

FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING (2002)

Morning fog clings to concrete stairs as prerecorded bells clang from speakers.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2002

INT. CHURCH, AISLES - MORNING

Pews are jammed with mourners sitting shoulder to shoulder, forcing latecomers to stand at the back.

The clamor subsides to a hushed tone as attention draws toward the front by the click-clack of footsteps.

INT. CHURCH, ALTER - MORNING

Standing at the ambo is FRANKIE (20). A man of below average height and is visibly scrawny even with his padded coat. From the pocket of his pleated slacks, he removes a set of NOTECARDS covered in physician-like scribbles.

FRANKIE  
Hello everybody--

From outside, a squeaky door is followed by the sounds of struggling footsteps.

Frankie patiently waits for the familiar distraction to find a seat.

FRANKIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(clears throat)  
Hello everybody.

INT. CHURCH, CROSSING - MORNING

FRANKIE (O.S.)  
I'd like to tell a story about my  
Grandpa.

An UNNATURAL WIND agitates the United States Flag resting over a humble CASKET.

INT. GRANDPARENTS HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY (1996)

From the kitchen, the cadenced thump-glide, thump-glide of a ROLLING PIN echoes over a tube television.

On its screen, a team of soldiers march through a swamp until a static flip brings the local news and then another brings a talk show.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1996

Sitting on a couch is Frank, better known as GRANDPA (75). He's a man of average weight and height with a distinctive wreath of polar bear hair framing his head.

He continues to search.

EXT. GRANDPARENTS HOME, STREET - DAY

Walking up the simmering summer asphalt is FRANKIE (15). He's sporting an athletic shirt and shorts combo with a backpack slung over one shoulder - because it's "cooler" that way.

He's flanked by rows of homes originally built for farmhands.

INT. GRANDPARENTS HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A metal security door obscures Frankie's appearance as he approaches while searching his backpack.

With desperate hope, he pats down his pockets before giving the door knob a turn. It's locked.

FRANKIE

Dang it.

He cups his hands around his eyes to peek through the screen.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Hey Grandpa, I forgot my key can  
you open the door?

As if the question went unheard, Grandpa does not react. Forcing Frankie to shake his head because he's well aware of his mistake.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(ugh)  
Grandpa, Can you *please* open the  
door?

GRANDPA  
I'll be right there.

Grandpa rocks his body back and forth until enough momentum is built to lift off the couch.

He then stands motionless for several seconds so the blood can trickle back to his feet.

FRANKIE (O.S.)  
Come on, hurry up. It's hot.

At last, rejuvenated legs allow Grandpa to shuffle to the front door.

GRANDPA  
Hello mijo.

MIJO\* (Spanish for "my son" or "darling").

FRANKIE  
Hey, Grandpa.

Grandpa opens the door, allowing his grandson inside. They exchange a handshake. Upon release, Frankie immediately takes over Grandpa's spot on the couch.

GRANDPA  
So, how was practice?

Frankie doesn't instantly respond. Instead, he starts flipping the channels away from "In the Heat of the Night".

FRANKIE  
(staring at television)  
It was okay.

GRANDPA  
Be sure to say hello to your  
Grandma.

FRANKIE  
(at the kitchen)  
Hi, Grandma, I'm here!

Grandpa sighs, "that's not what I meant."

GRANDMA (O.S.)  
Okay, mijo. I'm glad you're safe.

GRANDPA  
So, did you learn anything new?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

(continues surfing)

I learned the rest of my team  
sucks. Like nobody has even come  
close to pinning me or getting any  
points. Seriously.

GRANDPA

Sounds like you're pretty good.

FRANKIE

I am.

(pause)

The coach even wants me on varsity.

GRANDPA

Wow, as a freshman that's--

FRANKIE

Oh, and today I had to wrestle this  
girl, and before she could even  
blink, I had her all knotted up.

(laughing)

She was so embarrassed she went to  
the bathroom and never came back.

(to tv)

There it is.

The channel search ends on "Beavis and Butthead."

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Some of the guys were even  
clapping. It was hilarious.

GRANDPA

Sounds like it. Maybe you can show  
me some of the moves you used.

FRANKIE

Ummm, not right now Grandpa, I'm  
kinda busy.

GRANDPA

Come on.

(steps in front of tv)

It will be fun. We have some time  
before lunch.

FRANKIE

Fine.

Like his Grandpa before him, Frankie rocks back and forth  
before launching himself with unnecessary panache.

He then proceeds to call out wrestling maneuvers while miming them with the least amount of energy as humanly possible.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Duck Under.

(pause)

Double Leg takedown.

(pause)

Front headlock.

(pause)

Back headlock.

Thinking he's slick, Frankie throws in a pro wrestling move.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(holding back laughter)

Tombstone piledriver.

GRANDPA

Tombstone piledriver? I never heard of that.

FRANKIE

Its a new one. Can I get back to the TV now?

Frankie starts heading for the couch until Grandpa grabs him by the upper arm.

GRANDPA

Actually, I was hoping you'd show the moves on me.

FRANKIE

Yeah, okay Grandpa.

(throws up okay sign)

Sure.

GRANDPA

I'm not kidding. I think it would be good fun.

FRANKIE

Are you for serious?

GRANDPA

Yeah. So, go ahead and move those chairs to the corner. That way we can have more space.

One by one, Frankie moves the chairs into the corner. As he does that, Grandpa folds down the sides of a dinner table before shoving it against the wall.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
 Okay, now get in a stance.

Frankie assumes the most lackadaisical posture ever.

FRANKIE  
 This is silly Grandpa.  
 (stands)  
 Do you even know anything about  
 wrestling?

GRANDPA  
 I've watched the Olympics.  
 (pause)  
 Now go ahead and get in a real  
 start position.

Frankie gets a bit lower but not much more.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
 Okay.

Grandpa shrugs his shoulders, "I gave you a chance".

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
 My Grandpa then lowered into his  
 own stance. And he had this look in  
 his eyes that I've only seen when  
 he uses a hammer.

GRANDPA  
 Count us in.