

Second Home - Second to None

by  
Stacy W. Thornton

Based on a true American story.

WGA #988987

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FADE IN:

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS - DAY

Buildings line dirt roads. A CAR drives by the ENTRANCE SIGN: "STATE ORPHANS HOME, CORSICANA TEXAS, EST. 1887" and passes TEENAGED BOYS practicing football in a large field.

TITLE: 1923

INT. ORPHANAGE OFFICE - DAY

A boy's back seen at door. He is BUDDY JAMES, aka BJ, (11).

BJ  
I thought you came to get us!

*Second Home - Second to None*

He runs out. The door slams. His mother, MARIA BENSON (31), overly thin. Poorly dressed. Sits at a desk. Glances at a form. SIGHS. INSERT: "STATE ORPHANS HOME APPLICATION."

by  
Maria's fingers tremble as she holds pen. INSERT form: "NAME OF CHILD AND AGE." She writes, "HUEY GUTHRIE BENSON, 4 1/2."

EXT. OFFICE/TEETER-TOTTER AREA

*Based on a true American story.*  
Against a blue sky, a fair-haired boy, HUEY BENSON (4 1/2), beams as he ascends and descends on a teeter-totter.

His sister LULA PEARL (8) rides on the other end.

LULA PEARL  
Hold on Huey!

BJ storms past them.

LULA PEARL (cont'd)  
What's wrong with you, BJ?

BJ WGA #988987  
Shut up, Lula Pearl!

OFFICE:

INSERT Form: "REASON FOR ADMITTANCE." Maria writes, "FATHER ABANDONED, UNABLE TO SUPPORT" and signs her name.

TEETER-TOTTER:

A FOOTBALL flies. Bounces off the teeter-totter.

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HUEY

15218 Summit Let me down! 300-213

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Huey scrambles after it. The ball rolls. Hits BJ's foot.

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DOYLE (O.S.)  
Hey, a little help, please.

A boy, DOYLE (16) runs up to the adjacent four-foot fence.  
BJ picks the ball up. Gets ready to throw it.

HUEY  
Let me throw it, BJ!

DOYLE  
Well, somebody throw it!

Huey holds the football in his small hands.

DOYLE (cont'd)  
Tell your little brother to throw it,  
Buddy...James...BJ...whatever your name is.

Doyle starts to climb the fence. Huey lets it rip. The  
football spirals. Doyle jogs backwards. Catches it.

DOYLE (cont'd)  
Wo-oh! Pretty good. What's your name, kid?

HUEY  
Huey.

DOYLE  
Nice to meet you, Huey. I'm Doyle. So you like  
football?

Huey shrugs.

DOYLE (cont'd)  
Maybe you can be a State Home "Lad" one day.

PRACTICE TEAM yells for Doyle to hurry.

DOYLE (cont'd)  
Come see us play sometime, Huey!

Doyle runs off. Huey turns to BJ with a goofy expression.

EXT. OFFICE

At the door, an ADMINISTRATOR waves for the children.

EXT. TEETER-TOTTER

BJ tousles Huey's hair.

Stacy Thornton                      BJ  
Ethnofilms                      Come on, let's go...little "Lad."  
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INT. OFFICE

Lula Pearl runs and hugs Maria. BJ grimaces. Storms out.

MARIA  
Huey? You're going to live here from now on.

LULA PEARL  
It'll be great. We'll all be together. You, me,  
and BJ. And Ma will come get us every summer.  
We'll have ten whole days to be with her. It'll  
be just dandy!

Maria goes to Huey. Squats before him. Pulls him close.

MARIA  
~~Tell Ma bye-bye 'til next time.~~ Second Home Second to None

She straightens his tattered clothes.

MARIA (cont'd)  
It's all better now. Thornton

Maria kisses him. A tear sneaks down her cheek.

A NURSE enters.

~~Based on a true American story.~~  
NURSE  
The doctor's waiting.

The Nurse grabs Huey away.

HUEY  
Ma?!

MARIA  
You're a big boy now. Lula Pearl, keep an eye on  
your baby brother!

They leave. Life vanishes from Maria's gaze.

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INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Dazed, Maria drives her car from the State Home grounds.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A bright light shines in Huey's eyes.

DOCTOR  
Um-Hmm.

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Huey blinks. The Doctor checks his ears, throat, reflexes.  
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EXT. CAR - DAY

Maria parks the car. A Neon sign: KEMP HOTEL & RESTAURANT.

INT. BOYS DORM/HALLWAY - DAY

A female hand leads Huey down a long hall.

INT. KEMP HOTEL & RESTAURANT/KITCHEN - DAY

Maria puts on her apron. Peeks in at her BOSS.

MARIA  
Thanks for the car loan, Joe.

BOSS  
Anytime, doll.

She stiffly matches the check orders to the plates of food.

BOSS (cont'd)  
You know I would have done more for you if I could have, Maria, but...it'll turn out fine, you'll see. You did the right thing.

Maria's grabs the plates. Pain shows through her glassy blank stare as she turns away.

INT. BOYS DORM - NIGHT

In the darkness, Huey vigorously tosses in bed. Asleep next to him, a boy, CHARLIE MADDEN (5) groans. Begins to squirm.

INT. KEMP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Exhausted, Maria falls back onto bed with a FRAMED PHOTO in her hand. She buries her head in the pillow. SOBS.

The PHOTO (Maria, BJ, Lula Pearl and Huey) drops. Its GLASS SHATTERS.

INT. LITTLE BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Huey shoots straight up in bed. Fear in his eyes.

HUEY  
Ma!

Stacy Thornton  
Ethnofilms Be still!  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336 HUEY  
stacy@ethnofi You be still!  
Website: <http://www.ethnofilms.com>

Charlie abruptly punches Huey in the arm.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Ow, Charlie! Stop it!

He punches Charlie back.

CHARLIE  
You stop it!

Huey leaps up. Runs past 13 other beds (2 boys to a bed).

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS - NIGHT

HUEY  
Lula, Lula!

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Lights turn on in buildings as Huey races by.

From a second story window, Lula peeks out. Sees Huey.

LULA PEARL Thornton  
Shush, you'll wake everyone. Wait there, I'm coming.

Huey plops down. Frowns.

Based on a true American story.

EXT. WOODWORKING SHOP - DAY

TITLE - 1934

HUEY BENSON (15) frowns at a REPORT CARD in his hands.  
INSERT Report Card: HUEY BENSON, 9th GRADE REPORT CARD - (All C minuses). He leans against the building next to the shop door. He wears orphanage issued overalls. He peeks around the corner into the shop.

INT. WOODWORKING SHOP

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The SHOP TEACHER bandages an elbow gash on CHARLIE MADDEN (16) in sawdust caked overalls. He squirms. Groans.

SHOP TEACHER  
Charlie, be still! You know this is it for you. And frankly son, you're a maladroit. A danger to yourself and the rest of the class. I'm sorry, you're banned from shop.

CHARLIE  
Nawh! You can't do this to me! Woodworking is my life!

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SHOP TEACHER  
Well if it is, it's been a short life. Now stop your whining, go have a nice vacation break, and perhaps you'll find something you like to start your new life.

Charlie kicks a board across the room.

SHOP TEACHER (cont'd)  
Young Madden! Out!

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS - DAY

Charlie and Huey head to the Boys' Dormitory.

CHARLIE  
I'll never do anything ever again!

HUEY  
What about football try-outs?

CHARLIE  
Being the "maladroit" that I am, I'd probably be a danger to myself and the rest of the team. I'll just stay in my room and rot.

HUEY by Thornton  
You never coming out?

CHARLIE  
Nope.

HUEY  
Not even for Hashop's...ice cream.

Huey flashes Charlie a shiny SILVER DIME.

Charlie grabs for the dime. Huey yanks it away.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Nope! I gotta see Butler first.

Charlie freezes. Fear in his face.

CHARLIE  
What did you do this time, Huey?  
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INT. BOYS DORM/HALLWAY - DAY

They walk down a long dark hall.

CHARLIE  
Is it me or is it perpetually dark in here?

HUEY  
It's you.

CHARLIE  
You know, Butler kicked Toby off the basketball team for bad grades. You think he'll keep you from trying out for football?  
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HUEY  
My grades aren't that bad.

Charlie makes a "PHH" sound.

HUEY (cont'd)  
And besides, he can't hold this year's grades against me for next year's. He'll probably just send me to bed with no ambrosia.

CHARLIE  
When'ya ever get ambrosia? Only teachers get that.

Huey makes a "PHH" back. Grins wide.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
You're asking for trouble.  
(exaggerates)  
...and the baneful Butler wields the wrath of his evil hole-laden barrel stave!

HUEY  
Hole...laden...barrel...what?!

CHARLIE  
It's that long wooden strip he took from one of them soap barrels and drilled holes in it for extra stinging power. Can I help it if I'm smart and you're dumb?

HUEY  
Can't you stop showing off and just say it's a paddle?

Huey reaches for the door knob.

CHARLIE  
Just...be careful. Okay?

Flattered, Huey grins.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
What? I just want ice cream.

HUEY  
Old But-welper doesn't scare me. If he gets out of hand, I'll just sic Polly on him.

Huey knocks on Butler's door.

BUTLER (O.S.)  
Come! Sit!

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

Huey scans the immaculate room (desk, credenza, bookcase). Behind the desk, a high-back chair spins around to reveal the boy's director, CLAY BUTLER (late 40's).

Butler dips a rag into a can of polish. Buffs his barrel stave paddle. Poised with perfect posture, he coolly runs his fingers over the paddle's holes.



As Huey closes the door, Charlie mouths "See, I told you."

Huey sits.

Butler gets up. Hangs the paddle on a hook on the wall.

BUTLER  
Your immediate priority is grade improvement.  
Anything else is supplementary, nonessential, and  
dispensable. Understand?

HUEY  
Yes sir.

Butler sits. Leans on his elbows. Taps his fingers  
together. His intense beady eyes calculate his next move.

~~Second to None - Second to None~~  
BUTLER  
Do you play any sports?

HUEY  
Um... No sir. by  
Stacy W. Thornton

Butler's lower eyelids twitch a few times.

BUTLER  
Alright then. You're grounded.

Based on a true American story.  
HUEY  
But, it's break...

BUTLER  
Remain in your room until tomorrow at which time  
your mother arrives to take you for break. You're  
excused.

Huey opens the door to leave.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
By the way, young Benson. Regarding that business  
of going out for football...

Huey tightens. WGA #988987

BUTLER (cont'd)  
I'll leave it to you to use your best judgment on  
whether you should take on any extracurricular  
activity. I trust you'll make the right decision.

Huey closes the door.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Have a nice break, Charlie...Huey.

Stacy Thornton  
INT. HALLWAY  
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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #201-113 CHARLIE  
Fontana, CA Jeez. You think he heard us?  
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HUEY  
I don't care if he did.

Huey flashes him Butler's can of polish. Hustles off.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Well? You coming?

Charlie shakes his head. Hurries after him.

CHARLIE  
I hope you know what you're doing.

EXT. OUTSIDE ORPHANAGE GROUNDS

Huey and Charlie hitchhike down the road.

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EXT. DOWNTOWN CORSICANA - CONTINUOUS

They walk MAIN STREET. Pass several small shops.

A window display of a SPORTING GOODS SHOP catches their eyes.  
Huey peers through his reflection at a FOOTBALL HELMET.

CHARLIE  
Guess you won't be wearing that.

HUEY  
Yeah, I guess.

INT. HASHOP'S CREAMERY

COUNTER TOP REFLECTION: Huey SLAPS his SILVER DIME down.

Behind the counter, an apron-clad, spirited fellow, MR.  
HASHOP (50's) busily prepares ice cream.

A State Home teacher, MISS LETTIE LARSON (28) sips her soda.

HUEY  
Hello Miss Lettie.

CHARLIE  
Hello Miss Lettie. How are  
you?

MISS LETTIE  
I'm fine. Kind of you to ask.

CHARLIE  
So, how was the crop of third grader brains this  
year?

Miss Lettie pinches hold of Charlie's cheek.

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MISS LETTIE  
Oh, Charlie. Don't you fret being outdone. Your  
intellect is...of a simon-pure rarity.

Charlie straightens with pride. Huey SNICKERS.

MR. HASHOP  
Here's the chocolate single.

Hashop hands one cone to Huey.

MR. HASHOP (cont'd)  
And for you...*strawberry*.

Huey SNICKERS. Charlie takes his cone.

CHARLIE  
What?! I like strawberry.

SPORTS air on Mr. Hashop's RADIO. Huey moves closer to it.

MR. HASHOP  
There's a whole world out there waiting, son.  
Anything's possible. Second to None

Hashop sizes up Huey.

MR. HASHOP (cont'd)  
You boys look athletic. ~~or~~ Play any sports? Hey,  
you know that tall kid? Plays basketball for the  
orphanage.

HUEY  
You mean Toby?  
Based on a true American story.

CHARLIE  
He got kicked off. His grades weren't too good.

Charlie cuts his eyes at Huey.

MR. HASHOP  
Well that's a dang shame. That boy Toby had the  
talent. God-given.

MISS LETTIE  
Poor Toby, took it very hard.

CHARLIE #988987  
We were going to try out for football when the new  
coach comes but Huey...

MR. HASHOP  
Football! Now that's my sport! Heck, it's the  
whole town's sport! So, you fellas in the know  
'bout the new coach?

MISS LETTIE  
I might have something here...

Miss Lettie pulls from purse a TEACHER'S BULLETIN.

Stacy Thornton MISS LETTIE (cont'd)  
Ethnofilms According to my bulletin, he's a Baylor grad.  
15218 Summit Harold Salinger or "Coach Sal" starts after break.  
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MR. HASHOP

Now that's mighty good news. Oh! Remember that kid...a football quarterback? What was his name...

HUEY

(whispered adulation)  
Doyle.

MR. HASHOP

Yeahhhh. Doyle. He was something!

Hashop's eyes twinkle.

MR. HASHOP (cont'd)

So you boys want to play football?

CHARLIE

Probably not now because the boys' director...

HUEY

You bet Mr. Hashop! We're both trying out!

Shocked, Charlie pops Huey in the arm. Huey hits him back. They threaten each other with ice cream.

MISS LETTIE

Boys, please...manners.

HUEY

Sorry, Miss Lettie.

CHARLIE

Sorry, Miss Lettie.

They head for the door.

MISS LETTIE (cont'd)

By the way, boys, my bible story class resumes after your 10 day break. I reckon you'll attend?

CHARLIE

Yes, Miss Lettie.

HUEY

Yes, Miss Lettie.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SIDEWALK - DAY

The boys pass by the PALACE THEATRE. Turn down the alley.

EXT. ALLEY

They approach the theatre EXIT DOOR. Charlie yanks the knob.

HUEY

For being so smart, you're sure dumb.

CHARLIE

One day it'll be open. You'll see.

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They lean against the wall. Lick ice creams.

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HUEY

Strawberry.  
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They both SNICKER.

The EXIT DOOR swings opens. The boys hide behind it as PATRONS leave.

They slip inside.

INT. PALACE THEATRE

Movie Title: THE LONE STAR TRAIL (1930) starring KEN MAYNARD.

INT. THEATRE HALL

The boys slide into the front row. Stay low.

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HUEY  
I'm gonna get me a radio like Mr. Hashop's got.

CHARLIE  
You just as well close by your eyes and dream about  
it cos it ain't gonna happen.

Joking, Huey closes eyes. SNORES.

THEATRE PATRONS  
Ssshhh!  
based on a true American story.

Charlie GIGGLES. Huey falls asleep. DREAMS.

EXT. GARRITY FIELD - NIGHT

(HUEY'S DREAM:)

HUEY (7) stands on sidelines. Watches in awe as Doyle (now 18) dashes to end zone. Scores. SCREAMING CROWD leaps up.

CROWD  
Doyle, Doyle, Doyle...8987

The LADS (football team) lift Doyle over heads and shoulders.

Doyle sees Huey. Pumps the FOOTBALL. Throws. It spirals and spirals through the LIGHTS toward Huey's hands.

(END OF DREAM).

INT. THEATRE HALL

FLASHLIGHT shines in Huey's face. He wakes. Sees the TICKET BOY (17).

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Freeloading parasites.

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EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS - DAY

Huey and Charlie walk down a meandering path through the cow pasture to the CATTLE TANK (a lake).

CHARLIE  
...and he wants to take me fishing. But honestly, what real man is named Francis anyhow? He's got to be a wimp.

HUEY  
I thought you liked him. He's a carpenter. All those swell tools. And what if he becomes your Pa?

CHARLIE  
Even if Ma wanted to marry old Francis, she wouldn't. She'd be too scared her son the woodworking maladroït would end up dead!

HUEY  
You're such a dilly Charlie.

Charlie stops. His mouth drops open.

HUEY (cont'd)  
What? I didn't mean anything by...  
Based on a true American story.

CHARLIE  
Nawh, I know. It's just that, that's the one thing I remember about my Pa. He'd say, "you're a dilly Charlie, you're a dilly."

HUEY  
What happened to him?

CHARLIE  
The influenza killed him. So why did you end up here?

Huey looks nervous. WGA #988987

HUEY  
Uh...my Pa died too, and our Ma put us here.  
(quickly changes subject)  
Hey! I heard there's lots of privileges playing football.

TOBY (O.S.)  
You got that right!

A tall guy, TOBY (17) trots up. Squeezes between them. He carries a DUFFEL BAG.

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HUEY  
Hey Toby.

CHARLIE  
Like what? What kind of stuff?

TOBY  
Make the team and you'll find out.

HUEY  
Sorry about, you know...

CHARLIE  
Maybe after you graduate.

TOBY  
Don't worry about me. I'm gonna play basketball sooner than that.

HUEY  
What do you mean?

(THE BELL RINGS FOUR TIMES:)

They glance back at a running HERD OF BOYS (ages 8-16).

Uh oh!!! TOBY, CHARLIE, HUEY  
by

Stacy W. Thornton

TOBY  
Hey Huey! How 'bout a "dive contest?" Meet you on the wharf!

Toby runs off. His duffel bag swings at his side.  
Based on a true American story.

The herd passes Huey and Charlie. Removes and tosses clothes. Jumps butt-naked into the water.

CHARLIE  
Come on, Huey!

Charlie strips. Hurries in.

Huey removes his shirt. Points to the barn.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Oh-oh, Huey's so shy.

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EXT. CATTLE TANK - LATER

BOYS dive from the wharf. Swim.

Huey rummages through junk: scrap metal, rusty cowbell, and finds waterlogged SHOULDERPADS.

CHARLIE  
Is the poor baby cold and tired? Waah, Waah.

Charlie splashes water at him.

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Huey takes the shoulderpads and the cowbell. Storms off.

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CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Ah come back, Huey. I think I see something else at the bottom!

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Troublemaker "JESS" (17) dunks a boy. Slithers up to Charlie.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Stay away, Jess. I hit back!

JESS  
I'll dive for it. Where'd ya see it? Over here?

CHARLIE  
Just forget about it. I'm not ready to sell my soul just yet.

JESS  
What's that suppose to mean?

CHARLIE  
Like you don't know. Second to None

Charlie gets out. Searches for his clothes.

JESS by  
Suit yourself. Stacy W. Thornton

Jess swims away.

INT. BARN

Huey dresses. Notices a duffel bag next to a wheelbarrow. Inside it, he finds food, clothes, and a BASKETBALL.

HUEY  
Toby?

