family, friends,  
jobs and all the little things  
adding up into unscalable  
mountains.

Wind shoots in fast through the windows. A few hat ladies grab their bonnet bows.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
All of this can cause us to feel  
weak and hopeless, to think that we  
have to compromise and repent what  
we know in our hearts and minds is  
right.

Astrid quick, turns around and glances back over her shoulder.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
Often times in these situation we  
end up hurting other and doing  
things to people that we would  
never want done to us. Sometimes  
storms challenge our lives beyond  
what we think we are capable of.

The congregation begins to act bored. Stirs in their seats,  
and whispers to each other with ganders up at Astrid.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Becky and Hank ramble down the sidewalk under the deep cloud  
darkening sky.

BECKY  
We just need to decide what we  
want.

HANK  
We have ALL the decisions to make.  
It seems like millions of them and  
the ones we want to make we are  
programmed by the radio, movies,  
whatever they are is me putting the  
whole pack of juicy fruit in my  
mouth at once.

They bump shoulders with each other almost holding hands  
again as they tap fingers.

BECKY  
I don't make it to the end of a lot  
of movies, I get bored.

HANK  
I like soft peeps.

BECKY  
Pussy.

HANK  
Takes one to know one.

BECKY  
Got one to know one.

HANK  
(laughing)  
You are the end of the movie.

They both look up and notice the high church steeple above the rooftops and tall trees.

BECKY  
You really think there is a God?

HANK  
I think there is a lullaby.

BECKY  
Her silence if deafening.

Hank nods his head.

HANK  
It seems like it should be misting.

Hank reaches in his pocket and pulls out a box of candy and dumps some in his hand.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Lemon drop?

BECKY  
Is that lint or mold on them, how old are those.

HANK  
Couple months, Space Cadet Lenny gave them to me.

BECKY  
And I gave them to him a month before that. 'cause they were all stuck together 'cause left them out in the rain.

Hank holds them out for her with his head cocked to the side.

She takes one, plops it in her mouth, sucks a bit on it then horks the lint onto the sidewalk and flashes a grin at Hank.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Always gotta spit.

HANK  
Guess me and Lenny are lemon drop brothers now.

Becky laughs and slugs Hank in the shoulder.

INT. CHURCH NAVE - DAY

REVEREND GARLAND  
Sometimes storms do though bring  
needed rain that welcome blooms to  
plants and growth to our gardens.  
But to tell you the truth even rain  
doesn't help mine. No green thumb  
here.

Astrid laughs to herself.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
We hear the thunder, we feel the  
rain...

Lightning flashes illuminating the colors of the bible  
stories stained glass.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
The lightning... the lightning...

The Reverend breathes in a deep, deep breath as he grins down  
at Astrid.

(pause)

The fans rustle and flutter as the hat ladies glance around  
at one another prune faced.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
Lightning is the thing that is  
unpredictable. The thing that we  
are most afraid of.

Astrid flashes her eyes down at her baby bump.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
You know what? I'm going to stop  
right there.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Becky and Hank saunter down the sidewalk under the dark  
colliding clouds.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

A bluster push of wind blows there hair to the side

An apple suddenly falls on Becky's head.



BECKY  
Ouch what the hell?

Hank picks it up and hands it to her.

HANK  
An apple a day.

Lightning streaks through the sky.

BECKY  
Walked by this tree for years and  
never ate one and now it does this.

Becky tosses the apple up high and catches it.

HANK  
(laughing)  
You never stole one.

BECKY  
Something about the tree just  
seemed so perfect without me  
messing with it.

Hank looks back at the tree sucking in his lower lip.

HANK  
Hmmm...

She takes a mouthful bite out of the McIntosh and chucks it  
over the house.

HANK (CONT'D)  
You should try out for football.

BECKY  
Sorry busting out of my tomboy  
phase.

A SQUAWKING crow suddenly divebombs for Hanks head.

Becky jumps up and takes a swing at it before it retreats  
over the house.

HANK  
What the hell!

BECKY  
That was the apple of its eye.

Becky begins an uncontrollable laugh.

HANK

Hey it's not that funny.

Becky points at Hanks shoulder, circling in the air.

BECKY

It pooped on you man, you've been hit.

Hank cocks his head down at his shoulder trying to see it with the corner of his eye. He stumbles to a still stand in the grass.

HANK

Oh my god. I've had this shirt forever.

He tries to shake the gray sludge off his shirt.

BECKY

Bird poops on you is good luck. Are you feelin' lucky.

HANK

Feelin' smells like shit.

Hank grabs a rake from the yard and swings it wild in the air above him, warning off other crows.

BECKY

Ok Don Quixote.

Suddenly torrential rain falls from the sky.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Run!

HANK

Running!

BECKY

See I told you it was good luck.

