

# LITTLE BROTHER

by  
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Based on a previous draft by

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**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CAR - 3 AM - (CHYRON "FIFTEEN YEARS AGO")

We're watching an episode of "COPS." OFFICER RAPPAPORT is in his cruiser outside a suburban home. From inside the house we hear someone passionately belting out an a capella version of *Smoke on the Water*.

OFFICER RAPPAPORT

...then we got a call from a neighbor saying the family that lives here's been at Disney World for a week, so this house should be empty.

(re: the singing)

This guy's probably on X or something.

INT. SUBURBAN FAMILY ROOM

We travel with Officer Rappaport and his partner in the familiar COPS style as they investigate. They find TEENAGE JUSTIN sprawled on the floor wearing GIANT HEADPHONES as he devours a bowl of Cap'n Crunch and sings.

TEENAGE JUSTIN

...smohhhke on the waaaaaterrrrr!

BIG bite of cereal. Looks up. Notices the two policeman.

TEENAGE JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Is there any chance this house is owned by a very understanding gay cop couple?

OFFICER RAPPAPORT

No sir.

TEENAGE JUSTIN

That's cool.

He BOLTS. But his headphones fall around his neck, the chord pulls taut and he is JERKED VIOLENTLY TO THE FLOOR.

OFFICER RAPPAPORT

Okay, hands behind your back...

Title card:

**LITTLE BROTHER**

The familiar *Smoke on the Water* "Da Da Dah, Da Da DA Dah" continues through Justin's headphones, as we dissolve to...

INT. REINSDORF MUSIC - LESSON ROOM - DAY

...fingers plinking out the same familiar riff on one string of an ACOUSTIC GUITAR. Our hero TIM REINSDORF (30s, Jason Bateman if he were in a band) is patiently demonstrating to his bored hipster pupil SCOTT, 14.

TIM  
Now why don't you try it?

SCOTT  
Because I have GarageBand.

Scott touches his iPhone, and an impressive electronic version of *Smoke on the Water* starts up.

TIM  
Let's pick up here next week.

INT. REINSDORF MUSIC - STORE - A MINUTE LATER

A "Sam Ash" type store that sells guitars, CDs, computer gear. Scott's mom SUZANNA awaits Tim and Scott.

SUZANNA  
Good lesson?

TIM  
He's really coming along. And what a charmer.

ANGLE ON: Scott, slack-jawed.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Lead singer material. Mark it down.

A scruffy CAT runs in the open door. Tim looks at his wife (and store co-owner) KATIE. She's an optimistic sort who has possibly worked here one day too many.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Katie, are you still feeding those strays by the loading dock?

KATIE  
No.

The cat tips over Katie's purse. Out spills cat food.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
They give the store character.

TIM  
They peed on my coat.

KATIE  
 (changing subject)  
 Hey, so one of us needs to go pick up  
 Sam from football.

SUZANNA  
 I don't know how you guys do it.  
 (conspiratorially)  
 If I worked with my husband we'd drive  
 each other crazy.

TIM	KATIE
(by rote)	(by rote)
Haha yeah, a lot of people say that but it's good.	It's so awesome.

Suzanna starts to pay. Katie points her to ODETTA, a 17 year  
old cashier with an Aubrey Plaza level of enthusiasm.

KATIE  
 Odetta will take care of you.

Seeing Odetta, Scott turns on the playa charm.

SCOTT  
 What up, girrrrl? How you livin'?

ODETTA  
 Nope.

KATIE  
 (to Tim)  
 So you want to pick up Sam?

In response, Tim strums some minor chords on his guitar.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
 Aw, you made up a little sad song.

TIM  
 (unhappy)  
 I don't want to go to football.

KATIE  
 (cajoling)  
 Honeyyy... I'm sorry you're not a  
 sports guy. But your daughter is.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

SAM (Samantha), a pint-sized ten-year-old girl in football  
pads, about to kick a field goal. She waits determinedly as  
ALEJANDRO, her holder, counts off the snap.

ALEJANDRO

Ready...

An array of snarling, chubby ten-year-old lineman wait to rush. One of them finishes up a JUICE BOX, crushes it against his helmet, tosses it.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Hike!

The ball is snapped. Sam gets the kick off, but a sizeable lineman grazes her, and she goes down. In the bleachers, Tim winces. The kick just misses wide right. Sam pops up, none the worse for wear, only disappointed at the miss.

SAM

Aw!

INT. TIM'S CAR

They drive home, Tim still not crazy about what he saw.

TIM

Took a little tumble out there, huh?

SAM

(excited)

Did you see how close I came? There was only one field goal last season and that kid was totally roided up. Coach Andre said I could be the first girl to ever kick one.

TIM

Ha, yeah. That would be great.

(then)

Some of the guys look a little... bigger this year, huh?

SAM

(snorts)

You mean fatter? Yeah.

TIM

Hey, we've talked about body image, let's not focus on their weight.

(then, off her look)

I'm just saying, if you ever feel you know... scared. I mean, you don't have to play football.