He clutches the duffel bag to his chest.

(FLASHBACK:)

INT. BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Sitting on a bed, Huey (5) watches BJ (11) pack a DUFFEL BAG.

BJ  
(whispers)  
And I ain't gonna be no farm hand!

Stuffs his meager belongings into the bag.

BJ (cont'd)  
And I ain't gonna let Butler send me to that Juve place!

HUEY  
But BJ? Where will you go?

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BJ tousles Huey's hair. Grabs his duffel bag.



Huey holds tight to it. BJ yanks it from his grasp. Sneaks out the room.

(FLASHBACK CONT'D):

EXT. PROPERTY FENCE - NIGHT

The duffle bag sails over a fence. Feet scale the fence. The feet land on grass. A hand snatches the duffel bag.

BJ sprints with his bag across the field away from the orphanage.

(END FLASHBACK).

EXT. BARN - DAY Second Home - Second to None

Huey stares at the sprawling field through the worn fence.

(FIVE BELLS RING:) by  
Stacy W. Thornton

EXT. CATTLE TANK

A herd of boys rush out of the water.  
Based on a true American story.  
VOICE ONE

Supper!

They grab clothes. Run toward the orphanage buildings while dressing.

Huey drags the shoulderpads with him. Glances back at barn. Sees no one.

INT. BOYS DORM - NIGHT

Charlie packs things into a bag. Notices Huey staring off.

CHARLIE  
Forget about the radio, Huey.

HUEY  
Huh?

CHARLIE  
Do you know how much those things cost? The orphanage can't even afford it. Just because it's your birthday doesn't mean your Ma can all of sudden get one.

Huey packs.  
Ethnofilms  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite HUEY-213  
Fontana, CA 92335 We're having Christmas too.  
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CHARLIE  
Oh good, then Santa'll bring it.

HUEY  
Well he knows I have *tried* to be more good than bad.

CHARLIE  
You can't honestly tell me you believe in... You are dumb!

HUEY  
Stop saying that!

Huey pushes Charlie down. Charlie charges Huey. They hit the floor with a LOUD THUMP.

The other DORM MATES (some in overalls, others in their skivvies) notice.

DORM MATE ONE  
Fight! Fight!

DORM MATE TWO  
Get up! Hit him.

With bodies locked, Huey and Charlie roll across the floor.

The SLOW TWINS, TOM and TIM (15) try to pull them apart.

DORM MATE THREE  
Tim! Tom! Stop! Leave 'em be!

DORM MATE THREE and DORM MATE FOUR pull the Twins away.

DORM MATE FOUR  
Come on Charlie, get out of it. That's it. That's it.

Charlie frees himself. Scuffles away on all fours.

DORM MATE FIVE  
Charlie you're pathetic!

Grinning, Huey goes after him.

LARGE HANDS grab Huey by his overall straps. Yank him back. Thrust him to his bed.

The hands grab Charlie. Lift him. Thrust him to his bed.

The Dorm Mates hastily retreat to their beds.

Butler, with twitching lower eyelids, scans the room. His eyes rest on the LAST BED, empty.

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BUTLER  
Where's Toby? Anyone seen him?

DORM MATES  
No sir.

(NINE BELLS BEGIN TO RING:)

Butler walks to the bed. Pops open a footlocker. Peers in. Sees belongings. He walks back. Reads each boy's petrified face. Sees Huey's calm.

BUTLER

I will remind you...the penalty for withholding information regarding delinquent behavior is harsh. Unless you prefer to roommate together in the Juvenile Facility.

(The FINAL BELL TOLLS:)

A sweet cheerful Polly Butler peeks in.

POLLY

(sing-song like)  
Boys go to bed for the bell has rung.

She sees Butler. Gauges the situation. Smirks at him.

POLLY (cont'd)

Boys? Good night and sweet dreams.

DORM MATES

Good night, Mrs. Butler.

She grabs Butler's arm. Escorts him out.

POLLY

Say good night to our boys, Clay.

Butler grunts. Polly turns the LIGHT OFF. Shuts the door.

DORM MATE ONE

Better tell'em what you know.

DORM MATE TWO

I ain't goin' to that Juve place!

A LOUD KNOCK on the door. WGA #988987

DORM MATES

Sssshhh!

INT. DORM - HALL

Butler knocks on the Boys' door again.

BUTLER

Sleep!

(to Polly)

I need to check the storehouse. I think Toby may have gone there...

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Fontana, CA With a girl? Clay, you were that age when...oh my, I was even younger. Please, let's just go...

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Polly's legs collapse.

BUTLER  
Polly!

Butler grabs hold of her. She recovers.

POLLY  
I'm okay. It's nothing.

BUTLER  
Let's get you an earlier check-up.

POLLY  
I'm okay. After the break is fine.

INT. BOYS DORM - LATER Home - Second to None

(Huey DREAMS:)

Butler towers over Huey with his paddle.

BUTLER IN DREAM  
Huey! Your destiny awaits.

The paddle slices the air. SLAPS a BACKSIDE to LOUD BELLS.

BUTLER IN DREAM (cont'd)  
Luther!

The face of Huey's father, LUTHER appears.

BUTLER IN DREAM (cont'd)  
Meet Huey...your son! You know he follows in your  
footsteps.

Chair-back swivels. Butler peers into a GIANT BOOK.  
Butler's eyelids twitch.

BUTLER IN DREAM (cont'd)  
The son of hell, you are!

BOOK SLAMS, ECHOES. INSERT: Book's cover; letters appear one  
at a time. Spell out "DEVIL LAW."

A WOMAN IN WHITE appears.

The BOOK shoots across the room.

Long hair obscures the woman's face.

Her hair blows back. Reveals Polly.

POLLY IN DREAM  
Huey! Run from this horrid place!

BUTLER IN DREAM  
To Hell, Huey! To Hell you go!"

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INT. BOYS DORM - CONTINUOUS

MOONLIT room. Huey tosses in bed.

(DREAM CONTINUED:)

Huey's father Luther appears. BLOOD oozes from a hole in his head. Cloaks his body. A grotesque smile looms on his lips.

LUTHER  
You are mine, boy. You are mine.

BUTLER IN DREAM  
You are, Huey! Repeat, "I am his!"

(END OF HUEY'S DREAM).

Second Home - Second to None  
Huey tosses in his bed. Moans.

HUEY  
I...am...hhh... by  
Stacy W. Thornton

He shoots upright.

HUEY (cont'd)  
No!

Based on a true American story.  
Huey jumps out of bed. Puts on his shoes.

CHARLIE  
Huey? You're not running away. Butler was just bluffing.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Under the MOONLIGHT, Huey sprints across the field.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Huey! No! Stop!  
WGA #988987

Huey keeps running.

Charlie stumbles after Huey. He grabs his side. Sits.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Huey?!

Huey rushes back. Sees Charlie gasping for breath.

HUEY  
How are you gonna make the team?! It's only a half-mile to the barn!

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CHARLIE  
Oh really. Is that so? Well, why don't you carry me then?!

INT. BARN

Huey walks. Charlie's feet dangle from his sides.

CHARLIE  
Sarcasm...means joking around.

Huey drops Charlie next to the wheelbarrow.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
I'm sleepy. It's cold. Toby's miles from here by now.

HUEY  
Oh really?

Huey holds up Toby's duffel bag. *Second to None*

EXT. CATTLE TANK

Charlie and Huey sit on the wharf's end. Huey skims a rock.

HUEY  
No, he didn't just forget his bag.

CHARLIE  
Just retrace what we know. Okay?

Charlie heaves a rock. It shoots up. Drops as if shifting gears. Plunges with a KA-PLUNK. Huey makes a "PHH" sound.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Pay attention this time. You had your dive contest.

(FLASHBACK to earlier that day:)

EXT. WHARF - DAY

WGA #988987

Charlie stands at wharf's end between Huey and Toby.

CHARLIE  
One...two...dive!

Huey and Toby dive in. Charlie stares into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Huey swims down deep. Stops. Looks up. Toby struggles above to dive deeper. Grabs hold a rope tied onto the wharf's post but his body continues to float upward.

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Fontana, CA 92335 Holding that rope didn't do any good. He needed more breath.

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EXT. WHARF - CONTINUOUS

Charlie sees Toby rapidly surface. Jumps up.

CHARLIE  
Look out!

Boys swim away. Toby shoots up.

TOBY  
Do-over! I call a do-over!

CHARLIE  
Na-uh. Huey holds the record!

TOBY  
You're dead Madden! Second to None

Toby struggles to get out. Charlie runs away.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
(laughing) *by* *WGA#000907*  
He chased after me but he was just too tired to catch me.

(END FLASHBACK).

Based on a true American story.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Huey skims off a rock. Charlie gets ready to throw but then kicks his rock instead. It skims far.

HUEY  
Good skim, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Really?

HUEY  
So, that was it. *WGA#000907* I was tired...

CHARLIE  
You? Tired? Huey, you never tire. But Toby, as tired as he was, he still kept going back and...

Instantly, horror fills their faces.

Huey dives in.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Huey swims. Feels his way to the wharf's post. Looks. Sees nothing. Something brushes against him. He twists. Sees LOOSE ROPE floating. He follows it until...

TOBY'S FACE pops into view.

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Huey SCREAMS. A burst of air bubbles. Frantically, he swims backward. Toby floats lifelessly; trapped in the rope.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE - DAY

With watery eyes, the shell-shocked face of Huey stares.

HUEY  
But I told you, I wasn't sure the duffel bag belonged to him.

Polly reaches for Huey's shoulder. He jumps up.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Am I excused?!

Second Butler - Second to None  
Sit.

HUEY  
Why won't you believe me?  
Stacy W. Thornton  
Butler, at the window, holds his paddle. Turns. Sits.

BUTLER  
See, son, it's like this. I know you've lied about other things. Once you do, it's hard.  
Based on a true American story.

HUEY  
I never lied about nothing!

BUTLER  
Well, it has come to my attention that you told Charlie that your father died.

HUEY  
I didn't mean. Charlie just got it wrong. My Pa got hit in the head. He got the amnesia. He ran away. We never came back...he had to be.

BUTLER GA #988987  
Then, you lied about playing sports.

HUEY  
No sir! I don't play...

BUTLER  
Huey, you knew what I was asking...

HUEY  
No sir. You asked me and I...

Butler jumps up.

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BUTLER  
Enough! This pattern of sidestepping, lying, withholding information, grades lower than what you're capable of...it's unacceptable.  
He turns to a PENALTY CHART on the wall.



BUTLER (cont'd)  
Now let's calculate the number of rules you broke yesterday.

Butler WHACKS the paddle onto the desk.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
One. You disregarded and disobeyed your punishment. Did it slip your mind you were grounded?

Huey opens his mouth. Butler WHACKS the paddle again.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Two. You were seen hitchhiking downtown. Another broken rule.

The paddle WHACKS. Second Home - Second to None

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Three. You were attending a picture show at the Palace Theatre without a ticket. Apparently, you feel such actions are somehow different than stealing.

The paddle WHACKS.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Four. You swam unsupervised in that manure-logged cattle tank.

POLLY  
Clay, honey? He wasn't exactly unsupervised. There were many...

The paddle WHACKS. His eyes shoot a warning to Polly.

BUTLER  
Number five. You were previously warned of the dangers of diving contests. Perhaps, if you had stayed in your room as you had been told, Toby would still be alive.

WGA #988987

Polly's face fills with complete shock.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Hmph. Lucky for you, young Benson. You are one broken rule short of this particular punishment. Exonerated for the time being. You're excused.

HUEY  
But...you can't mean it was my...

BUTLER  
I said, you're excused.

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BUTLER (cont'd)  
Just be forewarned; there will be stricter supervision of all rules. Schoolwork is your priority.

Butler swivels his chair-back to him.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Of course, a vocational program may be better suited to your abilities.

HUEY  
You can't make me. I won't be no farm hand!

Huey bolts for the door.

BUTLER  
Then I can look forward to a sudden improvement in your grades...no matter the sacrifice.

Huey SLAMS the door behind him.

Butler shakes his head. Second Home - Second to None

Polly goes to Butler. Peers at their FAMILY PHOTO: Butler, Polly, and Clay Junior.

by  
Polly W. Thornton  
You know it wasn't his fault. He needs...guidance.

Her finger rubs across Clay Junior in the photo.

Based on a true American story.  
POLLY (cont'd)  
He's so much like Clay Junior was. He's a good boy and deserves...

BUTLER  
To have his butt whipped.

POLLY  
Clay. You don't mean that.

BUTLER  
Really?! Then, why don't you tell me what I mean? Or perhaps you'd like to educate me on the finer details of where I went wrong.

POLLY  
Clay!

BUTLER  
We have a dead child on our hands, Polly. Certainly someone's to blame. If it's not his fault, then it's mine.

POLLY  
Certainly not.

BUTLER  
So then, you tell me. How in the hell do I turn all of "our good boys" into the kind of productive individuals that don't end of dead?

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Butler goes to a ACADEMIC PLAQUE displaying . Points to it.  
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BUTLER (cont'd)

The State Orphans Home didn't achieve this honor for no reason. It was hard earned through the efforts of some of the country's best teachers. And from the properly instituted rules for the boys of old S.O.H.

(under his breath)

"Sons of Hell" is more like it.

He turns to Polly.

BUTLER (cont'd)

Rules, Polly, are key. Rules that I admit I have allowed to become too lax. No more.

POLLY

Well. Far be it for me to argue with that plaque. Obviously, it's your proof that you know what's best for...your boys.

She picks up the family photo. Holds it to his face.

POLLY (cont'd)

I've had only one son to raise in my life. I suppose if I had known how to bring him up the way you do, he would still be alive.

She sets the picture down. Leaves.

Based on a true American story.

BUTLER

Polly. I didn't mean...

The door SLAMS.

BUTLER (cont'd)

Damn it. Damn it. Damn it.

His stare becomes lost in the face of Clay Jr.

INT. KEMP HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Huey sits in a tattered chair near the window. Stares up at hanging signs from paper chains: "HAPPY SWEET 16th HUEY," "HAPPY THANKSGIVING" and "MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Huey glances out the window across the parking lot. A neon sign: KEMP HOTEL & RESTAURANT.

He waxes his shoulderpads with Butler's can of polish. His finger rubs across engraved initials in its leather. He examines the letters closely "C.B."

MARIA (O.S.)

Damn it!

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HUEY

You okay, Ma?

Huey jumps up. Rushes across the studio room. Peers behind a freestanding screen the blocks the kitchen.

MARIA

Just a little burn. Lula Pearl! BJ here yet?

LULA PEARL (19) sets a crude makeshift dining table: two card tables sandwiched together with six folding chairs.

LULA PEARL

No, Ma.

MARIA (O.S.)

Don't forget to make a space near BJ for the turkey carving!

LULA PEARL

Don't worry, Ma.

Lula sings some lines from "SANTA CLAUS COMES TO TOWN."

Second Home - Second to None

INT. KITCHEN

Huey follows Maria in the cramped kitchenette.

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MARIA

Don't worry she says! Oh my lord. It's going to be a disaster.

HUEY

But Ma, why can't I live with you?

MARIA

Please Huey! Not that again.

Maria burns herself on a roasting pan.

MARIA (cont'd)

Ouch, damn it again! Hand me that.

Huey gives her the butter. She smears it on her burn.

MARIA (cont'd)

Put on those mitts and take that dish to Lula.

She follows behind as Huey carries it around the screen to the table.

HUEY

I could work in the restaurant.

MARIA

Joe can't take on any more workers. He can't pay the ones he's got. Look around! This ain't no mansion here.

She points across the room to a small cot and table lamp.

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HUEY

I'd earn my keep. I wouldn't be in your way or nothing. I just can't go back there. Don't make me, Ma.

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Maria rummages through dirty pots. Grabs a LARGE LADLE. Stirs the gravy. It bubbles all over.

MARIA  
Lord, everything's gonna be a disaster.

HUEY  
I could work on Grandpa's farm.

Maria pops Huey on the head with the ladle.

MARIA  
Now you listen to me, Huey Guthrie. I don't want this life for you. You're going to stay put and do what that boys director tells you. For once, we got lucky. That orphanage gives the finest education around these days. And Mr. Butler can help you get to college. No one's got that around here! You can make something out of yourself. Anything you want. But I swear to you, I'll kill myself if my baby boy ends up like some...

HUEY by MARIA  
No good farm hand. Stacy W. T No good farm hand.

HUEY  
But BJ works on a farm.

MARIA  
Like I said...no good farm hand. All you got to do is take a good look at your brother...if he ever gets here, that is. You'll see.

HUEY  
BJ's coming, isn't he?

She shrugs. Turns back to the gravy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The three sit bored at the table. Maria eyes clock. Lula twirls hair. Huey stares at the door.

MARIA  
We've waited long enough.

She jumps up.

There's KNOCKING at the door.

HUEY  
BJ!

INT./EXT. HOTEL ROOM

Standing outside is BJ (22). He takes one last drag on his cigarette. Throws it down.  
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Standing in the doorway, Huey looks at BJ's dirty worn-out overalls.

BJ  
Hey, kid. Don't you recognize me? Come here! I haven't seen you in three...four years.

BJ roughly grabs Huey. Locks down on him. Tousles his hair.

BJ (cont'd)  
Damn! You're almost as tall as me! Where's everybody?

BJ pushes past Huey. Goes inside.

HUEY  
Hey BJ...do you like farming?  
Second Home - Second to None  
Maria glares at Huey.

MARIA  
I told you he don't. Now, you hush up and BJ cut the turkey. Stacy W. Thornton

Huey sits. Stares at BJ's blistered swollen hands as he carves the turkey.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT Based on a true American story.

At the table, BJ leans back. Rubs his belly. Lula clears dishes. Huey sits at the other end. His eyes glaring at Lula Pearl. Maria's behind the screen busy in the kitchenette.

LULA PEARL  
And then, remember, pitiful little Huey went running through the orphanage crying Lula, Lula!

BJ and Lula LAUGH.

HUEY WGA #988987  
Why do you keep telling that?

BJ  
So Huey, you graduate soon, huh?

HUEY  
Two years to go.

MARIA (O.S.)  
You could have too, BJ.

LULA PEARL  
But poor BJ couldn't handle it.

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15218 Summit I could handle it, alright. It was just no place for a kid like me.  
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LULA PEARL  
Always in trouble with Butler.

BJ  
He still got that paddle, Huey?

Huey shrugs.

BJ (cont'd)  
Yeah, like you don't know.

HUEY  
Where'd you go after you ran away?

LULA PEARL  
Never did find Pa, did ya, BJ?

MARIA (O.S.)  
If he did, I'd've had a few things to say to him.  
Lula come in here.

Lula goes behind the screen. by  
Stacy W. Thornton

HUEY  
Why didn't you get Grandpa's help?

BJ SNICKERS. Lights a cigarette.

Based on a true American story.  
BJ  
Not rightly. See, Grandpa wasn't too fond of our  
Pa.

Maria comes up. Pops BJ on the head.

MARIA  
Hush up and put that thing out.

BJ jams his cigarette into a plate.

HUEY  
What do you mean?

BJ points his finger like shooting a gun at Huey.

Lula brings out a LIGHTED BIRTHDAY CAKE from the kitchenette.

They SING: HAPPY BIRTHDAY. She sets it down before Huey.

Maria brings two presents. Sets them down in front of Huey.

MARIA  
One's for your birthday. The other's for opening  
on the real Christmas Day...at the orphanage.

