

# THE MOVIE MILL

PILOTE: It's a Wonderful Life

Written By

Amanda Blush

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 CALVIN BUTTMAN He / Him (17 and 3 quarters), removes his HELMET.

CALVIN (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking... I must get tons of peach 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 She / Her (17), walks past in her Movie Mill UNIFORM. Even in a smock, she's the fairest on the block.

MINA

Hey Calvin.

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

CALVIN

Hey Momma. Mina! Hello. Hi. Hey.

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 its sad broken neon lights.

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

The Movie Mill. It's the only flick 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. We all get 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. Oh  
 god, ugh.

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

CALVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 That's my best friend Garret. Isn't  
 he beautiful?

Popcorn falls out of Garret's mouth. Animalistic. Beastly even.

CALVIN  
 There's been a stabbing, Camerado!

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". Crap-  
 on-your-chest seems a little...  
 red-tubey?

GARRET  
 Whatever. That's the third fuckin  
 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, Pods.  
He's a third-rate cheese weenie.

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-kind-a-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 fuckin 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! Hoy Hoy!

GARRET

Abnormal *nasal* passageway.

CALVIN

(melodramatic)

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!