

## PET STORE LOTTERY

SCENE 1: OPENING MONTAGE

CREDITS and MUSIC over opening montage showing different facets of the clothing business. It plays somewhat like a news reel.

1. Establishing shot of “The Fashion Factory.” From an overhead, expansive shot, the camera zooms in on a delivery truck driving through the gates to a loading dock. A sign on the gate reads “The Fashion Factory has operated for **96** days without a man-hour loss due to accident. Make SAFETY your first priority!” Cut to a close-up of the FF logo on the loading dock door and follow the drivers as they exit the truck. Smoke billows from the truck’s exhaust. The dock door is raised and the drivers are met immediately by a crew, who wheel racks of clothes to the truck.

2. Cut to a large room, where rows of seamstresses cut and design patterns. At each work station, bits and pieces of fabric hang from female mannequins. With great difficulty, one seamstress tries to zip up a gaudy, leather and zipper outfit on a mannequin—the main zip stuck at the mannequin’s breasts. She zips and unzips furiously, finally succeeding. On the last pull, however, she unwittingly knocks the mannequin’s head off. The head rolls down the row of work stations and comes to rest at the feet of JANE MCQWERTY. Jane picks the head up and hands it to the embarrassed, apologetic seamstress.

3. Cut to a boardroom meeting with the young FF president, NELSON WORKMAN, and his slew of business and fashion executives. At the head of the table, five models display a different colour of the same leather and zipper design. Nelson sits at the other end of the table. In his hands, he holds a portfolio emblazoned with the FF logo and entitled “It’s You.” His executives wait anxiously for a response—one aide offers him a cigar, another aide the lighter, but Nelson declines. After some deliberation, Nelson accepts the cigar and slowly nods his approval of the design. The boardroom boys sigh and begin to congratulate one another. A broad smile on his face, Nelson raises the cigar to his mouth and looks to his aide who is caught unaware. The offending aide is nudged by another aide and Nelson’s cigar is lit. Nelson puffs and blows a large smoke cloud over the table.

4. Cut to the assembly line, where rows of large machines churn out “It’s You” outfits in bulk. The camera follows workers along the line to the end where clothing inspectors tug, mark and stamp each outfit. On one outfit, a zipper breaks and is thrown into the reject pile. After inspection, workers pack the clothes onto racks and pass them to the loaders at the dock. A steam press machine breaks down and two workers, TOM MCQWERTY and JOE SMITH, run to fix it. After a few adjustments, Tom hits a button and the machine starts working again. Steam engulfs Tom, hurrying him away from the machine.

5. Cut to a glitzy fashion show where the audience is rising to its feet, applauding the last models as they walk down the ramp. Dry ice smoke rises against the backdrop, studded with It’s You signs and the FF logo. Nelson is being congratulated by his aides. At his side, his striking lady friend, SHINY LAKE, smiles.

6. At “The Chique Boutique,” an FF retail outlet store, a saleslady compliments a frumpy woman customer as she tries on one of the It’s You outfits. The customer is unsure. The store owner, Nelson’s girlfriend Shiny Lake, joins the customer and feigns excitement over the dress. She motions for the woman to look at a poster depicting a beautiful model in the same outfit. The sign reads “Be the woman you always wanted to be. Be the woman you always knew you could be. Be the woman who people stop and say, ‘It’s You.’ At The Chique Boutique Now.” The woman sucks in her paunch, smiles, and nods. Shiny smiles and slowly zips the outfit up over her breasts. The customer exhales. FADE to black.

The title “PET STORE LOTTERY” appears over black and the montage ends.

SCENE 1a: FF GATES -- EXTERIOR -- NOON

Another FF truck drives through the gates. The accident sign now reads 284 days. (Note: formerly 96 days.)

SCENE 2: ASSEMBLY LINE -- INTERIOR -- NOON

Tom and Joe are fixing a machine. Tom heaves on a nut with a large torque rod. Joe watches.

**TOM Come on you bitch. Unh.**

Tom takes a breather and wipes the sweat from his brow.

**JOE You loosened it Tom. Give it another go.**

**TOM Like hell I loosened it. You give it another go.**

**JOE I tighten. You loosen. Remember?**

Joe smiles wryly.

**TOM Yeah well, it’s time for a change, Joe. You don’t know your own bloody strength.**

Tom grabs a rag from Joe, wraps it around his hand and gets set to try again. Tom heaves away. (If successful, the camera shows, Tom will impale himself on part of the machine.)

**TOM Christ, Joe. What the fuck did you tighten this with?**

The nut creaks.

**TOM I think I got it. Bitch.**

Tom takes a deep breath and prepares to give it one last go. The noon whistle blows. Tom stops and looks at Joe.

**TOM Fuck this.**

They walk away, smiling at their lack of determination. They grab their lunch pails.