SAM

(for the millionth time)

Dad, I want to play football. And I'm not scared.

TIM

Okay.

The subject is dead for now. A beat as they drive.

TIM (CONT'D)

That Blankenship kid's a porker, huh?

SAM

Yeah, but it's genetic.

TIM

Not cool on my part.

INT. KITCHEN

Sam and Tim enter to find Katie cooking dinner. "Food Network" blares on a small flat screen TV on the wall.

TIM

You're home?

KATIE

It's slow at the store, Odetta's got it covered.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. REINSDORF MUSIC - SAME TIME

Odetta listens to her iPod and reads Us Weekly as the outside metal gate rolls down on a CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER

It says open 'til eight!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

KATIE

Anyway, I had a dinner idea, I wanted to cook.

Tim notes the TV screen is splattered with red sauce.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Emeril pissed me off.

SAM

Can I play Madden until dinner?

Sam turns on the game and puts on a wireless headset.

TIM

Hey you know what? It's been a long time since you and me jammmmed.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Right? How about we kick out "Big Rock Candy Mountain" like we used to?

SAM

I kinda wanna play Madden.

(then, into mic)

You there, Joshua?

(then, smiling)

Really? Trash talk on the coin toss?

Sam happily plays. Tim slumps a little. Katie notices.

KATIE

You go play too. Nice dinner coming.

INT. TIM'S STUDIO

A killer music studio. No windows, walls covered with foam panels. A poster of a mid-80s band, "Two 2 Too," hangs nearby and we see that Tim was the very 80s front man.

CLOSE on amplifier switches being flipped "ON." WIDE on Tim with an impressive electric guitar. And it's going to be LOUD. And he strums... the opening jangle of "This Charming Man," by The Smiths. It's not loud, just dainty and ridiculous. But Tim is good. He closes his eyes and sings.

TIM

*Punctured bicycle/On a hillside  
desolate/Will Nature make a man of me  
yet?/When in this charming car/this  
charming man...*

He opens his eyes to find Katie an inch away.

TIM (CONT'D)

Yah!

KATIE

Mail from your dad.

TIM

YAH!

INT. KITCHEN

Tim sits staring at the envelope. A beat.

KATIE

I think the idea is to open it.

TIM

I think the idea is to not disappear forever when your son is five.

KATIE

True but he's your only family. Aren't you curious what Grampsy Vince has been up to?

TIM

Grampsy Vince?

KATIE

I tried to give him a cute name, just open it.

Tim sighs, then finally does so. He reads.

TIM

"Sorry I haven't been in touch."

KATIE

(impressed)

Ooh, "sorry."

TIM

"I'm unable to leave Australia due to my ongoing incarceration."

KATIE

(still upbeat)

Ooh... AuSTRALia.

TIM

"The time has come for you to..."

He stops, stunned. Katie can't stand the suspense, grabs the letter and skims it over. Whoa.

KATIE

You have a brother?

INT. PRISON WAITING ROOM

Katie and Tim sit staring at a giant sign reads "SAN DIEGO CORRECTIONAL FACILITY."

TIM

I guess he takes after my dad.

KATIE

This actually isn't as bad as I thought it would be.

TIM

Really? So the guy over there watching you and pleasuring himself, you had that factored in?

Katie looks down a hall to see a GRIZZLED INMATE staring at her through a cell door window, as we hear rhythmic BANGING.

KATIE  
He's probably just exercising...  
against the door.

Katie moves to the other side of Tim.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Anyway look, your whole life you've  
had no one and now you have a brother.

TIM  
First of all, half-brother. From a  
one night stand. Second of all...

A hulking PRISONER suddenly LEAPS at them as he is being  
escorted by. His two guards yank him away.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Second of all, that. Actually, let's  
make that "first of all." Half-brother  
second, Lunging Psycho first.  
(as we hear more rhythmic  
banging, to Grizzled Inmate)  
And don't worry, you're still in the  
mix! Did not forget about you.

ANOTHER GUARD steps in and addresses them.

ANOTHER GUARD  
You here for Justin Munger?

INT. PRISON VISITING AREA

JUSTIN (now late 20s, think Michael Keaton in "Night Shift")  
approaches. Tim and Katie stand.

JUSTIN  
Hey kids. I'm Justin.

TIM  
Tim.

KATIE  
Katie.

Justin's already distracted by the sight of his prison buddy  
EDDIE being visited by his wife.

JUSTIN  
(shouting across)  
Hey Eddie. Eddie. Tell her what I  
said about the Samoan in the shower.

TIM  
Did anybody tell you why we're here?

JUSTIN  
Church group, right?

Loud laughter from Eddie's wife.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
(to Eddie's wife)  
Yeah?

TIM  
The reason we're here -

JUSTIN  
(to Eddie's wife)  
You like that one?  
(to Tim)  
Look, I'm not saying "wasted journey"  
but I already kind of promised the  
Jehovah's Witnesses.

TIM  
We're not with a church group.

