

HEY, SOOS!

JESUS (Hey-Soos) awkwardly stops his WWII black motorcycle with sidecar at the side of the road next to a cornfield and removes his old-school helmet but not his aviator goggles as he touches his vibrating tight leather pants. He takes from a pocket JESUS DEVICE uniquely modern and yet retro while the same dimensions as the usual smartphone.

JESUS

*"Alert: Endowed One Rescue"*

I myself am the - well - Endowed One.

Jesus Device makes a series of nagging, belligerent tones.

JESUS (CONT'D)

I know. Yahweh, not my way.

More nagging tones.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Yes, you're da man. Yes, I was joking. Yes, I am going. Yes, I will shut up and save the Endowed One who is in peril.

Then he is not there.

EXT. AIRPLANE AT 10,000 FEET

GILL WATTS and SAL stand at the open door in the side of the plane. They fist bump, well, in the way computer nerd macho dude pals fist bump.

GILL WATTS

All right Sal, let's do this.

SAL

10,000 copies sold. 10,000 feet.

He jumps out of the plane.

GILL WATTS

Will Goodman can kiss my free-falling ass! I am invincible!

He jumps and then glides down, well, he glides like someone who is having a seizure, and reaches Sal.

SAL

Up yours, Gill Watts! Who's the boss now, huh? You'd be nothing without me, Gill! When I get there first I get your most expensive champagne.

Sal opens his parachute. Gill Watts smiles broadly and gives Sal the finger, one with a large gold ring on it with raised letters spelling Sherlock Computers. Sal gives his similarly-ringed finger back as Gill Watts falls past him, parachute closed.

Gill Watts sees the ground approaching and pulls the parachute rip cord. Nothing. Pulls again, the reserve chute. Nothing.

GILL WATTS

Who packed this chute?  
Need staff assistance.

No one appears to help. Gill looks upward. Falling, or rushing, very rapidly downward from way, way up, wearing the same outfit as when on his motorcycle, with helmet and goggles obscuring his features, comes Jesus. When Jesus is below Gill Watts, he opens his own parachute and waits for Gill Watts to fall into his arms, gently.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Took you long enough.

The two drift gently downward. Sal appears nearby, in the sky, oblivious to what has occurred: the chute failure and Jesus streaming down.

SAL

Hey, where's my ride, Gill?

GILL WATTS

(to Jesus)

You should have waited longer. You opened your chute too soon. Sal's gonna beat me to the ground.

JESUS

Game over? Yeah, I can get you there quicker than Sal.

Gill Watts looks down. He looks at Jesus. Under Jesus's goggles there may be a dare. Gill Watts sort of smiles and nestles into Jesus and they gently fall together toward the earth.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Senor fool. At your birth you were given the best bloody gifts we had to give.

GILL WATTS

I didn't expect such blathering from an assistant.

JESUS

Look, Senor inappropriately macho dude, I was on my way to see how you are using your gifts for the good of the world.

GILL WATTS

Hush.

JESUS

You hush, Miss Manners. I have caught you. All right? I can save you now -- or not.

Gill Watts takes on a almost-impossible-to-see look of neediness.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Well, I do fancy wearing me leather pants as I fall from the sky with you in my arms. The boots are too much for sky jumping - do you think?

Gill Watts knows to agree, but has to think about that first, before he shakes his head "no".

EXT. FLAGSTONE AT BACK OF MANSION - DAY

Jesus removes a retro boombox from his motorcycle and turns it to LOUD - a 60's recording with a lot of bass. Carrying the boombox Jesus struts toward a mansion, removing his helmet and goggles and shaking out unkempt long hair. His face might be Hispanic.

GILLY, a young-looking 26, in jeans and the shirt Ernie wears on Sesame Street, nods, eye-closed, as he beats with a padded stick on a mesh drum in a sort of tom-tom rhythm. An ordinary-looking dog, DEF JAM, sleeps next to him.

Gilly drums. Jesus turns up the volume. The boom-box beat corresponds with the drum hits. Gilly drums. Jesus ups the volume. Jesus starts to move, old break-dancing style that also suggests American Indian music. He dances harder.

Knocks himself out. Pauses, tired. Music still blasts. Gilly still drums, eyes closed, oblivious.

Gilly looks up. Jesus appears in his line of sight. Gilly's drumming stops. Boom box still blares.

GILLY  
You Juan's cousin?

JESUS  
I can't hear you!

GILLY  
I can't hear you!

Both laugh. Jesus turns the volume to OFF.

Jesus speaks while Gilly is looking down at his drum, turning it off.

JESUS  
What did you say, dude?

Gilly looks up at Jesus with no indication that he has been asked a question, though his fingers move.

Jesus touches Jesus Device in his pocket and uses American Sign Language to repeat the question: "What did you say?" Gilly signs back the same message: "What did you say?" Both laugh!

(From this point on, there are on-screen subtitles for finger spelling and American Sign Language, as well as for translation of non-English dialogue.)

GILLY  
Are you Juan's cousin? He said  
someone would come for the job.

JESUS  
No. But he and I are brothers, man.  
Like you and I are brothers.

GILLY  
In sync.

Jesus pats Def Jam and then signs, with finger spelling, *Hey Dawg* to him. Def Jam seems to smile.

JESUS  
Tell me, could you be someone I  
should know - someone very famous?  
Your uniform appears like someone  
from that street -- Sesame?

GILLY  
You mean Ernie.

He laughs.

JESUS  
I have been reassigned to the house  
here. Sometimes I am not considered  
appropriate.

GILLY  
Well, we sure needed a bad ass  
houseman around here. Welcome,  
amigo.

He turns and sees the motorcycle.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
I like the bike, Mike!

JESUS  
I thought a place named Manhattan  
would have more transportation  
options.

GILLY  
I hear there is another one that  
has some kind of underground bus.

Jesus does not know that was a joke.

JESUS  
Oh.

GILLY  
This is Kansas. Manhattan, Kansas.

JESUS  
I freaking love *Carry On Wayward  
Son*.

Jesus turns on the boom box and dances. Gilly starts to speak aloud, then switches to sign language. Jesus makes a dance move, with sign language accompaniment of words to the song. Gilly copies.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
Holy cheese and crackers, Batman!

Jesus again moves with sign; Gilly replies. Jesus turns on his boom box, and it plays a raunchy current-day song.

The two men evolve into the first ever freestyle sign-language duo back and forth, using faces and long hair to their advantage, with R&B, hip-hop and Indian influences -- singing in sign and in audible words.

Gilly's pocket vibrates. He stops. Def Jam stands up.

GILLY

Your Dad was brought home from the  
air field. His chute did not open.  
Oh, no! How bad is it? Is he dead?  
I'm coming, Daddy. I'm coming!

Using sign language to tell Def Jam to come with him, Gilly and Def Jam then run immediately into the building leaving Jesus behind.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOUSE LIVING AREA - DAY

Expensive interior, obsessively well-kept by visible yet invisible servants, all apparently Mexican. Nerdy-looking, and yet cocky, Gill Watts rooster-walks in, wearing a Rolex watch on his wrist and what appears to be dollar store styling gel in the hair he caresses.

GILL WATTS

I don't understand why more people  
don't realize how important it is  
to have a hair stylist on staff.

He walks over to sit at a table with Sal, still in sky-jump suit. Sal studies, with exaggerated facial expressions, the several unopened bottles of champagne on the table, and opens the most expensive-looking bottle, using a silver champagne cork remover.

SAL

Great fall, Gill. Cute trick with  
the backup catch.

Sal fills two glasses.

GILL WATTS

Yeah. Gilly thought I had a sky-  
jump accident. I think he even  
thought I was hurt. Like that could  
happen. I wasn't scared.

SAL

Nah.

GILL WATTS

Smart people have staff. For all possibilities, no matter how rare. I don't know when I set that up. No matter. Let's start the meeting. Profits are up.

SAL

Duh.

He gulps some champagne.

SAL (CONT'D)

Getting bored yet, Gill? Made enough money?

Gill Watts looks shocked.

GILL WATTS

Of course not, Sal.

The two men sit. They look at one another. They sit. They look around the room. They sip champagne. They sit.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Let's do it.

Sal, unenthusiastically, nods and stands up.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOUSE MUSIC ROOM

The karaoke machine blasts music and lyrics while Gill and Sal sing badly. Gill motions for Sal to sit in his lap. Gill, unsuccessful at keeping his lips from moving, puts his hand on Sal's back, and Sal flaps his lips like a (ventriloquist) dummy.

Song ends. Sal gets up. Gill Watts turns off the karaoke machine. The two sit again at the table. And sip champagne. And sip champagne.

GILL WATTS

I think I'll schedule a supper meeting. For an hour and a half from now. You can take a shower and change, Sal. And I'll get a touch up. Meet you in the office.

Gill Watts leaves the room. Sal slips Gill Watt's silver cork remover into his pocket as he leaves.

INT. GILL WATTS' MUSIC ROOM - NEXT

Gilly comes into the room carrying his drum. Def Jam is with him.

GILLY

Dad?

No one is there. Gilly plugs his sound-sensitive chair into the karaoke machine. The song Gill and Sal performed plays as Gilly sits in the chair and feels its vibrations and then taps on the Indian drum in his lap.