As they sprint down the sidewalk their shoes slap and splash the instant puddles as the bird poop disintegrates, as it runs off his shirt.

BECKY (CONT'D)

You know this is prolly a phase right?

HANK

Maybe, just maybe.

BECKY  
We'll prolly get over each other.

HANK  
Oh I'll get over you as fast as I  
can.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

INT. CHURCH NAVE - DAY

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

As a deluge of rain pours outside as the Reverend Garland steps out from behind the pulpit and down to the congregation.

The flock hums with anticipation.

Lightning flashes and bounces around the shadows of the church.

The reverend suddenly claps his hand together hard.

The congregation jolts to attention, the hat ladies still in whispers.

REVEREND GARLAND  
I... I...

CHURCH DEACON  
Amen.

The reverend steps towards Astrid who is straight faced leaning a bit on her pew trying to sneak out her flatulence.

REVEREND GARLAND  
I AM IN LOVE WITH ASTRID BLANDICK!

Astrid bumps up straight and blasts out pew echoing FART!

The flock starts to chuckle and wave their fans faster.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)  
And we are pregnant and she is  
gassy as I'm sure many of you in  
you bows and hats remember being.

CHURCH DEACON  
Amen...

Astrid stretches a smile to the side of her face as she give him a little wave.

The congregation sits in dead silent.

REVEREND GARLAND

(winks at Astrid)

Thank you deacon. And we are to be married at the courthouse tomorrow morning at nine AM. So if you can't except that and feel you have to continue with gossip and rumors may I remind you of Romans 15:7 Accept one another, then, just as Christ accepted you, in order to praise God.

The lead hat lady drops her fan in the isle.

REVEREND GARLAND (CONT'D)

AND I hate that "Rock of Ages" song. We are never singing it again, so please, everyone, reach down now in your hymnal to page forty seven and just rip it right on out.

HAT LADY FROM THE BACK

You'll be gone by the end of the month!

Astrid stands straight up, turns around with her hymnal out in front of her and rips out the page and flings it up in the air and run up into the arms of the Reverend.

BOOM!!!

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Becky and Hank splash up to the church in the torrential rain. Hank races up the stairs to the solid wooden front doors.

He pushes on the doors then yanks back hard.

BECKY

Locked, Dad doesn't like it when people show up late.

Hank two steps it down.

HANK

Well that's the spirit of Jesus.

BECKY

I feel most of that is on me. Come  
on I know the best way in.

HANK

Somehow I was sure breaking and  
entering was in your repertoire of  
crimes.

Hank glances up at the open windows as they rush along the  
side of the church, the wind blows their hair forward in  
front of their faces.

HANK (CONT'D)

I think I just heard my Mom's name.

Becky stops near the back of the church at a basement window.

HANK (CONT'D)

Oh no, no, old lady Hamilton  
doesn't like folks in her kitchen  
even when you're helping out with the  
ham and bean dinner.

BECKY

It's never locked, besides she's  
upstairs thinking she's still gonna  
get all the way up.

Hank juts both hands up to his face as he tries to shield his  
face from the blowing rain.

HANK

Well I suppose we got no choice,  
it's a bit weathery right now.

Becky squats down to push open the window.

BECKY

It's good you notice the little  
things.

BOOM!!!

The sound of a FREIGHT TRAIN roaring at them!

A plastic kiddie pool suddenly jets past their head, and  
smashes into and through a stained glass window depicting  
Noah's arc.

WAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!! Tornado siren blares out.

Becky and Hank twist their gaze up in a strained squint.

HANK  
TORNADO!!!

Becky kicks the window open, somehow it doesn't break.

A blast of wind knocks Hank into the side of the stone church.

BECKY  
Come on! Stop fooling around.

Becky grabs and yanks Hanks legs pulling him down.

HANK  
Hey...

Becky falls back in an awkward tumble through the window.

Her hand suddenly juts out, grabs Hank by the shoulder and yanks him in.

A Lewis and Clark sign with its post still attached, crashes through the basement window.

INT. CHURCH KITCHEN - DAY

Becky and Hank stand on either side of a metal table. The Lewis and Clark sign has impaled a case of communion wine that hemorrhages onto the tiled floor.

Becky slaps her hands to her ears.

BECKY  
(Inaudible).

ROAR of the tornado causes instant tinnitus.

Gusts of rain blast in the broken window.

HANK  
What?!

Becky rushes around to Hank grasping his hand.

BECKY  
FREEZER!!!

Hanks gives a thumbs up as Becky turns and yanks and pulls on the kitchens walk in freezer door.

HANK  
OPEN IT ALREADY.

BECKY  
OH HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT. GODDAMN  
THING HAS ALWAYS STICKED.