Huey sighs. Then reaches for the boxy looking present.  
Maria stops him.

MARIA (cont'd)  
Promise me you'll wait.  
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HUEY  
I promise, Ma.

She hands him the other gift. He rips from it a PHOTO ALBUM.

LULA PEARL  
Ma gave each of us one.

Huey thumbs through it. Stops at a picture.

HUEY  
Is that BJ!?

Maria looks down at it. Then, at BJ.

LULA PEARL  
No. But what a resemblance! They could be twins.

Second Home - Second to None

HUEY  
Who could be twins?

BJ peers over. INSERT: PHOTO of Huey's father.

Stacy W. Thornton

BJ  
That's Luther, our Pa. Not me.

MARIA  
Same difference.  
Based on a true American story.

Defiantly, BJ pulls out another cigarette. Lights it on the cake candles.

BJ  
Come on kid, blow'em out.

LULA PEARL  
Don't forget to make your wish!

BJ  
(suggestively)  
I know what I wished for when I was his age.

WGA #988987

MARIA  
If you insist on misbehaving, you can leave now.

BJ walks out. Door SLAMS. Huey runs after him.

MARIA (cont'd)  
Huey, come back here.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Huey runs across the parking lot after BJ.

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HUEY  
Don't go, BJ!

BJ takes a swig on a flask. Offers it to Huey.



BJ  
Go ahead. It's your birthday.

Huey looks back. Sees Maria at the window.

BJ (cont'd)  
Don't pay her no mind. She's just bitter...about life.

HUEY  
Tell me what happened, BJ. Everybody thinks I'm lying about that amnesia story. I know it ain't right.

BJ  
Oh yeah. Pa got hit in the head, got the amnesia, probably dead...

BJ LAUGHS. ~~Takes another swig.~~ Second Home - Second to None

BJ (cont'd)  
Take a sip. You're a man now.

Huey sees Maria's gone. Stacy W. Thornton Takes a swig. COUGHS. BJ LAUGHS.

HUEY  
Okay, now. Tell me about Pa.

Based on a true American story.  
You gotta promise not to...

HUEY  
I promise! I ain't telling nobody.

BJ  
What you heard ain't too far from the truth. Pa did get hit in the head but it weren't no farming accident. His head got bashed real good by Grandpa's gun.

BJ slides the flask in upper overall breast pocket. Lifts his arms like he's holding a shot gun.

BJ (cont'd)  
Grandpa pointed that big ass double barrel at him and said, "you come near my daughter or step foot on my property again and I'll kill you."

Huey grabs the flask. Takes a huge swig.

HUEY  
But why, BJ? What did Pa do?

BJ  
I don't rightly know that. Maybe he drank too much, like me. Maybe he couldn't hold a job, like me. Or maybe he was just bad. But Grandpa made sure he'd never come back. I guess Ma told you I'm a lot like him. But, I swear to you, I'd never turn my back on my family no matter what Grandpa threatened me with.

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INT. HOTEL ROOM

Huey comes in alone.

LULA PEARL  
Ma, here he is. Where's BJ?

A long pause. Then BJ comes in.

BJ  
Sorry, Ma. I'll behave.

He walks to Maria. Kisses her cheek.

LULA PEARL  
Come on. The wax is dripping.

Second Home - Second to None  
Huey leans over the cake.

MARIA  
Now, don't waste a wish by wishing for what you  
already wished for. Thornton

Huey glances at the other gift. Grins.

His eyes meet Lula's. Maria's. BJ's.

Based on a true American story.  
BJ winks at him. Huey glances at Luther's photo then back at  
BJ. His smile fades.

MARIA (cont'd)  
Well? What's it gonna be?

Huey looks at the shoulderpads lying in the chair. He closes  
his eyes. Blows the candles.

One flame remains lit.

He blows again. Smoke rises into the air.

WGA #988987

EXT. GIRLS DORM/STATE HOME - NIGHT

Through the smoky air of torchlights, Huey and Charlie step  
over bodies of CHILDREN assembled over the lawn.

CHARLIE  
Where ya going?

Huey finds his way to sit by a pretty girl, SARAH MAY (14).

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Oh. Hi Sarah May.

Stacy Thornton

Ethnofilms  
Huey yanks Charlie down.

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Miss Lettie stands before the crowd. Reads from the Bible.

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MISS LETTIE

"...anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it." Amen.

CROWD

Amen.

Butler takes the podium.

BUTLER

Thank you Miss Lettie. Your words help to comfort us in our loss of one of our State Home family members.

Miss Lettie sits next to Polly.

BUTLER (cont'd)

And I would like to remind everyone due to the circumstances surrounding Toby's death...that all State Home rules will be enforced to the letter. There will be, under no circumstances, no swimming in the Cattle Tank.

RUSTLING and MOANING surges. by Stacy W. Thornton

Butler's eyes scan the crowd.

BUTLER (cont'd)

Until proper measures can be established to assure everyone's safety, the tank is strictly off limits.

Butler's eyes find Huey.

BUTLER (cont'd)

Keep in mind, our rules were created with your safety and well-being in mind.

His eyes intensely glare at Huey.

BUTLER (cont'd)

Think before you act and I trust you'll make the right decision. WGA #988987

Shrinking from Butler's glare, Huey looks away.

BUTLER (cont'd)

Now, for what you've all been waiting for, I am happy to welcome the Lads new football coach, Harold Salinger. Come up here Coach Salinger.

HAROLD SALINGER, aka "COACH SAL" (late 20's) stands. Shakes Butler's hand. LOUDER CHEERS surge from the crowd's edge where Mr. Hashop and TOWNSPEOPLE stand.

COACH SAL

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Thank you, thank you. First, just call me Coach Sal. Second, we've got a tough season ahead. So tonight will be official sign-ups. Thanks to the director, we've been granted a special offer. Those who sign up and make the team will be exempt from harvest duty.

Crowd CHUCKLES. Coach Sal is perplexed. Butler stands. Nods it's true. Boys CHEER.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Okay then. Let's sign up.

Boys rush to form a line at the sign-up table. Charlie and Huey join in at the end.

Huey sees Butler flash a warning glare his way.

CHARLIE  
Well I didn't really want to but since I don't have woodworking...

Charlie turns to Huey. See's him leaving.

~~Second to None~~ CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Huey? Where are you going?

Charlie goes after him. Yanks Huey by the arm.

HUEY <sup>by</sup> Stacy W. Thornton  
Charlie, I can't...

Huey looks at Butler. Runs off.

CHARLIE  
Wait! Huey? Why? <sup>Based on true American story.</sup>

Charlie looks to see what Huey was looking at. Sees Butler's stern face lit from the TORCHES GLOW. Butler's lower eyelids twitch as he watches Huey run off.

EXT. RENTHROW'S FIELD - DAY

BRIGHT SUN blasts down on the sweaty brows of the COTTONTAIL GANG (Huey, Charlie, Jess, the Slow Twins). Lined up in FIRING SQUAD FORMATION, they WHACK long bushy tree branches on the ground.

WGA #988987  
TIM  
Ouch. Watch it Tom!

TOM  
I didn't do it Tim!

HUEY  
It was me. Sorry. An accident.

JESS  
Accidents happen a lot around you.

HUEY  
Stacy Thornton What's that supposed to mean?  
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JESS  
Take it how ya will.

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Huey threatens Jess with his tree branch.

JESS (cont'd)  
 Picking a fight breaks a rule.

Huey backs off.

HUEY  
 You ought to know.

JESS  
 How many you up to? Getting close?

Charlie yanks Huey away.

CHARLIE  
 First you beg me to go out for football with you then you don't. Now you act like you're scared of Jess. What's with you?

Huey pulls away from him. Walks between Tim and Tom.

JESS  
 Scared to break the rules Huey? Mean old Butwelper's gonna get...  
Stacy Thornton

Charlie sneaks his branch under Jess. Trips him.

Jess falls face first. Spits out dirt.

Based on true American story.  
 CHARLIE  
 Are you okay, Jess? Be careful.

The others LAUGH.

JESS  
 I hate this!

He gets to his feet. Brushes off.

JESS (cont'd)  
 Mr. Renthrow better have some watermelon for us this time. I hate grilled rabbit legs.

TIM    WGA #988987    TOM  
 Yum.    Yum.

CHARLIE  
 You only get that for a kill.

TIM  
 I'm hungry.

Jess dangles beef jerky. Tim and Tom GASP. Lunge at it.

CHARLIE  
 Think twice. Knowing Jess, you can bet there're strings attached.

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JESS  
 A fair trade's all I ask. This for your share of watermelon.

TIM  
Dibs!

TOM  
No, it's mine!

Tim grabs it. Jess pulls out a CARROT. Dangles it at Tom.

TOM (cont'd)  
Save it for the rabbits. We may be slow, but we're not stupid.

Tom bends down. Yanks out a carrot from the crop.

RABBITS scatter.

Cottontail Gang gives chase. Beat branches at the rabbits.  
The rabbits split up. So does the Gang.

The boys lose ground HUFFING and PUFFING except for Huey.

Huey dashes. Closes in on one. Like an Olympic javelin thrower, heaves his branch. Delivers a debilitating WHACK.

CHARLIE  
Huey's got one! Braggin' rights!

Gang encircles Huey. He squats next to the bunny.

TIM  
Well?

TOM  
Is it dead?

JESS  
No braggin' rights unless it is.

Huey lifts the lifeless bunny. Slow Twins back off.

TIM WGA #988987 TOM  
Looks dead. Looks dead.

Charlie peers into the bunny's eyes.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, it's dead alright.

JESS  
Bet your watermelon on it?

Huey nods okay to Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Alright, you're on.

Jess jabs the bunny with a branch. Jeers it at the Twins.

TIM TOM  
Ouuu. Ouuu.

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CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Told ya.

JESS  
What a surprise...another life taken by Huey.

Huey pummels Jess. Gang pulls him off. Huey storms away.

JESS (cont'd)  
Ah come on. I was joking.

CHARLIE  
You're so full of it, Jess.

Gang resumes formation. Their branches chop at the ground.

EXT. RENTHROW'S BARN ~~HO DAY~~ - Second to None

An AXE CHOPS off a RABBIT LEG. Huey grimaces. Looks up at MR. RENTHROW (40's) holding the axe.

by  
Stacy Thornton  
MR. RENTHROW  
The Cottontail Gang strikes again! And your share is outstanding. You alone got eight in two hours time. Outstanding, Huey. Outstanding.

He adds them to a SKEWER of BUNNY LEGS. Hands it to Huey.  
Based on a true American story.

HUEY  
Uh...thanks, Mr. Renthrow.

MR. RENTHROW  
Son, you have a God-given talent and ought to put it to better use than rabbit catching. I've seen the new hopefuls and the Lads could sure use another *Doyle*. Maybe that could be you.

Huey's shoulders slump. His face saddens.

EXT. ROOFTOP/GIRLS DORM - ~~LATER~~ 88987

A depressed Huey and Charlie dangle their feet off the roof's edge. Eat watermelon. Spit seeds down on people's heads.

In the distance, the football hopefuls practice drills.

HUEY  
That guy Blue looks good. Spots, Legs, Bus, Train, Plow...

CHARLIE  
What kind of names are those?

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HUEY  
Blue's blue 'cause of his eyes. Spots has freckles. Legs got...

CHARLIE  
 Alright I got it. You ought to be out there. I  
 just don't reckon it.

HUEY  
 What?

CHARLIE  
 And I'm amazed you came up here, being against the  
 rules.

Huey CHOKES.

HUEY  
 Are you kidding?

Huey hops down.

Second Home - Second to None  
 CHARLIE  
 You're kidding. Butler just never enforced it  
 until...well ya know.

HUEY <sup>by</sup> Stacy W. Thornton  
 Get down! Before someone sees.

He yanks Charlie off. Peeks over. Checks around.

HUEY (cont'd)  
 You don't think anyone saw, do ya?y.

Huey momentarily becomes entranced.

CHARLIE  
 You're scared? Butler's got you scared. Huey?  
 What are you looking at?

Charlie sees Sarah May. Grins devilishly. Bites into his  
 watermelon. Pushes a seed up. INHALES DEEPLY.

Huey shoves him down.

HUEY WGA #988987  
 Don't you ever!

CHARLIE  
 (sings)  
 Huey and Sarah May, sitting in the tree, k-i-s-  
 s...

Huey jumps on Charlie. They YELL. FIGHT. Attract a SMALL  
 CROWD that gathers below.

EXT. GIRLS DORM - CONTINUOUS

Butler comes up to the Crowd.  
 Ethnofilms  
 15218 Summit Ave. Suite #213 BUTLER  
 Fontana, CA What's going on here?  
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Everyone disperses. Butler sees seeds on the ground. Picks one up. Looks up at the roof. An angry frown appears.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
(yells up)  
I expect the guilty party to be in my office at four bells!

EXT. GIRLS DORM/ROOFTOP

The boys freeze.

HUEY  
Oh that's great, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
You're blaming me? You started it. None

Huey and Charlie SIGH.

HUEY by  
Guess we better go. Thornton

EXT. STOREHOUSE

Butler walks along. Peeks in the window. Continues on. Jess comes out from hiding. Watches Butler. A grin appears.

EXT. GIRLS DORM/ROOFTOP

CHARLIE  
Wait. Maybe no one saw us. Maybe he doesn't know.

HUEY  
Well, he knows somebody did it.

CHARLIE  
Why don't I just go? It'll only be my third. He'll just send me to my room with...no ambrosia.

HUEY  
Nawh, listen. I need to get it over with. I can't stand this hanging over me.

INT. HALLWAY/BOYS DIR. OFFICE

Huey walks the dark hall. BELLS RING FOUR TIMES. His fist raises to Butler's door. He OVERHEARS VOICES inside. Stops.

BUTLER (O.S.)  
I don't know why you would lie about it but there were too many seeds lying there for one person.  
Huey places his ear on the door crack.

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JESS (O.S.)  
Oh. That's because I had more than one slice. My reward for catching the most rabbits.

BUTLER (O.S.)  
You know what this means? Alright, then you'll take your punishment at five bells. Don't be late.

Door swings open. Jess comes out.

HUEY  
I don't get it.

Jess hastily shuts the door.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Why would you take the blame?

JESS  
I need a favor.

HUEY  
Forget it.

Huey grabs the door knob. Jess blocks him.

JESS  
Where's Charlie? Withholding information could land you at Juve.

HUEY  
It works both ways, Jess. I could just go in there and tell on you.

JESS  
Go ahead. Just thought I'd work a deal...a favor of sorts.

Jess walks away.

HUEY  
Did you ever think of just asking?

Jess stops. Cocks his head. CHUCKLES.

JESS  
Too late now.

The two stare at the other grinning.

INT. HALLWAY/OFFICE - LATER

(FIVE BELLS RING)

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TIM

TOM

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stacy@ethnofilms.com Tim and Tom race pass Butler's office. LOUD SLAPS sound.

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TIM  
Who's in there?

TOM  
I don't know. Just so it's not me.

INT. DINING HALL - LATER

Charlie sits. Watches the ENTRY.

The SERVING GIRL clears away empty dishes. Charlie sees the Twins gobbling up what's left.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING HALL

Jess and Huey pick up a couple of plates in the KITCHEN.

HUEY  
Too late. There's nothing left.

JESS  
Keep your mouth closed and learn.

The KITCHEN MATRON scrapes the tray bottom. Places a meager portion on their plates.

KITCHEN MATRON  
Maybe tomorrow you'll be on time.

Jess SIGHS. Peers dreamy-eyed at the Matron.

JESS  
Excuse me for staring but you... look like my mother. At least, I think so. I hardly knew her. She died so young, God bless her soul.

The Matron sees small tears well in his eyes. She grabs the boys' plates and goes. Returns with food piled high.

KITCHEN MATRON  
The teachers'll never miss it.

She SNIFFLES. Hurries away. BLOWS her nose.

HUEY  
Ambrosia! You got us ambrosia.

JESS  
I'm not too bad once ya get to know me.

INT. DINING HALL

Charlie sees Huey and Jess. GASPS. Jess PLOPS his plate down. Yanks a chair from a boy.

CHARLIE  
What in the...

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HUEY  
Now before you get all upset.

CHARLIE  
How'd you get all that food?

TIM  
You got ambrosia?

Yum. TIM (CONT'D) Yum. TOM

CHARLIE  
Huey, I thought you went to Butler.

JESS  
Nope. Change of plans.

Second Home - Second to None  
CHARLIE  
What did you do, Huey?

JESS  
You'll like your part. <sup>by</sup> More than fair.  
Stacy W. Thornton

Charlie eyes widen from anger.

EXT. STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Based on a true American story.  
Wide-eyed, Charlie peeks in the window.

CHARLIE  
Who's he in there with?

HUEY  
Shhh! I told you. Monica.

CHARLIE  
Isn't she older than him?

HUEY  
Eighteen, I think. #988987

CHARLIE  
Wow.

INT. STOREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Across a MOONLIT room, Jess and MONICA (18), with long golden hair, KISS on the mattresses inside.

EXT. STOREHOUSE

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CHARLIE  
How long they going to be in there?

HUEY  
It don't matter. At seven bells, we leave for  
biblestudiesclass.com Or if someone comes first.

Huey jumps down. Goes to keep watch at the corner.

(SEVEN BELLS RING)

HUEY (cont'd)  
(in a loud whisper)  
Tell Jess we got to go. Charlie?

Charlie slips from the ledge. Falls. Yells, "OUCH!"

HUEY (cont'd)  
Maladroit.

Charlie gets up. Sees his shirtsleeve ripped.

CHARLIE  
Not my elbow again.

Second Home - Second to None  
Huey sees a DARK FIGURE approach from the distance. He dashes up. Leaps the stairs. Hops on the window sill.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Show off. Stacy W. Thornton

HUEY  
Someone's coming! Get out now!

Huey hops down. Grabs Charlie. They flee.  
Based on a true American story.

EXT. GIRLS DORM - NIGHT

SEVENTH BELL TOLLS: Huey sits next to Sarah May in a crowd of children.

HUEY  
Hi.

SARAH MAY  
Hi.

WGA #988987

EXT. STOREHOUSE

The Dark Figure approaches the building.

EXT. GIRLS DORM

Charlie runs up out of breath. Sits next to Huey.

EXT. STOREHOUSE

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FOOTSTEPS on STAIRS. KEYS RATTLE. Door opens.

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Fontana, CA Who's in here?!

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LIGHTS turn on.  
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EXT. GIRLS DORM

Lights from TORCHES illuminate Miss Lettie on the stoop. A BIBLE in her lap. STUDENTS gathered on the lawn.

MISS LETTIE  
Such a wonderful turn out. Especially since you are here by your own free will.

A few CHUCKLES. She glances at the stars.

MISS LETTIE (cont'd)  
Even the heavens above have made an impressive showing.

Students gaze up. She opens the BIBLE.

Second Home - Second to None

MISS LETTIE (cont'd)  
Tonight, we complete the final clue to the riddle of I.A.H. Now who do we have so far?

Charlie lies on his back. <sup>by</sup> Stacy W. Thornton

CHARLIE  
Nehemiah!

MISS LETTIE  
And his purpose? <sup>Based on a true American story.</sup>

STUDENT ONE  
He prayed to God for forgiveness.

MISS LETTIE  
Another name and purpose.

STUDENT TWO  
Jeremiah...prayed and God answered.