JUSTIN  
(shouting across room)  
Eddie, you want to talk to this guy  
when you're done? He's with a church  
group. Turn your life around.  
(to Eddie's wife)  
You, it's too late.

Big laugh from Eddie's wife. Justin cackles, now totally not paying attention to Tim and Katie.

TIM  
(to Katie)  
It's going great.

Katie nudges him to continue.

TIM (CONT'D)  
So my father wrote me about a...  
relationship he'd had with a woman who  
wasn't my mother. There was a child.

Justin pulls the picture closer, concentrating.

JUSTIN  
You know who this looks like?  
(off Tim's nod)  
Is this Sasha's kid? What does she  
need, money? Okay,  
(drawing closer)  
I just made parole.  
(MORE)



TIM  
Half brother.

JUSTIN  
(to the Guard, in disgust)  
First time I ever met him, you think  
he's going to be bringing me drugs?  
(to Tim, confidential)  
Did you?  
(off Tim's shake of head)  
You didn't know.  
(then, becoming emotional)  
Nothing about this moment surprises  
me. Not a thing. I've led a hard  
life, I won't lie. But what always  
kept me going was that I knew one day,  
my Dad would send someone, some  
savior...  
(dramatically)  
...to take me home.

Justin is now WEEPING. Tim is a bit alarmed and at a loss.  
He looks over at Katie, who is completely touched and caught  
up in the moment. She beams and nods "yes."

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWOEXT. PRISON GATES

Tim and Katie stand by their car as a jaunty Justin is let out with his box of belongings.

KATIE

Of course it's only for couple of days.  
But he's got no place else to go,  
nobody else to turn to.

TIM

I'm sure he's got other... jail folk,  
right? You know, guys who are "on the  
lam?" Like, a Morgan Freeman guy  
waiting in the Caribbean with  
Krugerrands?

(off her look)

I admit I'm kinda out of my depth here.

(genuinely puzzled)

Seriously, what's a Krugerrand?

The Hulking Prisoner stares menacingly from the yard as Justin joins them and throws his belongings in the car.

JUSTIN

Bye Schneider!

(to Katie and Tim)

Prison bully. Never bothered me  
though. First day inside, I punched  
him right in the mouth. Of course in  
my case he punched me back and now I  
have mostly all new teeth.

(singsong)

"On the houuuuse!" Thank you, taxpayers!

(then, grandly)

Let's go home.

Tim is looking back at the imposing Schneider.

TIM

(puzzled)

Schneider? Jewish guy?

JUSTIN

I know, right?

INT. KITCHEN

Katie's prepared a gourmet spread. Justin eats, in ecstasy.

JUSTIN

What the hell is this???

KATIE

Salmon?

JUSTIN

The things they've come up with.

(one chef to another)

I was the best cook in my cell block  
but this "salmon" totally beats my  
"armpit grilled cheese."

KATIE

(pleased)

I make it with a special garlic butter.

SAM

How long were you in jail?

TIM

Sam, I'm not sure that's--

JUSTIN

No, it's all right. A family should  
have no secrets.

TIM

Actually, we're cool with secrets.

JUSTIN

When I was twelve, I would break into  
houses just to pretend what it would be  
like to be in a normal family. They  
sent me to juvenile detention.

KATIE

Aw.

JUSTIN

From then on it's been a little of  
everything I guess: theft, larceny,  
petty larceny, grand larceny...

(giggling)

Doesn't even sound like a word any  
more. Larceny. Larceny. LARceny.

(suddenly very serious)

Assault.

TIM

(quickly)

So what are your plans now?

JUSTIN

(with resolve)

Change.

Justin gets up, plate in hand and walks away from the table.

TIM

How about... accommodation-wise?

JUSTIN

Change myself. Change my life.

TIM

(calling after him)

Are there like hostels, half way houses? Somebody "on the lam" who could put you up in like, a rail car? How's it work?

(then, to Katie)

Did he take his plate into the bathroom?

Loud urinating starts up from through the open door of bathroom down the hall. Sam stifles a laugh.

KATIE

(still pleased)

He just doesn't want to let that salmon out of his sight.

TIM

Of course he likes your cooking, he's been in lockdown for fifteen years. Or it is lockup? Okay that's it, after dinner I'm jumping on Google.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

I'm going to have to avoid high risk environments. And I don't want to be like "house rule" but cash and credit cards, you don't want to leave lying around in the open. Substance wise, a glass of wine, a joint, don't feel self-conscious.

(returning, plate in hand)

But anything pipe-based? Out of my eye-line.

(to Sam, intent)

No crack, Sam. Seriously, never.

(savored reminiscence)

It is such a good buzz. Sooo nice...

Justin kind of stares off into space. Awkward silence.

KATIE

Well that's a good lesson.

(to Tim)

You wanna show Justin where he's staying?

Justin picks up the entire platter of salmon and a side dish.

JUSTIN  
Let's roll.

TIM  
Dynamite.

INT. TIM'S STUDIO

Tim leads Justin in.

TIM  
So it's really only for a day or two--

JUSTIN  
Oh my God!

