

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. AN UPPER MIDDLE CLASS STREET - MORNING 1
The street is quiet. An establishing shot of the WHITE'S HOUSE.
A JOGGER runs through the frame. He stops, bends over, huffs and puffs and then continues on.
- 2 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING 2
LOW ANGLE CU: BILL WHITE'S FEET AS THEY WALK DOWN THE HALLWAY AND INTO THE KITCHEN.
- 3 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 3
BILL WHITE is crossing the kitchen carrying something in his hand. He is wearing khakis and a "Guinea Tee". He appears anxious.
Suddenly ...
- 4 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 4
MAY WHITE wakes up, stretches and notices that her husband is gone.
MARY (O.S.)
(sleepily)
Bill!?
- 5 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 5
Bill crosses the kitchen toward the sink.
BILL
(preoccupied)
Yes, Mary.
- 6 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 6
Mary sits up in bed.

(CONTINUED)

MARY (O.S.)
(sleepily)
Come in here, Sweetheart.

7 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

7

Bill is at the sink. He puts down the object in his hand, turns on the water and splashes water on his face.

Bill quickly looks at the object on the counter.

It is a SMALL VIAL OF LIQUID.

He looks up toward the Dining Room table and sees a LARGE BOX FULL OF STUFF. At the top is a MAD MONSTER LUNCHBOX.

BILL
(preoccupied)
Be right there!

He walks to the LARGE BOX and takes the lunchbox. He looks at it, smiles, and takes a breath.

He opens it and takes out the THERMOS.

He unscrews the thermos, drops the vial from his hand inside and closes it.

He puts the thermos back into the lunchbox, sets it back on top of the box and begins to leave the kitchen.

At the doorway, he pauses and looks back at the lunchbox. He leaves.

8 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

Bill enters. He looks preoccupied and anxious.

MARY WHITE is lying in bed under the covers.

Bill tries to smile.

BILL
Yes, Honey?

Mary sits up and pulls the covers up under her chin. She pats a space on the bed next to her. She is wearing a spaghetti strap tank top and men's boxer shorts.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
(intimately, still
sleepy)
Come here. Sit on the bed. With
me.

Still tense, Bill crosses to the bed.

He sits down on the edge of the bed next to Mary. She
rises and cuddles up next to him.

MARY
So, today's the day.

BILL
Yeah. The time went by so
quickly. I just hope I have the
courage ...

Mary cuts him off with her hand.

MARY
(encouraging)
You will ... you will.

Bill kisses her fingers.

BILL
(words spilling out)
Y'know ... The stuff's supposed to
be untraceable. Something about
how it breaks down into chemicals
that are naturally found in the
body. I saw it on the Internet.
(pause) Am I talking a lot?

MARY
You are, but it's just nerves.
This isn't anything you could have
prepared yourself for.

BILL
I know. But Dad's just lying
there - not aware - hooked up to
machines ...

MARY
... and no chance of recovery.

BILL
He would have wanted this.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I know. It's the right thing to do.

BILL

It's just ...

Bill chokes up.

Mary pulls Bill down on the bed.

She snuggles into Bill.

MARY

I know this is difficult for you.

Bill's eyes begin to tear up.

MARY

That's why I want you to know we're together on this.

BILL

... and that's why I love you.

Mary kisses the tip of her finger and presses her finger to his nose.

Bill pulls Mary into an embrace.

They lie next to each other quietly - holding each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

9

Mary wakes up. She rises up on her arm and gently rouses Bill.

BILL

(waking)
Hmmm?

MARY

I hated to wake you, but ...

BILL

(groggy)
I know.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

You have the ... stuff?

Bill shakes his head and exhales.

BILL

Yes, I was carrying it when you called me in here. So I hid it.

MARY

How clever of you. Where?

BILL

Y'know, I saw this old Mad Monster lunchbox in a big box on the counter. It reminded me of the one I had as a kid. My Dad used to make my lunches ... he would always put a note inside.

MARY

That's sweet ... So where did you hide it?

BILL

Oh, I put it in the thermos inside the lunchbox.

Mary sits up rapidly.

MARY

You what?

BILL

I put it ...

Mary gets out of bed and heads toward the bedroom door.

MARY

I know what you said ... it was a rhetorical question.

Bill sits up in bed.

BILL

What's the matter? Where are you going?

Mary stops by the door and turns to Bill.

MARY

Just get out of bed.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Wait ...

