

FADE IN:

EXT. BEAVER FALLS, PA - DAY

Lush green hills contour a winding river with railroad tracks on both sides. A small town is hidden in the valley.

EXT. BEAVER FALLS STREET - DAY

On a quiet street, two small homes stand side by side, one impeccably maintained with a manicured lawn, and the other a dump with peeling paint, weeds standing in the yard.

A sturdy woman AGNES (63) rocks on a porch-swing in front of the dumpy house, beer in her hand. She watches a lean, mild-looking man STANLEY (64) as he waters a bed of flowers in front of the neat house. She shakes her head in contempt, finishes her beer, crushes the can.

A mailman strolls down the sidewalk pushing a cart, stops at two MAILBOXES standing together between the two homes. One is perfectly clean, painted white. The other is dingy, dented, and rusting apart.

Agnes and Stanley watch as he stuffs a handful of mail into each one, and continues his stroll down the sidewalk. As soon as he is gone, they both dash toward the mailboxes. They almost collide, then stand facing each other.

AGNES

Hey Manley, you expecting a check from publisher's clearing house?

STANLEY

In case you haven't heard, Ed McMahon is dead.

Stanley shuffles his feet, clears his throat.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

By all means, LADIES first.

They each retrieve their mail in turn, and walk back toward their perspective homes, fanning through their stack of envelopes and advertisements.

AGNES

(In a lower voice)
Pansy.

STANLEY

(Under his breath)
Battle Ax.

He catches himself not being a gentleman, surprised.

STANLEY

Oh, my.

After a moment, he allows a slight smile and a swagger, continues back toward his house.

INT. AGNES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Agnes sits in an old chair, watches Wrestlemania on TV. She laughs at the antics of two wrestlers, one with long, blond hair and one with a bushy beard, as they circle each other.

The one with long, blond hair pushes the bearded one against the ropes, flips him and then SLAMS him to the mat. Agnes laughs with glee, turns to an empty recliner next to her.

AGNES

Did you see that slam ...

Seeing the empty chair, she catches herself, remembers she is alone. Her laughter is replaced with a heavy sigh.

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley sits in a spotless living room, watches a GAME SHOW. When the show goes to commercial, he turns off the TV, and addresses the empty chair beside him.

STANLEY

Well, I guess it's time to hit the hay ...

He stares for a moment at the empty chair, taking in the silence. He shakes his head, embarrassed, alone.

INT. AGNES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Agnes sits in her chair. She points the remote toward the TV to turn it off, just as a commercial comes on. She stops to watch as black and white pictures of a LEGENDARY WRESTLER with BULGING MUSCLES appears on the screen.

TV ANNOUNCER

Come to the Greentree Holiday Inn from 9 to 11 AM on Saturday to meet the living legend, wrestler Bruno Sammartino ...

AGNES

(With Awe)
Bruno Sammartino ...

EXT. BEAVER FALLS STREET - DAY

The late morning sun shines on the two small homes.

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A clock ticks loudly as Stanley sits in his chair asleep. The alarm clangs, waking him up. He looks at the time.

STANLEY

Only eleven.

He sighs, looks at pictures of his family on the wall, his wife, a boy and girl at various ages. He picks up a gardening magazine and begins to read.

INT. AGNES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Agnes holds a photograph of Bruno Sammartino in one hand, a phone in the other. As the phone rings, she looks at pictures on a shelf. There are pictures of she and her husband, and of twin girls, both wearing graduation cap and gown.

AGNES

Hi baby. Oh, I'm just fine. I wondered if you could take me --

She waits, tries to cut in.

AGNES (CONT'D)

On Saturday there's a --

She waits again.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Oh, kid's soccer game, huh? No, I understand, that's Ok.

She sighs.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Ok, talk to you later. Bye.

EXT. BEAVER FALLS STREET, PA - DAY

Agnes sits on her porch swing. Her portable phone rings.

AGNES

Hello. Hi Honey, yes I was wondering if you had time on Saturday to take me to see --

She frowns.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Oh, little-league, huh? No, that's fine. I'll find another way. Thanks baby. Bye now.

She watches Stanley pull up to the curb in a light-blue Park Avenue. He gets out, starts to wax and polish the car.

Agnes glances at her picture of the famous wrestler, looks over at Stanley.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Hmmmm ... Nah!

She looks at the picture again, ponders. Finally, she walks over to the car. Stanley is busy polishing, doesn't notice her.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Looks good.