Justin sprints around, touching everything, turning dials and flipping switches like a two-year old.

TIM  
Yeah, don't...  
(as he tries to stop Justin)  
I designed and built this whole  
studio. Kinda where I go to escape.  
That's why I really think if you can  
hook up with some jail folk, I mean,  
that's a thing, right?--

Justin sees the guitar.

JUSTIN  
You're a musician?

TIM  
I was in a band, briefly.

JUSTIN  
Never heard of them.

TIM  
That wasn't the name of the band. We  
weren't called "Briefly."

Justin sees the poster of "Two 2 Too."

JUSTIN  
Is this the band? Wait, is that you?

TIM  
(a little proud)  
It is.

JUSTIN  
No it's notttt!

TIM  
Actually yeah, it is.

JUSTIN  
No it's notttt!

TIM  
Really, it's me.

JUSTIN  
No it's--

TIM  
Let's agree to disagree.

JUSTIN  
I want all this one day.  
(scary determination)  
I want everything you have!!  
(off Tim's apprehensive look)  
That's why I have to stay straight,  
brother. I want a house, a salmon  
wife and a sweet guitar like this!

Justin straps on the guitar.

TIM  
Um, do you play?

JUSTIN  
(of course)  
Do I play?

Intrigued, Tim flips on the power. Justin whales away. It's total noise. Couple seconds then Tim flips off the power.

TIM  
So, no.

JUSTIN  
I do not play.

TIM  
(re: guitar)  
So, I'm gonna take that.

Tim removes the guitar and carries it towards the door.

JUSTIN  
I picked up a little harmonica in prison.

TIM  
(fake enthusiasm)  
We'll jam sometime. Hope the couch  
isn't too uncomfortable. See you in  
the morning, Justin.

JUSTIN

I can't thank you enough, Tim. And don't worry about me. Compared to prison, this is heaven.

Tim smiles politely. Then flips off the OVERHEAD LIGHTS which go off IN SECTIONS. He shuts the door, and we hear a SERIES OF HEAVY LOCKS SNAP SHUT. Justin sits in darkness.

A beat, then we hear soft harmonica warbling.

INT. KITCHEN

Katie is about to leave as Tim and Justin eat.

KATIE

I'm leaving. You and your brother--

TIM

Half-brother.

KATIE

You and Justin have fun at Sam's game.

JUSTIN

Can't wait! Who's Sam again?

KATIE

The girl?

JUSTIN

The girl! Of course.

TIM

(to Katie)

Make sure Odetta orders more iPods and wireless headsets.

JUSTIN

(very interested)

iPods and wireless headsets?

KATIE

We own a music store.

TIM

(to Justin)

A store you can never go to.

JUSTIN

It's both of yours?

TIM

When we got married, we decided to work together because we couldn't bear the thought of spending all day apart.

JUSTIN

(touched)

I hope someday I love someone that much.

KATIE

(sans enthusiasm)

Yeah, the store's great.

She exits. Tim calls after her.

TIM

Don't feed the cats!

The door slams. Tim looks at Justin who just smiles.

TIM (CONT'D)

So Justin. What's our employment plan?

JUSTIN

Well, a friend of mine said if I ever get out, he has work upstate. A slaughterhouse. He said he could get me in as a chicken killer.

TIM

Nice.

The doorbell rings and Justin gets up.

JUSTIN

Yeah, I'm good with my hands.

(mimes strangling)

I have a really tight grip.

TIM

Good to know you'll be bringing pro skill to that operation.

(then)

Hey uh, I can get the door...

Justin opens it. Tim watches, confused, as a young Asian woman, JASMINE, walks in in a coat and short dress. Justin directs her down the hall to Tim's studio.

JUSTIN

Heyyyy, thanks for coming out. We're just down the hall.

Tim follows slowly, listening as they head into his studio.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
You look terrific.

JASMINE  
Thanks.

JUSTIN  
No 'cause you looked great on the website  
but you never know. So there's a couch,  
surprisingly comfortable...

Suddenly from upstairs, we hear:

SAM  
Dad, we gotta leave for the game!

Tim ducks into the studio and shuts the door...

INT. TIM'S STUDIO

...so he's inside with Justin and Jasmine.

JUSTIN  
Tim, how big is your shower?

TIM  
Did you... is this... an escort?

JUSTIN  
(to Jasmine)  
Is that what you prefer? I know  
"whore" has fallen out of favor.

JASMINE  
Whatever.

JUSTIN  
Escort it is, Tim. Good call.

TIM  
Justin, this is... not okay.

JUSTIN  
No?

TIM  
Not on any level.

JUSTIN  
Look, I probably should've told you  
this: I'm a very sexual person. And  
I've been locked up for twelve years.

TIM  
Sam is upstairs.

JUSTIN

Sam?  
 (then, remembering)  
 Oh my God, Sam.  
 (to Jasmine, explaining)  
 The girl.

TIM

Yes, the girl.

JUSTIN

You're right. Sorry, this is a huge learning curve for me.  
 (to Jasmine)  
 Is there any way you could come back on a weekday before three?

