

GOODMAN PROJECT | Sample Scene
Dave & Liz Hansen

INT. GOODMAN HOME - MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Beat-down shag carpet beneath a thick layer of clothes and school papers.

Smoke wisps from a soldering gun rise before the intense, wary face of YOUNG MARK (11). He hunches over a cobble of wires and transistor radio circuitry.

The door handle JOLTS. Then FISTS PUMMEL it O.S.

YOUNG MARK

Go away.

YOUNG MIKE (O.S.)

I want my radio!

Mark considers the experiment in front of him.

YOUNG MARK

I don't have it. Buzz off.

More POUNDING.

YOUNG MARK (CONT'D)

I said buzz off!

THE DOOR EXPLODES OPEN. Bumper stickers fail to hide gashes in the front side.

In one move, Mark leaps to his feet, sweeping a blanket over his experiment. He brandishes the soldering gun at:

YOUNG MIKE (13), wild locks of dark hair across his face.

YOUNG MARK (CONT'D)

I didn't take it. Get out!

YOUNG MIKE

Give it back!

Mark approaches, soldering gun out.

Mike freezes, then slaps the gun out of Mark's hand.

It flips, hits the blanket.

Mark charges, head down. Mike parries, collars Mark in a headlock. They grunt and struggle.

YOUNG MIKE (CONT'D)

I know you have it, peckerwood.

They wrestle, crashing through the mess into the closet door
Mike stops, gasps.

YOUNG MARK

Shit!

Both boys turn as:

THE BLANKET CATCHES FIRE.

Mark lunges, stomps it out, panting.

He lifts the blanket. A blackened hole smoulders.

YOUNG MARK (CONT'D)

You are in so much trouble.

Mike, half out the door, turns his eyes to the exposed floor.

The guts of his radio lie in a crushed heap.

Mark follows Mike's gaze. Before Mike can move, Mark races to
the door and slams it, throwing his body against it.

POUNDING on the door turns into rhythmic body slams, but Mark
holds the line.

SLAM. SLAM. SLAM. The door convulses with each hit.

Then... the POUNDING STOPS.

Mark waits.

Silence.

Slowly he creeps back from the door... turns... stands...
opens it.

Licking his lips, Mark peeks his head out. Nothing.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mark creeps out. A floor CREAK. He frowns.

He tiptoes to the edge of the stairs. Nothing. He's about to
turn back when at the other end of the hallway:

Mike, in a black ski mask, aims a bow and arrow.

YOUNG MIKE
Thief. Reprobate.

YOUNG MARK
Dad will skin you alive.

YOUNG MIKE
You'll be dead.

YOUNG MARK
You wouldn't da--

An arrow THOCKS into the wall just over Mark's head.
Mark recoils. Stares at the arrow buried in the wall.
Mike's eyes behind the ski mask also widen.

YOUNG MARK (CONT'D)
You psycho!
(beat)
I also took five bucks out of your
drawer.

Mike scowls and fumbles for another arrow.
Mark darts down the steps.
Mike races after him, arrow at the ready.
They tumble down the stairs, into--

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG BOB, 15, head in a cupboard, surfaces with a bag of
chips. Red eyes, beatific smile.

YOUNG MARK (CONT'D)
Bob! Make him stop!

YOUNG MIKE
He smashed my transistor!

YOUNG MARK
He's trying to kill me.

YOUNG MIKE
I'm gonna kill him.

YOUNG BOB
He's not gonna kill you.

Bob eases into a chair, unfazed. Crunches a chip.

Mike and Mark circle the table, darting back and forth.

Mark makes a break for it...

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He beelines for the front door, shoves it open--

EXT. GOODMAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

--catapults onto the porch. Mike follows, still trying to notch the arrow. AN OPPRESSIVE CHORUS OF SUMMER CRICKETS.

They nearly mow down YOUNG JIM, 17, sharp eyes, hard jaw, who lounges on the steps drinking a Coke.

The bottle flies out of his hand, shatters on the sidewalk. Drops of liquid shimmer in the porch light like summer rain.

YOUNG JIM
Dammit. Idiots!

Mark swings around suddenly when he hits the grass. Sticks out a leg. Mike trips, sprawls full length.

The bow and arrow fly from his hands into the dark beyond the porch light.

Both boys scrabble for them.

YOUNG JIM (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Worthless.

Mike ankle tackles Mark, then straddles him, knee in his back, pushing his face into the lawn.

YOUNG MIKE
Pissant. Gimme my money.

YOUNG MARK
I don't have it. I lied.

YOUNG MIKE
All show and no go.

IN THE STREET

AN ENGINE REVS. A brown LTD weaves up, hops the sidewalk, grazes the mailbox. The streetlight glints off dings and dents on every panel.

The car spins into the driveway, kicks up gravel, brakes -- nose nearly buried in the garage door.

The boys break apart. Mike yanks off the ski mask. But it's too late.

EARL GOODMAN (mid-40s), military bearing only goosed by the liquor in his veins, writhes out of the car.

His belt slithers through belt loops. Snakes out. THWACKS against the sidewalk, spraying broken glass.

Mark and Mike are on their feet, tensed to escape.

Earl points at the door. Snarls.

EARL

Inside.

Mark and Mike slink inside.

Earl turns on Jim. Stalks toward him. Jim jumps up, trips, falls back against the steps.

JIM

They're just stupid kids.

EARL

When I'm gone, you're the man here, soldier.

Jim claws his way backward up the steps. Earl grabs Jim's shirt collar, hauls him back up the stairs, into the house.

JIM

Dammit, lemme go!

EARL

No shitbirds on my watch.

INT. GOODMAN HOME - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mark, tucked in a dark corner, flinches at the sounds from the next room.

THWACK.

EARL (O.S.)

Keep it together, son!

THWACK.

EARL (O (CONT'D)

Man up!

THWACK.

Mark grinds his teeth.

Footsteps approach.

Mark flattens himself against the wall as Earl stalks past into the kitchen, re-threading his belt.

Doesn't notice Mark.

Beat.

A WHIMPER.

INT. GOODMAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark slinks back into the living room.

Jim lies on the floor, fetal. Eyes closed.

Mark bends over him.

MARK

Jim?

Jim knees him right in the groin.

JIM

Leave me alone, twerp!

Mark backs off. Stares in the direction of the kitchen.

RADIO STATIC.

EARL (O.S.)

Why don't any of the damn radios in
this house work?

Something HITS THE WALL, HARD. The radio abruptly cuts off.

Earl's footsteps fade out.

Jim rolls to his knees and painfully hauls himself up.

JIM

You owe me.

Jim lumbers out of the room. A door SLAMS.

KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

The large family radio lies battered on the floor.

HALLWAY - LATER

Mark scampers up the stairs, tiptoes down the hallway, reaches a closed door.

Listens.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark slips inside. On the counter: a mess of bottles, tubes of toothpaste, toothbrushes.

Mark hesitates. Then... selects a toothbrush.

TOILET - A MOMENT LATER

Mark holds the toothbrush over the toilet, just below waist level.

As we hear URINE SPLASH into the water, Mark's face glows triumphant.

INT. GOODMAN HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Earl, now crisp in button up shirt and tie, strides into the bathroom. He whistles tunelessly.

He grabs his toothbrush. Applies paste. Brushes briskly.

Pauses. Frowns. Calls out the door.

EARL
Shirley?

INT. GOODMAN HOME - MARK'S ROOM - DAY

A crack of sunlight from the torn roller blind finds Mark, halfway buried under his pile of sheets.

EARL (O.S.)
What the hell kinda toothpaste did
you buy?

Mark smiles.