SCENE 3: HALLWAY -- INTERIOR -- NOON

Cut to other workers as they stream out of their work areas into the hall, lunch in tow. Ubiquitous self-help signs promote safety and production. The camera picks up Tom and Joe as they are met by friends, NORM and STAN. Together, the four walk to the cafeteria.

STAN **Hey, Tom. What's up for tonight?**

TOM **Hey, Stan. I don't know. Probably check out the action at Jimmy's.**

NORM **Same as always. What would we do without Jimmy's?**

STAN **Hey, I'm into new ideas. For a change.**

NORM **For a *change*, Stan?**

STAN **You know what I mean . . . What about it Tom?**

TOM **What's wrong with Jimmy's? You guys are always going on about *something else* . . . but we always end up at . . .**

The boys leave. They pass

NORM **Jimmy's. Always.**

STAN **Okay, okay. Jimmy's. Fine.**

Cut to long shot of the boys walking past TWO PAINTERS, who are packing up for lunch. The camera stays with the painters as the boys walk by. Cut to the painters.

JOE *(voice over)* **I don't know guys. Flo's been at me lately. Too much time with the boys. Our savings. The usual.**

NORM *(voice over)* **Too much time away from her you mean?**

STAN *(voice over)* **Women, always complaining about something.**

The painters are painting the red halls yellow. It is not evident, at first, which colour they are painting. Painter 1 philosophizes over the work.

PAINTER 1 **I think I prefer the yellow.**

PAINTER 2 **I thought you said you preferred the red?**

PAINTER 1 **No . . . Red is too . . . too strong . . . Yellow . . . is much more . . . subdued.**

SCENE 4: CAFETERIA -- INTERIOR -- NOON

The boys are unwrapping their lunches. Stan is already eagerly dealing the cards.

**NORM Joe's right. We'd all spend less money if we spent a more time at home.**

**STAN Not you too, Norm? (*singing*) I think about you day and night. It's only right. To think about the girl you love. And hold her tight. So happy together.**

Cut to Jane and her seamstress friend, FLO SMITH (Joe's wife), walking into the cafeteria. They are laughing. A suggestion box is prominently displayed by the door.

**JANE And then she says to me, "More rips. Rips are in."**

**FLO Rips, Unbelievable. Now we're making rags.**

**JANE Yeah, some rag trade.**

They laugh. The girls stop, spot their husbands and walk toward them. Cut to the boys at the table. The coffee mugs all have the FF logo.

**STAN One-eyed jacks, man with the axe, pair of natural sevens take all. Two two-card draws. Maximum three bumps.**

**NORM Poker. Stan we're playing poker.**

**STAN Yeah, yeah. In or out?**

**JOE What's the game?**

**STAN Come on Joe. Same game I always play. How come a guy's got to explain everything to you four times?**

**JOE Four times! I only asked you once.**

**STAN And I only told you once.**

**NORM Come on guys. Every time. I swear you get weirder every day.**

The antes (buttons) are tossed in around the table, one after another, over the loud remarks. Norman reluctantly tosses his ante in. Jane sits down beside her husband. Flo sits next to her husband.

**JANE (*sarcastically*) Having fun . . . boys?**

**THE BOYS Hmm.**

Tom turns around to kiss his wife. The boys bet and wait for Tom as he finishes with Jane. Flo gets up and addresses Joe.

**FLO Are you having soup, Joe? *Joe?***

Preoccupied with his cards, Joe says nothing. Flo leaves.

**STAN Check.**

**NORM Check.**

**STAN Tom. Your bet. You can cuddle with your wife at home.**

Still cuddling, Jane turns around to address the boys.

**JANE That's a good one Norm. You see more of him than I do.**

**STAN Yeah, yeah. After the hand.**

**JANE I swear you come to work just to play cards.**

**NORM Not true, Janey. Some of us have to work to pay for it all.**

They all knock the table in unison. Tom looks at his hand and folds.

**TOM I fold.**

**STAN You can't fold. There's no bet yet.**

**TOM I fold. I don't like the hand. Okay?**

Tom turns back to his wife.

**JOE Two bucks.**

**STAN See.**

**NORM Two. Well, I see your two and I . . . raise you . . .**

Norm raises the table as if he has an erection. Jane rolls her eyes.

**JANE You guys. I swear you haven't changed since the day I met you.**

**STAN Maybe not but he has grown.**

They all laugh including Jane.

**JANE Norm. Ever the joker.**

**NORM Joker?**

Norm makes like he's spinning the lever on The Joker's Wild.

**NORM Joker . . . Joker . . . Joker . . .**

**ALL BOYS Devil.**

**JOE Tell him what he's won, Stan.**

**STAN (*in announcer's voice*) Well Johnnie, he's won . . . a life's supply of Rice-a-Roni. Eat it every night and we pay for it.**

**Total value—well, that depends on how much of a pig you are. And, you’ve also won, . . . the home version of “Work like a Devil till you die,” the new party game for the whole family.**

Flo returns with her soup. She sits down next to Joe. The three boys finish the hand. Cut to Tom, Jane and Flo.

