

THE MOVIE MILL

PILOT: It's A Wonderful Life

written by

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FADE IN:

EST. THE MOVIE MILL - DAY

A run-down CINEMA sits like an abandoned child left at a bus stop.

EXT. THE MOVIE MILL PARKING LOT - DAY

It's 2PM on a TUESDAY so the lot is empty, save ONE BEAT-UP-LOOKING CAR, A SCOOTER and a jilted SKATEBOARD.

In nerd world: A REALLY FUCKING COOL GO-KART glides into one of the spaces and a YOUNG MAN (17 and 3 quarters) removes his HELMET.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking...I must get tons of action but I think you'd be amused to find out...that's just not the case.

(beat)

Gran-Mee-Mee says I'm not supposed to be filling my head with fornication. But--

MINA FAIRWATER (17) walks past in her Movie Mill UNIFORM. Even in a smock, she's the fairest on the block.

MINA

Hey Calvin.

CALVIN BUTTMAN shuts the door to his go-kart and looks up.

CALVIN

Hey Momma. Mina!

She smiles politely and enters the building.

CALVIN (V.O.)

Mina Fairwater...coincidentally one of only two things I do generally fill my head with.

He removes his INDIANA JONES JACKET and dons his SMOCK then looks up at THE MOVIE MILL SIGN, with it's sad broken neon lights.

CALVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Movie Mill. It's the only movie theatre in this dump of a town and it's where I waste most of my life.

(MORE)

CALVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But one man's waste is another
man's...well...

He notices the scooter's TIRE is low in air pressure.

On the reverse side a KNIFE sticks out from the rubber. It's
BRANDED: CHET. Calvin doesn't touch it.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Calvin enters.

He BUMPS a fist with a teenage TICKETEER in the TICKET BOOTH
and keeps on forward.

INT. SNACK BAR - CONTINUOUS

A teenage PUNK-GOTH-GIRL SQUIRTS LIQUID CHEESE from a SPOUT
onto NACHOS.

Calvin waves at her, she flashes him the finger.

POPCORN MACHINES SCREAM.

INT. SLIDESHOW ROW - CONTINUOUS

A METAL DOOR slams shut as Calvin enters.

CALVIN (V.O.)
Slideshow row--

PROJECTORS line the walls. Some are on, their BLUE LIGHT
BEAMS pointed.

CALVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
--christened as such for obvious
reasons. What's on three?

He peeks into one of the windows above a CINEMA ROOM.

PROJECTOR THREE PLAYS: BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA.

CALVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ooh. Dracula. Yesterday's pick. I
love the re-runs.

He approaches The Staff Room. The door is labelled: THE BLACK
HOLE.

CALVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The Black Hole, and we all got
 sucked in one time or another.

INT. THE BLACK HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Mina exits as Calvin enters. They awkwardly squeeze past each other.

Her chest presses up against him.

CALVIN (V.O.)
 Oh god. Some days I really hate
 having a penis. It really gets in
 the way of what I want to think.

GARRET NELSON (17 and a half) is seated inside. He reads PENTHOUSE openly and shoves handfuls of OLD POPCORN in his mouth.

CALVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That's my best friend Garret. I
 know what you're thinking...but I
 swear...not the case.

CALVIN
 There's been a stabbing!

GARRET
 Chet?

CALVIN
 Your crotch rocket's front tire is
 severely wounded. You should
 prepare yourself.

GARRET
 (sarcastic)
 Well isn't that just crap-on-your-
 chest fantastic.

CALVIN
 I think the phrase you're looking
 for is spit-on-your-neck fantastic.
 Crap-on-your-chest seems a little
 icky.

GARRET
 Whatever. That's the third tire
 I've had to replace this week.

CALVIN

If Mr. Baterman finds you reading that in here again, he's gunna fire you...again...

GARRET

He doesn't have the stones.

CALVIN (V.O.)

Mr. Baterman's the owner of The Movie Mill and Garret and I are convinced he gets a hard-on outta torturing stupid teenagers. But what do we know? We're just a coupla stupid teenagers.

Garret blinks. Flips the page and makes a face. Calvin peeks.

MR. BATERMAN (50's) a crater-faced uncle-kinda-bean-stalk with legs, enters. He see's Garret's dirty mag in hand.

MR. BATERMAN

(empty threat)

Garret, you're fired.

(beat)

Calvin, someone left one the size of Garret's mother's vagina in the men's. I need you in there now.

CALVIN (V.O.)

He's big on locker-room talk. I hate locker-room-talk.

Garret laughs.

MR. BATERMAN

What are you laughing at pot mark?

You're goin too.

He shoves a soggy toilet-paper-covered PLUNGER in Garret's face.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

AN ELEPHANT POOP clogs the middle stall's toilet.

Garret gags.

CALVIN

You're such a pussy.

GARRET
You know I'm very sensitive to
smells. I have an abnormal
passageway.

Calvin shoves the plunger in his face.

CALVIN
(dramatic)
Ah-ha! So it was you that done it!
You what left the dookie in the
donut ring! I knew it! I knew it!

GARRET
Abnormal nasal passageway.

CALVIN
Yeah yeah, wise-guy! That's what
they all say. And then you get 'em
to Sing-Sing and they sing sing
sing!

GARRET
I'm worried about you, you're
watching too many of the re-runs.

CALVIN
I like the re-runs.

The big poop won't plunge.

The old pipes start to shake.

GARRET
Uh-oh. That doesn't sound good.

CALVIN
Oh my god! What do we do! What do I
do?

He shoves the plunger in Garret's hand. Garret pushes it
back.

GARRET
Don't hand it to me!

CALVIN
Well what the fuck do I do?

GARRET
Fuck! Calvin don't! My gag reflex
is sympathetic to smells!

The pipe swells fast. Their eyes buldge.

The big poop shakes in the toilet bowl.

GARRET (CONT'D)
It's clogging the pipes! You have
to pierce an airhole!

CALVIN
What!

GARRET
Air hole! To alleviate the pressure!
There's too much pressure. Use the
other side!

The pipes swell further and a heinous CREAKING SHAKE SOUND erupts.

Calvin shoves the other end of the plunger in, it squishes the poopie further.

CALVIN
You idiot! That just made it worse!

WATER SPRAYS from a BOTTOM PIPE.

GARRET
Oh shit!

Calvin pulls an arm back:

GARRET (CONT'D)
Oh Calvin, no!

He rockets his arm in the toilet bowl right into the big dookie and forces an air-hole.

The sound relaxes, the toilet flushes. The pipes de-swell.

Calvin pulls his arm out, disgusted. He PUKES.

Garret PUKES all over the floor.

Calvin shoves a MOP in his hands.

They mop up their PUKE.

INT. SNACK BAR - DAY

Mina RIPS a TICKET for a CUSTOMER.

Calvin turns a corner.