Mary rushes out the door. Bill stands up and crosses to the door.

BILL

I don't have a good feeling about this ...

10 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

10

Mary enters and looks around frantically. She looks on the counter - no big box - no lunchbox.

Bill enters.

BILL

Honey, what's going on.

MARY

(frantically)
It's gone. It's gone.

BILL

What?

MARY

(explodes)
The lunchbox, you moron!

Mary stops, takes a deep breath and collects herself.

MARY

No. Sorry. I didn't mean it that way.

Mary takes charge.

BILL

How could it be gone?

She sees A PIECE OF PAPER on the counter. She crosses to the counter and picks it up.

MARY

This is how.

She shows the paper to Bill.

CU of PAPER

(CONTINUED)

"Hi Neighbors,

Came by for your donation - didn't see you - running late
- took it.

TTFN-

Terri" followed by a drawn smiley face.

Bill looks puzzled.

MARY

(bitingly)

The neighborhood - well, in particular, Terri Greble (that bitch) - is gathering donations for a yard sale to raise money to help the earthquake victims in some country or other.

BILL

So ...

MARY

(becoming impatient)

So ... That big box was our contribution. Terri was coming by this morning to pick it up.

They look over at the sliding door. It is partially open. Mary points to the door as Bill paces in the kitchen.

MARY

(angrily)

Look at that. She doesn't even have the common sense to close the door all the way. Little Miss Perfect!

BILL

(finally realizing what this means)

Oh, crap. Oh, crap. Oh, crap.

BILL

Oh, crap!

MARY

(deprecatingly)

Yes. That's putting it mildly.

BILL

(thinks he has the solution)

Well. Let's just go over there and get it back.

(CONTINUED)

Mary is in "take charge mode". She ignores "stupid" suggestions.

She begins formulating a plan. She reviews the facts.

Mary looks at her WATCH.

MARY

Damn it. It's almost 10 o'clock.
That's when it starts.

BILL

(still thinks he has
the answer)
We'll just give her a buck and get
the damn thing back.

MARY

(as if to a child)
It's not that easy. That Mad
Monster lunchbox is a collectable.

BILL

(puzzled)
A collectable?

MARY

Yes. It's pretty valuable.
Whatever she get for it we could
deduct as a charitable donation.

BILL

(still puzzled)
Charitable donation?

MARY

(finger quotes)
"Victims of an earthquake".

BILL

(dawn breaks)
Oh ...

MARY

(dryly)
Yeah.

BILL

(perking up)
So how much do you think it will
sell for?

(CONTINUED)

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Mary gives Bill a "look".

MARY
(dismissively)
Can you focus, please.

Mary looks at her WATCH again.

MARY
We better get over there before
the "Early Birdies" arrive.

BILL
(puzzled again)
"Early Birdies".

MARY
(losing her patience)
Yes. The pros who get there as
soon as the sale starts ... try to
get all the best stuff before the
crowds come.

BILL
(moving toward the
door)
OK, then. We better hurry.

MARY
(dryly)
A shirt would be nice ...

BILL
Oh, yeah ... let me get a shirt
on.

Mary begins to cross to the kitchen door. Bill looks at her as she passes by ... still in her Tee and boxers.

BILL
(playfully)
Maybe you should put something
else on, too?

Mary stops.

MARY
(softening slightly)
I love you, but you are a
smartass. (continues to doorway
and stops) And bring your
checkbook.

11 EXT. TERRI GREBLE'S DRIVEWAY

11

Bill and Mary are hurrying down the street toward the sale.

DUANE, THE COLLECTOR is looking at the merchandise displayed. He is in his 30's, long hair, and glasses. He is overweight and is wearing vintage Mad Monster T-shirt. He is holding the Mad Monster Lunchbox to his chest and inching toward TERRI GREBLE with a few bucks in his hand.

DUANE

(casually)

Excuse me, madam. What is the price of this beat up, old lunchbox?

TERRI

(brightly)

Hello, my name is Terri ... Terri Greble. And you are ...

DUANE

There are some who call me ...
"Duane".

*

Duane kisses her hand.

TERRI

Oh, my ...

DUANE

... the lunchbox ...?

TERRI

(slightly flustered)

Oh that? I think it's a collectable ... I don't know ... would ten dollars be too much? It's for a very worthy cause.

Terri points to a professionally made sign which says, "Help the Victims" and has a picture of the Earth splitting apart.