TIM

No.

JUSTIN

Is Sam not in school? Oh Tim, don't let her go down my path.

SAM

(from behind the door)  
 Dad, my game, we have to go!

JUSTIN

(shouting to the door)  
 Stay in school!

JASMINE

I'm gonna need fifty dollars.

JUSTIN

(to Tim)  
 Have you got forty-five dollars?

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Justin and Tim sit watching Sam's game.

JUSTIN

You should have let me haggle.

TIM

Great and then what? Her pimp mack shows up and we all get bitched?  
 (off Justin's confused look)  
 Let's just watch the scrimmage.

JUSTIN

I played football all the time in prison.

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 Quarterback for the Aryan Brotherhood.  
 I don't subscribe to their beliefs but  
 they needed an arm.

HEATHER, a pretty, sweet, single mom, sits down next to Tim.

HEATHER  
 Hi Tim.

TIM  
 Hey, Heather.

HEATHER  
 Did I miss anything important in the  
 (mocking exact label)  
 "preseason full pads scrimmage?"

Tim chuckles. Justin stares hungrily at Heather.

JUSTIN  
 I'm Tim's brother, Justin.

TIM  
 Yeah. Half-brother, actually.

HEATHER  
 Hi.

JUSTIN  
 Hello.

Heather turns back to the game. Justin continues to stare.

TIM  
 I don't know what look you're going for,  
 but if it's "murderous," you're nailing it.

JUSTIN  
 (reverently hushed)  
 Tim this... angel is who I need in my  
 life. Who is she? What's she into?

TIM  
 Well, she's a single mom, so I'll bet  
 she's into gainful employment.

JUSTIN  
 Funny, she doesn't seem stuck up.

Back on the field, Sam's team, the PANTHERS, scores a touchdown. A heavy-set LION parent, BLAKE stands up.

BLAKE  
 You gonna keep letting them clip us  
 like that, ref?!

TIM  
 (sighing, to Heather)  
 Heyyy, it's Take-It-Too-Seriously-Guy.

HEATHER  
 (for their ears only)  
 Yeah, sit down, Blake.

Justin nods, taking this as a cue.

JUSTIN  
 (calling over)  
 Yeah, sit down, Blake, ya  
 (this would be bleeped)  
 Fuckin' bitch motherfucker or I'll  
 slit your goddamn throat!

Shocked silence as all the parents turn and look at Justin.

TIM  
 Hey. Not prison.

JUSTIN  
 Right. Sorry everybody.  
 (to Blake)  
 Don't worry about your throat. It's  
 cool. No need.

On the field, Sam's about to kick an extra point. Another array of chubby, determined lineman await. An ABNORMALLY HUGE ten-year-old, ETHAN, grins meanly. Justin notices.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 He's a fat one.

ETHAN  
 I'm gonna block that flippin' kick,  
 ding-dang it!

Justin looks at Tim, puzzled.

TIM  
 Mormon.

JUSTIN  
 Ah.

ALEJANDRO  
 Hike!

The ball is snapped. Sam strides forward but Fat Ethan is fast. He dives and BLOCKS the kick, narrowly missing Sam.

BLAKE  
 All right, Ethan! Way to flippin' go!

Then a MONTAGE of Sam punting/kicking, with various Lions swooping in to block each. They seem to come from everywhere, especially Ethan. Tim shouts help, to no avail.

TIM  
On your left! No, your right!

INTERCUT Justin valiantly hitting on Heather: showing off his tattoos, offering her cigarettes, demonstrating his physique by doing chin-ups under the bleachers.

Finally, one last extra point attempt by Sam.

ALEJANDRO  
Hike!

But the ball sails past Alejandro. Sam picks it up, then freezes as Big Ethan rampages towards her. He TACKLES HER TO THE GROUND HARD. Tim reacts, stunned.

JUSTIN  
(cheering)  
Yeahhhhhh!  
(then off Tim's look)  
Sorry, which team is Sam?

Ethan stands over Sam and does a little sack dance/song.

ETHAN  
Oh yeah/uh-huh/the Ethan-ator  
strikes/Ding-dang it!

Tim bolts from his seat and down to the field.

TIM  
Hey get away from her!

Ethan, puzzled, runs back to his huddle.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Are you okay, Sam?

SAM  
I'm fine. Get out of here, Dad!

The Ref comes running over.

REF  
No parents on the field.

TIM  
How about getting... Fat White Albert  
off the field? Did you see what he did?

BLAKE  
 (yelling from the stands)  
 Aw, bull shitake mushroom, Tim! That  
 was a clean play!

TIM  
 Clean play? She's the kicker.

BLAKE  
 She had the ball, so she got tackled.  
 That's what football is. I mean I'm  
 sorry if she's...

TIM  
 What? A girl?

BLAKE  
 Well, yeah. I mean I don't care if she  
 plays but... girls get tackled too.

TIM  
 Oh really? Well...