**TOM So, they been keeping you busy?**

**FLO Hardly. I’ve had enough of It’s You. Same old retreads, if you ask me. (pauses for a mouthful) What about you?**

**TOM Nothing much. Production is down more than a half from last month. I’m getting worried actually. It’s exactly like the last time when they laid half of us off. Over production and then . . . nothing.**

**JANE Don’t say that Tom.**

**FLO I didn’t know Tom was so interested in women’s clothes, Janey. Next thing you know, he and Joe ‘ll take us out one night instead of spending all their time at Jimmy’s. Imagine, a life a girl could get accustomed to.**

**TOM Thanks.**

The others have gotten quiet as Norm attempts a bluff. Cut to Stan looking him up and down. The pot is large.

**STAN You’re bluffing, Norm. I can always tell when you’re bluffing.**

**NORM Yeah, well if you can always tell, then you won’t mind paying to see. Eh, little buddy?**

**TOM How much?**

**JOE Twenty.**

**NORM Twenty to you Stan. You said it yourself. I’m bluffing . . . So what is it?**

**STAN You never know. The one time I don’t go in . . .**

**NORM Yeah, yeah, yeah. You got to spend it to make it.**

Stan throws the money in. Norm reveals his cards. He was bluffing.

**STAN King high! . . . God, Norm. You’re pathetic.**

**NORM This is stupid. You can’t bluff with buttons.**

Stan deals. Norm pouts.

**TOM** Hey, Norm. You've made suggestions to the almighty before. They ever take you up on any?

**NORM** Yeah. Once. I got twenty bucks.

**TOM** Get out. What for?

**NORM** (*matter-of-factly*) You won't believe it. I suggested they pay people a hundred bucks for a suggestion. I meant it as a joke, but, hey, why not? Twenty bucks is hardly worth the effort.

**STAN** That's Norm for you. So ironic.

**TOM** You serious? And you got twenty bucks for that?

**NORM** Yeah. Cooper called me into his office the next day. I thought he was pissed off or something and then he handed me a cheque. God, I remember I was practically shitting myself. I couldn't believe it when he shook my hand.

**TOM** Amazing. But they should have given you a hundred bucks.

**NORM** Twenty bucks is twenty bucks. Eh? I wasn't complaining.

**TOM** Yeah, but they used your suggestion. They should at least have given you the hundred bucks.

**STAN** Yeah, Tom, but technically Norm made the suggestion *before* they changed.

**TOM** Thanks Stan. Yes, *technically*. But, it's the principle. If it was a good suggestion, they should pay you.

**STAN** Whatever. Tom? You in?

Tom shakes his head. Pull back from the table as the guys start playing cards again.

SCENE 5: NELSON'S OFFICE -- INTERIOR -- NOON

Stan flips a button, which turns into Nelson flipping a coin. Cut to Nelson and his TWO AIDES at lunch, who are finishing their main course, buffet style. Servers wheel in an elegant dessert trolley and clean up the half-eaten first course. A female assistant (MISS SHIELDS) sits next to him and shuffles papers for his signature. The name plate on his desk reads "Nelson Workman President". A big graph in Nelson's office shows all the major fashion innovations since the beginning of time.

**AIDE 1** I say we cut the price in half and sell off the unsold inventory. That should cool off the market for a while.

**AIDE 2** I like it.

They look to Nelson. He signs something else.

MISS SHIELDS **Here, sir. And here.**

NELSON **Yes, yes. Are we quite through now, Miss Shields?**

MISS SHIELDS **Yes, sir. I should remind you that you have a meeting with a Mr. Carpenter, the representative from the cleaner's company.**

NELSON *(loudly)* **Really. Well, cancel that. *(more softly)* Tell Mr. Carpenter that either he accepts the terms of our last offer or we'll see about getting another cleaning company. All I need *now* is a cleaner telling me how to run my business!**

MISS SHIELDS **Yes, sir. And the caterers need to know the exact numbers for the company picnic.**

NELSON **Same as last year.**

MISS SHIELDS **But there are more than a hundred new employees.**

NELSON **That may be true Miss Shields, but keeping the numbers the same rewards those who LINE UP for their food. A little musical chairs never hurt anyone in business. If that's all?**

MISS SHIELDS **Yes, sir.**

Miss Shields leaves and Nelson looks up at his aides. The aides are stuffing themselves with dessert cakes. One has whip cream on his lip, which he wipes away rather inelegantly.

