

Savesies

By

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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 flipping her bangs under, 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.

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

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

Bullcrap, 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) on the sidewalk in red, white and blue sweats holding a PARKING CHAIR at the ready.

CHUCKY AND THERESA

Aw crap.

They turn back to one another.

THERESA

When my mum's on 'at Metamutual,  
she kin blow any time.

CHUCKY

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

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's younger brother, DONNY (30), pokes his head out of a window in Chucky's house. Donny is still trying to rock the mullet, but wears a Steeler ball cap to cover the large, prematurely thinning area on top.

DONNY  
Hey Chucky, yinz check aut the  
Bucco game before you went aht?

CHUCKY  
No, why?

DONNY  
Ohlendorf got a no-no gowin in the  
eighth.

CHUCKY  
Aw, yer shittin me.

DONNY  
No, I ain't. He's mowin 'em dahn  
like he's Blass in '71.

Chucky looks torn. There are very few Pirate highlights.

CHUCKY  
Bring da transister aht here, would  
ya?

Donny looks at him quizzically.

DONNY  
What year you think it is?

Donny ducks back inside.

THERESA  
(smiling wickedly)  
Yinz ever seen a no-no, Chucky?

CHUCKY  
(more angry now)  
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 yinz 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 ther  
broke in.

CHUCKY  
Geno says it might be da roters.

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.

CHUCKY  
She give him crabs?

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!

Donny appears on the sidewalk.

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

DONNY  
See what?

CHUCKY  
Aw, crap.

DONNY  
Got through the eighth, Buccos  
comin to bat. Yinz want me to call  
you fer da ninth?

Chucky wipes sweat from his forehead.

CHUCKY  
Just tape it!

DONNY  
DVR's busted.

CHUCKY  
(rolling his eyes)  
Jesus H.

Donny nods upward at Theresa.

DONNY  
What's gowin on, Horkahski?

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 a Fourth-a-July cookaht withaht bloons.

DONNY

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

CHUCKY

Christ. You'n Sherl oughta git tigheter.

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  
Yer flatscreen workin'?

THERESA  
Yeah.

Donny turns to leave quickly.

DONNY  
I'll go help 'er.

CHUCKY  
Donny!

Donny disappears into Cheryl and Theresa's house.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)  
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 smiles, changing tactics.

THERESA  
She always liked you, ya know? My  
mum.

CHUCKY  
Aw geez, 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, looking smug, watches Theresa storm off.

He looks left, then right: still the only spot on the block.

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

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
You savin' 'at spot for me, Chucky?  
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 as the passenger window goes down, the radio becomes audible.

LANNY FRATTARE

Shame on you if you missed this one  
folks!

MRS. HALOUSKI (65), who is driving, turns off the radio and 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.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Theresa stands on her stoop smiling, partly victorious, partly admiring Chucky. She bites a charcoal-black pig drenched in ketchup and mustard and chews.

BLACKOUT - THE END