MISS LETTIE  
Yes..."for I am with you to rescue you...from the hands of the wicked..." <sup>11/17/98</sup> Another?

SARAH MAY  
Zephaniah told of the Lord's "Great day of wrath...darkness and gloom."

MISS LETTIE  
Yes. And the significance?

CHARLIE  
"Seek the Lord"...before it's too late or...you'll feel His wrath like...Butler's paddle!

Everyone LAUGHS.

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15218 Summit In a manner of speaking. "Seek righteousness and humility" and "you will be sheltered from the Lord's anger." The fourth name?

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EVERYONE  
Zechariah!

MISS LETTIE  
And what did the Lord say?

Long silence.

HUEY  
"Return to me...and I'll return to you."

MISS LETTIE  
Yes, Huey. What else?

HUEY  
"Do not be like your forefathers."

MISS LETTIE  
Yes. The Lord's gift to you makes you free to choose who you will be.

Huey plops down. Lies back. Gazes at stars. Then, gazes at Sarah May. She radiates as bright as the stars.

MISS LETTIE (cont'd)  
Now for the final name...Isaiah.

Huey sees a SHOOTING STAR.  
Based on a true American story.

MISS LETTIE (cont'd)  
"Fear not, for I have redeemed you"

SARAH MAY  
Did you see that?

HUEY  
Uh-huh.

SARAH MAY  
Quick make your wish.

Huey closes his eyes. WGA #988987

MISS LETTIE  
"I have called you by name [and]... *you are mine.*"

Huey's eyes pop open. Miss Lettie closes the BIBLE.

MISS LETTIE (cont'd)  
Now, think, I.A.H. What is your answer?

Silence.

MISS LETTIE (cont'd)  
Again, Isaiah 43, "I have called you by name" and if "you are mine," you are God's, then, you answer...  
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Huey springs upright.

SARAH MAY  
Do you know it?

HUEY  
I think so.

Charlie shoots upright.

CHARLIE  
You're kidding. Say it. Tell her.

Students overhear. Turn to them.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Huey knows it!

MISS LETTIE  
Huey?  
Second Home - Second to None

Huey stands. His legs shake.

HUEY by  
I...Am...His. Stacy W. Thornton

MISS LETTIE  
I.A.H. The last three letters of each name and  
their answer to God. Yes, Huey, "I am His."

NOISE erupts. Charlie jumps up. Smacks Huey's back. Huey  
sees Sarah May smiling at him.

EXT. LAUNDRY - DAY

Huey carries TWO MILK BUCKETS. Charlie pats Huey's back.

CHARLIE  
I think my arm's feeling better.

HUEY  
It ought to since I did your share of the milking.  
WGA #988987

CHARLIE  
I told you I'd make it up to you.

They see AN OLDER GIRL. She carries a LAUNDRY BASKET.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Hey, she looks like that girl Jess was with but,  
with short hair.

HUEY  
They cut off her hair!

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Fontana, CA 92335  
That's what they do to girls when they break the  
stacy@ethnofilms.com rules.

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CHARLIE  
That's Monica? They got caught.

HUEY  
Well, she did anyway. Monica?!

Monica sees them. Tries to hide that she's been crying.

MONICA  
Butler says he wants to see you two after morning chores. Someone tattled. Not me, I swear.

She SNIFFLES. Runs off.

HUEY  
What about Jess?

~~Second to None~~ CHARLIE - ~~Second to None~~  
Did he get caught? Monica?

INT. BOYS DORM/HALL CORRIDOR by  
Stacy W. Thornton  
Jess eavesdrops outside Butler's door.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE  
Based on a true American story.  
Butler leans on his elbows at his desk. Miss Lettie paces.

MISS LETTIE  
The reason I know is because Huey and Charlie were in attendance.

Polly stands behind a chair.

BUTLER  
They were seen running from the area.

MISS LETTIE  
The storehouse is on the way. Doesn't it stand to reason they were just running to my class? I believe the bells were still ringing when they arrived.

POLLY  
Clay, the girl was in there after seven.

BUTLER  
The girl was not in there alone.

POLLY  
Well certainly. But there's no evidence to blame them.

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Miss Lettie  
In fact, it was Huey who guessed the riddle  
Butler reacts surprised.  
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POLLY  
Well *I'm* not surprised.

BUTLER  
(clears his throat)  
Thank you Miss Lettie for bringing this to my attention.

INT. BOYS DORM/HALL CORRIDOR

A worried Jess hides as Miss Lettie walks away.

EXT. BOYS DORM

Jess comes out. Sees Huey and Charlie. Ducks out of sight.

Second Home - Second to None

CHARLIE  
I can't believe you trusted him.

HUEY <sup>by</sup>  
He would've told on you too. Then all three of us would have got it.

CHARLIE  
You're scared of the stupid rules!

Unknown to them, Sarah May approaches carrying books.

JESS (O.C.)  
Yep. Rules are important.

Jess pops out from a bush.

CHARLIE  
Silly me, I thought that stench I smelled was the cow shit.

JESS  
Watch your mouth. There's a lady present. Hello, Miss Sarah May. WGA #988987

Huey and Charlie turn. See Sarah May.

SARAH MAY  
Hello.

She turns to Huey.

SARAH MAY (cont'd)  
You were so smart figuring out the riddle last night.

Huey blushes. Jess appears jealous.

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Jess reaches for her books. She pulls away.

JESS  
Oh, where's my manners?! Let me get those for you, Sarah May.

SARAH MAY

No thanks. If I needed help, I'd ask. Excuse me, I have to go.

JESS

Oh sure.

She walks away. Passes Huey. Smiles at him.

JESS (cont'd)

I'm here for you, Sarah May.

Huey blocks Jess. Gets in his face.

HUEY

You'd better take care of the girl you've got. Or did you forget about Monica?

Second Home - Second to None

JESS

Calm down. She's not my girl.

Jess puts his arm around Huey. Huey bats it off.

Stacy W. Thornton

JESS (cont'd)

Hey, she knew the risks. And I must say, she took it better than you two whiny brats.

Charlie pushes Jess. Jess twists Charlie's arm.

Based on a true American story.

HUEY

Let him go.

JESS

I would never hurt my buddy, Charlie. I always take care of people who take care of me.

He lets go. Charlie jumps away. Rubs his arm.

JESS (cont'd)

In fact, I already have.

HUEY WGA #988987

What are you talking about?

JESS

I told Butler it was just me. Now, I got full-duty at harvest.

CHARLIE

But it was you!

JESS

Oh. And you were just innocently running to Bible Study? Face it. I saved your asses. No big deal, you two can just split up the duty.

Stacy Thornton

Ethno Jess saunters off.

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JESS (cont'd)

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Besides, farming from sun up to sun down comes natural for Huey.

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INT. BEDROOM/BOYS DORM

Huey waxes SHOULDERPADS. Charlie picks at his SCABBY ELBOW.

CHARLIE

I hate this. Things used to be fun. I miss woodworking. I hate Harvest. Why do you keep waxing that junk?! You ought to just throw it back in the cattle tank!

Huey ignores him. Keeps waxing. Charlie jumps up. Grabs the shoulderpads. Heaves them out the window.

HUEY

What's wrong with you?

~~CHARLIE - Second to None~~  
~~What's wrong with you?!~~

Huey goes to the window. Stares down at the shoulderpads.

CHARLIE (cont'd) by Stacy Thornton

I can't believe you let me get away with that. Huey! Stop looking at those and do something about it!

HUEY

Like what? Hit you? American story.

CHARLIE

Get us out of this mess! The old Huey'd never stand for this or Jess or even Butler! You're a quitter.

Charlie buries his head in his pillow.

HUEY

You're right. I don't need those.

CHARLIE

What? WGA #988987

HUEY

Football players don't do Harvest.

Charlie pops up.

CHARLIE

What about...

HUEY

Butler? I decided I don't want to use my best judgment after all.

Stacy Thornton

EthnoFilms  
 EXT. BOYS DORM

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Butler walks along. Sees the shoulderpads lying on the ground. Peers up at the window. Picks them up. Walks on.

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INT. SAL'S OFFICE - DAY

COACH SAL  
Sorry, try-outs are in a few hours.

He SLAMS his file cabinet shut.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Only those with real talent could make the team now.

Huey follows Coach around. Charlie picks up a TROPHY.

HUEY  
But Coach, we got the talent.

Coach sits. Huey sits. Search Home - Second to None

CHARLIE  
Wow! Are all of these yours?

Coach stands. Huey stands. by W. Thornton

COACH SAL  
Son, be careful with those.

Coach points to Charlie to set the trophy down. Sits. Huey sits. Based on a true American story.

CHARLIE  
Do you think the Lads will get any trophies this year?

Coach glances at a roster. INSERT of ROSTER: Names crossed off; names with large questions marks. Coach's face sours.

COACH SAL  
Boys, I've given you my answer.

Huey rises. Heads for door.

WGA #988987  
CHARLIE  
Athlete of the Year...Harold Salinger...Baylor University. Wow. What did ya do to get that one?

COACH SAL  
I played guard and see...well, it's kind of a funny thing...

Charlie winks at Huey.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
My coach said, "this award goes to the player that is as fast as a rabbit, smart as a fox, and has the reflexes of a snap dragon."

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CHARLIE  
Sounds just like Huey.

Coach grins.

COACH SAL  
Good try, son.

HUEY  
Please Coach. Can't you just let us try out? If we're no good then...nothing lost.

COACH SAL  
Maybe next year.

Coach taps a pencil on his roster.

HUEY  
Come on, Charlie. Let's go.

Charlie SIGHS. Returns the trophy to the shelf. Sets it too close to the edge. It falls.

COACH SAL  
Grab it!

by Stacy W. Thornton  
In one swift move, Huey dives. Grabs it. Somersaults back up. Gently sets the trophy down.

CHARLIE  
Sorry Coach. I...I...  
Based on a true American story.

HUEY  
Just shut up and get out.

Huey grabs Charlie. Pushes him to the door. They leave.

EXT. SAL'S OFFICE

Huey and Charlie sulk on the stoop.

CHARLIE  
What now?

WGA #988987  
Huey grunts. A SIGN-UP SHEET appears between them.

COACH SAL (O.C.)  
Try-outs at one. Don't be late.

HUEY CHARLIE  
Yes sir. Yes sir.

They excitedly sign.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
And don't be fooled by my change of heart. Easy, I am not. Rest assured, boys...you are mine.

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Hashop, Renthrow and the Palace Theatre Manager, MR. COLLIER  
Web: http://www.ethnofilms.com  
(40's) watch as the "team hopefuls" run warm-up laps.

Huey and Charlie run by.

MR. RENTHROW  
Good luck, you rabbit catchers.

HUEY  
Hey Mr. Renthrow, Mr. Hashop...

CHARLIE  
Mr. Collier.

Mr. Collier shoots Charlie a stern glare.

MR. COLLIER  
So those are the two that's been sneaking in the theatre back door. Time to earn your tickets, boys.

Second Home - Second to None

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

WHISTLE BLOWS: Boys race. Huey sprints out from the pack.

WHISTLE BLOWS: Huey LEAPS. TWIRLS. Avoids three big guys, "BUS," "PLOW" and "TRAIN." Their heads CONK.

EXT. SIDELINE Based on a true American story.

MR. HASHOP  
Did you see that, Collier?!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Huey dashes with the ball. Escapes a tackle. Somersaults into the END ZONE.

EXT. SIDELINE

MR. COLLIER  
I remember that move. The Lad's past quarterback used to do it. What was his name?

MR. RENTHROW  
Doyle.

MR. COLLIER  
Doyle.

MR. HASHOP  
Doyle. He was something.

Stacy Thornton

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213

Slow Twins sandwich a ball-carrying kid, named "BLUE." He fumbles. Scrambles out. Gets ball. Runs. WHISTLE BLOWS.

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COACH SAL  
Way to make something happen, Twins. Good recovery Blue.

BLUE  
As usual.

Blue goes to Tim and Tom.

BLUE (cont'd)  
Don't get too cocky. After all, it took two of you to bring me down.

EXT. SIDELINE

MR. COLLIER  
I don't know. What do you think? None

MR. RENTHROW  
Yeah, the slow twins will make it. Good rabbit catchers. They may be slow but very strategic.  
Stacy W. Thornton

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

COACH SAL  
Alright Legs, let's see it.  
Based on a true American story.

A tall kid, LEGS kicks the ball 40 some yards. PHIL (15) retrieves it. Coach nods.

EXT. SIDELINE

Coach jots notes on CLIPBOARD. Collier peeks over the Coach's shoulder. Coach BLOWS WHISTLE. Startles Collier.

COACH SAL  
Time for the toss drill!

WGA #988987

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Coach strolls down the LINE-UP. Watches each boy pass and catch the ball. Stops at a WIRY KID. Wiry drops ball.

COACH SAL  
Pick it up. Hurry! Move it!

Wiry Kid trips. Falls.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Get the ball! Pitch it from there!

Stacy Thornton  
EthnoFilms  
Wiry Kid scrabbles to ball. Knocks it away.

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COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Don't quit! Get it, get it!  
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Coach shakes his head. Stops near Charlie and a freckled face kid, SPOTS. He zeroes in on Charlie's CUT.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Keep it going, Madden. Faster. Don't let anything distract you. Focus, Focus! Pitch it, Pitch it!

Coach jabs Charlie's CUT with his clipboard. Charlie's face flinches. Coach JABS it again and again.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
They look for signs of pain. They look for signs of weakness. Don't ever let them know you're hurt. Overcome! Focus, focus, focus!

Charlie's grimace fades to a small grin.

Second Home - Second to None

EXT. SIDELINE

MR. RENTHROW  
I like that new coach.

MR. HASHOP  
Gonna be a good year for football.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD *Based on a true American story.*

Coach stops at Huey and Blue. His scowl disappears. With precision and speed, Huey and Blue pitch. Catch.

The Coach yanks a CURLY HAired KID from the line.

COACH SAL  
This is what I mean by pitch it. Now get back over there and do it.

Coach eyes Huey intensely. Blue looks jealous.

WGA #988987

EXT. SIDELINE

MR. HASHOP  
Just look at the face on the coach.

MR. RENTHROW  
He's drooling like Tim and Tom waiting for charred bunny legs.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

WHISTLE BLOWS.

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COACH SAL  
Blocking drill!

Tim slams the Wiry Kid into Tom. Tom slams him down.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Madden you're up!

Charlie turns. Bus slams him. WHISTLE BLOWS.

CHARLIE  
Coach, I wasn't ready.

Plow yanks Charlie up.

PLOW  
Get ready now, sweetie.

Plow gets set like a bull ready to charge. WHISTLE BLOWS.

COACH SAL  
Move it!

Plow charges. Charlie HALF-SPINS. Stumbles into Coach Sal.  
Coach spits out his whistle. Frowns.

EXT. SIDELINE  
by  
Stacy W. Thornton

MR. HASHOP  
Poor Charlie.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD  
Based on a true American story.

COACH SAL  
Let's see you in the fullback spot.

Blue glares at Charlie. Plow snaps the ball. Spots stuffs it in Charlie's stomach.

SPOTS  
Break left.

Charlie breaks right. Half-spins. Bus and Train grab him. Lift him. Charlie's feet still run going nowhere. He kicks Bus and Train. They collapse. Charlie speeds away.

COACH SAL  
Next time use a full-spin, Madden!

Bus and Train get up. Rub their shins. Hobble off.

EXT. SIDELINE

Renthrow and Collier CHUCKLE.

MR. HASHOP  
Stacy Thornton Not too bad.  
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EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

TIM  
You should've turned left, Charlie.

TOM  
Yeah, your other left.

HUEY  
Good job maladroit.

EXT. SIDELINE

Coach Sal TAPS a PEN next to the name, CHARLIE MADDEN on his clipboard.

Second Home - Second to None

MR. HASHOP  
That Charlie, he's a tough kid...got a lot of heart, he has!

by  
Stacy W. Thornton

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

(TWO BELLS RING)

Based on a true American story.  
COACH SAL  
I've seen enough. Try-out's over. The list posts at three bells.

Huey jogs across the field toward Charlie.

SPOTS  
See ya later Huey.

TRAIN  
Liked that leap-twirl thing ya did.

Huey nods. Meets up with a PANTING Charlie. Flings his arm around him. They walk off the field.

WGA #988987

EXT. SIDELINE

The men pat Huey on the back as they pass.

MR. HASHOP  
Way to go there boys. Good job.

MR. RENTHROW  
Glad you decided to that God-given talent to use Huey.

Charlie slumps. Collier, Renthrow, and Hashop head to a CAR.

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite 100 Collier

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stacy@ethnofilms.com  
Hey Charlie! Ever heard of Walter Camp? He was the innovator of this game and one of the greatest coaches ever.

Website: <http://www.ethnofilms.com>

(MORE)

MR. COLLIER (cont'd)  
Camp said, the number one quality of a good man is  
courage. Son, you showed a lot of it.

Charlie nods. Plops down. Huey does hand stands. The  
football rolls up. Hits Charlie in the foot.

SPOTS (O.S.)  
Hey Madden, little help!

CHARLIE  
Huey, you throw it.

HUEY  
No, you do it.

Charlie picks it up. Hesitates.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Throw it like you skim rocks.

CHARLIE  
Oh very funny.

Charlie shrugs. Lets it rip. The ball shoots up high.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

BLUE  
What a klutzy dolt he is.

Ball drops like changing gears. Lands right in Spots' hand.

WILLIE  
That was...amazing!

BLUE  
Lucky is more like it.

EXT. SIDELINE - CONTINUOUS

HUEY WGA #988987  
Told you.

CHARLIE  
I'm too hungry to think about it.

HUEY  
You sound like the slow twins.

CHARLIE  
You think they'll make it.

HUEY  
They'd be good as guards.

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CHARLIE  
What about me?

Huey plops down beside him.

HUEY

Well you can kick good, but...

He looks at Legs balancing the ball on his foot.

HUEY (cont'd)

I think Coach liked you as end.

CHARLIE

Really? An end. How can you tell?

HUEY

I don't know, but if I were Coach, I'd make you fullback.

CHARLIE

What?! That's Blue's position.

Second Home - Second to None

HUEY

Blue's head's too big. He ain't that good.

CHARLIE by

Oh, like I am. Stacy W. Thornton

b.g. Spots takes the FOOTBALL from Legs. They walk off the field with WILLIE, Phil, and Blue.

LEGS

I'm playing end, Willie. It was mine last year; it's mine again.

WILLIE

Well I got guard.

LEGS

Don't count on it. Slow Twins looked good. Even that kid Huey.

BLUE

The twins got halves. Huey's got...

LEGS WGA #988987

Fullback.

BLUE

I got fullback.

WILLIE

That kid's got any spot he wants.

BLUE

He ain't that good.

PHIL

Well I ain't playing "subbie" again. I'm kicker.

LEGS

Poor Phil...fill-in, that is.

They join Train, Bus, and Plow resting in the shade.

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PLOW  
Now, sweetie, subbie's important.

PHIL  
Plow, don't call me that no more.

PLOW  
Besides you don't want to get hurt and not be able to fill-in with the Pep Band at half-time...sweetie.

PHIL  
Madden's your sweetie now.

They look at Charlie. Blue grabs the football.

BLUE  
There ain't gonna be no Madden.

Blue pumps the ball toward Charlie. Lets it rip.

BLUE (cont'd)  
Heads up!

Huey and Charlie turn. Football hits Charlie's chest. Charlie caves over. His mouth opens. No sound.