Hanks clutches the handle and pulls with her to no avail.

HANK  
ON THREE!

BECKY  
THREE!

They both yank back in unison. The metal door jerks wide open, knocking Becky and Hank to the floor.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
COME ON.

Hank grabs Becky by the side, hauls her into the freezer, clutching as slamming the door shut on his way in.

INT. WALK IN FREEZER - DAY

Muffled ROARS, THUMPS and SMASHES sound throughout the scene.

Becky and Hank stand in the center of the freezer illuminated by a forty watt light bulb in the corner.

All around them on metal shelf racks sit hams, bags of ice and several cartons of Neapolitan ice cream.

BECKY  
I think we're safe in here.

HANK  
Surrounded by a stone building  
that's been here for a century.

BECKY  
Get another merit badge for that  
fact?

Hank gives a weak thumbs up at Becky.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Our parents?

HANK  
Just duck under a pew, they'll be  
fine.

Hanks smiles and starts to shiver as he rubs his forearms.

The freezer motor kicks in with a blast of arctic air that blasts right on them.

Becky rings the rain out of the front of her dress as she begins the shiver.

The water freezes in an instant on the frigid metal floor.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Freeze to death during a tornado.

BECKY  
We'll be legends for sure. The  
whole town will be at the funeral.

HANK  
I want a hundred bagpipes to play.  
That "Rock of Ages" song.

BECKY  
My Mom might even crawl back for  
that show.

They stand and face each other with half smiles, as they shudder.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
(teeth chattering)  
All the Neapolitan we can eat.

HANK  
(teeth chattering)  
Stealing from the church?

BECKY  
A lot of that I stole.

A BANG! On the freezer roof.

Hank glances up as he rubs his shirt and feels it freeze to his skin.

HANK  
We need to get out of these cloths

BECKY  
And into what?

HANK  
Into each other. Get naked and hold  
each other for body heat.



BECKY  
You're full of merit badges aren't  
you. Bet you've been waiting for  
this move your whole horny life.

HANK  
Oh come on I've seen most  
everything there is to see.

BECKY  
Well I haven't.

SCRAPES and THUMPS above them.

Becky curls her hands around her neck to undo the back of her  
dress.

HANK  
Oh well... now that I'm thinking  
about that I think I might want to  
freeze.

BECKY  
Oh no, I will keep you alive by all  
means.

Hank quick, pulls his ice crackle shirt over his head.

Becky lets her dress fall down to her waist.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Still kinda sore by the way.

Hanks stares at Becky's chest.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
I think I'd like my ice cream now  
please.

HANK  
You nipples are longer in the cold.

BECKY  
Well I'll join the north pole freak  
show telling all the kids Santa  
isn't real.

HANK  
I can see that. Be nice to have  
those hairs now huh?

Becky slams her hands on her hips.

BECKY  
Your turn I do believe, King Kong.

HANK  
Maybe if we just--

BECKY  
Your turn.

Hank with a slow pull undoes his belt, his teeth chatter away.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
This is so, so hot.

Hank pops open the button to his pants, then opens them just a bit as his hand shivers.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Enough of this.

Becky steps two Godzilla steps towards Hank, her dress collapses to her ankles. She bends over clutches the side of his trousers, yanks down and pantses him.

BANG! On the roof.

The light suddenly go out. Pitch Vantablack.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
OH!

HANK  
Are you?--

BECKY  
It hit my damn nose. I think its bleeding.

HANK  
(panicked)  
What's bleeding?

BECKY  
My nose you dillweed. Your dick broke my fucking nose, How hard does that thing get?!

HANK  
I don't know the normal?

BECKY  
Well I'm guessing there's nothing normal about that.

HANK

Guessing?

BECKY

I think it's actually broken.

HANK

Well..

BECKY

Well what?

HANK

We need to hold each other to stay warm. I'm freezing.

BECKY

Oh not 'till you put that thing away.

HANK

Got my hunter safety merit badge.

BECKY

Thought is was supposed to shrink in the cold.

HANK

Hey it's your fault.

BECKY

My fault?

HANK

You went first.

BECKY

Well I'll remember that for my honeymoon.

Hanks feet shuffle on the freezer floor.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hey don't touch me.

HANK

We need to stay warm.  
(pause)

HANK (CONT'D)

See you're not shivering as much.

BECKY

It's gotten worse.

HANK  
Sorry 'bout your nose.

BECKY  
Not my nose!

HANK  
Oh sorry about that to.  
(pause)

They begin to breath slowly in unison.

BECKY  
This is kinda nice.

HANK  
It's very nice.

BECKY  
You're the right amount of  
understanding for me.

HANK  
Huh?

BECKY  
You don't have an agenda or if you  
do you don't understand it.

HANK  
Oh I'll never understand you,  
that's for sure.