Def Jam looks up. Gilly signs to the dog, "too slow", and the dog nods his head. With the remote, Gilly increases the speed of the music and the vibration of the chair. "Now that's what I'm talking about", Gilly signs to the dog, as he drums faster. Def Jam's tail wags in time. The dog walks to a treadmill and gets on and the machine runs to the same beat/remote controlled by Gilly. The music sounds and feels better played fast.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOUSE HALLWAY

Jesus walks down a hall and turns the corner. Then he returns to view, retracing his steps. Repeat. Repeat again.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOUSE MUSIC ROOM

Entering the room without Gilly seeing him, Jesus sings the words to the song as they play on the karaoke screen.

Gilly looks up and sees him.

GILLY

Thought you weren't coming.

JESUS

If it had been me with the  
Israelites on that desert, it would  
have taken like 60 days and 60  
nights.

GILLY

Mister directionally-challenged  
dude, can you find your way over  
here to me now?

JESUS

I think that can be accomplished.



He takes a circuitous route across the room to Gilly at the karaoke machine. They both laugh. The two "sing" together, this time in speedy sign language. Then Gilly sings a fewer-word spoken version in English that works great for the sped-up music, more rap-like.

Jesus Device, on his tool belt, lights up and speaks "Hey, Soos!" as the text projects onto the wall : *Urgent duty. Come to kitchen.*

GILLY

Has something happened to Maria?

Gilly and Def Jam charge from the room, Jesus following.

JESUS

What is it? The Inquisition? Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition.

GILLY

I don't have eyes in the back of my head!

JESUS

Guess Dad forgot about that.

INT. GILL WATTS' KITCHEN

An older, sweet-looking Hispanic woman, MARIA, looks up from her tasks. Gilly goes to her and she kisses him and smiles. She reaches down and gives a morsel to tail-wagging Def Jam.

MARIA

I just needed Jesus to know that when your dad wants food, it is an emergency.

GILLY

Whether he eats it or not.

MARIA

We all need something to feel secure. Right, DJ? You and Gilly.

She smiles down at the dog and then up at Gilly, who looks away somewhat. Jesus says nothing.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - LATER

Gill Watts and Sal sit. The French doors are open.

SAL

They'll be here soon. Hal had a family dinner, maybe his daughter's engagement, but I said come anyway. Business is important. Didn't know what to tell him for the agenda.

GILL WATTS

We'll think of something.

He looks around the room -- the piles of printouts spilling on the floor with his athletic shoes and other cast-off items.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Staff is going to clean up and bring the food.

Gill Watts drops more papers on the floor. A strong gust of wind through the open French doors blows his hair back into its usual dorky style, while it also blows over the full champagne glass in front of him. Enter Jesus, in houseman attire and wearing a hair net, a Dr. Perky in his tool belt -- apparently invisible to these two men, even after he speaks. For Gill servants are unidentifiable and replaceable.

JESUS

There was a woman at the door this afternoon, sir. I answered the door. I have had no training about that.

GILL WATTS

Who was it? We do not have guests.

JESUS

Senor, the woman was selling raffle tickets. She said the raffle tickets were for children with some serious disease.

GILL WATTS

Is there a point here?

JESUS

About the raffle: With your such wonderful luck you might actually win one of those children in the raffle. Senor has already raised one son to adulthood and probably needs no more children. So I asked for an envelope for you to mail in a donation instead.

He hands the envelope to Gill Watts, who takes it and drops it into the trash can.

Jesus efficiently cleans up the spill and refills the glass while strutting to the tune he is singing very, very softly, "There were ten in the bed and the little one said, 'Roll over...'" before he leaves, with no visible reaction from Gill Watts and Sal.

GILL WATTS

It is surprising how many children work. And for so little money.

SAL

And?

GILL WATTS

Children assemble some of our computer parts.

SAL

Who?

GILL WATTS

Children.

SAL

So?

GILL WATTS

So nothing. Guess they use their money to buy computer games or something. Whatever.

INT. TRAILER ON PINE RIDGE RESERVATION - DAY

A Native American man and his wife stand looking angrily at one another in the small living room of a very small trailer.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN

Because we all need the children to work. Destiny can't put together motherboards fast enough. Her carpal tunnel is getting worse. She needs the children's help.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN

Jesus! They're not even ten years old yet!

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN

I know! But they will work if we let them.

(MORE)

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

Since Jim and Marie died they have nobody but Destiny and us, and we won't be here forever. The kids need work experience.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN

Now? They have school. And they want to play sports.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN

That is just the way it is. And you know it.

She starts to cry.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN

I know, honey. I just hate the way it is. At least they aren't sick. So many people are getting sick and can't work.

He looks down at the First Baptist Church of Pine Ridge bulletin open on the dinette-style table: "Please pray for the sick and needy" with many native American-sounding names listed.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN

Destiny has been seeing a boy for some time now. From off the reservation.

Native American Man looks momentarily more optimistic. Native American Woman pauses, then continues.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

She says he's a volunteer.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN

So money's not a sure thing there.

The man puts his arm around the woman and she leans into him.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN

I still have great expectations for Destiny to use her gifts and I am glad she has a friend. But let me add one other fact. Her boyfriend is deaf.

The woman begins to smile. The husband smiles. They both grin. They both chuckle. Together they laugh out loud, but not meanly.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Jesus, a feather duster handle stuck through his hair, takes a swig from a can of Dr. Perky as he surveys the numerous plates and wine glasses and napkins strewn around Gill Watts' office. He replaces the can in a pocket of his cargo pants, under his cleaning apron and approaches the overflowing trash can in front of a very expensive looking white board with "Sherlock Computers Supper Meeting Agenda" on it but little else except "profits".

Jesus picks up the trash can and as he dumps the trash into his larger rolling container he sees multiple French bread baguettes and pounds of smoked salmon.

JESUS  
Holy baloney, Batman!

He throws other items into the container, shaking his head.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
Some people just do not appreciate  
how hard it is to provide loaves  
and fishes for a whole group.

Jesus moves to the desk where the computer is open to Gill Watts' calendar. After glancing at it Jesus dusts it with the feather duster in his hairdo. Some new writing appears on the screen. He leaves the room.

Gill Watts in very large headphones, outdated rather than hipster, kind of struts into the room and sits at the desk, showing no awareness that Jesus is present. He checks his email, smiling and shaking his head and standing up for a jerky dance move as he listens on his headphones to a song like Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Want to Have Fun". In his inbox, there are personally-addressed emails from OXFAM, Southern Poverty Law Center, Amnesty International, others. Without opening them, he deletes each one but marks with a star other emails about financial matters. He opens an email from Sal: *Do you have time for a lesson in pond swooping?* Gill Watts types in: *Sure, I have plenty of time free.*

He turns to reading a print finance journal, then knocking over a stack of magazines onto the floor. An email pops up with *Subject Line: Very Important Request for Help -- from Your Son.* Gill Watts shakes his head, reads the first line "The reservation needs help, Dad," and deletes the email.

Jesus leaves the room, an angry look on his face.

INT. JESUS' STAFF STUDIO APARTMENT - NEXT

Jesus slumps on his bed.

JESUS  
Just being there made a difference.  
Then.

He thinks.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
And words mattered. Maybe I don't  
know how they say things now. OMG.  
WWJD. LOL.

He rubs his forehead. He thinks.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
HeadOn. Apply directly to the  
forehead.

Jesus thinks.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
Then people listened. A few words  
from me brought about great change.

Jesus frets.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
What worked before will not work  
now. So, something new!

He jumps up, reaches for the DVD on his dresser and carries it with him out the door of his room.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT

Jesus comes back into the room. Gill Watts composes himself. Jesus puts Jesus Device on the edge of Gill Watts' desk as he kneels to pick up the magazines.

GILL WATTS  
Must be a new hire.

Jesus' hand unconsciously spells out the letters SPAZ.

JESUS  
Is room -- what you say, OJ? Senior  
Watts. OK?

Gill Watts unconsciously picks up Jesus Device from his desk as he moves papers around.

GILL WATTS

Sure, sure. Es muy amable.  
I didn't know I spoke Spanish. I am  
a wonder.

He puts down Jesus Device and looks for his smartphone on his desk.

Jesus walks to the French doors, pulls a rag and some Windex from his pants under his houseman apron, and polishes the glass.

JESUS

Come see, Senor.

GILL WATTS

Are you talking to me?

JESUS

Yes, Senor. Shall I speak in  
another language? Do you speak with  
the hands?

GILL WATTS

No, I don't know sign language. I  
will tell you when you can be  
useful to me.

JESUS

Yes. That is good, Senor. And in  
return I will tell you when you can  
be useful to me.

GILL WATTS

Um. Yes. If it will help you do a  
good job.

JESUS

Please look here, senor.

Gill Watts touches his hair and feels that it is somehow askew. He sort of shrugs and he gets up and walks to Jesus at the French door. At the door, his eyes focus not, as usual, on his hair, but on the man in front of him, as well as reflected in the glass of the door, eyes dark, intense. Gill Watts, who answers to no man, is somehow affected.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Senor, a video arrived today. It is  
in the theatre room, Senor.

Gill Watts pauses, unsure.

JESUS (CONT'D)

I am to show it to you, Senor Gill Watts, the Lord of Sherlock computer company and the man with mucho moolah.

GILL WATTS

It's Sunday. The screening room assistant doesn't work today.

JESUS

We can do this, no? You are a tech czar. And I have made a blind man see. Why, as a young man, I brought to many, what you say, sound and sight?

GILL WATTS

Yeah, you mean audio-visual. Hey, I was the AV guy at my school, too. Lots of keys and a cart. Hard to believe I was such a geek, right?

He looks at Jesus.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Maybe geeks look different in Mexico.

He pauses. Do it himself?

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Yeah, what the heck? Let's do it. Okay, I'll come see the film. Probably the new ad campaign. For my approval. They don't like to send them on the Internet and risk them leaking.

