

THINGS ARE GONNA CHANGE AROUND HERE

By

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FADE IN

EXT. ROLAND'S BACKYARD - DAY

Finches, parakeets, and other birds fly around the aviary. A rat crawls along the back fence within the enclosure.

POP.

The fire of a BB gun sends the birds into a frenzy, the rat doesn't seem to notice.

MAURICE (70), a curmudgeon, cocks the gun while sitting in a plastic lawn seat. He steadies the barrel for his next shot.

ROLAND

At it again?

ROLAND (29), an odd guy mentally situated somewhere on the autism spectrum, stands in the porch doorway.

MAURICE

Rats... Goddamned rats.

ROLAND

Or maybe it's the neighbor's cat you're shooting at again?

MAURICE

I was only puttin' steam in its ass.

ROLAND

And like last time, the steam will come right out the neighbors ears.

MAURICE

They'd never have known if the pellet didn't get caught in that turd's mangy fur.

ROLAND

How about I just set a trap?

MAURICE

Horse shit! It's just a pellet, would barely hurt a flea. Look.

Maurice points the gun a foot from his left hand and fires.

POP.

(CONTINUED)

MAURICE

Hungh.

ROLAND

Oh.

Maurice grimaces. Blood trickles from the wound as he makes a fist.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

That was stupid. Why would you do that.

MAURICE

(through gritted teeth)

Been around a lot longer than you for you to tell me how to conduct myself.

ROLAND

We don't even have any bandages.

Maurice fiddles with his wound.

MAURICE

(sotto)

Yep, yep, yep. Things are gonna have to change around here.

ROLAND

Can you give me a ride to work?

INT./EXT. MAURICE'S VAN - DAY

Maurice and Roland sit in the captain seats as Maurice drives down the street. Maurice has a tube sock tied around his hand.

MAURICE

Can't drive himself to work. I could drive when I was twelve.

ROLAND

I can drive. I don't drive.

MAURICE

It's just as easy to die in that seat as this one.

Maurice lights a Virginia Slim cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND

I'll have Dale pick me up tonight.

MAURICE

That's all I'm good for, a roof and a ride.

ROLAND

Why don't you just kick me out already?

MAURICE

You have a strange conception of family kiddo.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER/COMMON AREA - DAY

Roland's work- a large/open human warehouse, with linoleum floors and chipping paint.

JOYCE (85), hunchbacked and disheveled, plays "I WAS BORN UNDER A WANDERIN' STAR" on an out of tune piano. ASSORTED HOMELESS people sit and mill about.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER/FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Roland is playing solitaire. LINCOLN (55) approaches the desk.

LINCOLN

Can I get a towel?

ROLAND

What happened to yours?

LINCOLN

I don't have one.

ROLAND

You've been here a month, didn't you get one when you arrived?

LINCOLN

No. I never got one.

Roland stands up and pulls keys from his pocket.

ROLAND

What have you been using?

(CONTINUED)