HUEY  
Charlie! You okay? Charlie!  
(calls out)  
Coach! Coach! Charlie's not breathing!

Coach Sal sprints across the field to them. Moves the boys apart.

COACH SAL  
Get back, give him room!

BLUE  
I'm sorry Coach, I'm sorry. I thought he'd see it in time.

COACH SAL  
Charlie, relax. Just breathe, son.

Charlie makes a LOUD GASP. Jumps up. Explodes in anger. Kicks at the ground. Grass clumps fly. Charlie's foot meets the football. It shoots up. All heads tilt back. Eyes widen. The football flies. Drops 45 yards away. All mouths gape.

Phil storms away.

PHIL  
Oh, that's just great.

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The concerned faces of the BOYS crowd around the posted LIST.

(THREE BELLS RING)

INSERT LIST: "BENSON, HUEY" is first.

Curly kid scans list. Storms off. Wiry kid skips by him.

WIRY KID

I don't know what you're upset about. I'm glad I didn't make it!

Charlie scans list. Boys react with joy or disappointment.

CHARLIE

Come on, come on.

Charlie's name's not listed. He sulks off.

(FINAL BELLSTOLLS)d Home - Second to None

Coach Sal comes. Tacks a second page LABELED: "L - Z."

COACH SAL<sup>by</sup>

Ran out of tacks. W. Thornton

He checks the first page. Scribbles at the top, "A - K."

COACH SAL (cont'd)

That's better. Based on a true American story.

He winks at the boys. Heads to his office.

HUEY

Charlie?!! There's a second sheet!

CHARLIE

Can't you just tell me?

HUEY

Nope. The orphanage teaches us to read for a reason.

CHARLIE #988987

Damn it, Huey!

Charlie storms back. Looks. INSERT SECOND PAGE, "MADDEN, CHARLIE" is listed first.

COACH SAL

You know son, the orphanage also teaches you boys not to swear either. Drop Madden. Give me 20.

HUEY

I was wrong, you're not a maladroit. But you're a dilly, Charlie, you're still a dilly.

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EXT. STATE ORPHAN HOME/DIRT ROAD - LATER

Thumbs out. Huey walks backwards. Charlie walks forward.

CHARLIE  
Car.

HUEY  
What color is it?

CHARLIE  
Brown.

HUEY  
Duck!

They duck from sight. A RED CAR goes by.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Don't you know the difference between red and brown?

They get back on the road. Second Home - Second to None

CHARLIE  
Jeez. Sorry. by  
Stacy W. Thornton  
He kicks a RUSTED BUCKET lying on the side of the road.

INT. HASHOP'S CREAMERY

Based on a true American story.  
A large ICE CREAM BUCKET sets on the counter in front of the wide-eyed Huey and Charlie. Mr. Hashop hands them spoons.

MR. HASHOP  
Compliments for making the team. Beat the Bobcats and there's more where that came from. You'll see. Go State Home Lads!

HUEY  
Thanks Mr. Hashop.

CHARLIE  
Wow. Thank you.

EXT. HASHOP'S

WGA #988987  
Huey and Charlie walk. Eat from the ice cream bucket.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

They pass the BANK MANAGER. He sees the ICE CREAM BUCKET.

BANK MANAGER  
Why it's the reward for boys who made the team. Congratulations.

HUEY  
Thank you.

CHARLIE  
Thank you.

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stacy@ethnofilms.com  
THE BAKER sets out his "WORLD FAMOUS FRUITCAKES."  
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THE BAKER  
 You boys come on by later. I should have some  
 extra slices. We'll be rootin' for you Lads!

EXT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

THE BARBER receives supplies from a VENDOR. A SHOE-SHINE KID  
 polishes the shoes of a SENIOR CITIZEN on a bench.

THE BARBER  
 Oh that's the winners' bucket. Way to go boys!  
 Who you play first?

HUEY CHARLIE  
 Bobcats. Bobcats.

VENDOR  
 You better beat them, you hear!

SENIOR CITIZEN  
 The Senior Rally Club will be there rootin' you  
 Lads on. V-i-c-t-o-r-y...victory, victory, is our  
 cry!

The Shoe-shine Kid looks at them with admiration.

HUEY  
 What's your name kid?

SHOE-SHINE KID  
 Zack.

HUEY  
 Nice to meet you, Zack. I'm Huey. This here's  
 Charlie. Come see us play football sometime.

The Shoe-shine Kid eagerly nods. Watches in awe as Huey and  
 Charlie head toward the PALACE THEATRE.

INT. PALACE THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Collier sees the boys from the BOX OFFICE window.

MR. COLLIER  
 Hurry 'round back, unlock the exit.

The Ticket Boy, counting QUARTERS, stops.

TICKET BOY  
 Don't you mean, *lock* the exit door?

MR. COLLIER  
 You heard me. Scoot!

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Charlie reaches for the latch. Huey shakes his head.  
 Charlie pulls on it. It opens. Faces amazed, they sneak in.

INT. EXIT DOOR

The Ticket Boy watches them slip into the theatre seats.

HUEY  
This is the greatest day ever.

INT. BOX OFFICE

The Ticket Boy returns to Mr. Collier with a sour look.

MR. COLLIER  
What? Just looking after our Lads.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER *Second Home - Second to None*

Thumbs out. Huey walks forward. Charlie walks backward.  
Hitchhike to orphanage. Charlie sees a CAR in the distance.

CHARLIE *by Stacy W. Thornton*  
It's Butler! Get down.

Charlie runs.

HUEY *Based on a true American story.*  
Yeah right.

Huey turns. Sees a BROWN CAR rapidly approaching.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Dang it!

Huey dives into the bushes.

INT. BUTLER'S CAR

Butler glances at Polly. She stares at PAPERWORK in her lap.  
INSERT Paperwork HEADING: CANCER TREATMENT.

POLLY  
I don't understand, I was feeling so much better.  
I should be well.

BUTLER  
You will be. We'll just follow those instructions  
and...

POLLY  
Clay, it's no use. These treatments are costly  
and there's no guarantee. We can't afford it.

*Stacy Thornton*  
Polly balls up the paperwork.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336 BUTLER  
stacy@ethnofilms.com Don't do that.  
Website: <http://www.ethnofilms.com>

Butler's eyes cut over to where Huey and Charlie hide.

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS/PARKING LOT

Butler turns off the key.

POLLY  
It's some world we live in when you can't afford  
to be well.

BUTLER  
Yes we can. I'll see to it.

She reaches out. Touches his face. She sadly smiles.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
I will, my sweet bride, I promise. None

INT. BOYS DORM ROOM

Butler walks next to Huey's bed. His foot hits something.  
He picks up the CAN of WAX.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

LAUGHING, Huey and Charlie race. Charlie passes Huey up.  
Enters their room. He stops.

INT. BOYS DORM

Huey crashes into Charlie. They tumble to Butler's feet.

BUTLER  
My office, now!

He walks away. Flips his CAN of WAX onto Huey's bed.

WGA #988987

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

Butler sits with chair-back to the door. Gently strokes  
Polly's CANCER TREATMENT PAPERWORK trying to flatten it out.

A KNOCK. Butler slips the PAPERWORK on the credenza.

BUTLER  
Come. Sit.

Huey and Charlie enter. Polly appears. Squeezes between  
them. Goes to Butler.

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stacy@ethnofilms.com Surprised; Butler swivels around.

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POLLY (cont'd)  
The Kitchen Matron needs a couple more boys for Ice Duty.

HUEY  
We'd be happy to...

BUTLER  
I'll see what I can do.

She sneaks a wink at Huey and Charlie.

POLLY  
Thanks dear. Oh! I was just thinking...there are some things in life that are truly important, kind of like some rules. But then, some things, like some rules, just aren't worth worrying about at all.

Second Home - Second to None  
She leaves. Huey and Charlie sit.

BUTLER  
Saved again. For going off grounds, ice duty for both of you at 4 bells. You're excused, Charlie. And shut the door.

Charlie mouths "yikes" to Huey. Leaves.

Butler leans on his elbows. Rubs his face. Huey slips Butler's CAN of WAX on the desk.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
For borrowing items without asking...bed without supper. You're excused.

HUEY  
But...I...broke 6 rules. Going to town is...really seven.

BUTLER  
You also decided to throw all better judgment aside to be part of the football team. I'd tell you how disappointed I am if I thought it would do any good.

He paces. Stops in front of his credenza.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
But don't think I wasn't serious about your grades. There are no exceptions to that rule. It's C's or better or you're off the team.

HUEY  
Yes sir.

Butler's eyes shift from the Paddle to Polly's CANCER PAPER to the Family Photo. His vision blurs. He rubs his forehead. His breathing becomes erratic.

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HUEY (cont'd)  
Are you okay? Mr. Butler?

At once, Butler grabs the PADDLE. In one long swoop, he sweeps the credenza. Things SCATTER.

Shocked, Huey jumps up. Backs away.

Butler, with head in hands, peers through his fingers. Scans the mess all over. His eyes lift up. Sees Huey, his eyes full of fear.

BUTLER

Get out!

EXT. ICE BLDG. - LATER

(FIVE BELLS RING:)

Huey rides with Charlie in the wagon. The horse, SWAYBACK RUBY veers off to the HAYSTACKS. Stops. CHEWS on HAY.

CHARLIE

It's taking forever! We're never going to be done if she keeps stopping. Yawh, Ruby, yawh! You dumb old swayback sorry excuse for a...

Charlie jumps down. Tries to budge her.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

When the racetrack retired you old girl, they turned you into a mule.

Charlie checks around. Sees no one.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Move you stubborn ass!

Charlie sees a comatose Huey. Climbs back on.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Maybe I should put you on ice to keep your dead body from decaying.

WGA #988987

HUEY

But I've never seen him like that.

Charlie slaps the reins. Ruby moves forward.

CHARLIE

Snap out of it. Something else's got to be eating at him.

The ICE MAKER starts up.

HUEY

Didn't you turn it off?

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Charlie nods. Puts his finger to his lips. They jump down. Sneak into the ice building.

INT. ICE BLDG. - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE  
(whispers)  
Someone's back there.

Huey and Charlie creep around to the ICE MAKER. They see Jess slip down his overalls. Gingerly sit bare-butt on the ice. Then, Jess pulls up his pants. Hurries off.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
What just happened?

HUEY  
That's how the weasel does it!

CHARLIE - Second to None  
He freezes his butt?

HUEY  
So he can't feel the paddle!  
Stacy W. Thornton  
They LAUGH all the way back to Swayback Ruby.

CHARLIE  
I guess this means Jess found some poor saps to do his full-duty for Harvest.  
Based on a true American story.

INT. SCHOOL BLDG./HALLWAY - DAY

(NINE BELLS RING)

Carrying books, various STUDENTS go to classes. Huey hurries down the hall. A TALL GUY grabs Huey.

TALL GUY  
Hear you made the team. Good luck with the Bobcats.

HUEY WGA #988987  
Yeah, thanks.

Huey turns the corner. Searches for his room number.

KID ONE  
Hey Huey. Go Lads.

KID TWO  
Beat the Kerens Bobcats.

KID ONE  
Did Madden make it?

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15218 Summit Ave. Suite #200-213  
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JESS  
If he made it, they were desperate.  
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HUEY  
He was first on the list!

Really?!

KID ONE

Really?!

KID TWO

JESS  
What position? Team bench maker? Nope, couldn't be that...he's not wanted in wood shop either. You owe me Benson.

Huey finds his room.

HUEY  
Sure thing, Jess. What would you like...your own butt freezer?

JESS  
What? Come back here!

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM

Huey sees the teacher, MISS HAWKINS (50's) finish writing "MISS HAWKINS WELCOMES YOU TO 10TH GRADE SCIENCE" on the board. She looks over her wire-rimmed glasses at Huey.

MISS HAWKINS  
And tardiness will not be tolerated.

Huey looks for a seat. He sees Sarah May next to the window. Takes an open seat behind her.

INT. BOYS GYM - NIGHT

Huey, Charlie, and the LADS in FOOTBALL GEAR.

COACH SAL  
First game's hardest but let's close our eyes and imagine...

He motions for them to close their eyes.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
See yourself, the way I do. You're winners. Because I picked you. Now, let's beat those Bobcats.

Inspired, the boys YELL and HOLLER. Coach Sal sees the Slow Twin's eyes still closed. He leans in to them.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Just don't forget to open them when you're out there playing.

Stacy Thornton  
Ethnofilms  
The Twins open eyes. SNICKER.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336  
stacy@ethnofilms.com  
Website: <http://www.ethnofilms.com>

EXT. GARITTY FIELD - NIGHT

EST. SHOTS of FOOTBALL FIELD, SIDELINES, SPECTATOR GROUNDS. ATTENDANT readies WOODEN SCOREBOARD. Places "0" CARDS under HOME TEAM (LADS) & VISITORS (KERENS BOBCATS).

EXT. SPECTATOR GROUNDS

TOWNSPEOPLE (inc. Hashop, Renthrow, Collier) carry chairs and blankets.

Sarah May and girlfriends find an area to sit.

Jess points to an area. With him, two boys (PEON and SLOG). Peon carries a chair and blanket. Slog carries a LADS BANNER, MEGAPHONE, PICNIC BASKET. Jess sits in the chair. Peon spreads the blanket. They sit on it.

JESS  
Hey! by  
Stacy W. Thornton

Jess shakes his head no. Shoos them off. Wraps the blanket over his legs. The boys sit on the ground.

EXT. SIDELINE Based on a true American story.

From the Corsicana Daily Sun, TWO REPORTERS, PAUL MOORE (30'S) and ROBERT TULEY (20'S) at the OFFICIATING TABLE.

PAUL MOORE  
Tuley? What are you doing here?

ROBERT TULEY  
Oh damn, I forgot. It's just I always cover the B league games.

PAUL MOORE  
You don't want your promotion?

WGA #988987  
Hashop, Collier, and Renthrow eavesdrop near by.

ROBERT TULEY  
You bet, especially since there hasn't been a good game in this district since the Lad's star quarterback...what was his name?

HASHOP, COLLIER, RENTHROW  
Doyle!

PAUL MOORE  
Yeah...Doyle.

ROBERT TULEY  
Yeah...Doyle.

Stacy Thornton  
Ethno  
Tuley rushes away. Passes by Polly and Butler. Butler spreads a blanket. They sit.

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BUTLER

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He tightens Polly's sweater around her. Buttons it.

POLLY  
Honestly, Clay. Stop doting.

BUTLER  
You want to catch a death of cold?

His face stiffens (wishing he hadn't said that).

POLLY  
On second thought...keep it up. I like the attention.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

LADS charge the field between the PEP BAND, CHEERLEADERS. They huddle around Coach Sal.

EXT. SPECTATOR GROUNDS

by  
Stacy W. Thornton

STATE HOME FANS APPLAUD and YELL. Miss Lettie, Miss Hawkins, and the Shop Teacher scan the team.

MISS LETTIE  
There's Huey and Charlie!

MISS HAWKINS  
Well I'm surprised we allow boys with grades like Huey's to play.

SHOP TEACHER  
Madden made the team?! Might as well ready the medical staff.

EXT. SIDELINE

Coach holds the STARTING LINE-UP LIST.

WGA #988987

COACH SAL  
Alright, listen up. Center...Plow. Tackles, Bus and Train. Halfbacks, Tim and Tom. Fullback, Blue. Ends, Legs and Charlie. Spots, quarterback and captain. Willie and Huey play my position, guard.

Poor Phil slumps as Willie pats him on the back.

WILLIE  
Be tough. You'll get your chance.

KERENS BOBCATS, assemble around BOBCATS COACH. They YELL. BOBCATS CROWD waves BOBCATS BANNERS. CHEERS.

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The sports editor scribbles into his notebook.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
 A large crowd followed their fighting Bobcats club  
 to Garitty Field to battle the small but big  
 hearted, State Home Lads.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

The WHISTLE BLOWS. REFEREE, UMPIRE, and HEAD LINESMAN take  
 centerfield with the teams' captains.

BOBCAT PLAYER  
 Heads.

COIN TOSSES UP. Lands.

REFEREE  
 A tail, it is.

Head linesman hands the FOOTBALL to the BOBCATS player. The  
 teams line up for KICK OFF.

by  
 PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
 Both teams are class B aggregations, but are in  
 different districts of the University of Texas  
 Interscholastic league.

State Home PEP BAND DRUM ROLLS. Fans CHEER.  
 Based on a true American story.

BOBCATS KICKER kicks a long high spiral. Teams charge.

Charlie looks up. Ball drops fast. He reaches. Ball slips  
 through his hands. CONKS his head. Knocks him down.

Bobcats dive all over. Charlie scrambles to the ball.

One by one, a mountain of Bobcats pile. Officials peel them  
 away. Charlie's arms lift out. The ball firmly in his  
 hands.

CHARLIE  
 Did we win? WGA #988987

HUEY  
 Get up maladroit, we just started.

EXT. SPECTATOR GROUNDS

State Home fans WILDLY CHEER as Charlie is carried off.

MISS LETTIE  
 Oh my! Is he okay?

SHOP TEACHER  
 That's just Charlie warming up. Can't wait for  
 his grand finale.  
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Jess sees Sarah May CLAPPING. Makes his way to her.

JESS  
Hello, Miss Sarah May.

SARAH MAY  
Oh, hi Jess.

Girls turn and whisper to each other. Jess signals to Slog.

JESS  
May I offer you something?

Slog pulls a dish from out of the basket.

SARAH MAY  
Ambrosia? Where did...no thanks.

JESS  
Mind if I join you lovely ladies? None

Girls GIGGLE.

SARAH MAY  
I suppose. Stacy W. Thornton

Jess signals to Peon. He grabs their things.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD  
Based on a true American story.

Set on defense, Plow, Bus and Train evil eye the Bobcat line.

BOBCAT CENTER snaps the ball. BOBCAT QUARTERBACK stuffs the ball to BOBCAT FULLBACK. He trips. Lads backs pile on top.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
The Lads blocked effectively, and playing heads-up football...

Plow, Bus and Train charge. BALL CARRIER fumbles.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
...and took advantage of a number of costly fumbles.

BOBCAT KICKER punts. Willie jumps. Blocks the ball.

Lads' offense set. Spots hands Ball to Blue. Blue throws to Legs. Over his head. Incomplete.

Blue throws to Legs. Legs drops ball.

Blue pumps ball. Sees Legs swarmed by Bobcats. Holds it.

HUEY  
Charlie's open! Throw it Blue!

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Blue gets swarmed by Bobcats.

Lads huddle.

SPOTS

Same play...to Legs.

HUEY

They're expecting that, Spots. Charlie would've had it if Blue hadn't held it.

SPOTS

I'm the quarterback. I call the plays here. Do what I say next time, Blue.

Spots hands to Blue. Blue looks for Legs. Legs swarmed. Blue holds the ball.

HUEY

Pitch it to Charlie. Pitch it!

Blue gets crushed.

Second Home - Second to None

Legs punts.

Bobcat QB hands to HB. HB is crushed.

Stacy W. Thornton

Bobcat QB fakes a throw. Hands to HB. Train rails him down.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)

...the Bobcat crew was still very much in the ball game despite the fact that several of their star performers suffered injuries. story.

Injured Bobcat carried off the field. Fans react.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Although, State Home did not wait long to capitalize on mistakes...

Bobcat QB hands to Fullback. Bobcat FB throws. Charlie intercepts. Tim and Tom run interference. Charlie scores.