Gill Watts gathers up some financial magazines to carry with him: his security blanket.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Heck, it's a movie. Ha ha. Bring popcorn. Super sweet. Super salty. Very warm. Like me. Ha ha. And chilled bottles of water. 33 degrees. I might catch a new flick after we watch this.



JESUS

Oh, Senor, of course, Senor. You are a dude that is sweet and salty and warm as well as chilly, to be sure. But catch a flick? Like a sickness, a cold? Catch a flick?

Jesus consults his hand-held translator. We can see a language choice for "Formerly Cool Slang USA."

JESUS (CONT'D)

Oh, see a movie.

INT. HOME MOVIE THEATER - NEXT

Gill Watts is slouched in a movie theatre seat, magazines on the floor next to him. Jesus sits down only a few seats away and turns on his music player and dances in his seat, waiting rather than waiting on, as Gill Watts shifts himself slightly away from the servant.

GILL WATTS

I don't have a lot of time.

JESUS

Oh, okay, I will run the flock.

GILL WATTS

Hey, I know what. Use the Space Projector. It'll make it a business tax deduction.

He reaches for an investment magazine. Jesus sits.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

He returns to reading.

JESUS

What would Jesus do?

Gill Watts looks up and does his ha ha. He stands and finds the 'on' button, then looks around the machine and picks up the instruction manual.

GILL WATTS

Oh, no, this is in Chinese, or something. We can look for the manual online.

Jesus touches Jesus Device as he opens the manual and skims a few pages.

He turns on the projector, which resembles a rear projector without screen that creates an image that from the front looks like it is floating in mid-air.

Jesus plays with the projection settings, decreasing and enlarging images, jumping in and out of the scene, which is an advertisement for the company that made the machine. Gill Watts' frown stops him.

Jesus inserts the DVD somewhere and the movie begins.

(Scenes **from the DVD** are in **bold**, with scene changes marked by **\***. Insertions of present-day actions and dialogue while the film is playing are marked **#** and are not in bold. As elsewhere, movie subtitles give the meaning of sign language that is used in the video.)

"Gill Watts: The Man" rolls.

**\* Long-haired Gill Watts of the past appears, with a pocket protector and the large glasses of the time. He is looking in the mirror. He fluffs his hair. Touches it. Fluffs. Touches.**

**#** Jesus removes his hair net and shakes loose his own similar hair.

**GILL WATTS (CONT'D)**

**It starts now. I can influence the world for good.**

**He poses as a superhero: muscle poses, though no muscles.**

JESUS

So you were a generous lad?

Gill Watts frowns at Jesus, to be quiet, but Jesus is thinking and does not feel the impact.

GILL WATTS

**First, I will become the richest man in the world.**

Gill Watts smiles and turns to Jesus, who does not look at him at all.

**\* Gill Watts in his twenties is sitting on a wall, legs swinging. Sal approaches. Due to his small stature, he jumps up a few times before he is able to sit next to Gill Watts.**

**GILL WATTS (CONT'D)**

**Sal, do you want to join with me and do what I need you to do to keep this company going.**

(MORE)

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

And help my life go as it should?  
And keep my secrets?

SAL

Sure, man. You've got my word. I've  
got your back.

There is a pause as the two sit swinging their legs.

SAL (CONT'D)

As long as I get a lot of money, of  
course. Right, Gill?

GILL WATTS

Sure. Of course, Sal.

\* A maid enters the playroom where there are birthday balloons and some opened gifts. Gilly, as a four-year-old child, sits on the floor away from the other children, playing intently with a small Indian village, figures and teepees. Sal sits near Gilly, reading a financial magazine, with his picture on the cover.

MAID

Oh, Mr. Sal, Mr. Gill Watts said  
you were helping out with the  
party. He said for you to tell  
Gilly and the children that ice  
cream is ready, outside. Then there  
will be cake for Gilly.

Sal nods.

The children hear the maid and, screaming happily, run from the room. After a short time, Sal gets up and leaves the room as well. Gilly remains in the room playing by himself.

\* Gilly as a child of five is with his Dad.

GILLY AS A CHILD

I don't want to play on the  
computer, Daddy. Let's go play  
outside with Freddie. She needs to  
tell me about her mean Daddy.

GILL WATTS

No, let's stay inside. Daddy has to  
work. Here, do this. You can add  
some numbers with dollar signs.

Gill Watts has picked up a report and is no longer engaged with his son.

\* Gill Watts and Gilly at age 9 are sprawled on sofas in the same room, but this is clearly about business, as is everything.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Well, Gilly, we are into operating systems. I expect that, by end of the year, we will have dominated the video game market as well.

GILLY

Dominate. That's a big word. I think it might be a scary word, Daddy.

GILL WATTS

It is a big, important word. And, yes, it is scary to some. It's a dog-eat-dog world out there. Some people just have more dogs. More hungry dogs.

GILLY

And what about the hungry people?

Gill Watts looks confused.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Those people who you won't pay any more. Like Shirley and Danny's Daddy and Mommy. They all might get hungry.

GILL WATTS

Those people were laid off, Gilly. That means the company can't pay them any more.

GILLY

That's not fair, Daddy.

GILL WATTS

No, you aren't fair to your Daddy, Gilly. This is how businesses work.

GILLY

But aren't you rich, Daddy?

GILL WATTS

Yes, son. And I am rich because I can lay off people and make other smart decisions.

Gill Watts looks at his son, who looks back. Silence.

\* Gill Watts and Sal and his son, now age 12, sit at a conference table.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

We use a low starting salary as a motivational tool. The people who really want more salary can advance later.

GILLY

A motivational tool. I see.

Gilly's hand unconsciously signs "tool!"

Behind him, Sal laughs. Then recovers. Gill Watts looks at Sal, and Sal nods approvingly, reassuringly: I understand and agree with you, Gill Watts.

Gilly looks down to the floor as he gets down from his chair. Gill Watts is speaking but Gilly does not see his face.

GILL WATTS

Everyone can be successful. Some just have to try harder. I started poor. Sal, the boy didn't see me speak. Sign to him what I said.

Sal speaks one thing and signs another.

SAL

Everyone can be successful. Some just have to try harder.

SAL ALSO

You do not have what it takes to be successful. You do not try hard enough. And you are deaf.

Gilly signs "Goodbye" and also gives the sign for "sad" as he leaves the room.

SAL

Kids! He just said "I don't want to." Nothing else important or I would let you know.

JESUS

My, how difficult for you to see, senior.

Gill Watts is smiling.

GILL WATTS

No, I love seeing myself. As a younger man. And Sal has been by my side.

\* Gill Watts is with the 13-year-old Gilly.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Your campaign wasn't really a success, son. You gathered some toys for the children. That's a good thing. But not success. Success means money, son.

JESUS

Money is a tool for success, no doubt. But my pockets do not hold many pesos. Better to give them away.

GILL WATTS

Perhaps no one taught you the importance of accumulating wealth. I will be remembered for that. You will not be remembered for anything as big as that.

\* Gilly, now age 14, comes walking in, holding Sherlock's MP3 player.

GILLY

Dad, I've been trying to use that new Sherlock Computers player. I wanted to show it to the kids at school and tell them it's from my Dad's company. But I can't get it to work.

GILL WATTS

Yeah? Give it to me a second.

He takes the player.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

See, all you have to do is hold down this button.

GILLY

I'll try to remember that. It just seems like the button should be on the top, that's all.

GILL WATTS

No reason for that.

GILLY

Well, on the bottom, people could easily turn it off while they're running.

GILL WATTS

We have a button lock feature. Look.

GILLY

Well, why do you make it a digital feature? Why not make it an actual, physical, button, right next to the "on"?

GILL WATTS

Son, the player is fine the way it is.

GILLY

I just think it's like, duh, a good idea to think about how people will actually use a device you make for them.

GILL WATTS

It's my product, and I can do whatever I want with it, thank you. And I don't appreciate the attitude, young man.

Gilly turns to leave the room.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

And, son, no, and that means no, Goodman products in this house. Understand.

Gilly shrugs as he leaves, signing to himself "unless a Goodman product works better."

JESUS

You have a smart boy.

GILL WATTS

If he would only show his intelligence.

\* Gill Watts speaks to his son, now in his late teens.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Yes, you can go work on that Indian reservation, son, if you pay for your expenses. Gotta work so you can play at a theme park.

# Gill Watts looks over at Jesus, assuming backup.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Gilly just didn't get it, did he?

JESUS

The sins of the fathers?

GILL WATTS

What did you say?

JESUS

I have spoken too much, Senor. I can become quite the chatty lad, can I not. I...

He looks up at Gill Watts, who has had enough. Jesus gets it this time.

\* Gilly at age 22 is talking with his Dad, who is reading his financial magazines and is half-way looking at his son and less than half-way listening to him. Def Jam is at Gilly's feet.

GILLY

Dad, most people die at ages younger than you are. And a lot of newborn babies die.

GILL WATTS

I know, son, but we just can't help every poor community in India, can we?

GILLY

Dad, these people live not so far from here.

GILL WATTS

Son, let's be reasonable. That just is not so.

GILLY

Dad, it is.

GILL WATTS

Okay, son, the world is getting smaller. Okay!

(MORE)



GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

So everywhere seems close. Okay, I got your point. Look, I gotta go. And do we have to have that dog around all the time?

GILLY

Dad, it's the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. In South Dakota, Daddy.

But his father does not hear; Gill Watts has left the building.