DUANE

Ten dollars? Well, that's a bit pricey for something this old. Maybe eight?

(CONTINUED)

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Bill and Mary arrive and rush toward Duane and Terri, stopping halfway up the driveway.

BILL AND MARY

(uppercut)

Fifteen!

Terri - puzzled - looks up and sees Bill and Mary.

TERRI

(confused)

Why it's the Whites. Didn't you just Ah ...

Terri mouths the words "donate this?"

Duane slowly turns around and glares at the couple. His eyes narrow as he pulls the lunchbox into his chest.

DUANE

Fifteen, you say?

MARY

Yes, fifteen.

Terri recovers from her confusion - a sale is a sale.

TERRI

Well then, that settles it. Sold to ...

DUANE

(jab)

Twenty.

Bill stares at Duane. He and Mary cast a glance at each other.

BILL

(jab)

Twenty-five.

Bill holds out his hand as to receive the lunchbox.

Duane takes a step toward Bill.

DUANE

(right cross)

Fifty. Philistine.

Bill takes a step back. Suddenly ...

(CONTINUED)

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MARY
(left hook)
Seventy-five.

Duane stands his ground. He looks from Bill to Mary. He gets it - a tag team match.

A smile plays across his lips.

He stares at Mary.

DUANE
(block)
Let's make it an even hundred,
shall we?

Duane and Mary's eyes lock. There is no turning back. This is a battle of wills to the death. They square off, facing each other, ten feet apart.

TERRI
Oh this is wonderful. The true
spirit of charity. One hundred
dollars!

Bill looks at Mary. He smiles at her - she smiles back. He turns and steps toward Duane - between him and Mary.

BILL
(counterpunch to
body)
One hundred? Let's make it two.

Now Duane takes a step back. He looks at the lunchbox, a look of firm resolve comes over his face. He looks up and turns his focus to Bill.

DUANE
(recovering)
OK, let's play.

DISSOLVE TO:

The bidding has continued. Both men are bathed in sweat. It's no longer about the lunchbox. It's about their pride, their manhood, their honor.

(CONTINUED)

DUANE

(jab)
What would you say to fifteen
hundred?

Duane smiles.

Bill looks at Mary. She flashes two fingers.

BILL

(knockdown at the
bell)
I'd say ... two grand!

Duane wipes perspiration from his upper lip.

He snaps his fingers. Terri bring him a bottle of water.

He takes a drink and throws the bottle over his shoulder.

He looks in his checkbook.

DUANE

(looking at Terri)
Madam, would you take merchandise
in lieu of cash. I don't mean
junk, but valuable collectables?

TERRI

Well, this is a yard sale and
earthquakes don't fix themselves
... oh what the heck ... go ahead.

Duane casts a look of disdain at Bill.

Mary is standing beside Bill massaging his arm, but looks
worried.

She is starting to realize that Bill is getting out of
control and this could only end badly.

MARY

You know what you're doing, right?

Bill is intently focused on Duane and the bidding.

BILL

(deeply focused)
Hmm? What?

MARY

I said, "You know ..."

(CONTINUED)

Bill only acknowledges Mary in an offhand way.

BILL

Oh, yeah ... yeah.

Mary takes a cup of water and throws it into Bill's face.

Bill finally looks at Mary.

MARY

I hope you know what you're doing.

BILL

Yeah, me too.

Duane steps forward - pulling Bill back in.

DUANE

(getting their
attention)

Hey!

Bill and Mary look over toward Duane.

DUANE

(a combination to the
body)

Tell you what. Two thousand in
cash PLUS an AFA Graded Porta-
Communicator from the Six Million
Dollar Man - 1976 - uncirculated
in the original packaging - worth
five hundred dollars.

Bill runs his hand over his head. He takes a deep
breath. He is back in war mode.

He steps toward Duane - Mary stays back.

BILL

(recovering)

Is that all you got? (jab) Let's
make it three thousand.

MARY

(concerned)

Bill ...?

BILL

Honey, we got this.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

(trying to regain
control)

Please! Listen to yourself!

DUANE

(cutting in)

Not so fast, suburban boy. (jab)
Two thousand cash, (jab) the Porta-
Communicator, AND (combination to
the midsection) a Celebration III
Talking Darth Vader with Case
autographed by David Prowse worth
twenty-five hundred smackeros.
That a total of five grand.

Everyone is stunned to silence.

Bill is staggered at the bell.