Tim is momentarily stymied as the parents all watch. He  
 notes the players, who seem to loom over Sam.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 You know what? You're right.  
 (then)  
 Sam, come on, we're going home.

SAM  
 What???

TIM  
 No more football. Get your stuff.

SAM  
 Dad...

TIM  
 I mean it, Sam! Get your stuff and  
 let's go!

Sam can't believe it. She strides off, outraged. Tim tries  
 to recover from the scene he's just made. Justin approaches.

JUSTIN  
 That was the most horrible thing I've  
 ever seen. And I've made soup in a  
 toilet.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**INT. KITCHEN

Tim, Sam, and Justin arrive home. Katie is again cooking.

TIM  
Why aren't you at the store?

KATIE  
Odetta's got it.

INT. REINSDORF MUSIC

Odetta makes out with her BOYFRIEND as a line of customers holding all kinds of musical instruments wait to check out.

About six CATS eat food from a bowl on the counter.

INT. KITCHEN

JUSTIN  
That smells amazing, Katie, is that  
"salmon" again?

KATIE  
That is actually "chocolate," but good  
guess! How was the game?

SAM  
Dad's a jerk!!

She storms upstairs.

KATIE  
What happened?

TIM  
She just about got killed today so I  
said no more football.

KATIE  
Tim...

JUSTIN  
Can I say something?

TIM  
No. Oh, unless you want to talk about  
the hooker you invited over?

KATIE  
What?

JUSTIN

Tim, I thought we agreed on "escort."

TIM

It doesn't matter! Look, you can't stay here, okay? This is not working.

JUSTIN

But... we're family.

TIM

We have the same father! That's all. A criminal who I have absolutely no memory of, who left when I was five, apparently to cheat on my mom with your mom and make you. So we're not family, we're just related by asshole.

Justin gets a very sad look on his face. He trods down the hall to Tim's studio. Tim turns to Katie.

TIM (CONT'D)

Listen...

LOUD ANNOYING NOISE from the studio.

TIM (CONT'D)

Off the guitar, Justin!

The noise stops. Tim looks at Katie. Can't deal.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm going to the store.

Tim bolts out, leaving Katie there. On the TV, Emeril.

EMERIL (ON TV)

Bam!

Annoyed, Katie tosses a mango at the TV. It hits and the screen falls off the wall.

KATIE

Damn it.

INT. REINSDORF MUSIC

Katie enters. Odetta is at the register with her magazine. Through a window, we see Tim is in the lesson room.

ODETTA

He's all up in my stuff today.

KATIE

What's he got you doing?

ODETTA

Oh, now you're gonna start?

Best not to pursue this line of questioning, so Katie moves on.

INT. REINSDORF MUSIC - LESSON ROOM

She enters to find Tim strumming a mournful tune.

TIM

*In the Big Rock Candy Mountains/There's  
a land that's fair and bright...*

KATIE

(sympathetically)

Oh...

(joins in somewhat off-key)

*And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth--*

TIM

That's actually the next verse.

KATIE

(correcting herself)

*There's a lake of stew/And of whiskey too--*

TIM

Now you're too far... go back...

KATIE

*Camptown ladies sing this song--*

TIM

Not everybody's musical.

KATIE

Just put the guitar down for a sec?

(he does)

Now, I know you were trying to look  
out for Sam, but you can't decide this  
all by yourself.

TIM

You're right. I'm sorry. But what  
the hell is she doing?

KATIE

What do you mean?

TIM

Football. Where does that come from?  
You're not a sports person. The only  
sport I like is Minecraft...

KATIE  
...which is not a sport...

TIM  
...which should be a sport because I  
am great at it.  
(then, clearly bothered)  
We're like strangers.

Tim opens a case to put the guitar away, then stops, contemplating.

KATIE  
Look, Sam's different. That's what's  
great about her. You're different  
too. You're not strangers, you're  
just... sides of a coin.

A beat as he just stares down at the guitar case.

TIM  
Yeah.

KATIE  
Okay.

TIM  
There's a cat turd in here.

KATIE  
Sorry.

TIM  
It's all right.  
(then)  
Wait, when you left, did you lock  
Justin in the studio?

KATIE  
Lock him in? What?

Panicked, Tim bolts out the door with Katie following.

INT. REINSDORF MUSIC - STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tim and Katie run out. Odetta flips a switch and the outside  
metal gate starts rolling down.

INT. KITCHEN

Tim rushes in and sees the kitchen TV hanging off the wall.  
He turns to Katie.

TIM  
Look what he did!

Tim continues to his studio where he...

INT. TIM'S STUDIO

...finds everything in its place. Even Justin's clothes are folded as though expecting a cell inspection. Okay. Now what? He exits into the hallway where he sees...

INT. TIM AND KATIE'S BEDROOM

Katie sitting on the edge of the bed. Through a large picture window, she watches Justin and Sam THROWING THE FOOTBALL around in the backyard. Tim sits down next to her.

Justin and Sam are having a great time. Justin knows what he's doing. He directs patterns, hits her with the pass.