NELSON **Now, what's all this you're muttering about?**

AIDE 2 **I like it, Nelson. Everyone is looking to us to lead into the new season. But we need some time. We haven't even got a workable design ready for market testing.**

AIDE 1 **This way we extend the old season and sell off neatly-packaged retreads as if they were new. The public will be too busy saving.**

NELSON **No . . . Double the price.**

AIDE 1 **Double the price?**

NELSON **Yes. *Dou-ble*.**

Nelson gets up and walks to his window. He looks to his aides to join him. They do, eagerly.



NELSON **It's not enough that the public is stupid, we must know *how* the public is stupid. Buying cheap clothes means the buyer is cheap. And what the buyer thinks is ninety-nine per cent of the fashion business. Now . . . doubling the price . . . the buyer thinks it is saving money by *spending* money . . . marketed correctly, of course. Quite simply, the public thinks it is in control when it makes choices, when it thinks it is getting a bargain.**

The two aides marvel at Nelson's logic.

AIDE 1 **Sheer genius, Nelson.**

AIDE 2 **I guess that's why you're the president and we're . . .**

NELSON **. . . not? Something like that. Now, if today's lesson is over?**

They get the message. The two aides pack up their things and leave.

SCENE 6: HALLWAY -- INTERIOR -- NOON

The two aides walk out the door, still mystified. They walk by the painters, their pace quickening as they cross from yellow to red. Jane and Flo cross the other way, slowing down as they do.

SCENE 7: NELSON'S OFFICE -- INTERIOR -- NOON

Cut back to Nelson viewing his empire. Trucks roll in and out. Workers pack up their lunches. Nelson looks quite pleased. The second noon whistle blows.

SCENE 8: THE FF GATES -- EXTERIOR -- LATE AFTERNOON

Dissolve the second noon whistle sound into the end shift whistle. Workers stream out of the factory. Jane meets Tom at the gates. Tom waves to the boys. (The accident sign now reads 363 days.)

TOM **One more day like all the others.**

Jane and Tom walk home together. Pull out to show the city.

SCENE 9: MCQWERTY'S FRONT YARD -- EXTERIOR -- EARLY EVENING

Establishing shot of The McQwerty's house. An election sign is on the front yard (Vote Barry Footnote for Brigeton City Mayor). A beat-up, engineless, old car is on blocks in the driveway. A neighbour mows his lawn. A broken mannequin is in the garbage. A sign ("The McQwerty's") hangs under the mailbox. It blows and creaks in the wind.

SCENE 10: MCQWERTY'S DININGROOM -- INTERIOR -- EVENING

The McQwerty's (Jane, Tom, and their children, DEAN, MOLLY, and PATTY) are just finishing their dinner. The youngest, Patty is having trouble finishing her peas.

Cut to occasional shots of Dean, hiding peas in the butter dish. (Patty is the cute, adorable four year-old kind. Molly is fourteen, Dean twelve.) There is a small poster on the wall with stick-on coupons for a pet store lottery—first prize, a monkey, second prize a hamster, and third prize some pet food.

**PATTY Mom, I'm full. I can't eat any more.**

**JANE Well, young lady, you know the rule. No first course, no dessert.**

**TOM No stickers.**

Quick cut to Dean, trying very carefully not to get caught.

**PATTY But I don't like peas.**

**TOM What? No peas? That's not the girl I know.**

Patty shakes her head and pouts. Tom encourages her by making “airplanes” with his fork and her peas. He flies them into his mouth.

**TOM (in Obi Won's voice) Use the fork, Luke. Use the fork.**

Patty laughs. Molly looks bored. Dean scoffs a laugh.

**TOM (to Dean) And what are you laughing at?**

**DEAN You. She's not a baby any more. Your tricks won't work.**

Tom and Jane exchange surprised glances at their son's forwardness.

**TOM Oh is that right? And who told you my tricks won't work?**

**DEAN Nobody told me. I just grew up.**

**TOM Oh, you just grew up? Well, would you mind if your sister . . . just grew up? She doesn't need anyone putting ideas into her head.**

**MOLLY May I be excused please?**

**JANE What? No dessert?**

**MOLLY No, thank you.**

**JANE Dean?**

**DEAN Yes, please.**

**JANE Clear the table Molly and then you may be excused.**

**MOLLY It's Dean's turn.**

**DEAN No it isn't! I cleared last night.**

**JANE I seem to recall, Dean McQwerty, that your mother cleared the table last night . . . There will be no dessert in this house for those who don't tell the truth.**

**DEAN Mom.**

**TOM Dean. You heard your mother.**

Molly smiles knowingly at Dean and leaves. Jane clears the table. Dean lingers, hoping, at least, to remove the butter dish.

**JANE You may be excused Dean. I said there would be no dessert.**

He lingers. Jane removes the butter dish. Dean leaves.

**PATTY May, I be excused too?**

**JANE Yes dear. Of course you may. But don't you want your stickers?**

**PATTY Yes . . . please.**

**TOM But only if you give your captain a big hug.**

Patty gets up to give Tom a hug. Jane gets up to pour some coffee and to cut a piece of pie for Tom. Tom gives Patty a sticker which she excitedly licks and sticks onto the pet store poster (they now have 12 of 30 stickers in place).