\* Gill Watts sits at his conference table with Sal and a couple of other high-level employees. His smartphone is on speaker. It is his son.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Dad, you know your "we'll take in your old computer and refurbish it for the needy and give you a reduced price on a new computer" ad? Well, I have a use for those old computers. Okay, you said it would cost money to send them on somewhere. I can send a truck to get them for the reservation school. Students can learn on them and then be trained and ready for jobs when the new plant near there opens up in a couple of years.

GILL WATTS

No. Son, we just bury them now. I'll transfer you to the orders department. Later, son.

The cronies laugh.

Jesus looks at Gill Watts, who turns to him.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Gilly needs to learn how it works, doesn't he?

Jesus is silent, but he nods in assent.

\* Gill Watts, Sal, and Gilly are watching news footage of a tsunami. A small woman carrying a year-old baby flees the water, but turns to go back to get her computer. She is abruptly washed to sea, the baby separated from her, the computer still in her arms.

Gilly is overcome. Gill Watts doesn't notice his tears.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Why do people do that? They need to let the computer go. They can just get another one. And that model will be obsolete in a year -- probably doesn't work well with the software she needs already.

Gilly leaves the room crying.

The movie has ended. No credits roll. Jesus has tears streaming down his face.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

That was interesting. Not an advertising campaign. But could be, huh? A surprise to see my son in a video. I wonder who got all that footage. Seems odd. I thought I had hardly any of my son on video.

Gill Watts sits back rubbing his head. He has not noticed Jesus' emotion.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Must have been something I commissioned a long time ago. And cameras must have been in the house. Mind-blowing.

Gill Watts shrugs it off while Jesus takes out his translator and looks up "mind-blowing," again under the "Formerly Cool Slang USA."

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Amazing.

Gill Watts looks over at Jesus, who awaits further words.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

You know, amazing that I had the foresight to make this movie -- to have the movie made. Starring my favorite celebrity. Me.

Jesus looks at him.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

A joke. Kinda. I'm ready for water.

Jesus reaches behind himself and pulls out a bottle of water.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
 No, I changed my mind. Go get me  
 some wine.

Jesus rolls his eyes and looks tired. He recoups and reaches  
 behind himself and pulls out a bottle of wine, which he hands  
 to Gill Watts.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
 Very prepared, aren't you?

JESUS  
 This time I try to be better  
 prepared.

GILL WATTS  
 Oh, trouble before?

Jesus nods.

Gill Watts unscrews the bottle and drinks from it.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
 Not too bad for a screw-top.

JESUS  
 That you seem to be, Senor. I had  
 not heard the phrase.

GILL WATTS  
 It's important to notice those  
 around me. Good for me to see Gilly  
 with me as my business grew. It's a  
 real shame that people don't  
 realize what a gift they've been  
 given. Even you. From Mexico and  
 all, I suppose. You have the  
 gift...

Jesus looks up, expectantly.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
 ...of being able to work for me.

JESUS  
 Do you understand how you were  
 endowed at birth? Do you recognize  
 your own gifts, Senor?

GILL WATTS  
 My gift? Well, I didn't start with  
 much of a gift. I figured out  
 myself how to make money.

(MORE)

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Planned obsolescence. Well, a great product with planned obsolescence.

JESUS

And "planned obsolescence." Sounds like an advertisement for another planet. Planet Obso: Less Cents Planned obsolescence. What is that?

GILL WATTS

That people always need to buy a new one. Like panty hose. You buy a pair, they run. You buy another pair. And on and on. But who wears panty hose now, huh?

Jesus looks confused. He reaches for Jesus Device.

JESUS

You do not any longer wear the panty hose, senor? You made the panty hose also, Senor?

GILL WATTS

Ha ha! Of course not, Jesus. Much more money in computers. Cheap to make. Expensive for people to buy. And listen here: we update our computers all the time. They gotta buy new. Money upon money! That's planned obsolescence.

JESUS

The Goose that Laid the Golden Eggs. The Midas Touch.

Jesus looks at his translator; then looks up.

JESUS (CONT'D)

"Cash cow" now they say?

GILL WATTS

Maybe. Enough milk to drink, I guess it means. And more to save.

JESUS

Maybe enough milk for everyone. Saved milk goes sour. Better to give it away while it is fresh.

GILL WATTS

Whatever. I save money instead. And I keep making more money.

JESUS

So you have a lot of money, Senor.

GILL WATTS

Like, duh, man. And I have time to spend it. I have money, and I have time ahead of me. The richest man in the world is also the youngest rich man ever. Ha ha.

The two sit. They look around. They have time.

JESUS

Time is valuable. It is what you do with your time that counts. You have time for your gift of family.

GILL WATTS

Time, okay, yeah. Well, now I work all the time. To get more money.

JESUS

I do not have money.

GILL WATTS

Certainly I pay you a good wage.

JESUS

Yes, I eat. I have a bed to sleep on.

GILL WATTS

And I give you clothes.

He gestures toward Jesus' dowdy houseman attire. They sit.

JESUS

Like the time, it is what you do with your money that counts.

GILL WATTS

Well, son, you are young. You don't know yet how important it is to save money. Lots of money, that is success.

Gill Watts gets up, almost tripping over the pile of financial magazines.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Jesus! I forgot about these things.

JESUS

In my country, we say Hey-soos.

Gill Watts grins.

GILL WATTS  
That a joke? Sounds silly.

He gets up to leave. Turns back, points.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
There are magazines on the floor.

INT. GILL WATTS HOUSE - HALLWAY - NEXT

Gill Watts walks from the home theatre speaking into his handheld device.

GILL WATTS  
Sal. Note on review of houseman  
Jesus. Inappropriate fraternization  
with executive officer. That's me.  
Dock his wages. Give him a warning.

EXT. GILL WATTS' OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - LATER

A van from a television station is at the curb. Gill Watts does not see the interviewer until he has left his limo and the driver has started away.

INTERVIEWER  
Hello, Mr. Watts. I'd like a minute  
of your time. I'm with *About An  
Hour*. We're just updating our video  
files.

Gill Watts pats his hair, acts like 'what the heck' and smiles.

GILL WATTS  
In case I do something particularly  
newsworthy sometime soon, ha, ha?

INTERVIEWER  
We keep video files for famous  
people of a certain age.

GILL WATTS  
Sounds like you're talking about my  
Dad, not me ha ha. Like gotta have  
a video before the old person  
croaks.

The interviewer does not respond about that issue.

INTERVIEWER

Mr. Watts, what would you like for us to remember about you?

GILL WATTS

That Sherlock Computers is the first name in computers. That we make money. And we are into all communication: we also make Sherlock smartphones.

INTERVIEWER

There is always speculation about a merger between Sherlock Computers the, currently, number two computer and phone company, Goodman Computers. What do you say about that?

GILL WATTS

Ma'am, I sure don't see us in bed together anytime soon!

Gill Watts starts to stride off.

INTERVIEWER

Oh, Mr. Watts, we've noticed your son Gilly's work with the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

She points her microphone at Gill Watts.

GILL WATTS

Um. Yes.

INTERVIEWER

Sounds like a nice direction for Gill Watts and company. Increasing charity giving, perhaps?

Gill Watts pauses, with the microphone in his face.

GILL WATTS

Perhaps.

INTERVIEWER

Some suggest charity donation by all of ten percent of income. For the very rich, like you Mr. Watts, with annual income very much greater than you could spend on a luxury lifestyle, should there be a standard of charity giving that is much greater?

GILL WATTS

What? Oh, I don't know. Maybe everybody can give \$50,000, like I try to do. I need to get to a meeting.

He strides off.

INTERVIEWER

Thank you, Mr. Watts. So, are there changes ahead at Sherlock? Back to you in the studio, Ned.

EXT. SHERLOCK OFFICE BUILDING - NEXT

Gill Watts walks obliviously past homeless people into his office building, actually stepping over an old woman who looks up at him.

INT. SHERLOCK OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR - NEXT

Gill Watts ascends in an elevator ignoring a woman who is holding a baby and crying. The baby whimpers and Gill Watts looks disapprovingly at the woman.

INT. SHERLOCK OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - NEXT

Gill Watts leaves the elevator and passes sycophants in the high tech hall. Gilly, as always in jeans and the shirt Ernie wears on Sesame Street, stands waiting to speak with him. Def Jam lies at his feet.

GILLY

Dad, the reservation. You said we would talk. Things are getting worse there.

GILL WATTS

Son, it's a recession. We all have things bad. You wouldn't believe how much this shirt cost. Gotta work, work, work. And not spend money on a dog.

Gill Watts strides on, leaving his son in his dust.

GILLY

Dad, I just need him with me. Makes me stronger. Or something.



GILL WATTS

Later, Gilly.  
So let's get the meeting started.  
Then lunch. And I have the air  
field reserved.

Gill Watts turns back to his son. A colleague appears in the hall.

COLLEAGUE

Hey, I heard you on the tube just now. A charity reference -- good for advertising. Way to go, Gill.

GILL WATTS

Hey, Gilly, join us for lunch. Home office.

Gilly smiles.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME - DAY - LATER

Sal sits at the conference table with Gill Watts and Gilly. Def Jam is at Gilly's feet.

GILL WATTS

Son, Sal and I worked out something I need for you to do for me. Only you can do it.

Gilly is interested and looks appreciated.

GILLY

About charity, Dad?

GILL WATTS

Well, something positive, to be sure. Here's a paper about it.

Gill Watts hands Gilly a closed folder. The door opens. It is Jesus bringing in bowls of soup on a tray.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Take the paper. You can read it after lunch.