Stanley is startled, sees AGNES standing on the sidewalk.

STANLEY

Oh ... thank you. Don't take her out much anymore.

Agnes looks inside through the window.

AGNES

Wow, its like a living-room on wheels in there. You gotta a TV?

Stanley laughs nervously.

STANLEY

Oh, no ...

AGNES

You know, I could use a ride some place on Saturday. You gonna be around?

Stanley's eyes open wide.

STANLEY

Oh, I don't know ... not sure.

AGNES

Ok, great. Pick me up at eight.

Agnes walks away. Stanley is stunned, completely lost for words.

AGNES (CONT'D)

(In a lower voice)

That was easy.

Stanley scratches his head.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

Stanley waits nervously. He sees Agnes approach toting a canvas carrying bag, gets out of the car.

EXT. BEAVER FALLS STREET - DAY

Stanley walks over to open the passenger door for her. But, she darts passed him, opens the door herself.

AGNES

I got it, thanks.

Stanley shakes his head, gets back in the car.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

Stanley starts the motor.

STANLEY

So, where to?

AGNES

Oh ... Greentree.

STANLEY

Greentree? That's almost to Pittsburgh? I thought you just wanted a ride to the market.

AGNES

Well, you should have asked before you agreed.

STANLEY

(Holding back)

I ...

He pulls the car away from the curb.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

The car is quiet inside as the scenery along the highway streams past through the windows.

AGNES

Mind if I turn on the radio?

STANLEY

Oh, sure.

Agnes turns on the radio, soft classical music streams into the car.

AGNES

Oh, god. Has to be something better
than this.

She changes the station, loud rock and roll blares from the
radio. Stanley grits his teeth. Agnes smiles, bobs her
head to the music.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

Loud music is playing in the car. Stanley turns onto an
exit ramp.

AGNES

(Yelling over the
loud music)

Why are you getting off?

STANLEY

I have to get gas.

Agnes turns down the radio.

AGNES

Why didn't you get gas before?

STANLEY

I didn't know we were going this
far.

AGNES

How much did you have in there, a
teaspoon?

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

The car pulls into a small gas station off of a winding
country road.

AGNES

Where the hell are we, green acres?

STANLEY

I don't know, never been here before.

AGNES

You mean you're lost?

STANLEY

Well sort of.

Agnes gives Stanley the death-stare.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

We just have to back-track to find
the highway again.

AGNES

But, I have to get there by nine.

STANLEY

We have plenty of time.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

The car is quiet again. They meander down another winding
country road, come to a crossroads with no signs.

STANLEY

What do you think, left or right?

AGNES

I don't know, right I guess.

STANLEY

Better go left.

She shakes her head, exasperated. Stanley glances over at
her.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

So what's in Greentree at nine
o'clock?

She pulls out her picture of the famous wrestler.

AGNES

Ever hear of Bruno Sammartino?

STANLEY

The wrestler? Isn't that stuff fake?

Agnes' eyes bulge out of her head.

AGNES

Fake?

She points to the simulated wood trim on the dashboard of
the car.

AGNES (CONT'D)

This wood right here, THIS is fake.

She knocks on the wood.

AGNES (CONT'D)

On February 18th 1961, Bruno Sammartino body-slammed a wrestler by the name of Chick Garibaldi to the mat. Garibaldi never got up, he died right there, does that sound fake to you?

STANLEY

I didn't know. That's just what I've always heard.

AGNES

Can you lift a 640 pound man and slam him to the mat? Maybe you're FAKE, how about that?

STANLEY

I'm sorry. I didn't know it was so important to you.

Stanley lets out a stressful sigh, looks ahead.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Oh look, a sign for the highway.

Agnes gasps in relief.

AGNES

Thank god.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

Soft rock music now plays from the radio, as the car glides down the highway.

After a moment, Stanley slows to get a better look at a car pulled to the side of the road. The right, rear tire of the car is noticeably flat. He pulls over behind the car.

AGNES

Now what?

STANLEY

Someone's broken down. Better see if they need help.

AGNES

We're already late. We're never gonna make it in time.

STANLEY

What if you were broken down, wouldn't you want someone to help?

AGNES
I'd change my own damn tire.

Stanley gets out of the car.

AGNES (CONT'D)
(Frustrated)
Geeze.