KATIE

This is nice, Tim.

TIM

Yeah.

(with a sigh)

First time he hasn't seemed like a criminal.

Katie chuckles. She puts her head on his shoulder and they keep watching the nice tableau. We hear the jangly opening strains of the actual Smiths and "This Charming Man." And Tim's eyes grow wide...

EXT. BACKYARD - FLASHBACK - 1985

Tim, five years old, runs around the backyard in the same pattern as Sam.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD TIM

Dad! Pass it!

We see TIM'S grizzled but grinning DAD, a cigarette hanging out of his mouth, with the football.

TIM'S DAD

Go further!

A SKI-MASK and a GUN fall out of his jacket.

TIM'S DAD (CONT'D)

Whoopsy!

Tim's Dad hastily gathers and re-hides the offending items, then throws the ball. Five-year-old Tim bobbles it comically.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD TIM

Aw. Pass it again!

A large car with tinted windows has pulled into the driveway.

TIM'S DAD  
Later, okay?

FIVE-YEAR-OLD TIM  
Okay!

Tim's dad gets in the car and it rolls away. Five-year-old Tim picks up the ball and throws it. Not pretty.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD TIM (CONT'D)  
Mom, can I play Atari?

*This Charming Man/He knows so much about these things....*

INT. TIM & KATIE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Tim's mouth hangs open. He looks at Katie who is obliviously munching on something.

KATIE  
(mouth full)  
I made cupcakes, you want one?

EXT. BACKYARD

Tim is relating his revelation to Justin, Katie and Sam.

TIM  
It all just came flooding back.  
Football. He loved it. As a matter  
of fact, Sundays were the only time he  
wasn't out causing trouble because  
he'd be in his chair watching the  
games. The remote in one hand and a  
shotgun in the other.

JUSTIN  
(fondly)  
A real American.

TIM  
Look, I don't have any connection to  
him, so I guess... you're it.  
(to Sam)  
And you're it. And you know... that's  
something. Something good.

Katie and Sam smile. Justin is very moved.

JUSTIN  
I want to live in your house forever.

TIM

Not a chance. But can you help Sam not get killed out there?

SAM

I can play?

TIM

Well, Uncle Justin got the football gene. Let's see if he can help you avoid all those big tackler guys.

JUSTIN

(touched)

Uncle Justin.

(to Sam)

Who are you playing on Saturday?

SAM

Same as last week, the Lions. Except this game counts.

JUSTIN

(some sort of odd coach mode)

Lions!!! It counts!!!

(then)

Okay. This isn't about football. This about respect. And the way you get respect is to find the biggest, baddest bully and punch him right in the mouth.

(to Tim, about to protest)

I'm speaking metaphorically.

(back to Sam)

Speaking literally, you should kick him in the nuts.

TIM

No.

JUSTIN

It's perfect because she's already kicking.

(demonstrating to Sam)

You just angle it a little--

TIM

I just thought you might know some football way she can protect herself.

JUSTIN

This is a foot balls way.

(nods wisely)

TIM

Please stop nodding.

SAM

Dad, I don't need to protect myself.  
That's why we have equipment.

JUSTIN

No equipment in the world protects  
against what I am suggesting.

SAM

Dad, I've got shoulder pads, leg pads,  
a helmet... what else would I need?

Tim suddenly has an idea.

INT. REINSDORF MUSIC

Tim is furiously working with a SOLDERING IRON. Reveal he is installing something inside of SAM'S FOOTBALL HELMET. Pan over to see an opened package labeled "WIRELESS HEADSET."

Odetta watches skeptically from the register. As do the cats.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tim is furiously playing Madden 12. A montage where we see play after play after play... He just keeps going.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

The Panthers and the Lions again on the field. Tim, Katie, Justin sit glumly. Heather (the single mom) is nearby. The scoreboard: Lions 28, Panthers 0. On the field, some Lions throw a Panther back for a loss. Our old friend Ethan pops up to do his sack dance.

BLAKE

Get 'em Ethan, you son of a biscuit!

KATIE

(under her breath)

Stupid Mormons.

(calling)

Don't worry Panthers, the snack is  
homemade chili with a veggie option!

On the field, Sam and the kicking unit run on.

TIM

What's going on? She can't kick a  
field goal from there. It's too far.

KATIE  
I guess Coach Andre figured nothing  
else is working.

TIM  
Okay... here we go.

He puts a WIRELESS HEADSET on his ear. Gives it a tap.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me honey?

On the field, Sam taps the side of her helmet, talking to Tim  
via the headset he soldered in.

SAM  
Yeah, Dad.

We see the usual lineup of snarling lineman.

LION'S COACH  
Ethan, hang back!

Ethan grins, and trots back to the five yard line.

ETHAN  
Ha! I'm gonna return your ding dang  
kick for a friggin' T.D.!

Back in the stands:

JUSTIN  
It actually sounds dirtier somehow.

KATIE  
Come on, you can do it, honey! First  
girl to kick a field goal!

She looks at Tim with his headset.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Are you sure you're going to be able  
to help her?