MARY

Bill, look what you're doing!

Bill is in his own world again - focused on one thing -
getting the lunchbox.

Bill looks in his checkbook.

BILL

Eat this, Mama's boy. (left jab)
Forty three hundred cash, (left
jab) my riding lawnmower worth a
thousand, and (right cross) my
home computer with 24" monitor at
five hundred. That's a total of
fifty-eight hundred.

Duane is surprised. He thought Bill was finished. He goes
down.

BILL

(breathing heavy)

C'mon, what else you got?

There is a moment. Terri breaks it.

TERRI

Well, if that's the end of it,
sold to ...

(CONTINUED)

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DUANE
(cutting Terri off)
STOP!

There is silence.

Everyone looks at Duane. His eyes narrow. He begins to close on Bill.

DUANE
Do I have your attention, Mr.
Yuppie, Conformist Middle
American?

Duane takes a deep breath.

DUANE
(jab) Two grand, (jab) the Porta-
Communicator, (jab) the
autographed Talking Darth Vader,
AND (a left/right combination to
the body) a copy of the first
issue of Daredevil from 1964 - CGC
Universal Grade 8.5 - story by
Stan Lee / art by Bill Everett -
worth (left hook) thirty-five
hundred for a total of (right
uppercut) eighty-five hundred
bucks.

Bill blocks most of the punches, but the right uppercut hurt.

MARY
(frantically)
Bill!!

The tension mounts. Mary backs away from Bill. There is real fear in her eyes. Bill is totally out of control.

Bill and Duane close in on each other - they are nose to nose

BILL
You bastard. OK, is that how we
roll? Then take this - (jab)
Forty three hundred cash, (jab) my
riding lawnmower, (jab) my home
computer AND (overhand right) my
1965 Gibson ES-330 guitar - cherry
red worth five grand. That's ten
eight to you, buddy.

(CONTINUED)

Bill smiles.

Duane shakes them off. He smiles.

DUANE

So, I guess we're getting serious.
OK. (jab) Two grand, (jab) the
Porta-Communicator, (jab) the
autographed Talking Darth Vader,
(jab) the first issue of
Daredevil, AND (left hook to the
kidney) a Silver R2-D2 figure -
25th Anniversary Exclusive Error
Card with (left hook to the
kidney) the left leg manufactured
in reverse - AFA Graded 80 worth
(right cross) five thousand for a
total of thirteen-five.

BILL

(staggered but on his
feet)

Well ...

DUANE

(pressing in ...
cutting him off)

And ...

BILL

(to Duane)

And ..?

MARY

(to Bill)

And ..?

TERRI

(to the neighborhood -
giggling and
clapping her hands)

And ...!

DUANE

(left hook to the body) "The
Empire Strikes Back" theater
poster in a custom black frame
with (right to the head) a special
tamper evident sealed backing and
additional serial numbered
holographic seals.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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DUANE (CONT'D)

(grinding left to the midsection)
Hand autographed by Mark Hamill,
Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher and
George Lucas with (hard right to
the jaw) an Original Certificate
of Authenticity.

Duane pauses. Everyone waits.

DUANE

(haymaker) Worth a cool ...
fifteen grand.

Duane turns - thinking he has won - and steps away.

TERRI

Why that comes to ...

She picks up a calculator and calculates furiously.

TERRI

... Twenty-eight thousand and five
hundred dollars!

Bill is back on his heels. He was able to block the
haymaker but the punches have taken their toll.

Duane has tried to end it knowing that there's no more
left. He hopes he succeeded.

Bill looks exhausted. Mary looks at him. She mouths the
words, "No. No. No."

CROWD

Will-yum. Will-yum! Will-yum!!

TERRI

(to the crowd -
loudly)
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

The chant immediately stops except for ...

MICHELLE, who is so into the chant she doesn't hear
Terri.

MICHELLE

Will-yum! Will ...

Michelle realizes that she is chanting alone. She looks
around.

(CONTINUED)

Terri shoots her a withering look.

MICHELLE

... yum?

Michelle looks sheepish and turns away, quieting down.

Bill and Duane are at the end of their endurance. They stare at each other across the blacktop.

BILL

(pulling himself
together)

OK. OK. Time for the big guns,
huh? Take the gloves off. Bring
in the reinforcements. All bets
are off.

DUANE

(breathing heavily)

Yeah. I guess that's it. Put up
or shut up.