BECKY  
Oh I know I could easily wind up  
some artists muse but that's just  
being a romantic garden gnome.

HANK  
Stop moving, what are you doing?  
You getting colder?

BECKY  
No it's going down.

HANK  
Garden gnome talk kinda does that  
to a guy.

BECKY  
Very warm now.  
(pause)

HANK  
I wasn't busy this summer, I had  
mono.

BECKY  
I knew it, I just knew it. I  
believe every rumor about you now  
that's for sure.

Becky suddenly gets the hiccups.

HANK  
How can you get the hiccups in the  
middle of all of this?

Becky tries to speak.

BECKY  
(hiccupping)  
Dufn, juslte, slufney.

HANK  
What can I do? Is there anything i  
can do.

Becky hiccups in violent bursts and begins to hyperventilate  
with harsh huffs and puffs.

HANK (CONT'D)  
(panicking)  
I don't have a bag, should I kiss  
you and suck in your air?

Becky hiccups violently.

CLUNCK!

HANK (CONT'D)  
Hey...

BECKY  
Now my damn noggin'.

HANK  
BOO!

SMACK!

The weather RAGES outside, muffled THUMPS and BANGS on the  
freezer ceiling

HANK (CONT'D)  
Now mine.

BECKY

First kiss me just to suck in my  
air?

HANK

You stopped hiccupping.

BECKY

Just hold me.

They each shuffle their shoes. We hear ice cracking as they  
lift them up.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I can feel your breath.

HANK

I smell lemon drops.

BECKY

I feel the butterflies.

HANK

Is that what that is.

BECKY

If we don't now we might not ever  
get another chance.

HANK

Are you eyes closed?

BECKY

I don't think it matters anymore?

HANK

Would you mind if I kiss you?

BECKY

I would mind very much, I mean much  
if you didn't.

(pause)

HANK

Wait.

BECKY

What now? I've been waiting all  
summer.

HANK

Feel it?

BECKY

Yeah.

HANK

No the silence.

BECKY

It's nice... NO THE SILENCE!

HANK

Let me get my pants up.

We hear Becky pull up her dress.

BECKY

Good luck.

The sound of the freezer door latch being shaken.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I hate this damn thing. Every damn,  
damn time.

HANK

Let me help.

The handle shakes with violent four handed lurches.

Suddenly the door burst open. The freezer floods with bright  
sunlight.

Becky and Hank shade their eyes with there hands as they step  
out. A little dried blood is splotched on Becky's chin.

BECKY

Oh WOW...

HANK

It can't be...

BECKY

Just blue sky.

HANK

Very blue... The ceiling...

Hank takes a step and stumbles on the rubble.

BECKY

Is what we're walking on.

HANK

Careful.

BECKY  
That's the alter cross.

Becky bends down and props up the golden cross against the dented basement sink full of broken stained glass. Splintered Wood and stone bricks.

They stare up while they step over the rubble of hymnals and splintered pews trying to see more.

HANK  
Here help me up.

BECKY  
I don't know...

Hank climbs up on the freezer door using the handle and pulls himself on top of the freezer.

He holds out his arm and pulls up Becky as her foot slips on the door handle.

They stand on top of the freezer and gaze all around.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
(stunned)  
Everything is just gone.

HANK  
(in shock)  
And everyone.

BECKY  
Buckaroo...

Hank puts his arm around Becky and pulls her tight.

Almost the whole church wiped to the foundation. They turn around and stare at the half mile wide path the tornado scraped through town.

HANK  
The alters still there.

BECKY  
And Dad's pulpit.

On the pulpit, a bibles pages flip in the slight breeze.

Becky slips her hand into Hanks and squeezes.

HANK  
Would you look at that rainbow, the colors.



BECKY  
It's the most amazing one I've  
ever, ever seen.

HANK  
That sky is so blue. How...

Becky shakes her head and quick wipes her eye.

BECKY  
Everyone's just gone, so gone...

Hank looks down at the rubble.

HANK  
Yeah... Just gone...

Suddenly they hear a noise.

Becky and Hank spin around to what's left of the sanctuary.

The pulpit leans, inch by inch, then crashes into the  
basement... Astrid and Reverend Garland who were crouched in  
the pulpit, wrap their arms around each other lost in a kiss.

Becky blows out a long slow breath.

Hank lets go of Becky's hand and taps her fingertips in  
rhythm with his.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Now?

BECKY  
Now!

Becky and Hank mash together in a wild passionate kiss, eyes  
wide open, locked soul in soul.

(pause)

A sly grin corners on Becky's face as she arm grabs Hank in  
snug.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Ahh, there we go.

Two bluebirds flutter over Becky and Hank then flash off over  
the Neapolitan rainbow.

**THE END**