TIM  
Honey, I played thirty-six hours of  
Madden, I'll be able to clue her in to  
any possible play.

ALEJANDRO  
Hike!

The ball is snapped.

TIM  
 (immediately panicking)  
 Mother of God, what's happening??

A LARGE LINEMAN breaks through the line. Sam sees she's got no chance to get the kick off.

SAM  
 (to Alejandro)  
 Pitch it, pitch it!

Alejandro pitches the ball to Sam. The Lions rush towards her. Tim turns to Justin.

TIM  
 This wasn't in the game!

JUSTIN  
 Tell her to head for the sideline!

TIM  
 (into mic)  
 Head for the sideline, sweetie!

Sam does so, lineman in pursuit. Justin then gives instructions that Tim repeats into his mic.

JUSTIN  
 Cut left!

TIM  
 Cut left!

Sam does, leaving a couple Lions in the dust.

JUSTIN  
 Spin!

TIM  
 Spin!

She neatly rolls away from another.

JUSTIN  
 Straight-arm!

TIM  
 Straight-arm!

Sam straight-arms an oncoming tackler.

JUSTIN  
 Nice!

TIM

Nice!

Only one Lion awaits. Ethan. He grins as he sees Sam heading for the goal line. His expression changes to confusion as Sam heads RIGHT TOWARDS HIM.

ETHAN

(to himself)

What the fudge?

JUSTIN

Spin!

TIM

Spin!

But instead, Sam BOWLS ETHAN OVER. Touchdown. The Panther crowd goes nuts. Sam stands up and spikes the ball, triumphant. Tim high-fives Justin. Blake stands up.

BLAKE

Come on, ref! There were like five penalties on that play!

HEATHER

Shove it up your ass, Blake!

JUSTIN

(to Katie)

An angel, I tell you. Straight from heaven.

TIM

Great job Sam!

Ethan climbs to his feet. Sam KICKS HIM IN THE NUTS.

JUSTIN

Yeahhh!!

TIM

No!

JUSTIN

(immediately)

No!

INT. KITCHEN

They eat a sumptuous lunch prepared by Katie.

TIM

So, suspended for one game, that's not so bad.

SAM  
 (proudly)  
 First girl ever suspended.

KATIE  
 The first of many firsts.

TIM  
 You scored a touchdown, that's really  
 the part to focus on.

SAM  
 Yeah, Coach said I can be a running back!

TIM  
 (not thrilled)  
 Yeah...

A horn honks outside.

JUSTIN  
 Uhp, that's me. Gotta go.

Justin begins to stuff food items into his pockets. Tim reaches over and stops him.

TIM  
 What do you mean, that's you?

JUSTIN  
 The chicken killing gig? Those are my  
 friends, here to take me.

TIM  
 Oh. Uh, okay.

JUSTIN  
 But how can I leave behind the best  
 food in the world?  
 (picking up an entire plate of ham)  
 Can I have this?

KATIE  
 (touched)  
 Of course.

Justin heads out the door with the ham. Katie, Tim and Sam walk over and watch through a window. Two sketchy guys, CLIFTON and BRODY, lean on a car that has tinted windows. A weird look comes over Tim. This seems familiar. Then they get a glimpse of a GUN in Brody's waistband.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
 Those guys don't seem like chicken  
 killers. They seem... bad.

SAM  
Why does half-uncle Justin have to go?

TIM  
Well...

Katie looks at Tim. He shrugs helplessly.

TIM (CONT'D)  
He needs a job.

KATIE  
He can work in the store!

TIM  
Ohhh.. I don't know about that. Plus  
you work in the store.

KATIE  
I don't want to work in the store!  
(off his surprised look)  
I'm sorry. I love you. But I can't  
work there anymore because I slightly  
slightly hate it with a passion.

TIM  
You hate it?

KATIE  
I didn't used to but... look it's your  
thing honey. I'm going to do  
something else.

TIM  
Which is...?

KATIE  
I'm gonna be a chef!

TIM  
What?

KATIE  
Yeah! I'm gonna go back to school  
and, and, get a degree, and... do it!

TIM  
When were you going to tell me this?

KATIE  
Now! I mean, I just thought of it now.  
But now! I mean... what do you think?

Tim looks at Katie. She's glowing, caught up in the rush of  
this idea. And suddenly to Tim it all just seems right.

TIM  
Let's do it!

Tim strides outside. Through the window we watch (we can't hear anything). Tim motions for Justin to come inside, explains the plan. Touched, Justin hugs Tim. Inside, Katie smiles proudly at Sam.

KATIE  
You got a good daddy, Sam. He loves his family.

Justin apologizes to Clifton and Brody. But they are not happy with Justin's decision to stay. They talk to Justin and Tim with increasingly threatening gestures. Justin and Tim apologize. Clifton and Brody advance slowly on them as they talk. Justin and Tim start to back around the car. Katie turns to Sam, still smiling.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Sweetie, can you dial 911 for me?

FADE OUT:

**END OF SHOW**