

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 surrounded by a mostly empty parking lot, like a sad castle.

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.

He addresses us, in that old familiar Alfie / Ferris way:

CALVIN (TO CAMERA)

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

Howdy Doody.

CALVIN (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

Howdy Doody? What a fucking moment to use that phrase for the first time.

She smiles politely and enters the building.

CALVIN (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

Mina Fairwater; Coincidentally one of the 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 (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
 The Movie Mill. It's the only flick theater in this dump of a town and it's where I waste most of my life. 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 TICKATEER 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 (TO CAMERA)
 Slideshow Row.

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

CALVIN (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
 What's on three?

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

PROJECTOR THREE PLAYS: BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA. [OR! Insert Studio Green-Lit Choice here!]

CALVIN (TO CAMERA) (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 (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
 And this room of nightmares is
 called The Black Hole. I defy
 anyone who says they can find a
 smellier staff room.

INT. THE BLACK HOLE - CONTINUOUS

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

Her chest presses up against him. Trying not to get a boner:

CALVIN (TO CAMERA)
 Ugh, Elon Musk. Shrek. Chandler
 Bing! Grand-Paw-Pere naked with the
 lights on! Fuck. Oh that, worked.

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 (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
 My best friend, Garret. Isn't he
 exquisite?

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 There's been a stabbing, Camerado!

GARRET
 Loreda?

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

GARRET
 (sarcastic)
 How bad is it? Give it to me
 straight, Colonel.

CALVIN
Fatal, I'm afraid.

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

CALVIN
If Baterman finds you reading that
in here, he's gunna fire you.
Again.

GARRET
He doesn't have the stones, Pods.
He's a third-rate cheese weenie.

CALVIN
Ah, nepotism. Must be nice.

CALVIN (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
Mr. Baterman's the owner of The
Movie Mill. He also happens to be
Garret's uncle. We're convinced he
gets a hard-on outta torturing
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 a dump the
size of Garret's dick wart in the
John. I need you in there now.

CALVIN (TO CAMERA)
He's big on locker-room talk. I
hate locker-room-talk.

Garret laughs, likes it.

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. No more laughs.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

AN ELEPHANT POOP clogs the middle stall's toilet.

Garret GAGS.

CALVIN

You're such a fuckin wuss.

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, man. 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.