

The Rest of Our Lives
by Bruce Johnson

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 neglected, with peeling paint and weeds standing in the yard.

A sturdy woman AGNES (63) rocks on a porch-swing in front of the unsightly 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.

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

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 respective 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 (CONT'D)

Oh, my.

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

INT. AGNES' HALLWAY - NIGHT

A library table covered with pictures of Agnes' life with her parents, beginning with her baby pictures and ending with a recent picture of her together with her father. A man's weathered, derby hat sits on the corner of the table.

INT. AGNES' LIVINGROOM - 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.

AGNES

Whatta SLAM!

After a moment of deep thought, 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 turns to the empty chair beside him.

STANLEY

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

He stares at the empty, bright orange recliner, taking in the silence. He shakes his head, embarrassed, alone.

INT. AGNES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Agnes sits in her chair, points the remote toward the TV, 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 ...

INT. STANLEY'S GARAGE - DAY

The garage door is open, allowing the morning sun to stream in. Tools of every size are hung along the wall with military-like precision.

Stanley picks up a wooden sign with "Garage Sale" painted on it, wipes it off with a rag.

He labors to drag the bright orange chair across the floor, and parks it near the garage door opening.

INT. STANLEY'S GARAGE - DAY

Stanley sits on a wooden stool. A myriad of boxes and household items are now stacked next to the orange chair. He opens one of the boxes, removes an old pair of boxing gloves and produces a surprised smile.

After a moment of admiration, he puts on the gloves and begins shadow-boxing around the garage.

STANLEY
Take that! ... and that!

In a flurry of jabs, bobs and weaves, he backs into a pile of boxes and falls over with a CRASH.

INT. AGNES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Agnes searches through a photo album. She stops at a faded program booklet "Sons of Italy - New Years Eve 1954".

She turns the page to a newspaper clipping "Beaver Falls Man Wins Strongman Competition". In the grainy picture, a young Agnes (6) stands with her father hugging a LARGE TROPHY, while he flexes for the camera, both of them are smiling.

She gently touches the picture. On the opposite page is a large black and white photograph of Bruno Sammartino, with bulging muscles. She carefully removes the photo.

EXT. BEAVER FALLS STREET, PA - DAY

Agnes sits on her porch swing. 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. She looks at the picture again, ponders. Finally, she walks over to the car.

Stanley is busy polishing, doesn't notice her.

AGNES

Looks good.

Stanley is startled, sees AGNES standing on the sidewalk. Agnes looks inside the car through the window.

AGNES (CONT'D)

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

Stanley laughs nervously.

STANLEY

Oh, no ...

Agnes winces, forces herself.

AGNES

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

Stanley's eyes open wide. He shuffles his feet.

STANLEY

I'm busy, gotta sign up for the sweepstakes.

AGNES

It's not for me. I need to do something for my dad.

STANLEY

I've been getting ready all week for a garage sale on Saturday.

Agnes' eyes start to well up.

AGNES

I had to put him in a home.

STANLEY

I wondered why I haven't seen the old buzzard lately.

Agnes produces a look that is both angry and sad. She turns back toward her house. Stanley agonizes, convincing himself.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll take you. What time?

Agnes looks back toward Stanley, produces a relieved smile.

AGNES
Eight O'clock.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

Stanley waits nervously, sees Agnes approach toting a canvas carrying bag. She gets in the car, 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?

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Stanley stands near the rear, driver's side of the car pumping gas. Agnes comes out of the gas station with a drink, passes in front of the car on her way to the passenger side.

AGNES
Come on, I have to get there by nine.

Agnes gets in the car. Stanley shakes his head, watches the pump meter.

STANLEY
Just a few more teaspoons.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

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

STANLEY
Where did we come from, left or right?

Agnes gives him the death-stare.

AGNES
You mean you're lost?

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 takes out the jack. Agnes walks over, grabs for the jack. They both pull on it trying to wrestle it away. Finally Stanley gives up and lets Agnes take it.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA ROADSIDE - DAY

As Stanley tightens the last few lug-nuts on the spare tire, Agnes and Betty stand together watching him 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.

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 15 minutes left until 11 o'clock.

AGNES

Oh, look at this line. I told you we weren't gonna make it time.

Stanley has finally had enough, and boils over.

STANLEY

You've been nothing but rude ...
You're not the only one who's going
through ... You can find another
ride home!

He storms out of the room.

AGNES

Stanley, come back. I'm sorry.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR - DAY

Stanley sits in his car in the parking lot, lets out a prolonged sigh, starts the motor.

INT. HOLIDAY INN BALLROOM, GREENTREE - DAY

Agnes waits in line. She looks up at the clock, only a few minutes left until 11 o'clock. She is almost to the front of the line.

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

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.

LARGE MAN

Get lost, LOUSY OLD BAT.

Out of nowhere a hand grabs the man by the shoulder, turns him around. It's STANLEY.

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)

Intramural 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 - DAY

Agnes sits on her porch swing, glances toward Stanley's house. After a moment she walks over to his house, knocks on the door. The door opens, Stanley walks out.

STANLEY

Hi Agnes. Did your father like his autographed picture?

AGNES

He was thrilled, thank you. Would you like to come over, maybe have a beer, grill a couple burgers?

STANLEY

Oh, I don't drink beer.

Agnes rolls her eyes, starts to leave.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I like tea ...

EXT. AGNES' BACK YARD - DAY

Stanley opens an old gas grill, the inside is crusted over with grease and soot. He looks around, shrugs and lights the grill anyway.

Agnes comes out of the house with a glass of iced tea for Stanley and a beer for herself. They walk over to a small picnic table and sit down, she gently touches his hand.

AGNES

I'm really glad you came over.

They both glance over to see that the GRILL IS ON FIRE, flames shooting into the air, a look of shock is on their faces.

STANLEY

Oh, My.

EXT. AGNES' HALLWAY - DAY

The sound from the commotion in the back yard can be heard through the screened door and windows. Once again, we see the library table with pictures from Agnes' life.

STANLEY (O.S.)

Get the hose.

AGNES (O.S.)

I don't have a hose. Here, use my beer!

The sound of laughter can be heard from outside. As we scan the pictures, we see that a NEW ONE has been added, with Agnes and Stanley together with Bruno Sammartino, all of them smiling.

FADE TO BLACK