Agnes waits in the car for a moment, then gets out.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA ROADSIDE - DAY

Stanley walks over to the disabled car, Agnes follows. A pleasant-looking woman BETTY(62) is in the driver's seat with her window down.

STANLEY
You Ok?

BETTY
Yes, I'm fine. Other than that tire back there.

STANLEY
Do you have a spare?

BETTY
I think so, never actually saw it to tell you the truth. I think its in the trunk.

Betty notices Agnes.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Hi, thanks for stopping.

Agnes half-heartedly waves to Betty.

AGNES
(Under her breath)
Not my idea.

STANLEY
Let's open the trunk, I'll see if I can find the spare.

BETTY
Ok.

Betty gets out of the car, opens the trunk. Stanley pulls out a jack and spare tire. Agnes walks over, takes the jack.

STANLEY
Oh, thanks.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA ROADSIDE - DAY

As Stanley works to tighten the lug-nuts on the spare tire, Agnes and Betty stand together watching from a distance.

BETTY

Hey, you better keep an eye on that one. He's a cutie.

AGNES

He is?

Betty laughs.

BETTY

You're a funny one.

Agnes looks at Stanley, ponders.

AGNES

Nah ...

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

The car moves slowly down a busy street, Stanley and Agnes both looking for a turn.

AGNES

Here, right here, turn, turn.

Stanley turns the car into the Holiday Inn parking lot.

INT. HOLIDAY INN HALLWAY, GREENTREE - DAY

Agnes runs through the hallway carrying her canvas bag, Stanley follows.

INT. HOLIDAY INN BALLROOM, GREENTREE - DAY

Agnes and Stanley wait in line, both a bit disheveled from changing the tire. Agnes fidgets, looks ahead in line, looks at the CLOCK, which shows a few minutes left until 11 o'clock.

A LARGE MAN (55) with a barrel chest and no neck, cuts in line in front of them.

AGNES

Hey, no cutting in line.

The man ignores her. Agnes looks at the CLOCK again, only a minute left. She pokes the man in the ribs.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Hey buddy, you can't cut in line. You need to go to the back.

He turns around, smirks at her.

LARGE MAN
Get lost, LOUSY OLD BAT.

Stanley grabs the man by the shoulder, turns him around.

STANLEY
You don't talk that way to a LADY.

The man throws a PUNCH at Stanley. Stanley DUCKS, goes into a boxing stance and JABS the man in the chin. The man swings another punch. Stanley ducks again, jabs him in the face, then hits him hard with an UPPER CUT.

The man staggers for a moment, then CHARGES Stanley. POW! Stanley hits him with a RIGHT HOOK, and he falls to the floor. Agnes' jaw drops in amazement.

They are now standing at the front of the line. BRUNO SAMMARTINO smiles in admiration at Stanley's heroics.

BRUNO SAMMARTINO
Nice right hook.

AGNES
Stanley, how did you do that?

STANLEY
(In a fog)
Intermural boxing league ... Oh, my.

Agnes rushes over to the wrestler smiling, pulls out her black and white picture.

AGNES
Mr. Sannmartino, can you sign this
for me?

Agnes JUMPS WITH JOY as he signs the old photo.

BRUNO SAMMARTINO
How about a picture?

A photographer raises his camera, as Agnes poses with the famous wrestler.

AGNES
Wait! Stanley, come on. Get in!

Stanley moves into the picture. The three of them stand together smiling, as the camera FLASHES.

EXT. BEAVER FALLS STREET - NIGHT

Agnes sits on her porch swing, under a dim light, admires the picture of she and Stanley with the famous wrestler.

She lays the picture down, strolls over to Stanley's house, knocks on the door. The door opens, Stanley walks out.

STANLEY

Hi Agnes.

AGNES

Hi Stanley. Would you like to come over, maybe have a beer.

STANLEY

Oh, I don't drink beer.

Agnes rolls her eyes.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I like tea ...

INT. AGNES' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley sits at a small table sipping a cup of tea. A can of beer sits on the other side of the table, soft classical music plays in the background. He hears Agnes calling from upstairs.

AGNES (O.S.)

Stanley, can you come up here? I want to show you something.

INT. AGNES' STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Stanley walks over to the stairway. Light shines down from upstairs, as he walks up the stairway and into a room.

AGNES (O.S.)

Hi Stanley ...

STANLEY (O.S.)

Oh, My ...

After the crisp CLICK of a switch, the light from upstairs goes out.

FADE TO BLACK: