

FADE IN ON:

EXT. A PITTSBURGH SIDE-STREET - EVENING

It's July Fourth. Flags wave from every porch.

A slow pan of the sidewalk reveals that a single parking space remains.

The theme to "Chariots of Fire" begins as CHUCKY HALOUSKI (32), mullet-haired and wearing a Steelers muscle shirt despite having no muscles, emerges in slow motion from the doorway of his duplex holding a PARKING CHAIR.

And then THERESA BORKOWSKI (32) (pronounced "Treaasa"), four doors down, wearing a "Got Malkin?" t-shirt and three curlers flipped under her bangs, does the same.

Chucky turns and sees Theresa.

Theresa turns and sees Chucky.

Still in slow motion, the iconic music playing, both bolt for the lone parking space.

Chucky's mullet flutters out behind him. He looks stricken with fear.

Theresa's curlers bounce. She just looks pissed.

Back and forth the shot bounces between the two competitors. This is a life and death situation.

Chucky's knees bang off the base of his chair and he stumbles briefly.

Theresa expertly folds hers in mid-stride and tucks it under her arm.

Slowly, inexorably, they converge, both making one final, mighty, desperate, wide-eyed leap from the curb.

The instant they land, planting their chairs like Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin planting the U.S. Flag on the moon, the slo-mo effect ends and the music screeches off as if someone has dragged the needle across the LP.

CHUCKY

I was here first!

THERESA

Bullcrap, Chucky.

CHUCKY

Yers ain't even unfolded! Yinz only  
got two legs onna grahnd!

Without taking her eyes off Chucky, Theresa opens her chair  
and slams it back down.

THERESA

There. Happy nah?

CHUCKY

Yeah I'm happy. Cuz you just proved  
my point. I was here first.

THERESA

Look, Chucky. My mum's gonna be  
here in a abaht ten minutes, and if  
she don't got a parkin spot fer da  
fahrwerks, shi'll have a freakin  
canipshun.

CHUCKY

My mum's comin from Blawnox.

THERESA

So?

CHUCKY

So Raute twenny-eight's  
got cinstrucshin aht da wahzoo, an  
shi'll be rool pissed if she gotta  
go huntin a spot after alla dat.

THERESA

Alla what?

CHUCKY

Alla dat...waitin. Plus my dad  
sittin on 'is proshtrate dat whole  
time.

THERESA

Yeah? Well my mum's all baund up'n  
takin' 'at Metamutual.

CHUCKY

(dismissively)

At's differnt.

THERESA

Zacksame.

CHUCKY  
Differnt!

THERESA  
Zacksame!

A CAR ENGINE starts and both Chucky and Theresa jerk their heads toward the sound.

Across the street, a red Chevy pickup pulls out of a space revealing a WOMAN (50-ish) in red, white and blue sweats holding a PARKING CHAIR at the ready.

CHUCKY AND THERESA  
Aw crap.

They turn back to one another.

CHUCKY  
My dad's proshtrate is a patenchul surgery inna makin. 'At's differnt'n just bein baund up.

THERESA  
Yinz wanna talk abaht patenchul? When my mum's on 'at Metamutual, she kin blow any time.

CHUCKY  
Ah geez. Hah's abaht not roonin da picnic before it's even started, huh Borkahski?

THERESA  
Plus she's old, Chucky.

CHUCKY  
So's my mum old.

THERESA  
No she ain't, Chucky. Um the youngest a-four; yer the oldest a-five. Do da math.

Theresa's sister, Cheryl (30) (pronounced "Sherl") pokes her head out of their front door.

CHERYL  
Hey Treasa!

THERESA  
What!

CHERYL  
Yer pigs-ina-blankit'r dingin'!

THERESA  
So take 'em aht!

CHERYL  
I dunno how you like'm done!

Chucky smiles.

CHUCKY  
Yeah, Treasa. Yinz better go  
check'um.

THERESA  
(still yelling to Cheryl)  
This ain't The Aht-back  
Steak-hause, fer cryin aht lahd,  
Shirl! If ther puffy, then take 'em  
ah!

Cheryl rolls her eyes and ducks back inside.

THERESA (CONT'D)  
(mostly to herself)  
Jesus H. Christ. No wonder that  
girl ain't married.