SAL

Nice to have Jesus bring us lunch, huh, Gill? I guess we deserve the holy treatment. Ha ha.

Gill smiles.

JESUS  
Senor, we pronounce it Hey-Soos.

SAL  
The name of the soup?

JESUS  
No, my name. It is Hey-Soos.

SAL  
You're not in Mexico any more, Hay Zoo. That's what they feed the elephants right? Hay zoo. You know, like Zoo hay. Hay zoo. You're in America, now, Mr. Gee Sus. Learn to be American.

GILLY  
Sorry about the foreigner.

JESUS  
But he is American.

GILLY  
No, he's Neanderthal.

Jesus starts to chuckle, tries to stifle it, starts to cough.

JESUS  
(in Spanish)  
I am sorry for the interruption.  
Thank you for letting me serve you.

He leaves the room.

SAL  
Ha ha. Probably said he stole some soup and it was too rich for his weak Mexican blood.

GILLY  
No, he said something nice, Sal. All the servants speak Spanish. These people are smart enough to learn their jobs AND English at the same time.

SAL  
No need to be so sensitive, Gilly. It's all in fun. Right, Gill?

Gill nods as he eats.

SAL (CONT'D)

And, Gilly, you're deaf. You can't even hear them. Maybe lip reading Spanish works for you cause you don't have other things on your mind. I went to the trouble of learning sign language to talk to you. And I gotta learn Spanish, too?

Sal looks over at Gill Watts, who has still not spoken, but who looks more solemn than before. Sal is not concerned -- well, maybe a little.

SAL (CONT'D)

Ha ha, Gill. Let's drop this and eat!

GILLY

All I'm saying is, people are offended when you disrespect their language.

GILL WATTS

Son, relax, it's just us here. Not like anyone's watching us right now.

GILLY

Jesus (Hey-soos) heard you.

SAL

Yeah, Gilly, your ancestors took over the Indian lands. Now the Mexicans have arrived. We better start watching them. Ha Ha. Huh, Gill?

Gill Watts says nothing. Gilly gets up and leaves the room, signing "Jerks" but no one sees, except Def Jam, who has gotten up, wagged his tail, and followed Gilly. Gilly looks at the paper his father gave him, as he heads down the hall. Passing Jesus, Gilly signs to him.

GILLY

Come see me when you're free.

Jesus is looking around in the hallway.

GILLY (CONT'D)

It's that way, Dude.

Gilly walks on, as does Def Jam.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOUSE - GILLY'S ROOM - LATER

Gilly lies sprawling on his bed, drumming silently as he speaks. Jesus is sprawled on the sofa. Def Jam is sprawled on his own dog bed. Jesus looks up at a "love you" note signed "Destiny", that is taped to the wall and points to it.

JESUS

How're things with the boo?

Gilly grins and signs "great".

GILLY

Jesus, would you help me with something?

JESUS

Sure, Dawg.

Gilly and Def Jam both perk up.

JESUS (CONT'D)

I do know the wimmins.

GILLY

My dad wants me to show up at the technology dinner. I guess he's giving an award to some guy who doesn't have a son.

Gilly takes from the folder the paper his father gave him.

GILLY (CONT'D)

It's tonight.

JESUS

He just told me he wants me to go, too. To direct cars. I think I will enjoy that. And he will pay me extra. Is five dollars a lot of money?

He gets up and beckons, with his long arms, like an air traffic controller.

GILLY

Your sense of direction sucks, Hey.

JESUS

But, as your father has told me: It is about trying harder.

He pulls *Journal of Air Traffic Control* from his tool belt.

JESUS (CONT'D)

I am reading a magazine about directing traffic - and taking it with me.

He does a few air traffic controller moves.

GILLY

This is serious. I need to tell you something.

Jesus immediately assumes a serious, priest-taking-confession kind of appearance.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Hey, not that serious.

Jesus assumes an eyebrows-raised, expectant expression.

GILLY (CONT'D)

I won't look at you. I can't hear you. This is hard to say. I don't want to go to the hotel without Def Jam. I need him with me.

JESUS

WTF!

GILLY

Really. I need him with me. I just need him. I needed Scruff Puddle before him and Poopy before him.

Behind Gilly, Jesus smiles. Then giggles. Gilly turns around and sees him and, angry, throws a pillow at him. Jesus breaks up. Finally Gilly laughs, too. They calm down.

JESUS

So you want me to pretend I'm a dog?

Gilly throws another pillow at the laughing Jesus. Def Jam runs out of the open door.

GILLY

I am serious. Without my dog I don't like being in big public places where there are lots of people. Really. Or little private places where there are a few people, actually.

JESUS

So shall I leave you now, or am I  
not counted among those who are  
'people'?

He gets up to leave, but along the way walks like a dog.

GILLY

Goodbye, then. I don't need you.  
And I was kidding about the dog  
thing.

Jesus keeps walking.

GILLY (CONT'D)

No, bro. You stay. Please. Friends  
are hard to come by around here.  
Dad's suspicious of people --  
people who aren't servants.

Jesus has his hand on the door knob.

JESUS

And am I not a servant?

GILLY

I forget you're a servant. Hey, you  
are one of my best friends. Stay.

Jesus turns the knob a little.

GILLY (CONT'D)

You are my only friend. Stay.

Jesus pauses, his hand on the knob. DJ comes back in.

GILLY (CONT'D)

You are my best friend. Please  
stay.

JESUS

You had me at 'goodbye'.

The two laugh.

JESUS (CONT'D)

If I'd gone into the hall I woulda  
had to call you for directions to  
my room anyway.

He sits down.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Okay, let's talk. So why won't the hotel let a dog in?

GILLY

I don't know.

JESUS

I used to take a camel everywhere I went.

GILLY

Oh, wow. Really?

JESUS

No.

GILLY

Seriously, the hotel says 'no dogs' and they mean it. I've tried before. Just help me sneak him in.

JESUS

No problemo. This dog barks at no person. He will come with us. Let's think.

He reaches within a bag hanging from his tool belt and takes out his so-labeled "Thinking Cap" and puts it on his head. He also takes out several of those orange "Circus Peanuts" that you never try but know you would not like but would probably eat too many of if you ever tried them. He gives some to Gilly.

The two are quiet for awhile.

JESUS (CONT'D)

I have an idea. Let's make it really fun. I know! I know what we can do.

EXT. FANCY BUILDING - ARRIVAL AND PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Jesus, in awful pastel doorman tuxedo with matching hair band directs arriving taxis in the manner of a ballet choreographer directing aircraft, requiring elaborate interweavings and unnecessary circles around a center fountain, so that two taxis deposit Gill Watts and Will Goodman at the same time but at different entrances to the fancy building, Gill Watts at the East Wing and Will Goodman at the West Wing.

INT. FANCY BUILDING EAST WING NEAR CENTRAL HUB

GILL WATTS

Direct me to your executive elevator, please. I am here for the technology convention. I have been chosen to present an award.

The bellhop escorts him to the executive elevator.

INT. FANCY BUILDING WEST WING NEAR CENTRAL HUB

WILL GOODMAN

Your executive elevator?

The bellhop escorts him to the executive elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NEXT

The two executives encounter one another in the elevator. The elevator music is *Strangers in the Night*.

WILL GOODMAN

Well, hello. Did not expect to see you here.

GILL WATTS

Neither did I. Expect to see you. Here.

WILL GOODMAN

In the elevator.

GILL WATTS

Certainly.

There is an awkward pause.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

So, are you looking forward to the speaker?

WILL GOODMAN

Yes, very much so.

An awkward pause.

WILL GOODMAN (CONT'D)

So, well, um. The top two computer moguls trapped together in an elevator? That's a movie to see, huh?



GILL WATTS

Well, despite what you may have read, we're not planning a merger, ha ha, so I think this is about the closest we're gonna get.

They both shift their feet. But somehow end up closer to one another. Another awkward pause.

WILL GOODMAN

Like we would get together. NOT!

There is another of those pauses.

GILL WATTS

And what would that make us. Put together my Sherlock Computers and your Goodman Computers. So, SherGoodman? What a dumb name.

WILL GOODMAN

Or Goodman Lock. That's even worse.

GILL WATTS

Exactly. Totally bad idea.

WILL GOODMAN

Totally.

GILL WATTS

Or Sher Lock Good Man.

The men nod and look at their feet. And look at their feet.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Slow elevator.

WILL GOODMAN

Yep. I mean, yes.

More silence. More.

The elevator stops.

GILL WATTS

Not our floor.

WILL GOODMAN

No.

The elevator door opens. Two people in light blue burqas get on.

WILL GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Hello.

The two people in the burqas nod but turn their heads away and stand to the other side of the elevator, in the back. There is the sound of a large dog-like yawn. The elevator stops. The people in the burqas step off the elevator, their restricted vision causing them to bump into walls and people along the way. One starts to turn the wrong way, even with a sign overhead pointing to the rest room area. The other steers him back. Arriving at the rest rooms, a friendly girl in a flirty outfit holds the ladies' room door open, so they must enter it.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NEXT

JESUS

Did you notice how quiet your dad and senor Goodman were in the elevator? And they have many other floors to ascend to the theatre at the top.

Gilly starts to remove his burqa, but Jesus, seeing someone enter the bathroom, grabs him and pulls him to a larger "family" stall. Inside Jesus helps Gilly remove his burqa, and Def Jam appears under the burqa, in his arms.

GILLY

These things are so hot!

JESUS

Don't I know it? Put Def Jam under mine now.