**PATTY I'm four years old daddy.**

**TOM Are you four? I thought you were only three?**

**PATTY Daddy!**

Tom picks her up and takes her into the living room. The living room is quite cluttered. A small seamstress's station is set up with Jane's latest design. Cut back to Jane.

**JANE Tom. Are you not having dessert then either?**

**TOM No thanks, dear. I'm late already.**

Tom bounces Patty on the couch. She giggles. Tom bounces her again. Jane walks into the livingroom.

**JANE Thomas. Not tonight again?**

Jane stops Patty from bouncing. Thomas gets his coat. Patty bounces quietly. The camera stays on Patty bouncing.

**TOM You know we always go to Jimmy's on Fridays.**

JANE **And Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays. Oh, Tom.**

TOM **Let's not make a big deal, Jane? Just for once?**

JANE **I was hoping you would help me with my dress.**

TOM **Definitely not.**

Cut to Tom kissing Jane and stealing a piece of pie for the road.

TOM **I won't be late.**

PATTY **Daddy. Watch me. Daddy. Watch me.**

TOM **I'm watching, dear. Now you be a good girl for your mother.**

Tom leaves.

SCENE 11: STREET CORNER -- EXTERIOR -- EVENING

Cut to a street corner, where Joe, Norm, and Stan are waiting for Tom. The boys are flipping quarters against a wall. Jimmy's can be seen across the street. The baseball park can be seen in the distance with the lights on and an occasional roar from the crowd. Brigeton Pet Store can be seen as well with a sign for the lottery in the window. The front window shows the prize monkey and six hamsters in hamster balls.

Tom walks around the corner and flips a quarter. Norm yells happily and picks up the quarters. He tosses the next coin. They continue to play as they talk.

TOM **Where's Mike?**

STAN **He's taking a course. Said he'd meet us at Jimmy's.**

TOM **A *course*? What kind of course?**

STAN **I don't know. Radio announcer I think.**

TOM **Radio announcer?**

Norm wins again and tosses the first coin.

NORM **I saw him with a girl the other night. Some girl who used to work at the factory. I don't think she was giving him announcing lessons.**

STAN **Which girl? I don't remember Mike and some girl at the factory?**

NORM **The one that quit.**

TOM **Quit? Why would she quit the factory?**

NORM **Honest. She just up and quit.**

JOE **Maybe, she knew something we don't.**

NORM **Yeah, who knows?**

The boys continue tossing coins. Norm always wins.

STAN **So what do you want to do? Nothing's happening at Jimmy's yet.**

No one says anything.

STAN **Eh guys? Joe? What do you want to do . . . besides flipping quarters all night long.**

Four cute girls walk by into a night club across the street. The boys watch.

STAN *(eyeing the girls)* **What do you say?**

NORM **Forget it. They're not your type Stan.**

STAN **And what type is that, Norm?**

Norm does up Stan's zipper jacket to bug him.

JOE **The type that pay for their drinks. That's what type.**

STAN **You should know, eh Joe?**

JOE **And what does that mean? Just 'cause I don't think a woman should have to pay for her drinks when she's out with her husband. Where's the crime in that?**

NORM **Alway's the gentleman.**

STAN **Come on guys. They're going inside. Tom, what do you say?**

TOM **I'm easy. Anything beats losing at quarters to Norm. What do you do? Practice at home?**

Norm picks up some more quarters.

Cut to the boys walking across the street. Some more cute girls walk into the night club (a male strip joint, unbeknownst to the boys). The boys pass by Jimmy's and an alley. Down the alley a woman dances. Next door, is the Brigeton Pet Store. The hamsters are rolling about in clear plastic balls. A sign reads "PET STORE LOTTERY—ONE BUCK TO WIN A MONKEY". The monkey does his monkey-thing. The boys pass by. Onward, a street ARTIST is seen throwing paint and such over a black-light canvas. He rips it in parts and glues patches of copies of well-known paintings to it. (Mona Lisa, Sunflowers, Sistine Madonna . . .) He is dressed the part of Parisian artist. Behind him is an old-fashioned barber salon. In the window is an advertisement showing a guy with a smarmy cut ("THE HAIR GUY").

ARTIST **What is Art? Is it a creative process that one labours on with joy or a means to an end? Is it an expression of one's self that reveals the vulnerability of the creator or is it a label to be stylized and adorned?**

NORM **This place gets weirder all the time.**

ARTIST **Fine gentlemen. Might you be interested in discovering art?**

NORM *(loudly)* **Discovering? Don't you mean, buying?**

The boys walk on, but the camera stays with the artist. He calls out after them.