CHERYL (O.S.)  
I heard dat!

THERESA  
(to Chucky)  
Yinz see what I gotta deal with?  
Hah's abaht cuttin me a break, huh  
Chucky?

CHUCKY  
Aw, yer mum can't park innis space  
anyhah.

THERESA  
What'er yinz talkin abaht?

CHUCKY  
She still got da Monny Carlo?

THERESA  
Yeah, so?

CHUCKY

This space aint big enough. I seen  
yer mum parallil park. Shi'll come  
in nose first an git it all  
caddywompus n'at.

THERESA

She won't git it caddywompus.

CHUCKY

That big ole Monny Carlo butt'll be  
stickin aht inna shtreet all  
caddywompass.

THERESA

Aw, yer goofy.

CHUCKY

Yer goofy.

THERESA

Yer goofy.

CHUCKY

Anyways, we gotta have dis space  
cuz we gotta use my mum's car all  
weekend.

THERESA

Where's yer car at?

CHUCKY

I hadda take it dahn a shop cuz da  
brakes were squillin.

THERESA

Squillin like hah?

Chucky makes a ridiculous but fairly accurate SQUEALING  
NOISE and mimes slamming on his brakes.

CHUCKY

RRR-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

THERESA

Sahnds like ya need new brakes.

CHUCKY

Just got new brakes.

THERESA

Why dinchya say so, ya jagoff!  
That's hahs come ther squillen!

CHUCKY  
Whadaya mean?

THERESA  
I mean when ya git new brakes  
sometimes they squill 'til they're  
broke in.

CHUCKY  
Aw, whada you know?

THERESA  
What? You think Jimmy's da ony  
one'a my family can fix a car?

CHUCKY  
Geno says it might be da rotters.

THERESA  
You took it ta dat crook?!

CHUCKY  
Geno ain't no crook.

THERESA  
Well, he's a jagoff.

Chucky laughs.

CHUCKY  
Yer still pissed abaht Prom?

THERESA  
She was my best friend, Chucky!

CHUCKY  
Funny way a showin it. Puttin aht  
fer yer date.

THERESA  
She didn't put aht!

CHUCKY  
At's what I heard.

THERESA  
Said she'd put aht. Then she give  
him same thing I give him. 'Cept  
withaht dat Jergens.

CHUCKY  
You use 'at Jergens ta stop da  
squillin?

Theresa re-folds her chair and swings it hard at Chucky.

He goes down but scrambles back quickly, using his chair for support.

CHUCKY

Now it's mine fer sher! Yer legs  
were offa da grahnd!

Theresa re-plants her chair with authority.

THERESA

Prove it!

Chucky's younger brother, DONNY (30), appears on the sidewalk. Donny is still trying to rock the mullet, but wears a Steeler ball cap to cover the large, prematurely thinning area on top. He nods upward at Chucky.

DONNY

Hey, Chucky.

CHUCKY

(still staring down Theresa)  
You see dat, Donny?!

DONNY

See what?

CHUCKY

Aw, crap.

Donny nods upward at Theresa.

DONNY

Borkahski.

THERESA

(still staring down Chucky)  
Halouski.

DONNY

What's gowin on?

THERESA

Chucky's tryin 'a hork my space.

CHUCKY

Ain't yer space fer horkin'.

DONNY

Mum'll shit a brick if she don't  
got parkin fer da fahrwerks.

CHUCKY

You let me worry abaht parkin. Yinz got dem bloons blowed up?

DONNY

Ah geez, Chucky. Hahs come I always gotta blow up da bloons?

CHUCKY

Come on, Donny. Yinz know mum don't think it's Fourth-a-July withaht bloons.

DONNY

I abaht passed aht blowin' 'em things up last year.

CHUCKY

Christ. You'n Sherl oughta git tigether.

THERESA

Tell me abaht it.

DONNY

Hell's 'at s'posed to mean?

THERESA

Means yinz probly wouldn't know when to take da pigs-ina-blankit aht neither.

Donny perks up.

DONNY

Sherl made pigs-ina-blankit?

THERESA

No. I made pigs-ina-blankit. All she gotta do is take 'em aht.

Donny turns to leave quickly.