INT. ELEVATOR - NEXT

Will looks over at Gill, then back. *Strangers in the Night* reaches a crescendo and becomes much louder.

WILL GOODMAN

Gill, you are a solid competitor.

GILL WATTS

I can't hear you.

He gets close to Gill Watts to show him he is texting on his GoodPhone brand smartphone, made by this other man, Will Goodman, his major competitor. Gill Watts takes out his own GoodPhone and reads the incoming text.

Gill Watts turns toward Will Goodman and angrily yells.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
I'm a soiled computer? I'm a soiled  
computer, Will?

WILL GOODMAN  
Gill Watts, you are a solid  
competitor, damn it!

The elevator door opens. Those nine words from each of these two men exit the elevator along with them. The men do not look at each other and seem to be walking too quickly, as numerous high-powered looking people stare at them.

WILL GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
It's my bad spelling, Gill.

GILL WATTS  
You don't smell bad to me, Wills.

WILL GOODMAN  
Nice phone, Gill.

Gill Watts looks back at Will. He looks at his Goodman GoodPhone. Then he smiles back at Will, and he concedes the competition.

GILL WATTS  
Better phone, or Gooder Phone I  
guess.

They both laugh nerdy laughs.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL AUDITORIUM - LATER

Gill Watts sits at a round table where also sit Gilly and Sal and an unknown person in a burqa as well as a few other computer professionals. The room applauds as the keynote speaker steps down. The burqa-dressed person does not applaud and is heard to burp, or something.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
Will Gill Watts come to the podium?

Gill Watts takes his place.

GILL WATTS  
Before I make a presentation, I  
have one last comment to our  
speaker's eloquence about fairness  
in the workplace. People...even my  
own son, who now works for me, by  
the way...complain about  
inequality. Inequality exists.  
(MORE)

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

To me, it's just a difference of how hard you've worked. It's the way of the world.

There is audience applause. Because he is Gill Watts. Applause quiets too quickly. Still, Gill Watts raises his hands to quiet them.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

This is not about me, folks. Now, there is one person in the crowd that I would particularly like to thank. For working hard. For motivating me to work hard. Nowhere have I met a man who is as ambitious. And as charismatic. As, as, well, as I am. Ha ha. We have not always been the most amicable of competitors but I have always had respect for him -- and not only because without number 2, there can be no number one. I am honored to represent the Sales and Service Division of the Computer Technology Association in presenting the Businessman of the Year award to my rival, Will Goodman! Come up here, Will. Will Goodman of Goodman Computers, ladies and gentlemen.

Will Goodman comes up to the podium, receives the award, and, indicating with a wave that he chooses not to speak, shakes hands with Gill Watts. The two smile at each other as they shake hands and arms a bit longer than what is normal. Will Goodman and Gill Watts return to their tables.

SAL

I know you had to do it, but man, that was a lot of bull pucky. Right, Gill?

GILL WATTS

Let's go, Sal. Coming, Gilly?

On the way out of the room, as other attendees try to catch Gill Watts' eye, Gill talks quietly, up close, to Sal, as they walk, in step, quickly from the room.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

I have another of these things to do tomorrow. Don't know what I was thinking. It's a lot easier to just get awards.

(MORE)

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

No more of this for a long, long time, Sal. You've got my back; tell them no for me.

SAL

Yeah, Gill, that's for sure. Not that "better to give than to receive" crap, huh, Gill. Better to receive than to give, right? Ha, ha.

Gill Watts beckons for Gilly to come with him.

GILL WATTS

What became of the silent woman in the burqa?

GILLY

She had to leave early.

SAL

I think she was really into me. Lots of squirming around. I heard her say she was hot. Yeah, I'll say, a hottie. I'd tap that. Huh, Gill? Gill?

Gill Watts is looking around the room.

GILLY

Dad, I'm getting a ride with Jesus. He's still here. He's got his motorcycle. I came with him.

GILL WATTS

Oh, give him this for me.

He hands Gilly a five-dollar bill.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Wait, he doesn't usually work nights, and he has to be up early tomorrow. Give him this, too.

He hands an extra dollar bill to Gilly.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Gill Watts dials his smartphone.

GILL WATTS

Hi, Dad.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
You calling me? Why, thanks, son.

Gill Watts's dad is in a sunny room, with his desk drawer open, an old computer card in his hand.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
Must be Call Your Dad Day. Ha ha. I forget what day it is a lot now anyway. You could tell me it's Christmas. Wait a minute, it isn't Christmas, is it, son?

INT. GILL WATTS HOME OFFICE - NEXT

Gill Watts' online calendar has the notation "Call Your Dad Day."

GILL WATTS  
No, Dad, I was just thinking of you.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
I was looking at one of those punch cards you used to make.

GILL WATTS  
A Basic program card?

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
I guess they seem basic now, but they seemed impressive to me then. And still do as a matter of fact.

GILL WATTS  
It's a computer language, Dad. Basic.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD

I guess it's like that for you with Gilly. Must seem big to have him involved with that sanitation and water commission in South Dakota. What's that about?

Gill Watts is not sure about that.

GILL WATTS DAD

I get Google Alerts for Gilly, Gill. For you, too, son. Have for years. How about, we bring Gilly in on this call?

INT. GILLY'S ROOM OR SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD OR ?

Gilly's smartphone vibrates. He picks it up and reads the text: *Hello, son. You are on with me and Dad.*

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

Gill Watts' Dad types into his computer, as he says aloud the same thing he writes.

GILL WATTS' DAD

So, Gill and Gilly and Gillroy Senior all together. Any sports going on, men? I'm kinda big in Senior Games now myself.

There is no response from either of the two others. Gill Watts' Dad starts over, again typing and speaking.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD

So, how about those Redskins, huh, Gilly?

INT. GILLY'S ROOM OR SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD OR ?

GILLY

Don't type, guys. Just talk. I can see what you say. It's an automatic Goodman app, GranPops. And don't say Redskins, GranPops. The Pine Ridge people are not doing well.

(MORE)

GILLY (CONT'D)  
Lots of sickness. Dysentery or something.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT

GILL WATTS  
Gilly, let's not talk unpleasantries.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
I meant the team, the Redskins, Gilly. Weren't they phenomenal, Gilly?

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT

GILL WATTS  
I didn't see it. My viewer box is so stuffy. Half a million doesn't buy what it used to, does it? Besides, I wanted to see the R-A-A-M results.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
A stock tip, son? You know I used to be a betting man.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT

GILL WATTS  
I don't remember your luck being so good when I was little. And that mattered when the rent was due, Dad. No, R-A-A-M is a sport. It's Race Across America, a bike race.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
Guess they call bicycling a sport around Silicone Valley, ha ha.



INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT

GILL WATTS  
Silicon, Dad. No big breasts here.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
Oh, I think that shape of yours is just fine, Gill. How's your work going with the Indians on the reservation, Gilly?

INT. GILLY'S ROOM OR SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD OR ?

GILLY  
My work with my Native American friends?

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT

GILL WATTS  
Who live at the, duh, reservation for Indians. Hey, we three are all native Americans, too.

INT. GILLY'S ROOM OR SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD OR ?

GILLY  
Okay, yes, they live at the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Now I'm working with the sewage and water program there.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD  
I know, Gilly. That is great. Such good work.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT

GILL WATTS  
Like I don't do good work, Dad?

INT. GILLY'S ROOM OR SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD OR ?

GILLY

I guess you old guys are getting tired. I will let you go. Dad, read my email. Please.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - NEXT

GILL WATTS

Yeah, yeah, I'm just not online much, son.

INT. GILL WATTS' DAD'S APARTMENT - NEXT

GILL WATTS' DAD

Well, okay. Bye, Gilly. Gill, now we can talk more.

Gill has hung up, too.

GILL WATTS' DAD(CONT'D)

Gill. Gill? Guess he's gone.

INT. GILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gilly is in his room at Gill Watts' house, playing a silent Guitar Hero game, Def Jam at his feet. Jesus passes through, sort of dusting and such. Gilly motions and signs for him to sit down, which he does, taking two Dr. Perkys from his tool belt and handing Gilly one.

GILLY

Talk to me. This house is so quiet. Even for a deaf guy. Must be murder for you. Talk. Entertain me, man.

JESUS

Quiet is okay. My whole life has been kind of relaxing, actually. Except for the really bad moments. That Bible is fan fiction.

The two men sit quietly.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Mostly I just was there. Maybe said a word or two. Acted supportive.

The two sit.

GILLY

I don't know what you're talking about, Hey, but I do like sitting with you.

JESUS

Me, too, man.

(pause)

Oh! I did do drumming. Not so well, apparently. Those guys left my gigs out of the Bible.

Jesus sits down. There is a pause as both men drum quietly with their hands.

GILLY

Dad and I email and text. While here we are, living in the same house.

JESUS

I talk to my dad most days, but I haven't seen him in person since I've been here, of course.

GILLY

What's your father's name?

JESUS

My father? Art.

GILLY

So at least you're not named for him like I'm named for my Dad? It is such a burden to carry his name.

JESUS

Fathers are such burdens anyway.

They sit and drink their Dr. Perkys.

JESUS (CONT'D)

My father took care of me and kept me from dying. Sometimes I just want to do something, like actually, what do you call it now, a woman's name? Sue. I want to sue him, because now I have to work like forever.

GILLY

Blame the one who saved you, huh? That is chutzpah, my man. He extended your life. That jerk, huh?

JESUS  
Don't I know it, dude.

He swigs his Dr. Perky.

GILLY  
I guess that's like me wanting to get back at my Dad for making things so easy for me by being so stinking rich.