EXT. SIDELINE

WGA #988987

State Home CHEERS. The Reporter turns to Collier.

PAUL MOORE

Who ran that in?

MR. HASHOP

The courageous Charlie Madden!

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)

One of the Lads new players, Charlie Madden, behind effective interference, ran for a touchdown.

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EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

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Fontana, CA 92335  
A Bobcat PUNTS.

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PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
A poor punt was gotten away...

Huey snatches up ball. Sprints down field.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
With Huey Benson grabbing the ball and sprinting  
35 yards for a touchdown, making the score 12-0.

Huey runs into the end zone to the SCREAMS of the crowd.

EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

Lads fans jump up. Sarah May leaps up and down. Huey sees Sarah May. Circles over. Bows before her.

Second COACH SAL Second to None  
Focus on the game, boys.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

by  
Stacy W. Thornton

Bobcat HB makes a poor throw. Willie intercepts. Scores.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
Two touchdowns were made by the Lads in the second  
quarter.  
Based on a true American story.

Bobcat QB hands off to FB. He fumbles. Lads recover. Spots pitches to Tim. Tom joins Tim. Twins score.

Bobcat fumbles. Willie grabs it. Scores.

EXT. SIDELINE

Coach reacts disgusted.

COACH SAL  
If it wasn't for Bobcat fumbles...  
WGA #988987

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Bobcat fumbles. Plow tries to pick it up. Kicks it away. Huey recovers ball. Bobcats pummel Huey hard.

EXT. SIDELINE

Hashop, Collier, and Renthrow react.

MR. HASHOP  
Stacy Thornton I know we're winning but there's no team on the  
Ethnofilms field yet.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
For Coach Sal continues to shake his head in frustration.  
stacy@ethnofilms.com  
Website: <http://www.ethnofilms.com>

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Charlie stands over Huey still lying on the ground.

CHARLIE  
Huey's down! Coach!

EXT. SIDELINE

Coach Sal runs onto the field.

COACH SAL  
Time!

EXT. SPECTATOR GROUNDS *Second Home - Second to None*

Worried CROWD MUMBLES. Sarah May grabs a GIRLFRIEND.

GIRLFRIEND *by Thornton*  
Ow, you're hurting me.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Coach Sal kneels next to Huey. *Second to None American story.*

COACH SAL  
Huey? Huey?

Huey's eyes pop open. He sits up.

Coach holds up two fingers.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
How many?

HUEY  
Two? *WGA #988987*

Coach SIGHS relief.

CHARLIE  
Good thing you only held up two. He can't count past that.

Everyone CHUCKLES. Coach Sal runs off. Lads huddle.

BLUE  
Sorry Huey. Bad call, Spots.

SPOTS  
Stacy Thornton *What?! I said break left, you idiot! It's your*  
Ethnofilms *fault.*

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BLUE  
It was a bad call, I tell ya! You don't know what you're doing!

Coach Sal waves. YELLS from the SIDELINE.

BUS  
Let Tim or Tom carry it some.

SPOTS  
Who made you quarterback? I'm the captain here  
and what I say goes!

EXT. SIDELINE

Coach Sal signals for time out. Lads huddle around him.

COACH SAL  
What's going on?

Second BLUE - Second to None  
Spots is losing it.

SPOTS  
Coach, I told him to by..  
Stacy W. Thornton  
COACH SAL  
Discuss it at the half! If the Bobcats weren't  
having such a bad game, that score would look a  
lot different. You're a team...now get in there  
play like one. Focus!  
Based on a true American story.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Bobcat QB follows his Center down field. Bobcat fans CHEER.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
Bobcat backs cracked the center of the Lads line  
for a 6-yard gain.

EXT. SIDELINE

Hashop leans over the reporter. #9888887 Reads.

MR. HASHOP  
Just wanted to make sure we're still winning. It  
doesn't look like it on the field.

PAUL MOORE  
Read it tomorrow. You can buy it at the Main  
Street newsstand.

Hashop throws his hands up apologetically.

EXT. SPECTATOR GROUNDS

HALF-TIME WHISTLE sounds.

Butler picks up their things. Polly stops him.

POLLY  
Clay, let's stay a bit longer?

BUTLER  
Polly, I told you...

He sees her face beaming.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Right after the pep band plays.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

PEP BAND takes the field. Lads run off to CHEERS.

INT. LOCKER ROOM Second Home - Second to None

Lads look tired. Coach Sal paces.

COACH SAL <sup>by</sup>  
I don't know what you're doing out there but  
<sup>Stacy Thornton</sup>  
you're not winning. Bobcats are losing. They've  
been giving you the game. Their last two plays  
show they won't be doing that anymore. So what's  
the problem?

<sup>Based on a true American story.</sup>  
BLUE  
They're all over Legs and he...

COACH SAL  
Wrong!

SPOTS  
(looks at Charlie)  
Some don't know left from right.

COACH SAL  
Wrong! We need to work on that but what's the  
real problem? Legs?

Legs eyes cut to Blue. <sup>WGA #988987</sup>

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Plow? Anything come to you when you were lying  
under that pile of Bobcats?

Plow shrugs. Lads CHUCKLE.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
I didn't hear a joke!

Silence.

Stacy Thornton  
Ethnofilms We're not working as a team.  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336 COACH SAL  
stacy@ethnofilms.com And who's fault is that?  
Website: <http://www.ethnofilms.com>



Everyone looks guilty.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Well, that's a start. But wrong. It's mine.

Lads taken off guard.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Now, here's the fix. And no one, absolutely no one, will question what I say. If I so much as hear a peep, you're off the team. If I don't announce your name, you keep your place. Is that clear?

LADS  
Yes sir!

COACH SAL  
Changes are... Huey...quarterback.

Spots reacts shocked. Blue grins.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Tim and Tom...you're guards now.

Tim and Tom salute.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Willie, replace Charlie as end.

Charlie slumps. Phil perks up.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Spots, take left half...Blue, take right.  
Charlie...you're fullback.

Blue's mouth drops open.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Not...a word! This is our team. Now get out there and play as one.

Lads rise.

WGA #988987

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Just one more thing. To win a game by default... well, there's really no reason to play. Is there?

MUFFLED "YES SIR'S."

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Excuse me?!

LADS  
Yes sir!

Stacy Thornton

Ethnofilms

15218 Summit Now let's go play like...winners.

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Lads erupt out. Phil sadly follows.

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WILLIE  
Phil? Aren't you suppose to be with the band  
right now?

PHIL  
I forgot!

EXT. SPECTATOR GROUNDS

Crowd points. Sees Phil (in football gear) run onto the  
field BLOWING his TUBA. CHUCKLES erupt.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Lads HUDDLE. Huey sees Lads' questioning eyes.

Second Home - Second to None

HUEY  
(shakily)  
Okay...um...Plow snaps to me. I'll fake a pitch  
to Blue. Twins run a ploy while I sneak a pitch  
to Charlie. Charlie fakes a pass to Legs, then  
full left spinner...or your left...your choice  
Charlie...

Lads SNICKER.

Based on a true American story.  
HUEY (cont'd)  
Plow, Bus, Train clear a wide path for Charlie's  
big klutzy feet.

PLOW  
I like it.

Lads agree. Blue GRUMBLES. Huey sees Charlie's uneasiness.  
Jabs him in his elbow gash.

CHARLIE  
Ow! What was that for?

HUEY WGA #988987  
For focus.

EXT. SIDELINE

The reporter writes as Hashop and Collier sneak a peek.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
Starting a drive on the Kerens 21-yard line...the  
Lads, with a... quarterback substitute...

Hashop sees Huey.

Stacy Thornton MR. HASHOP  
Ethnofilms Huey's in as quarterback!  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336 MR. COLLIER  
stacy@ethnofiYou spell that B-e-n-s-o-n.  
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Butlers on the way out overhear. His eyelids twitch.

POLLY  
Oh Clay! Huey's playing quarterback! Let's stay!  
Please!

Butler SIGHS. Spreads the blanket out again.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Lads line gets set.

HUEY  
Eleven, thirteen, eleven...Out!

Plow snaps ball to Huey. Huey drops back. Twins roll into motion. Huey looks for Blue. Blue's not there.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Damn it, Blue.

by  
Stacy W. Thornton

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Huey shifts left. Fakes to Legs. Full-spins. Twins run in a circle. Trip up Blue. Bobcats line charges Huey. Huey half-spins from trouble. Pitches to Charlie.  
*Based on a true American story.*

EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

MR. HASHOP  
What kind of play is that?

MR. RENTHROW  
Look it...Charlie's the fullback?!

MR. COLLIER  
Mr. Moore, that's Charlie Madden...M-A-D...

PAUL MOORE #988987  
I know how to spell it, thank you.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Bobcat line charges Charlie. He full-spins. Tangles up the defenders. Bus and Train deliver decisive blows. Clear room for Charlie. He breaks through.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
Madden broke 8 yards for a marker.

Stacy Thornton

EthnoEXT: SIDELINE

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MR. RENTHROW  
Now that's more like it!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Huey grabs Blue by the shirt.

HUEY  
You do that again, I'm asking Coach for a substitute.

Blue looks at Phil on sideline. Phil sadly BLOWS SMALL BURSTS into his TUBA. Blue grins. Jerks away.

HUEY (cont'd)  
I mean it, Blue.

They line up.

~~Second to None~~ HUEY (cont'd) ~~Second to None~~  
~~Thirteen, thirteen, eleven...Out.~~

Huey half-spins. Looks for Blue. No Blue. Twins guard Huey. Huey stuffs ball to Charlie. Charlie drops back. Searches for Legs. Bobcats all over him.

BOBCAT lunges. Charlie side steps. Spots takes Bobcat out.

Charlie sees Huey sprint toward goal. Throws. Like skimming a rock, BALL drops. Huey slows. Catches at knee-high. BOBCAT closes on Huey. Huey dashes toward the goal. Bobcat dives. Grabs Huey's pant leg. Downs him on 5-yard line.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
Benson scored the next marker as the culmination of a very unusual 25-yard drive.

Lads congratulate each other.

BLUE  
Hey Spots. Funny. It took Huey getting hit in the head to play quarterback. What was your excuse?

Everyone looks at an angry Spots. He softens, SNICKERS. Blue pats him on the back.

THE LADS  
(in unison)  
Go Lads!

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
With the ball in the shadow of the Kerens goal...

HUEY  
Eleven, eleven, eleven...out!

SLOW MOTION: Lads in motion. Backs part the Bobcat sea. Huey dodges. Runs. Leaps in for the goal.

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EXT. SPECTATOR GROUNDS/SIDELINE

State Home crowd goes wild.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
Huey Benson crashed over for the final touchdown  
of the evening...

EXT. CORSICANA/MAIN STREET - NEXT DAY

INSERT of ARTICLE: MADDEN, BENSON TEAMED TO SCORE FIVE  
TOUCHDOWNS - BOBCATS DEFEATED BY SUPERIOR LAD ELEVEN.

MR. HASHOP  
(reads)  
...and a fighting State Home Lad eleven overcame a  
fighting Kerens Bobcat club to turn in a decisive  
31-0 victory.

NEWSSTAND bVENDOR  
Some game. By the second half, I thought I was  
watching the Lads of old. Remember that  
quarterback? What was his name?

MR. HASHOP  
Funny. It used to be right on the tip of my  
tongue. based on a true American story.

INT. DINING HALL

Charlie and Huey head to their usual table but are  
apprehended by a Server girl with BIG EYES.

BIG EYES  
Will you follow me?

CHARLIE  
You mean Huey...or me?

WGA #988987  
BIG EYES  
Both. But, especially you.

She winks. Walks on.

CHARLIE  
I'll follow you anywhere.

Huey jabs Charlie's elbow.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
I'm too focused to feel a thing.

Big Eyes escorts them to a LONG TABLE of just the Lads.  
Several SERVER GIRLS, one for each boy, deliver plates loaded  
with food.

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15211 Sunset Ave. Suite #300-213  
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stacy@ethnofilms.com HUEY  
Website: http://www.ethnofilms.com What's all this?

BLUE  
Only the best for the best.

WILLIE  
Down here, Huey.

They head to empty chairs. Huey sees Sarah May. She brings a plate of food. Gets closer and closer. Huey's heart races. Plow jumps up. Accidently knocks her to the floor.

HUEY  
Plow, you oaf!

Huey helps her.

PLOW  
Sorry. Sometimes I just don't realize how big I am.  
Second Home - Second to None

WILLIE  
How can you not know...never mind.

HUEY  
Sarah May? You okay?  
by Stacy W. Thornton

She sees the food all over.

SARAH MAY  
Oh. Sorry. I'll get you another.  
by Stacy W. Thornton

HUEY  
Don't worry about it. Come on.

Huey takes Sarah May's hand. They head for the kitchen.

Big Eyes passes them with a huge plate of food. Takes it to Charlie. Charlie stuffs a napkin into his collar.

BIG EYES  
For you...Charlie.

CHARLIE #988987  
Hey, big eyes? What's your name?

BIG EYES  
Donna.

CHARLIE  
Ah, Donna. Do you like wood?

Off-guard, Donna politely makes an attempt to think about it.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
I mean to say...I'd like to make you something...out of wood.

Stacy Thornton

Ethnofilms

15218 Summit Oh?! Okay. #3 I'd like that.

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She leaves. Tim and Tom stare at Charlie.

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CHARLIE  
What?!

TIM  
Charlie, have you forgotten?

TOM  
You're banned.

CHARLIE  
Yep. I think I'll just go and have a talk with the old shop teacher.

TOM  
You heard they got a new lathing machine, didn't you?

Charlie's eyes widen.  
Second Home - Second to None

INT. HALLWAY/WOODWORKING SHOP - DAY

Charlie peeks in the door. <sup>by</sup> Sees a KID shaping a CHAIR LEG on the new lathing machine.

CHARLIE  
Wow.

Charlie walks in. <sup>Based on a true American story.</sup> CHAIR LEG flies out of the machine. Hits Charlie in the head. Shop Teacher runs over to Charlie spread out unconsciously on the floor.

SHOP TEACHER  
Madden?! I could've bet money.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Charlie on sidelines. Head BANDAGED. SCOREBOARD: SHERMAN BEARCATS "35." LADS "0."

Third quarter. Huey sprints 45 yards to the 5-yard line. Next play. Huey scores TOUCHDOWN.

SCOREBOARD READS FINAL. Lads "6" and Bearcats "35."

INT. BOYS DORM - LATER

Dark room. Everyone sleeps. Huey and Charlie WHISPER.

EXT. BOYS DORM

Polly at the door. Holds BATH TOWELS. Hears WHISPERING.

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INT. BOYS DORM

POLLY  
Huey? Charlie? Did I wake you?

Huey and Charlie sit up.

HUEY  
No ma'am.

POLLY  
Brought some extras.

HUEY  
Thanks Mrs. Butler.

She hands them towels. ~~How~~ Goes to Charlie. Checks his bandage.

CHARLIE  
Wow, these are soft.

by  
Polly W. Thornton  
You doing okay Charlie?

CHARLIE  
Yes ma'am. It's just a precaution.

Based on a true American story.  
POLLY  
I just want to say, you showed great sportsmanship out there...win or lose, on or off the field, Clay and I are proud of you. Even though he's not one to show it.

CHARLIE  
Thanks Mrs. Butler.

Polly sees Huey turn away.

POLLY  
I'm sorry he's like that. Even when our son, Clay Junior, got his football scholarship...Clay Senior couldn't say the words. But he was prouder of him than anything.

CHARLIE  
Wow! A Clay Junior that plays football?!

POLLY  
No, Charlie, our son died many years ago. But please don't tell Clay I told you. He's so private. I guess in some ways, he blames himself for never telling him. See, no matter how hard we try, we can't always control what happens in life. So, we should always be careful when speaking our minds, and never forget to speak from our hearts. I shouldn't have told you.

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HUEY  
We'll never tell a soul, I promise.

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Charlie nods. Polly gets up. Heads for the door.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Mrs. Butler? Mr. Butler is...lucky to have you.

POLLY  
And we are all very lucky to have him. You do know that; don't you? But no one is as lucky as we are to have you boys. Sweet dreams.

She leaves.

CHARLIE  
Clay Junior. I had no idea.

HUEY  
Haven't you ever seen his picture?

Second Home - Second to None

CHARLIE  
Yeah, but no one ever said anything. The kid in that picture doesn't even look like them...he looks more like...you.

Charlie lays back on his bed. Stacy W. Thornton

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
I guess it all makes sense.

Based on a true American story.  
HUEY  
What?

CHARLIE  
Never mind. Go to sleep.

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY

A confident Huey walks. He passes TWO GIRLS sitting on the steps of the Girls Dorm.

TWO GIRLS  
Hi Huey. WGA #988987

GUY ONE and GUY TWO run by.

GUY ONE  
Hey Huey, way to stuff that one in against Sherman.

GUY TWO  
Charlie going to make it for the Red Oak game?

GUY ONE  
You're really going to need him! They got one heck of a halfback.

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15218 Summit Charlie will be there.  
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EXT. LIBRARY

Huey passes in front of the steps. The door swings open. Out walks Sarah May. Huey freezes.

HUEY  
Hi Sarah...

Jess follows her out.

HUEY (cont'd)  
...May.

JESS  
Well, look there. It's the All American dumb football hero.

Second Home - Second to None

SARAH MAY  
Stop it Jess. Give me my books.

JESS by  
Sure dear, anything you want.

SARAH MAY  
Really, Jess, dear? Anything?

JESS  
Well yeah. I'd do anything. Based on a true American story.

He struts over to Sarah May. Flaunts a manly grin.

SARAH MAY  
Then go to Huey and tell him to...

JESS  
Yeah, tell him to...just name it.

SARAH MAY  
Sit with me after Church, Sunday.

Jess storms off. Sarah May's face blushes.

HUEY  
I'm off to practice but I'd like to walk with you...I can carry these, I mean, if you don't mind, I'd like to, anyway.

SARAH MAY  
I'm just going back to the dorm to study for my last test.

She hands him her books. They walk.

SARAH MAY (cont'd)  
Have you taken all your tests?

Huey's smile fades.

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SARAH MAY (cont'd)  
Miss Hawkins' test was really hard, don't you think?

Huey shrugs.

EXT. GIRLS DORM

The Two Girls see Huey with Sarah May approaching together. They GIGGLE. Sarah May glares at them. They run inside.

HUEY  
Well...I got to go.

SARAH MAY  
Okay.

Huey takes Second Home - Second to None off. Runs back.

HUEY  
Sarah May?! Three o'clock okay?

Stacy W. Thornton  
SARAH MAY

Huh?

HUEY  
Sunday...after church.  
Based on a true American story.

The blush returns to her cheeks. She nods.

SARAH MAY  
See you in science class tomorrow!

GIGGLING emits from inside the door.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

A worried Huey stands at the end of a line of STUDENTS. They sift through GRADED PAPERS. He grabs his. INSERT of PAPER: a "C." He SIGHS relief. WGA #988987

INT. MATH CLASSROOM

A MALE TEACHER drops a test paper on Huey's desk. INSERT paper GRADE: "C" and NOTE: "APPLY YOURSELF MORE."

MALE TEACHER  
This was a borderline grade, Benson. Don't count on my generosity anymore.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM

Miss Hawkins walks the aisle. Distributes GRADED PAPERS. INSERT next PAPER: "HUEY BENSON" with a "D." Miss Hawkins drops it onto Huey's desk.