BILL

OK. You ready, cause here it
comes.

Bill walks right up to Duane. They are face to face.

BILL

(right cross) Forty three hundred
cash, (left cross) my riding
lawnmower, (right uppercut) my
home computer, (left hook to the
midsection) my 1965 Gibson ES-330
guitar, AND (right hook to the
midsection) my 2006 Jaguar, S-Type
with the 4.2L Engine worth twenty
thousand. Now I'm up to thirty
thousand eight hundred, right?

Both men are ready to fall.

Mary can see her world crashing.

DUANE

(reeling)

Right.

(CONTINUED)

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BILL

... AND (BIG overhand right) my house worth two hundred and forty thousand bucks, for a total of two hundred seventy thousand and eight hundred simoleons.

Bill and Duane stare at each other.

Mary's hand goes to her mouth and she turns away.

BILL

Your move, Ex-Lax.

Duane slowly averts his eyes. He takes a deep breath. He has been defeated.

Cheers erupts from the crowd. Hands in the air. Dancing around. Celebrations. They subside.

BILL

I think that's check and mate.
(pause) fella.

Duane carefully and deliberately hands the lunchbox to Bill.

DUANE

Well played, sir. Treat her well
... with respect.

Bill looks at the lunchbox - he is oblivious to Duane's comments.

Suddenly, Duane holds out his hand. Bill looks at the hand ... then at Duane.

Bill turns away toward the crowd and holds the lunchbox up in the air.

Duane drops his hand to his side. He looks down at the ground in defeat.

Ignoring what's going on around her, Terri looks pleased with herself.

TERRI

Oh, my.

With a last look at the lunchbox, Duane leaves.

Mary stands there dazed.

(CONTINUED)

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Everything goes back to normal.

MARK GREBLE shouts from the doorway in the garage.

MARK

Hey, Little Miss Bigshot!

Terri is mortified. She tries to cover it up.

TERRI

Yes, Sweetheart ... you big lug.

MARK

Can the comments, Useless. Are you done with your little ... thing yet?

TERRI

(still trying to cover)

I'm right in the middle of something ...

MARK

Well, **get** done. I need my clothes washed and I'm hungry. It's lunchtime and my sandwich won't make itself.

Terri looks at Mark. She is totally humiliated

TERRI

(defeated)

Of course, dear. I know. I'll just be another minute.

She starts to clean up.

Bill comes up to Mary and hugs her. She tenses.

Mary pushes Bill back and grabs the lunchbox from him and turns away taking two steps. Bill stands there confused.

She opens it and looks inside. She closes the lunchbox.

MED TWO SHOT CHRIS AND TERRI

CHRIS, a yard sale customer, walks up to Terri.

(CONTINUED)

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MED CU ON CHRIS

CHRIS

I'm glad that's over.

MED CU ON MARY

At the sound of Chris's voice, Mary looks over.

MED CU ON CHRIS

CHRIS

I've been waiting forever to buy
this.

MED TWO SHOT MARY AND BILL

Mary turns, approaches Bill and forcefully pushes the
lunchbox into his stomach.

She stares directly into his eyes.

MARY

Well, you won ... I hope you're
very happy.

Bill looks puzzled.

Mary turns with tears in her eyes and begins to walk down
the driveway.

BILL

Mary?

Bill looks down at the lunchbox.

MED TWO SHOT CHRIS AND TERRI

Chris is holding a MAD MONSTER thermos.

CHRIS

So

MED CU OF BILL

Bill sees Chris with the thermos. He opens the lunchbox.

(CONTINUED)

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MED CU TERRI

Terri looks up.

TERRI

(her world crushed)

Oh, yes. Step right up. It's for
a very good cause, you know.
Earthquakes are devastating ...
especially in ... in ... ln ...
ahh ...

Terri thinks. She begins to cry.

She shrugs.

Bill stands still, facing Chris and Terri. Defeat washes
over him. The checkbook drops out of his hand.

He clutches the lunchbox to his chest.

He begins to cry.

CHRIS

How much? Will you take five
bucks?

Bill looks up.

BILL

(hoarsely)
Make it fifteen.

CRANE SHOT: CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY TO REVEAL THE ENTIRE
SCENE. BILL, TERRI CRYING, THE MAN TRYING TO GIVE HER
MONEY FOR THE THERMOS, DUANE SITTING ON THE CURB AND
FINALLY MARY WALKING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

FADE TO BLACK.