JESUS  
I guess. Maybe.

They both drink their Dr. Perkys in silence.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
I would like a father to do fun things with. If I were to be a father I would want to do fun things with my son.

Gilly is thinking.

INT. GILL WATTS' ROOM - DAY

Def Jam at his feet, Gilly walks into the opulent master bedroom where Gill Watts is reading the *New York Times* and *Wall Street Journal* while relaxing on a sofa.

GILLY  
Dad, we need to do something together.

GILL WATTS  
Yeah, son, it is time we did something together. Like we did when... Remember...? We went to that amusement park. You were like 9 or 10. Hmmm...no big games today that I know of. It's Sunday. I know you never liked church. Well, if you can find a church service that appeals to you, we will go. Bring a friend if you want. It helps to have a small group. People don't recognize me as much. They sure love me. You plan, I'll get some work done now. Come get me at, what, 10:30? I'll tell Sal, too.

GILLY

It's a deal, Dad. See you here at  
10:30.

Gilly leaves his father's room. In the hall he checks a folded newspaper in his pocket for the time a Sioux drumming demonstration is scheduled at a Unitarian Church. Then he reaches down to pat Def Jam.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Deffy, you're going,  
too.

INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH - LATER

Sal, Gill Watts, Gilly, and Jesus, in that order, sit on folding chairs in a seventies-looking multi-purpose room with a lectern and four drums two to three feet across, with five chairs around each. No one is acting aware that Gill Watts is Gill Watts - except Gill Watts. A child's stroller is parked between Gilly and Jesus, and in it leaning back is something dressed in a spotted-dog (Dalmation) costume with a hoodie that reveals only part of a "face" -- Def Jam's. Jesus is wearing a long robe with a rope sash.

GILL WATTS

We'll learn about Indian drumming  
and then we'll get something to eat  
and go to a disco or something,  
maybe son? If that's what you're  
into? I have been practicing my own  
dancing, for, what, a long time --  
well, since there were first  
discos.

GILLY

Maybe, Dad. There's food here  
after, too.

SAL

(to Gill)  
What do Indians eat?

JESUS

(to Gilly)  
What do Indians eat?

GILLY (CONT'D)

(to Gill)  
Why did you bring him?

GILL WATTS

(to Gilly)  
Why did you bring him?

GILLY (CONT'D)

(to Gill)  
Because I need him with me.

GILL WATTS

(to Gilly)  
Because I need him with me.

GILL WATTS

We're here for entertainment and --  
what luck for you, son -- these  
people are native Indians. Like  
your play figures. Why, I'll even  
make a contribution. What do they  
call it at churches -- an offering.

GILLY

Thanks, Dad.

GILL WATTS

Generous even. In honor of my  
Gilly.

GILLY

Yes. Thanks. Shh, Dad. It's  
something for us to listen to and  
read together.

A WOMAN in traditional Lakota Native American dress stands at  
the lectern, smiling.

WOMAN

All the earth is our earth.

CONGREGATION

We must see what is ours.

WOMAN

All people of the earth are our  
people.

CONGREGATION

We must know what is ours.

WOMAN

All hurts of the earth are our  
hurts.

CONGREGATION

We must save what is ours.

WOMAN

All gifts of the earth are our  
gifts.

CONGREGATION

We must give what is ours.

WOMAN

We all love the earth and its  
gifts.

## CONGREGATION

We must love the earth and all its people.

## WOMAN

We will love the earth and all its people. And so we will share. That concludes the reading.

## JESUS

So where's the fire and brimstone?

Gilly frowns.

Jesus signs by spelling out W-A-C-K. Gilly tries to shush Jesus by pressing down on his hands.

## MEETING LEADER

The drum is the heartbeat of the Indian Nation. Drumming can bring balance and renewal. Drumming can blend the physical and mental with the spiritual. Let us drum in groups.

Gill Watts and Sal raise their eyes in disapproval (and fear). Gilly and Jesus look excited.

Jesus struts off toward a drum where now sits a man of about 50 in Native American dress with a name tag: THOMAS BEAR KILLER. Gilly sort of drags his father and Sal after Jesus toward the same drum circle, Sal rolling his eyes and Gill playing good-boy-nerd. Gilly gestures for his group to be seated, signing "Dude, don't be rude!" which Sal ignores and his father and Jesus take to be a pleasantry.

## WOMAN

We will pause before our drumming to collect your contributions. Today's offering will go to the Pine Ridge Reservation.

Thomas Bear Killer smiles at Gilly. A basket is passed around first one and then the next drumming group.

## SAL

Like we all could use an offering. Indians have welfare already. Huh, Gill?

Gill Watts tries to shush Sal with a look, but too subtly.

SAL (CONT'D)  
 (too loudly)  
 And our taxes pay for welfare,  
 right, Gill. And we make a lot of  
 money, so we sure do pay a lot of  
 taxes!

Gill Watts glowers at Sal and leans over to whisper quietly to him.

GILL WATTS  
 Actually we don't pay a lot in  
 taxes, Sal.

SAL  
 (too loudly)  
 We don't pay a lot of taxes?

JESUS  
 What I want to know is, why do you  
 Indians worship a cow head instead  
 of the good Lord the Father  
 Himself?

THOMAS BEAR KILLER  
 And what I wonder is why you wear a  
 hippy robe. The answer to both  
 questions: The Great Spirit appears  
 in many forms, to be sure.

Jesus nods, surprisingly content with the answer.

Gill Watts speaks in a loud whisper to his son.

GILL WATTS  
 Don't fret. I have a check for  
 them. They are people like me. We  
 both like music. I know they need  
 the money.

Gill Watts places his check face-up in the container as it passes. Gilly finishes a note that says, "I don't have any money, but I plan to increase my volunteer hours. Thank you so much for the opportunity." And as he places it in the container, he can read his father's check and amount: \$42.00. Gilly tears up. Sal rolls his eyes as the container passes him.

THOMAS BEAR KILLER  
 Friends, Anglos and others, we will  
 drum together.

Gilly's smartphone vibrates and he reads a text from Maria:  
*Destiny wants you to call when you get home.*



Thomas Bear Killer frowning at him, Gilly closes the smartphone without texting back.

The four men drum discordantly. Then their drumming becomes more harmonious, as they develop drumming that just, well, works. Thomas Bear Killer adds simple and repetitive Native American words and Gill Watts and Sal stop drumming to focus on inventing (dumb) lyrics, leaving Gilly and Jesus to drum together beautifully, with accompaniment this time from Thomas Bear Killer.

As they end the Native American drumming rap, Gill Watts breaks into an awkward and awful dance that makes him proud and requires others to approve. He stops and speaks to Gilly.

GILL WATTS

Son, this is so cool. I think I can really like these Indians.

GILLY

Do you know Destiny Looks Twice?

THOMAS BEAR KILLER

What, you think all Indians know each other?

GILLY

I just thought you might know of her. She's Lakota. She lives at the Pine Ridge Reservation. She's an activist. I see her when I volunteer.

THOMAS BEAR KILLER

Oh, I am sorry. Yes, actually I do know of her. My wife did a march or something with her. Isn't she engaged to someone from off the reservation? Maybe you know him. Don't all palefaces know each other?

Gilly changes the subject.

GILLY

We palefaces do need to know each other. We need to band together to help the Indians in all ways we can. Our companies need to donate a greater percentage of our profits.

GILL WATTS  
 (whispered to Gilly)  
 Like we would do that. But you  
 sounded sincere.

Gill Watts winks at his son, who frowns back.

WOMAN  
 Now it is time to enjoy our potluck  
 dinner.

GILL WATTS  
 Son, you know some Indian. What's a  
 potluck?

GILLY  
 It's a meal everyone contributes  
 to, Dad.

GILL WATTS  
 Like that would work in the U S of  
 A.

INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH SOCIAL ROOM WITH TABLES - NEXT

Gill Watts, Gilly, Sal, and Jesus stand in line waiting to  
 get food from the potluck table. The dining tables are  
 filling up fast.

A door has been left open for ventilation. The breeze blows  
 in. The the door slams shut. Gill Watts touches his head and  
 looks perturbed.

GILLY  
 It's okay, Dad. I brought a dish  
 for us to share. I put it in the  
 kitchen when we got here.

GILL WATTS  
 Oh, I'm not worried. I am certain  
 they will feed Gill Watts, son. Ha.  
 Ha.

He leans toward the BOSOMY WOMAN next in line and gets up  
 close to her chest, with its large and shiny necklace  
 medallion, and uses the reflective surface to help him  
 arrange his hairdo. The woman is surprised and pushes Gill  
 Watts away with a frown. Her elbow knocks over a glass of  
 iced tea which is precariously close to the edge of a table  
 near. Jesus makes a miraculous catch.

JESUS  
 Holy Waterfall, Batman.

BOSOMY WOMAN  
You caught it! Thank God.

JESUS  
Everyone always thanks the father.

INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH SOCIAL ROOM WITH TABLES - LATER

The men sit, their plates with meal scraps and Gilly's potluck dish with top inverted nearby.

GILLY  
We came here all together. A good thing.

GILL WATTS  
I'm glad we came. The people are, well, nice. The red-skinned ones, too.

JESUS  
And the Mexican ones, too? Love thy neighbor?

GILL WATTS  
So 'thy neighbor' includes thy servants now. I guess you wish. Ha. Ha.

GILLY  
Shut up, Dad.

His Dad just looks at him, oblivious.

JESUS  
They say God never closes a door without opening a window.

GILL WATTS  
Oh, thank you, Jesus. Sal, that's right.