DONNY

I'll go help 'er.

CHUCKY

(calling after him)  
Yinz still got bloon duty!

DONNY (O.S.)

Screw da bloons.

CHUCKY

Donny!

Donny disappears into Cheryl and Theresa's house.

CHUCKY

Aw, crap.

Theresa stares him down again.

THERESA

Just you'n me nah.

Chucky stares back at Theresa

CHUCKY

'Less yer gowin somewhere.

THERESA

I ain't gowin nowhere.

CHUCKY

Makes two of us.

THERESA

So you'd rilly stay here'n take dis space from my mum?

CHUCKY

Not takin it from yer mum. Savin' it fer my mum.

Theresa smiles, changing tactics.

THERESA

She always liked you, ya know?

CHUCKY

Aw, don't go makin' me fill guilty nah.

THERESA

Always said yinz were da sweetest.

CHUCKY

Aw, geez.

THERESA

Just like yer dad, she says.

CHUCKY

Don't start up with 'at.

Donny suddenly comes running out of Theresa's house.

DONNY

Think you better git in here quick,  
Tresa.

THERESA

How stupid you think I am, Donny?

DONNY

No, I'm sireus. You hurt Shirl's  
fillins.

THERESA

What? Just cuz she can't judge  
pigs-ina-blankit?

DONNY

No. Cuz you said she ain't married.

THERESA

Jesus H. Christ. You dill with her.  
Yer two peas-ina-pod anyways. Just  
don' eat nunna dem pigs.

Smoke wafts out of the doorway behind Donny.

DONNY

Ain't zackly edible.

THERESA

What the frick!

DONNY

She was cryin an' fergot.

Theresa's shoulders slump.

She folds her chair and steps onto the sidewalk, leaving  
Chucky alone in the space.

THERESA

Happy nah?

CHUCKY

You betcha.

Chucky, looking smug, watches Theresa storm off.

He looks left: his is still the only spot on the block.

He looks right: same.

Just as he turns back to the left, MRS BORKOWSKI (73) glides  
slowly parallel to the space in a giant yellow Monte Carlo.

The passenger-side electric window slides down and Mrs. Borkowski squints across the seat behind bottle-thick glasses.

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
You savin' 'at spot for me, Chucky?

She's wearing a babushka over a freshly beauty-shopped hairdo.

CHUCKY  
Actually, Mrs. B --

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
Why, ain't you just the sweetest!

CHUCKY  
Aw, crap.

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
I always said you were the sweetest. Just like yer father, I always said.

She winks at Chucky conspiratorially.

MRS. BORKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
Let me just back up a little and pull right in.

She backs up and, as predicted, tries to pull in nose-first. She's diagonal in the space and has no chance.

Chucky rolls his eyes and sets his chair down on the sidewalk.

He goes to her window.

INT. MRS. BORKOWSKI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CHUCKY  
(defeated)  
Why don'chu leave me do it, Mrs. B.

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
Oh, I don't wanna be a bother.

CHUCKY  
(half-hearted)  
No bother.

Mrs. B. opens her door and starts to get out slowly.

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
I don't know why you an' Treasa  
never went aht together.

EXT. A PITTSBURGH SIDE-STREET - CONTINUOUS

Chucky has come around to her side and helps her out.

CHUCKY  
I think by da time we got to datin'  
age, I already knowed her too good.

Chucky helps Mrs. B to the sidewalk.

INT. MRS. BORKOWSKI'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chucky executes a perfect parallel park. The Monte Carlo barely fits in the space.

He looks out the driver's side window, checking the street before opening the door.

A baby blue Chevy Malibu pulls alongside and the passenger window goes down.

MRS. HALOUSKI (65), who is driving, stares past MR. HALOUSKI (70) at Chucky.

Mr. Halouski's eyes dart between his wife and his son, but he stays pressed back hard into the seat, as if his wife's line of sight were a high-voltage force field.

Mrs. Halouski turns her glare to Mrs. Borkowski, who waves cheerfully from the sidewalk.

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
Hello, Stanley!

Finally, Mrs. Halouski looks back at Chucky, still scowling.

MRS. HALOUSKI  
Are yinz shittin' me?

CHUCKY  
Hey, Mum.

BLACKOUT

THE END