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MISS HAWKINS  
The boys director will see you right after class,  
Mr. Benson.

Huey's face sickens. He shrinks in his chair.

INT. BOYS DORM/HALLWAY - LATER

Huey and Sarah May walk down the LONG DARK HALL.

SARAH MAY  
Why didn't you ask for help?

HUEY  
I know I should of now.

Second Sarah May Second to None  
Too busy with football.

HUEY  
Maybe not anymore. by  
Stacy W. Thornton

SARAH MAY  
I'm sorry. But maybe, it's just as well. It's  
dangerous. That game, when you didn't get up  
right away, I was so scared.

Based on a true American story.  
She turns away embarrassed. They stop outside Butler's door.

HUEY  
See you Sunday still?

She nods. Huey KNOCKS.

BUTLER (O.S.)  
Come.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

Huey's eyes glaze. WGA #988987

BUTLER  
I warned you several times. Still you paid no  
mind. Do you feel your football status makes you  
privileged? Do you deserve more than other  
students?

HUEY  
No sir.

BUTLER  
So we're in agreement. Suspension from  
football...until I see an improvement in your  
academic performance. You're excused.

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EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NEXT DAY

The team practices.

COACH SAL  
 Alright. Listen up. There's some things I want  
 to work on before the next game with Red Oak.

Coach Sal looks up from his clipboard.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
 Spots, I would like you to run some plays with  
 Huey... Where's Huey?

He scans the players. Each one looks as though they're sick.

PLOW  
 Uh, Coach? Didn't you hear?

COACH SAL  
 What? What?

Second Home - Second to None

INT. BOYS DORM/HALL CORRIDOR

Coach Sal barrels down the LONG DARK HALL. LOUD FOOTSTEPS  
 swiftly follow. The Lads march behind.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

The Coach bolts through the door.  
 Based on a true American story.

INT. HALLWAY

The door SLAMS in the players faces.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

The Coach trips on some boxes.

COACH SAL  
 Wo-oh, you doing a little house-cleaning? Sorry  
 to burst in here like this, Clay, but imagine my  
 surprise when I discover that my star player was  
 suspended and you didn't even bother to tell me!

Butler looks spaced-out.

BUTLER  
 Oh, yes. I suppose I should have.

COACH SAL  
 Damn right.

BUTLER  
 I guess I...got side tracked a bit.  
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 Sal plops down in a chair. Looks around at the mess.

COACH SAL

Listen, it's not that I don't understand. It's not that I even question your decision. And I think if I was in your position, I'd probably do the same thing.

Butler strangely looks at the Coach.

BUTLER

Well that's an interesting hypothesis. Even more intriguing, let's test that theory of yours.

Butler pulls out an envelope from his desk. He removes the LETTER. Hands it to Coach.

COACH SAL

Are you alright? What's this?

Second Home - Second to None

BUTLER

It's a resignation. Mine. I'm leaving to take a position at the Juvenile facility. Sorry, I'll miss your next game. Polly and I have to pack.

COACH SAL

I don't understand.

BUTLER

Well, if you read further you'll see I've recommended you as my replacement. It's entirely up to you. I only ask that you fill-in until a replacement is found.

COACH SAL

Why, Clay? And so abruptly?

BUTLER

Polly's sick. There's a lot of medical bills. It's as simple as their pay's better.

COACH SAL

I don't know what to say. I'm... terribly sorry, Clay, I just...

WGA #988987

Butler politely nods.

COACH SAL (cont'd)

Oh god, I hope everything works out. That Polly...she'll be okay.

BUTLER

Thank you Sal.

The men sit silently.

INT. HALLWAY

The Lads anxiously wait.

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SPOTS

stacy@ethnofilms.com what's Coach saying?

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Blue has his ear pressed against the door.

BLUE  
I can't hear a thing.

WILLIE  
Come on, let's go.

They sadly leave.

EXT. GARITTY FIELD - NIGHT

Lads lined up to the RED OAK team. Spots behind PLOW as QB.  
Phil's in as halfback.

BUS  
Hey Phil, in, wipe off that smirk! None

PLOW  
Don't give me no reason to call you sweetie, tuba  
boy!  
by  
Stacy W. Thornton

EXT. SIDELINE

Coach Sal paces back in forth in front of Huey.

Based on a true American story.  
HUEY  
Coach, put me in. I promise I'll get better  
grades.

COACH SAL  
Grades first, then you play.

EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

Hashop, Collier and Renthrow shake their heads.

MR. HASHOP  
What's going on? Huey's not in.

MR. COLLIER  
Trouble with studies.

MR. RENTHROW  
I've done just fine without no formal book  
learning.

MR. COLLIER  
Coach is nuts putting that kid Phil up against the  
Red Oaks halfback.

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MR. HASHOP  
Guess he's got no choice.

INT. BUTLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Polly packs things. Seals the box. Wipes her brow.

BUTLER  
Let me do this, you rest.

POLLY  
I'm fine. I'll finish in here. You get your office packed up.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The RED OAK HALF-BACK glares at Phil.

SIDELINES: Second Home - Second to None

Sports editor writes.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
Powell, left halfback for Red Oak, is one of the hardest-driving and punishing backs seen in this section this year.

FOOTBALL FIELD:

RED OAK QB hands off to Powell, who pummels Phil.

PHIL  
Hey a little help please.

Plow, Bus and Train roll their eyes.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Butler packs things in boxes.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD WGA #988987

Red Oak's Powell carries ball. Crashes through Lads line. Knocks Bus to the ground.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
He tore gaping holes in the forward wall of the Lads time after time...

Legs out runs him. Brings the Red Oak's ball carrier down. Phil extends his hand to Bus lying on his back.

PHIL  
Stacy Thornton Not so easy, huh?  
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stacy@ethnofilms.com  
Coach Sal grimaces.  
Web: http://www.ethnofilms.com



FOOTBALL FIELD:

Powell runs the ball to the Red Oak 35-yard line.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
...and Powell carried the burden of the Red Oak  
ball-lugging duties.

Red Oak KICKER punts. Blue catches. Runs to Lads 25.

Spots pitches to Charlie. He pitches to Tim. Tim's downed.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
...Powell interfered with their every strategy.

Legs punts. Red Oak fumbles. Lads recover. Crowd CHEERS.

Second Home - Second to None

EXT. SIDELINE:

MR. COLLIER  
Finally, something. Thornton

WHISTLE BLOWS. Scoreboard Attendant places the HALFTIME sign  
on the SCOREBOARD; Score "0" to "0." Pep Band takes field.

Based on a true American story.

INT. BUTLERS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is more barren. Polly packs in the closet. Dizzy,  
she lies down. Stares at the ceiling light.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Lads tend to wounds. Charlie's GASH GUSHES. Coach paces.

SPOTS  
Sorry Coach.

BLUE WGA #988987  
We just can't seem to get started.

PHIL  
I told you their halfback was good.

PLOW  
He's not that good.

TIM  
I know what we need.

COACH SAL

Oh really.

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152 Everyone looks at Huey. #300-213

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COACH SAL (cont'd)  
You think you're in a better position to tell me what you need?

LADS  
No sir.

Charlie stares at the Coach.

COACH SAL  
Madden? You have something to say?

CHARLIE  
We need Huey, Coach. Why can't Butler give some other punishment?

A MUFFLED "YEAH."

Second Home - Second to None

COACH SAL  
It's not Butler. It's me.

The team reacts shocked. Coach sits.

Stacy W. Thornton  
COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Boys, I got bad news. I was going to wait 'til after the game but seeing it don't matter at this point. Polly Butler is sick. The director has taken a job elsewhere to help care for her. They'll be gone by tomorrow. n story.

Sadness consumes them.

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Most of you are no stranger to tragedy and sadness. Sometimes the best way to deal with the pain is to focus on the things that bring happiness. Maybe if we pull together as a team, it might help. Are you with me?

The Lads nod.

The Coach jumps to his feet.  
WGA #988987

COACH SAL (cont'd)  
I said! Are you with me?!

The boys jump to their feet.

LADS  
Yes sir!

COACH SAL  
Then, let's go!

Lads run out. Coach sees Huey's eyes tear as he stares off.

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COACH SAL (cont'd)  
Maybe we could think up another punishment for those grades, huh?

FOOTBALL FIELD

-- Huey in as QB. The lads' bear intense faces.

-- Huey hands the ball to Charlie. Charlie throws to Legs. First down.

-- Huey hands to Blue. Blue hands to Charlie. Charlie throws to Huey.

-- Huey scores.

-- Huey scores.

-- Huey scores.

FINAL SCOREBOARD: LADS "26;" RED OAK "0." to None

INT. BUTLERS' BEDROOM

Butler enters carrying boxes. by Stacy W. Thornton

BUTLER  
Polly, sweet?

He sets them down. Sees the closet light.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Need help in there?

No answer. His lower eyelids twitch.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Polly?

He enters the closet. Polly lies on the floor.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
No. WGA #988987

Butler rushes. Drops to his knees. Clutches Polly's lifeless body. Rocks her. Silently WEEPS.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Lads and Coach stand behind Butler. Look at the PREACHER.

PREACHER  
And so, today, both friends and family have gathered here to pay a final tribute to Polly Anne Butler.

Stacy Thornton

Ethn DRIZZLING RAIN falls from the hazy skies.

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PREACHER (cont'd)

She was a courageous young woman who suffered the tragic loss of her only son yet found in her heart the strength to go on.

The Preacher moves to the coffin. Brilliantly colored FLOWER BASKETS and WREATHS contrast against the cold and dark day.

PREACHER (cont'd)

Unto our Almighty God we commend the soul of this beloved woman, a wife, a mother, and a dear friend departed. We commit her body to His Hands; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Amen.

CROWD

Amen.

Preacher walks to Butler. Gently takes his hand.

PREACHER

Clay, she'd have wanted you to go on with love in your heart, fond memory in mind. Find comfort in knowing she's in the hands of God.

Stacy W. Thornton

Preacher leaves. The drizzle turns to RAIN.

COACH SAL

Clay, I'm a weak substitute. Couldn't last a day in your shoes. The State Home needs you. These boys need you. Please stay.

Emotionless, Butler stares at the coffin. Coach Sal corrals the boys away. THUNDER RUMBLES. The RAIN POURS with a fury.

COACH SAL (cont'd)

There's no practice this afternoon! Now hurry, go back to your classes!

Lads and Coach run toward the orphanage.

COACH SAL (cont'd)

Clay! Clay! Get out of the rain!

WGA #988987

The Coach keeps running. Huey turns back. Runs to a GAZEBO. He watches Butler. Sees Butler drop to his knees. Dashes to his side. Butler SOBS. Butler sees Huey.

BUTLER

Get out of here!

Tears stream down Huey's face. Butler turns away. Huey goes. Puts his hand on Butler's shoulder. The two are pummeled by the downpour. Butler WEEPS on.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Stacy Thornton  
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Butler, a mess, looks up from his desk cluttered with paperwork. Sees Huey with a tray of food.

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BUTLER  
Doesn't anyone knock anymore?

HUEY  
The Kitchen Matron said you haven't been to the dining hall for days.

Butler works on.

HUEY (cont'd)  
Also...I'm turning myself in...it's only right I shouldn't play in the game...it being the punishment you gave me before...and uh...

Butler strangely chuckles. Stops writing.

BUTLER  
"Some things, like some rules, just aren't worth worrying about."

Huey's perplexed.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Ask your coach about it.

Butler waves him away.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD/SIDELINE - NIGHT

Coach Sal paces. Huey's sidelined. WHISTLE BLOWS. GROESBECK CROWD CHEERS. A small LADS CROWD packs up. Leaves. An exhausted Lads team shakes their opponents hand. Hangs their heads. Leave the field. SCOREBOARD: LADS "7" and GOATS "13."

INT./EXT. HASHOP'S CAR - DAY

MR. COLLIER  
So what's your plan again?

MR. HASHOP  
It's been too long since we've had a chance. Even if it's just second place. Butler needs to know we won't stand quietly by while he has our star player sidelined.

MR. RENTHROW  
And, and, where is that we stand?

MR. HASHOP  
It'll come to you. You go first.

Mr. Renthrow's eyes bulge.

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Wide-eyed Renthrow nervously stands before Butler.

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MR. RENTHROW

Well, certainly we appreciate the long relationship we've had with the orphanage, supplying the necessities of life. But more importantly, we hope that what really makes a difference is our donations...those little surpluses, like watermelon, ice cream, and the enjoyment of the moving picture shows.

BUTLER

Certainly. What of it? You're also paid well for your services.

MR. COLLIER

Oh yes but what we mean is that the boys have more than just their needs met. The things in life that make a difference are having the opportunity and guidance to reach for those unreachable dreams.

MR. HASHOP

Like football. Sure, it's a pastime. But soon there'll be great opportunities for boys who play. Professional sports, a thing of tomorrow, is happening today.

BUTLER

Gentlemen, If there's nothing else, I must really get back to work.

Based on a true American story.

The three men exchange glances. Out of ideas, they shrug.

BUTLER (cont'd)

Good. Then don't misunderstand me when I say...don't tell me how to bring up my boys.

MR. COLLIER

Of course not.

MR. HASHOP

Clav, please. We can see you have everything under control.

MR. RENTHROW

(under his breath)

Except for maybe the football team.

Butler's eyelids twitch several times.

BUTLER

Ah. Yes, of course, the football team. Well, you can relax. Coach Sal has complete say in the affairs of all his players.

Surprise fills their faces.

INT. HASHOP'S CAR

Stacy Thornton

The men, still in shock, ride back to town.

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Fontana, CA 92336 MR. HASHOP

I must admit I didn't expect that.

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MR. COLLIER  
Well, maybe next year.

MR. RENTHROW  
Next year, my mule's ass.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Butler holds his FAMILY PHOTO. There's a KNOCK at the door.  
Huey pushes the door open. Walks in with a TRAY OF FOOD.

HUEY  
Are you...busy?

Butler swivels his back to him. Huey sets the tray down.

Second Home - Second to None

HUEY (cont'd)  
The Kitchen Matron said I have to stay until you eat it this time. She wants to know if you're coming to Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow.

Stacy W. Thornton

Butler says nothing. Huey SIGHS. Peeks over Butler's shoulder. Sees the PHOTO.

HUEY (cont'd)  
How does someone get a football scholarship?  
Based on a true American story.

Butler swirls around.

BUTLER  
What?! What do you think you're...

HUEY  
Nothing. I didn't mean...

BUTLER  
Get out!

Huey backs away. Trips. Falls. Lies there, afraid to move.

WGA #988987

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Who do you think you are coming in here and asking personal questions? A persons' affairs are none of your business. You got that?

Huey scrambles to his feet.

HUEY  
Yes sir.

Butler glares as Huey inches his way backwards to the door.

BUTLER  
Does anything we teach here get through that thick skull of yours?

Huey stops. Carefully considers it.

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HUEY  
It's my thick skull that made Coach Sal make me  
quarterback.

Taken by surprised, Butler fights from grinning.

BUTLER  
From your question, I gather my sweet bride told  
you about our son's scholarship?

Huey's jaw tightens.

HUEY  
Uh, I guess...yes sir.

BUTLER  
What else?

Second Home - Second to None

HUEY  
That was it.

Huey sees Butler doesn't buy it.

Stacy W. Thornton  
HUEY (cont'd)  
You never told him you were proud of him.

Butler's eyes close as if his heart is breaking.

Based on a true American story.  
BUTLER  
She say anything else?

HUEY  
That...we can't control life and...we should be  
careful speaking our minds but, never forget to  
speak our hearts.

Butler rubs his anguished face.

BUTLER  
I was so lucky to have them.

Butler stares off. WGA #988987

Huey goes to exit. Stops.

HUEY  
I remember something else she said. We were all  
lucky to have you.

Butler's lower eyelids twitch as his face tense to hold back  
his emotion.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE - DAY

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Huey carries a festive THANKSGIVING tray of food piled high  
into Butler. Butler is not there. Huey sets it down. Sees  
a HIGH SCHOOL "CLASS OF 1922" YEARBOOK on Butler's desk.



INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE/CLOSET

Rummaging through boxes, Butler pulls out a stack of files. Heads out. Sees Huey. Hides. Watches Huey pick up the YEARBOOK. Huey doesn't open it. Sets it back down. Leaves.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

Butler goes to the YEARBOOK. Puts it on the shelf. Goes to his window. Watches Huey walk away. Glances at the THANKSGIVING food tray. Hangs his head in thought.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

THANKSGIVING DECORATIONS adorn the room. Server Girls deliver trays to the football players at their table.

CURLY KID  
How come they get seconds?  
Stacy W. Thornton

WIRY KID  
It's the Slow Twins fourth helping!

A BLACK HAIREED SERVER GIRL (16) cleans up the table as Jess jealously watches the Lads. He gives her a puppy dog frown.  
Based on a true American story.

BLACK HAIREED SERVER GIRL  
What's wrong with you?

JESS  
I was just thinking of my mom.

BLACK HAIREED SERVER GIRL  
Well who isn't around here?!

JESS  
It's just...it was Thanksgiving Day when she passed away.

WGA #988987  
BLACK HAIREED SERVER GIRL  
I'm so sorry! I didn't realize. Could I get you another helping?

Jess shakes his head no.

BLACK HAIREED SERVER GIRL (cont'd)  
More rolls?

Jess SIGHS.

BLACK HAIREED SERVER GIRL (cont'd)  
More pie? Anything?

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Jess widely grins. A GLASS TAPS until there's SILENCE.

## KITCHEN MATRON

Don't forget to give thanks for Mr. Renthrow's donation of pumpkins for the pie and of course, a round of applause please for the "ala mode" part donated by Mr. Hashop!

Hashop WAVES from the doorway. APPLAUSE. He leaves.

EXT. ORPHANAGE GROUNDS/PARKING LOT

The Lads chase and swarm around Hashop.

HUEY

Any advice for us, Mr. Hashop?

CHARLIE

Did Walter Camp say how to win the big game without the star player?

Everyone looks at Huey. Hashop thinks.

MR. HASHOP by Thornton

What I know of the philosophy of coaching comes from the great Knute Rockne. He said, loyalty makes the difference. The whole damn town will be there cheering you on. Because win or lose the game, we know you're winners because your coach picked you on a true American story.

TIM

Coach Sal said that!

TOM

Coach Sal said that!

MR. HASHOP (cont'd)

My, my, how lucky you boys are.

Huey's eyes find BUTLER'S OFFICE WINDOW.

Hashop gets in his CAR. Turns on his MOTOROLA RADIO. A FOOTBALL GAME AIRS. He drives off.

HUEY

That car had a radio in it!!

Charlie pops Huey's arm.

HUEY (cont'd)

Ow! What was that for?

CHARLIE

That radio had a football game on!

HUEY

Yeah? So?

Stacy Thornton

CHARLIE

Ethnofilms We could listen to it. If only we had a...radio?!

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INT. BOYS DORM

Huey rips into the Christmas gift. Then stops.

HUEY  
Nawh, I promised Ma I'd wait...

LADS  
Open it!

He pulls out a RADIO. Turns it on. SOUNDS of the world flood the room. Huey dials in the FOOTBALL GAME.