ARTIST **Why be so crude? One doesn't buy art. One studys, one purveys, one collects art. If one must pay a small fee for such a noble occupation, is any of us the loser?**

The boys are long gone.

ARTIST *(in very low voice)* **Five measly bucks. Is that too much to fucking ask?**

The artist returns to his creation, undaunted by his failure. Another customer strolls by.

ARTIST *(with mock bitterness)* **I don't care. Philistines.**

The artist smiles a big smile for the customer.

Cut to the boys as they walk by a HUSTLER in front of an empty bingo hall.

HUSTLER **Hey got a light?**

JOE **Sure.**

Joe stops, pulls out some matches and hands them to the hustler as the others walk on to the night club.

HUSTLER **Got a cigarette?**

JOE *(annoyed)* **Hey buddy, I'd a given you the cigarette if you asked.**

Joe pulls out an almost empty pack, takes a cigarette for himself and offers one to the hustler.

HUSTLER **You never know. Sometimes you gotta get someone's attention before laying on the goods. You can't blame a guy for trying.**

The hustler fingers a few of Joe's cigarettes. Joe gives him the whole pack.

JOE **Take it.**

**HUSTLER Thanks man. I'm sorry. Okay? It ain't easy.**

Joe ignores him and walks away. The others turn around and wait for Joe at the door to the nightclub. ("GRAND OPENING" can be seen on the nightclub door) Joe walks on and is accosted by another hustler, the PROPRIETOR of a bingo hall, drumming up business on the street. He is dressed sharply. Joe is fumbling in his pockets for matches. The proprietor walks after him.

**PROPRIETOR Interested in a game of bingo?**

**JOE Bingo? You kidding? Do I look like I play *bingo*?**

**PROPRIETOR Five hundred in prizes every night. Every game a winner. You can't beat that.**

As Joe delays, the boys disappear into the night club. Joe stops. The proprietor lights Joe's cigarette with a gold lighter.

**PROPRIETOR Tell you what I'm gonna do. For you, first game free.**

SCENE 12: MALE STRIP JOINT -- INTERIOR -- EVENING

The club music is extremely loud with a very deep bass beat. The boys can hardly hear themselves as they walk into the main room. Stan slams into the left-side of a double door. Tom and Norm walk effortlessly through the open, right-side door. The music stops as they get inside the main room. They mull about looking for a place to sit as lots of women move back from the stage to their seats.

**NORM What did they do to this place?**

**TOM I don't know. I haven't been here in years.**

**STAN (*eying the girls*) Not bad, though.**

The boys grab a seat. The girls (the four from outside) return to the same table.

**TOM This is embarrassing.**

**STAN What are you talking about? This is great.**

**TOM We're in a strip joint, Stan—a *male* strip joint.**

**GIRL 1 Seeing how the other half live, boys?**

A scantily dressed male waiter waits on the boys. Tom slinks down in his chair.

SCENE 13: BINGO HALL -- INTERIOR -- EVENING

Cut to the bingo hall. Joe is inside and is the only one playing. The proprietor is walking back and forth around the tables. The CALLER calls out the numbers into a microphone in front of the electronic board.

**CALLER Under the B . . . 12.**

Joe looks around and places his marker. He looks around again.

**CALLER Under the O . . . 66.**

Joe places his marker.

SCENE 12.a STRIP JOINT -- INTERIOR -- EVENING

Stan is getting cosy with one of the girls. The music starts. (Fire and Steel by China Crisis. Same music later in fashion show scene.) All the women in the joint, with the exception of the girls at the boys' table, run up to the front again. A guy dressed in a fireman's outfit comes out.

**TOM I don't believe this. We gotta get out of here.**

**NORM One drink Tom. One drink is not going to kill us. For a laugh.**

Cut to the stage, where the stripper puts on a good show for the girls. Cut to the boys getting into the spirit by hollering and whistling. The stripper gets down to his underwear and the music stops. Awkwardly, he picks up his gear and walks off stage. The women holler and then return to their tables. Cut to the boys' table. The drinks have arrived.

**TOM What? The guy doesn't take it off? Five bucks a drink for underwear?**

The boys laugh. The girls get defensive.

**GIRL 2 I don't see you up there?**

**TOM Hey don't get me wrong. It's just . . . something's not right. There must be over two hundred of you here, paying good money and the stripper doesn't even strip.**

**GIRL 2 Woman have more discerning tastes than men.**

**GIRL 1 And imagination.**

**TOM (*facetiously*) Oh . . . well . . . *then*. I'm sorry.**

**GIRL 2 I'm sure you are.**

**GIRL 1 (*teasingly to Stan*) Maybe your friend has a problem?**

**TOM Hey, all I said is this is a fucking strip joint and the guy doesn't fucking strip.**

**STAN Lighten up Tom.**

**GIRL 1 Hey some guys get a little uncomfortable, you know, because of their sexuality?**

Stan laughs.



**TOM Very fucking funny.**

**GIRL 1 (to Stan) I don't know. He looks a bit? . . .**

More laughter from Stan and the girl. Tom returns another wry smile. The music starts up again. This time, a policeman starts dancing. The waiter comes back.

**TOM A policeman? Who would have guessed? Unbelievable. Come on guys.**

Tom gets up to leave. The boys exchange uneasy glances.

SCENE 13.a BINGO HALL -- INTERIOR -- EVENING

Joe has a couple of stuffed dolls in front of him. The game continues.

**CALLER Under the N . . . 42.**

**CALLER Under the O . . . 52.**

Joe has a BINGO. He looks around. He puts his hand up to call the proprietor over. The proprietor walks over. The caller keeps calling.

**PROPRIETOR Yeah?**

Joe shows him his card.

**PROPRIETOR Look. I told you buddy. You got to shout out "BINGO." Those are the rules. Understand? You got a BINGO, you yell "Bingo."**

**JOE I feel kind of stupid. I mean . . . there's no one here.**

**PROPRIETOR No BINGO, no prize.**

**CALLER (continuing in the direction of the outside crowd) Under the I . . . 16.**

Cut to the boys looking in the window. They walk in.

**JOE (softly) BINGO.**

**PROPRIETOR I'm sorry?**

**JOE (louder) BINGO.**

**CALLER We have a bingo. Hold your cards.**

**STAN Playing with yourself again, eh Joe?**

The boys walk over as the proprietor calls out Joe's card to the caller.

**PROPRIETOR B 15, I 16, N 32, G 42, O 52.**

CALLER **B 15, I 16, N 32, G 42, O 52. And that's a good bingo.**

NORM *(laughing)* **So, you win, Joe?**

JOE **What do you think, Norm? You see anyone else playing?**

TOM **Just you, Joe.**

JOE **You can't play this stupid game by yourself.**

NORM **You don't say?**

The boys are laughing. The proprietor walks over and exchanges Joe's two very small animals for a slightly larger animal.

PROPRIETOR **You want to try again? This time for the super jumbo.**

JOE **Naw, I don't think so. You can keep your animal too. What am I going to do with a stuffed turtle?**

TOM *(pointing to Joe's win)* **Super jumbo? You call this super jumbo? What a ripoff?**

PROPRIETOR **Only a dollar. Every game a winner. Three extra large wins makes a jumbo. Three jumbos makes a super jumbo. And three super jumbos makes an extra large super jumbo.**

TOM **They ought to lock you up for cruelty to animals.**

The boys leave. They pass by the top prize at the door. Underneath, is a sign reading, "extra large super jumbo deluxe." The proprietor walks out after them.

PROPRIETOR **Hey what do you want for a buck? Fucking dick heads.**

NORM **Fucking dick head.**

SCENE 14: MCQWERTY'S LIVINGROOM -- INTERIOR -- EVENING

Cut to Jane and Dean working on her dress. Dean is standing on a stool with dress material wrapped around his grossly padded shoulders. Jane is pinning the hem.

DEAN **Mom! Can you hurry up please?**

JANE **Be still, Dean or I'll prick you . . . I'm almost finished.**

The doorbell rings. Jane stands back for a better look at Dean. The doorbell rings again.

JANE *(facetiously)* **Don't go away.**

DEAN *(indignantly)* **Mom!**

JANE **I won't be a minute.**

DEAN **Mom!**

Dean wants to hide.

JANE **Oh, all right.**

Jane helps Dean down.

JANE **Here. Behind the curtains then.**

She laughs as Dean waddles like a penguin to the curtain.

DEAN **It's not funny.**

The doorbell rings again as Jane opens the door. It is a CANVASSER for Barry Footnote. He walks into the landing, looks up from his clipboard, slightly distracted by the movement from behind the curtain.

CANVASSER **Yes . . . Mrs. McQwerty?**

JANE **Yes.**

CANVASSER **And . . . there is a . . . Mr. McQwerty?**

JANE **Yes? . . . What can I do for you?**

He looks up at the curtain and then looks at Jane.

CANVASSER **I'm sorry. I'm canvassing for Barry Footnote in the upcoming civic election. We were wondering if we had you and your husband's vote.**

JANE **I should think so. We have a sign on our lawn.**

He checks some notes and looks up again.

CANVASSER **Yes, of course you do. It's right here . . . Not the sign . . . I mean . . . I've indicated with different colours . . . support for each candidate . . . only I've gotten the colours mixed up . . . again.**

He looks up at her absentmindedly and then again at the curtain.

JANE **Is there anything else then?**

Jane leads him back to the door, doing well to hide her humour.

CANVASSER **No, not at all. I'm very sorry . . . *I'm new at this.***

JANE **Yes. Well you're doing very well . . . for someone . . . who's new. I'm sure Mr. Footnote will make a great mayor.**

Jane opens the door. He looks at the curtain.