GRAHAM MCNAMEE (V.O.)  
...and now ladies and gentlemen of the National Broadcasting Company Blue Network listening audience, this is Graham McNamee continuing the live play by play of the first national broadcast of the National Football League game between the Chicago Bears and Detroit Lions on this beautiful Thanksgiving Day. by

The boys settle down to listen. Stacy W. Thornton

GRAHAM MCNAMEE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Late in the fourth quarter, the Bears are trailing 16 to 13. It has been an exciting exhibition so far, and to recap, at halftime, the Lions led 16 to 7. Thanks to two touchdowns made by the fierce Ace Gutowsky and a 34-yard field goal achieved by Glenn Presnell.

LEGS  
Hey I can kick better than that.

GRAHAM MCNAMEE (V.O.)  
Earlier this year, Presnell kicked a 54-yard field goal, an NFL record in a 3 to zero victory over the Green Bay Packers.

BLUE  
Spoke too soon, maybe, Legs?

They LAUGH.

GRAHAM MCNAMEE (V.O.)  
...it's not hard to understand how much the Bears have been affected by the injured and sidelined Beattie Feathers and Joe Kopcha. But the game's not over, ladies and gentlemen. A Detroit pass was intercepted by the Bear's guard, the stalwart Joe Zeller.

Charlie hits the Slow Twins.

Stacy Thornton CHARLIE  
Ethnofilms That's what you should be doing!  
15218 Summit Ave. Suite #300-213  
Fontana, CA 92336 GRAHAM MCNAMEE (V.O.)  
stacy@ethnofi But what's this, what's this?  
Website: <http://www.ethnofilms.com>

Lads crowd in closer.

GRAHAM MCNAMEE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
It's the fullback Bronko Nagurski for the third attempt in this incredible game. He's hurling himself, jumping into the air with both hands and oh my! Nagurski fakes a plunge, stops short and pitches a pass to...the end, Bill Hewitt...and oh my, ladies and gentlemen, Hewitt is just standing there, unguarded, in the Detroit Lion's end zone! He caught it, Hewitt caught it! Ladies and gentlemen, the Chicago Bears have just taken the lead with the score, 19 to 16!

Lads jump up and down and YELL.

EXT. BOYS DORM - DUSK

Lads SCRIMMAGE in the dim light of the SUNSET. Phil holds a stick to his mouth like a microphone.

PHIL  
...ladies and gentlemen of the radio listening audience, this is Philip William speaking to you live and bringing a play by play...

Plow snaps ball to Huey. Huey hands to Charlie. Charlie dives over Bus and Train.

PHIL (cont'd)  
He's hurling, jumping into the air with both hands and oh my!

Charlie stops. Fakes. Half-spins.

PHIL (cont'd)  
Madden fakes a plunge, stops short and pitches a pass to...

Legs breaks free of Tim and Tom.

PHIL (cont'd)  
...and oh my, ladies and gentlemen, Legs is unguarded, in the Teague Lion's end zone!

Charlie pitches Legs the ball.

PHIL (cont'd)  
He caught it! Legs caught it! The Lads win! The Lads win!

The Lads jump up and down.

BLUE  
Huey, you got to do that pro play against Teague!  
You've got to!

One by one their faces become saddened.

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BLUE (cont'd)  
Oh right, I mean...Spots.

Darkness envelops them.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Huey enters the dark room. Butler sleeps in his chair holding his PHOTO. Huey takes it. Sets it on the credenza. Lays a blanket on Butler.

On the way out, he sees the food tray. Gets it. Plates on it are empty. Huey smiles. Begins to leave.

BUTLER  
So you want to learn how to get a football scholarship?  
Second Home - Second to None

Butler turns on a lamp. Huey comes back.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
It takes more than talent.

Huey sits.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
My son...was a quarterback, like you, very gifted.  
Based on a true American story.

Butler gets up. Goes to the shelf. Pulls out the YEARBOOK. He sits on the couch. Pats the seat. Huey sits by him.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Here he is in his team photo. The only thing he did better than football was making good grades. A straight A student. But it didn't come easy for him. It takes more than just athletic ability to get that scholarship, Huey.

HUEY  
You were proud.

Butler nods. WGA #988987

HUEY (cont'd)  
You think I could...

Huey slumps.

BUTLER  
My son didn't think he could do it either. (beat)  
Miss Lettie tells me you guessed the answer to the I.A.H. riddle. How'd you do it?

Huey thinks. Speaks from his heart.

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15218 Summit Her question reminded me of a nightmare I had about my Pa, Luther. He was the devil come to get me. He said I belonged to him. That I was his.

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HUEY (cont'd)  
 One story said we didn't have to follow our forefathers. We could choose our own way. I didn't have to be my Pa's. Instead "I am His."

Huey points to the heavens. Butler nods. Closes the book.

BUTLER  
 It's late. Go on to bed now.

HUEY  
 Yes sir.

With head hung, Huey heads for the door.

BUTLER  
 Say, tomorrow, we see what we can do to before test time. I believe they take place before the final game with the Teague Lions?

Second Home - Second to None  
 HUEY  
 Yes sir.

BUTLER by  
 Good night, son. Stacy W. Thornton

EXT. STATE HOME GROUNDS

Students hurry to classes.

Based on a true American story.

KID ONE  
 Did you hear Huey might play?

KID TWO  
 Maybe we'll get second place now.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Huey and Sarah May climb the stairs. Go inside.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT WGA #988987

Huey sleeps, head in a book. Sarah May plops a book down.

SARAH MAY  
 You're not going to get that read with your eyes closed.

HUEY  
 Sorry.

She sits. Huey straightens up.

Stacy Thornton SARAH MAY  
 Ethnofilms Now, what Miss Hawkins was referring to was how  
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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Huey slides down in his chair. Miss Hawkins hands out tests.

SARAH MAY  
How did you do on your other tests?

MISS HAWKINS  
No talking.

Sarah May turns forward in her chair.

MISS HAWKINS (cont'd)  
Be on your honor and hand in your papers  
immediately upon the bell.

She drops the test onto Huey's desk. and to None

MISS HAWKINS (cont'd)  
No exceptions.

Miss Hawkins returns to her desk. Thornton

MISS HAWKINS (cont'd)  
You may begin.

Huey reads the first question. SIGHS.  
Based on a true American story.

EXT. GARITTY FIELD - DAY

Collier and Ticket Boy unload THEATRE SEATS from a truck.  
Hashop drives SWAYBACK RUBY's wagon with gallon BUCKETS OF  
ICE CREAM embedded in the ice. Renthrow chops watermelons.

Barbecues spew smoke, a SIGN: "Game Special - Bunny Legs."

People carry Green & White Banners with "THE LADS," "GO STATE  
HOME LADS," and "HOLD THOSE LIONS."

The Shoe-shine kid, Zack sets up his box. BUSINESS MAN sits.  
Zack polishes his shoes.

PEP BAND practices song, "HOLD THAT TIGER." CHEERLEADERS  
SING, "HOLD THOSE LIONS."

b.g. Slog and Peon rig a CATAPULT. Other Kids sneak in  
BUCKETS of ICE and FROZEN MANURE. No one notices.

BANK MANAGER  
Anyone know if Benson will play?

People shrug.

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INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

Miss Lettie, Miss Hawkins, and other teachers wait. Butler examines Huey's folder. Closes the folder. Looks at the teachers. His lower eyelids twitch.

INT. BOYS DORM

Lying on his bed, Huey stares at ceiling. HALL FOOTSTEPS near. Huey closes his eyes.

BUTLER (O.C.)  
I found these outside your window.

Huey's eyes pop open. Butler holds his SHOULDERPADS.

Second Home - Second to None  
HUEY  
I didn't steal them. I was diving in the cattle tank and I...

by  
BUTLER W. Thornton  
I know. I put them there.

Butler points to the ENGRAVED INITIALS "CB" on it.

HUEY  
C.B. (beat) Clay Butler.

BUTLER  
After Clay Junior died, I couldn't stand to look at them without being constantly reminded that he never got a chance to use them.

He rubs the initials.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
They belong to you now.

Butler goes to the door.

WGA #988987  
BUTLER (cont'd)  
Do me a favor, young Benson?

HUEY  
Yes sir, anything.

BUTLER  
Put them to use. Beat those Lions.

EXT. GARITTY FIELD

Sad-faced Lads assemble on the sideline around Coach Sal.

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REFEREE  
I'm sorry Coach, we must begin.



COACH SAL  
 Alright, you heard him. Here's the roster.  
 Quarterback...

Everyone LOUDLY CHEERS. Coach Sal looks. Sees Huey. He runs onto the field wearing the SHOULDERPADS.

LADS  
 Huey! Huey! Huey!

Zack jumps up from waxing shoes.

ZACK  
 Huey! Huey!

Huey sees Zack. Smiles. Zack's face beams.

Second Home - Second to None  
 EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

Miss Lettie, Miss Hawkins and other teachers gather. Huey's mother Marie, Lula and BJ are there.

Stacy W. Thornton  
 BJ

Huey!

HUEY  
 BJ?! Ma?  
 Based on a true American story.

Huey dashes to them. BJ grabs him. Tousles his hair.

BJ  
 You made it...little Lad.

Huey runs off. Passes by Charlie's mother, CHARLOTTE (late 30's), and her fiancé, FRANCIS (40's). They point to Charlie. Huey joins Charlie. Points to Charlie's Ma. They wave.

CHARLIE  
 Ma?!  
 WGA #988987  
 MISS LETTIE  
 Mrs. Benson?

MARIA  
 Please. Call me Maria.

MISS LETTIE  
 We just heard...Huey got all B's.

MARIA  
 But the director told us yesterday.

Stacy Thornton  
 Ethnofilms  
 But we just got the official...

15218 Summit Ave. Suite #213 BUTLER  
 Fontana, CA I knew he'd do it with Sarah May's help. Besides,  
 stacy@ethnofilms.com some rules need... exception.  
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Sarah May brings over SAM and PAM LESTER.

SARAH MAY  
Mr. & Mrs. Lester's here.

MISS LETTIE  
Oh thank you, Sarah May.

SAM LESTER  
Hello Miss Lettie.

MISS LETTIE  
We're so excited to have you as his sponsor.

PAM LESTER  
Which one is he?

Miss Lettie searches the crowd. Second to None

MISS LETTIE  
Oh yes...where is he? He's such a good boy. He's had such a hard time. I understand his mother passed away on Thanksgiving Day...

The Lesters SIGH.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD  
Based on a true American story.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
State Home Lads, who lost to the hard-charging Groesbeck Goats faced off with Teague Lions before the largest crowd of the season.

Legs kicks off.

A LION PLAYER catches the ball. Darts down the field. Averts Tim and Tom. Hurdles over Willie. Full-spins. Plow loses his footing. Tumbles. The Lion races past Bus and Train. They give chase. The Lion rushes into the end zone.

WGA #988987

EXT. SIDELINE

Hashop, Collier and Renthrow have sour expressions.

MR. HASHOP  
What was that?!

MR. COLLIER  
A lot of yards.

PAUL MOORE  
An 85 return to be exact.

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The LION KICKER nails it through the goal posts.

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MR. RENTHROW  
Relax, this game's just starting.

SCOREBOARD: LADS "0;" LIONS "7."

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Lads receive the kick. Downed at the 35.
- Lads CROWD with worried faces, APPLAUD.
- Huey stuffs the ball to Charlie. Charlie's swarmed; Legs Kicks away.
- Lions QB hands ball to HB; he's swarmed. Lions KICK.
- Huey stuffs ball to Blue; he's swarmed. Huey stuffs ball to Spots; he's swarmed. Then to Charlie; Legs KICKS.
- SCOREBOARD: HALFTIME: LADS "0" and LIONS "7." Pep Band takes the field. Phil blows his Tuba.

by  
Stacy W. Thornton

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Lads mope. Coach paces.

Based on a true American story.  
COACH SAL  
If you want to win this thing, you're going to have to play like a team, focus, and use some strategy.

LADS  
Yes sir.

COACH SAL  
I'm sorry...what was that?

LADS  
Yes sir!

WGA #988987

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- SCOREBOARD: 3rd quarter; LADS "0" and LIONS "7."
- Huey pitches to Charlie. Charlie throws. Willie misses.
- Huey fakes. Full-spins. Hands to Blue. Blue's downed.
- Huey fakes. Half-spins. Fakes. Full-spins from trouble. Runs. Gets FIELD GOAL position.

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- Lads CROWD jump. CHEER.

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- Grinning ear to ear, Zack scans the crowd's excitement.

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- Legs kicks. Misses field goal.  
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- Crowd MOANS.
- SCOREBOARD: 4th quarter, LADS "0" and LIONS "7."
- Legs releases a POOR PUNT.
- Lions QB gets sacked by Plow.
- TEAGUE CROWD MOANS.
- LIONS QB gets sacked by Tim and Tom.
- Lads CROWD CHEERS.

EXT. SIDELINE

~~Second Home~~ ~~Second to None~~  
 MR. RENTHROW  
 Got that woolly rabbit!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD by  
Stacy W. Thornton

Teague punts. Spots catches. Runs. Avoids Lions. Downed on the Lion's 20. Lads huddle.

HUEY  
 Ladies and gentlemen. ~~And it's a pleasure to~~  
 introduce the newly named State Home Bears!

Lads look at Huey like he's crazy.

HUEY (cont'd)  
 It's time for the Pro play!

LADS  
 Yeah!

LEGS  
 No Huey...I can't. I'm having a bad game.

CHARLIE WCA #988987  
 Everyone's having a bad game!

HUEY  
 Okay, I'll take Legs place.

Lads get set. Plow snaps. Huey hands to Blue. Blue fakes. Spins. Hands to Charlie. Charlie jumps but is brought down.

Plow snaps. Huey fakes. Stuffs it to Charlie. Charlie downed at the five yard line.

PAUL MOORE (V.O.)  
 The Lads began the third attempt with only minutes left of the game.

Plow snaps. Huey fakes. Half-spins. Stuffs it to Charlie.  
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PAUL MOORE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Madden hurled himself, jumped into the air with  
both hands and...

Charlie stops. Holds the ball.

EXT. SIDELINE

PAUL MOORE  
What's this? What's this?

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Charlie fakes to Legs. Stops. Pumps the ball.

Second Home - Second to None

EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

Oh my!  
CROWD by  
Stacy W. Thornton

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Charlie sees Huey in the end zone. Charlie throws. The  
football soars into the SUNLIGHT. Drops into Huey's hand.

EXT. SIDELINE

MR. RENTHROW  
Now that's what I'm talking about!

Mr. Collier leans over the Corsicana Sun reporter.

MR. COLLIER  
Mr. Moore, that's Benson...

COLLIER, HASHOP, RENTHROW  
B-e-n-s-o-n!

EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

Lads CROWD CHEERS. Lions CROWD MOANS.

SCOREBOARD: LADS "6" and LIONS "7."

MR. HASHOP  
If they tie...ice cream's on me!

PAUL MOORE  
May I quote you on that?  
MR. COLLIER  
That's Hashop, spelled...  
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MR. COLLIER  
H.A.S.H.O.P.

MR. RENTHROW  
H.A.S.H.O.P.

Crowd holds their breath.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Lads chaotically move about.

EXT. SIDELINE

COACH SAL  
What's going on out there? Legs! Get in place  
for the kick!

Second Home - Second to None

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Legs runs to the sideline.

by  
Stacy W. Thornton  
LEGS  
Charlie's kicking for me.

EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

Based on a true American story.  
BANK MANAGER  
Madden is kicking?

SHOP TEACHER  
Best everyone run for cover!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Charlie nervously eyes the goal.

HUEY  
Do I have to make you mad first?  
WGA #988987

Huey jabs Charlie's elbow.

CHARLIE  
Ow, Huey!

EXT. SIDELINE

COACH SAL  
Kick it already!

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EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

Huey starts to jab him again. Charlie GROWLS. Huey backs  
off. Charlie focuses on the goal.

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EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

Slog peers through binoculars. Sees Jess.

SLOG  
Okay, get set. He's open! Release! Release!

Peon unleashes the CATAPULT. A steady stream of ICE CUBES and FROZEN MANURE pummels Jess to the ground.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

The BALL's snapped. Placed. Charlie runs toward the ball. Kicks. The ball shoots up.

Football flies through the goal posts for the EXTRA POINT.

EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

CROWD goes wild. Slog and Peon YELL. Jess SOBS covered in a pile of frozen manure.

SCOREBOARD: FINAL; Lads "7" and Lions "7."

WHISTLE BLOWS. Teams shake hands. Lads lift Huey and Charlie.

EXT. SIDELINE

Zack watches Huey as they bounce him high in the air. Huey sees Zack. Pumps the ball. Throws. Zack catches it.

Lads set Huey down. Hashop pulls him aside.

MR. HASHOP  
Huey, you're on your way to being the greatest quarterback the State Home has ever had...even better than...whatever his name was.

EXT. SIDELINE/SPECTATOR GROUNDS

JESS  
And then they hit me with ice and frozen cow pies and...

Pam Lester comforts Jess.

SAM LESTER  
Mr. Butler? We'd like to arrange Jester's removal right now if possible.

BUTLER  
Yes, of course. That's excellent. So Jess will now be known as Jester Lester?

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Slog and Peon roll on the ground LAUGHING.

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE - LATER

The happy Mr. And Mrs. Lester shake Butler's hand.

BUTLER  
Good luck to you Jess. We'll certainly miss  
your...special way.

Jess nods. They leave.

EXT. BOYS DORM

Charlie stands with his mother Charlotte and her boyfriend.

Second Home - Second to None  
CHARLOTTE  
So you're okay with me marrying Francis, right  
Charlie?

Charlie grimaces. by  
Stacy W. Thornton

CHARLIE  
Just so long I can call him Frank.

FRANCIS  
Based on a true American story.  
Frank, it is.

Charlotte hugs Charlie.

INT. BOYS DORM/HALL CORRIDOR

Huey and Maria pass by Jess and the Lesters.

HUEY  
Have a nice life, Jester Lester.

Jess glares at him. WGA #988987

HUEY (cont'd)  
I mean it, Jess. But don't be a stranger. Visit  
sometime.

Jess smiles.

JESS  
You know they couldn't have done it without you.

Huey shrugs.

JESS (cont'd)  
So, how does it feel tying for second place?  
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HUEY  
I don't know, it doesn't feel like second. It's  
kind of like here. It's my second home...but it's  
really, second to none.



INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

A KNOCK at door. Butler opens it.

BUTLER  
Ah good, Huey. Come. Make yourself at home.

Butler presents Huey with a COLLEGE CATALOG. Pats his back as he escorts to the chair. Huey's mother, Maria follows them in. Stands behind him.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
Once the grades are in place, you can have your pick of colleges. This one was Clay Junior's choice.

Butler sits on the edge of his desk.

HUEY  
But I don't know if I can...get the kind of grades that...

Huey hangs his head.  
by Stacy W. Thornton

BUTLER  
Young Benson, I believe you can do anything you put your mind to. You just need...to believe in yourself like I do. And I'm proud of what you've been able to accomplish.

Huey's head shoots up.

BUTLER (cont'd)  
And the other thing you need is a goal. What do you think you want to be?

MARIA  
Go ahead, tell him, Huey.

HUEY  
I thought maybe, a teacher. I mean, isn't that what you have to become to be a boys' director?

Butler's lower eyelids twitch. He glances at his family photo.

BUTLER  
Well, let's get started...again.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

Dedicated to the real life contributors, residents, teachers, administrators, and all those who unselfishly gave to the thousands of children who lived and passed through the doors of the STATE ORPHANS HOME of Corsicana Texas, from 1887 to 1977.  
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