**CANVASSER Thank you. I'm very committed to Mr. Footnote's vision . . . Excuse me . . . I hope you don't mind me saying so, but something behind your curtain keeps moving.**

**JANE Yes, thank you. It's my son. He doesn't want anyone to see the dress he's wearing. Good night now.**

Cut to Dean wriggling.

**DEAN You didn't have to say that Mom.**

He steps on the curtain and pulls it down. Jane rushes over.

**JANE Dean! Be careful.**

**DEAN Well it's not my fault. You made me put this silly dress on.**

**JANE Never mind. Just hold still.**

She untangles him and leads him back to the stool. Dean fusses.

**DEAN Mom!**

**JANE Stop it, Dean. I'm almost done . . . What do you care what he thinks anyway?**

**DEAN . . . I don't.**

**JANE Turn around. Then what's your problem? I'm very proud of you for helping me.**

**DEAN It's not like I had a choice.**

She spins him around and kisses him.

**JANE Well, I'm very grateful anyway. Your father wouldn't have lasted a minute.**

**DEAN I'm sorry about the curtains.**

Dean laughs.

**JANE What's so funny?**

**DEAN It's not that. I'm sorry. I was thinking about Dad in a dress.**

Jane laughs.

**JANE You should see you what you look like.**

Dean stops laughing.

**DEAN Mom. It's not funny.**

JANE **I'm done. Turn around . . . Oh, it's you. It's definitely you.**

DEAN **Mom!**

Jane slowly lifts the dress over Dean's head.

DEAN **Can I go now?**

JANE **Yes. Did you look out all your fishing gear for tomorrow? Granddad will be here at six.**

DEAN **Yes.**

JANE **Are you're SURE you've got everything?**

DEAN **Mom!**

JANE **Okay. . . . But I want you in bed soon. You've got a big day tomorrow.**

Dean rushes off. Jane puts the dress down and picks up the curtains. She puts them on her sewing machine.

SCENE 15: STREET -- EXTERIOR -- EVENING

Cut back to the main street and the boys walking. They pass by another barbershop, also prominently displaying a picture of The Hair Guy. Norm points to the picture.

NORM **I saw him again.**

STAN **Who?**

NORM ***The Hair Guy*. I saw him . . . after I left you guys last night.**

JOE **I don't believe you. How come you're the only guy who ever sees him?**

NORM **I'm telling you. I saw him. Why would I lie? . . . Do you think I care if you believe I saw some guy whose one and only claim to fame is his picture plastered in every barbershop in the world?**

STAN **Sounds like you care to me.**

They pass by the Brigeton Pet Store again and enter Jimmy's.

SCENE 16: JIMMY'S -- INTERIOR -- EVENING

Jimmy's is your typical bar. Except that the boys walk quickly to the back to another room. Entrance is restricted and controlled with a sliding window hatch. Tom knocks three times. The hatch opens and closes and the door opens. The boys walk into the backroom of Jimmy's. A DOORMAN greets them.

**DOORMAN Good to see you boys. I was beginning to worry.**

**JOE How are they looking tonight, Joe?**

**DOORMAN That would be telling now, Joe.**

**JOE Same old Joe.**

A dull roar is heard behind a metal door.

**STAN Show time!**

**DOORMAN You better hurry if you don't want to miss the second.**

They fidget in their wallets for five bucks each and then file through the second door. A bouncer closes it behind them. The room is full of illegal gambling—slots, black jack tables, poker, big screen horse racing. At the back is a small arena with some stands. The backroom is noisy and smoky. The camera reveals the arena as the boys sit in the stands. An announcer has just passed the mike up to the ceiling as two teams of two “gladiators” enter the ring. The gladiators are suited in full body gear. A referee joins them in the centre and huddles with them. A GUY sits next to Tom.

**GUY Hey Tom. Who do you like?**

**TOM I don't know, Guy. Twenty bucks against whoever you like.**

**GUY You're on. My money's on Red Menace.**

**TOM Sure, I'll take Hellfire. Norm will hold the money.**

Norm nods. They each pass Norm a twenty. Cut to the centre of the ring. The referee centres a steel ball. The buzzer rings. The referee drops the ball and the cheering begins. The game is quite brutal and there seems to be no rules. Essentially the game is full contact three-player a side soccer. The gladiators bang the ball around in the arena and a goal is scored. A great cheer goes up. Cut to the scoreboard. The teams are “Red Menace” and “Hellfire”.

**TOM Double the bet?**

**GUY You're on.**

They hand more money to Norm. Another goal is scored. Tom collects again. A mild ruckus by the door distracts the game. Cut to the police breaking through the door. People are running everywhere trying to get out. Tom and the boys manage to climb through a window into the alley and just miss the police. Stan is not so lucky. He is held up in line at the window and is split up from the others.