SAL  
I'll get them.

Sal reaches under the table for his rolling briefcase, from which he takes multiple boxes of discs.

GILL WATTS  
Free copies of the Doors operating system! Over here, folks!

Gilly looks over at Jesus, who is looking down, brow furrowed. As people come over to Gill Watts and Sal, Gilly and Jesus rise and go to stand facing the wall together.

JESUS

Holy traders in the temple, Batman.

GILLY

Was your own father ever as embarrassing as this?

JESUS

He used to be a hell-raiser. Calmed down a lot when I was born, though.

GILLY

Lucky you.

JESUS

With my Dad there was a real rough time later -- I was in trouble, and he didn't seem to have my back.

Gilly reaches over and pats Jesus on the arm. Then turns away. Jesus touches Gilly's water glass and it reddens. Voila, wine! Then he does the same with his own water glass. Gilly turns back, sees the wine (without realizing its origin) and clinks glasses with Jesus, after which they both drink the wine with serious expressions on their faces.

Behind them Gill Watts holds Gilly's empty potluck dish.

BOSOMY WOMAN

I noticed you noticing me before. And I noticed you, Mr. Gill Watts. Rich, and you still made a dish to bring.

JESUS

Just what I said. Sometimes they thank the father and forget about the son.

INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH - DOORWAY TO NURSERY - LATER

Gilly and Jesus see Def Jam in his stroller in the nursery and walk in.

HELPER

He was such a good boy. And he doesn't seem to mind his face makeup at all. For some kids it is dress-up time all year, isn't it?

JESUS  
I enjoy dressing up, too.

HELPER  
Oh, you're dressed like Jesus!

JESUS  
I am Jesus (Hey-soos).

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - DAY

Gill Watts is looking at his computer. He can see that it is his father on the line but answers generically.

GILL WATTS  
Hello. Please hold on.

He looks at the computer, clicks on a few links, reads. Then speaks into his smartphone.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
Dad. Sorry to keep you waiting. I had to check my bank balance. I'm at an important mark.

GILL WATTS' DAD  
Over-limit fees can sure mount up -- don't I know -- with medical bills and all. And, son, watch the credit cards. Thank God lottery tickets require cash around here. Ha ha.

GILL WATTS  
I figure you can wait for me now. You used to be late a lot.

GILL WATTS' DAD  
Aw, son, that was a long time ago. We have so little time left.

GILL WATTS  
You always missed the first part of the game.

GILL WATTS' DAD  
Seems like every boss I had made me stay late. Glad there were lots of trains running. A lot of times I ran the three blocks to the baseball field. Ha ha.

GILL WATTS  
Maybe, Dad.

GILL WATTS' DAD

And I was certainly there when they finally let you play that day. You looked so good standing there at bat.

The two men are quiet.

GILL WATTS' DAD (CONT'D)

And then that first time at bat you turned your ankle and I got to ride in the ambulance with you.

Gill Watts will not relent.

GILL WATTS

You gave me that little computer, Dad.

GILL WATTS' DAD

Had to drive to LA just to find that thing. Didn't understand what it was.

He chuckles.

GILL WATTS

Even a slightly newer computer would have given me a year or two head start. But, heck, that's only a couple billion, here and there, so who cares.

GILL WATTS' DAD

Well, you are the richest man in the world. So they say. Can't be true, can it, son? No matter. But your business has grown. Maybe that computer planted the seed?

GILL WATTS

Listen, I have a meeting soon, so we can't stay on the phone much longer.

GILL WATTS' DAD

I have an appointment, too, son. But I wanted to talk to you first.

There is silence on the line.

GILL WATTS' DAD (CONT'D)

So how have you been doing, Gill? You're well, right?

GILL WATTS

Great. Profits are up.

GILL WATTS' DAD

I am proud of you, son. Always remember that. And Gilly? Really a young man now. He mentioned sickness at the reservation. Gotta stay well, son. That must be so hard for the Indians, already so poor and all.

GILL WATTS

I get my flu shot, Dad.

GILL WATTS' DAD

Some cancers even money won't heal.

Gill Watts is looking at his computer screen at a financial site.

GILL WATTS

Yeah, Gilly can't fix everything for the Indians. He can't even fix himself and get a real job. The reservation is just volunteer stuff.

GILL WATTS' DAD

Well, I guess Gilly will be who he is meant to be. Like you. You are who you are.

GILL WATTS

Yeah, Dad. That's right. So, we will talk later.

GILL WATTS' DAD

Well, son, I just...I hope I see you soon. I have some news.

GILL WATTS

I gotta go, Dad. I work hard. I need to sleep.

Gill Watts turns off the ringer of his smartphone. He looks at the time on it; he settles into reading his financial newspaper, his ear buds in his ears, his body dancing as he sits.

INT. GILL WATTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gill Watts, in his Superman pajamas, sits down at his desk to check his email before going to bed. He scrolls down to a message from his son and opens it: *Things are getting really awful at Pine Ridge. Everyone I know there is sick. I need money for them. Help them, Dad. Help me, Dad. Please.*

Gill Watts turns off the computer and the lights and gets in bed.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - DAY

Gill Watts is busy working at his desk. The door creaks open. Gilly looks in. DJ looks in.

GILLY

Dad?

Gill Watts looks up from his work.

GILL WATTS

Son, how are you? Or maybe I should say "How"?

Gill raises his hand as in the movie gesture.

GILLY

They don't say that anymore, Dad.

GILL WATTS

They do in the movies, son. We used to laugh. Didn't we? I think we must have laughed, when you were young and all. And didn't we laugh some at the church?

GILLY

Dad, I need to get some money from you.

GILL WATTS

I see. The big m-word, huh?

GILLY

Aw, Dad. I didn't know you had noticed. I thought I needed to keep it quiet. No, it's not for marriage. Not yet.

GILL WATTS

No, the m-word, son. The m-word. Money! How much do you need?



GILLY

A lot. A whole lot.

GILL WATTS

A whole lot of money. Okay. Well, you know, when people want money, they get jobs. You know what I mean? I can't just hand you money.

GILLY

Well, why the hell not? You have 100 BILLION dollars.

GILL WATTS

Calm down, Gilly. It turns out I do have a position open with Sherlock Computers.

GILLY

Dad, I need money now! I mean the reservation needs money now. People are very sick. They need sanitation and clean water.

GILL WATTS

I can give you a job. Period. An offer available for a limited time. Don't want it? Okay.

Gill Watts starts to walk off. Gilly loses all his air. Walks after his father, who knew he was coming.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

You'll have to start at the bottom, just like everyone else.

Fashion-challenged Gill Watts shines a blank, yet sneering gaze toward Gilly's outfit -- as always, jeans and the shirt Ernie wears on Sesame Street.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

And you will have to dress appropriately. And not bring that animal with you. He's not even an identifiable breed.

Gilly says nothing. The dog lies down on the floor and proceeds to lick his lower belly.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

I had to start at the bottom. I've worked my way to the top, and you can, too. Twelve dollars an hour. Wait, you're my son, damn it!

Gilly looks expectant.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

\$10 an hour. You will want to work for less, to show there's no favoritism. Without benefits for now, so no vacation or sick days. If you keep a good attitude and work hard, you'll work your way up in no time. But as my son you do get one real benefit.

GILLY

What is that, Dad?

GILL WATTS

I know you well, so I don't need to interview you. Lucky you!

GILLY

Okay, Dad.

GILL WATTS

But you have to promise me one thing: I own your time. You will have no time for associating with those Pine Ridge people anymore. Understand?

Gilly looks like his already deflated self has sprung a new, bigger air leak.

GILLY

So this is some kind of ultimatum, huh?

GILL WATTS

What? Oh, I guess so. We ARE the best company there is. It is a good life. Welcome aboard at last, son.

Gilly nods. He leaves the room. Alone. Gill Watts focuses on work until he hears a small movement under the table and looks down at the sleeping Def Jam.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Hey, dog, wake up.  
Wake up, animal!

He nudges the dog with his foot, and the dog awakens.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Go out. Go out, now.

He nudges the dog.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
Go out, now.

He nudges the dog harder. Gilly opens the door.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
This is my house. Get out.

Gilly goes to Def Jam and pats him. Gilly signs "Good dog".  
The dog wags his tail. Gilly signs "Come".

GILLY  
Dad, the dog can't hear.

He walks toward the door with the dog close to his legs.

GILL WATTS  
And he doesn't bark either?

GILLY  
Not even when he is abused.

Gilly stops at the door and glares, briefly, at his dad.

INT. SHERLOCK OFFICE - LATER

A dejected Gilly enters a large conference room with a long rectangular table in the middle. Gill Watts is at the head of the table, flanked by business associates on both sides. He takes a seat next to his father.

GILL WATTS  
(aside, to Sal, but Gill  
can hear)  
I took your advice about salary,  
Sal.  
(to Gill and the room)  
Hello, son. I'm glad you've decided  
to join our family. These are the  
people closest to me in the world.

His son works his gaze around the room. They all look a lot like Gill Watts. Gilly does not. Nor does Sal, of course.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
(to Gilly)  
Here's the wonderful surprise for  
you, Gill Watts, Jr. Are you  
excited to hear it? I bet you are.

GILLY

Sure, Dad.

Silence. Gilly looks around at the other employees.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Right, Sir.

Gill Watts smiles.

GILL WATTS

"Correct again, Leader" will be sufficient.

Those at the table give the laugh of people used to laughing at the same comment, again.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Your job at Sherlock Computers will be that of Strategist.

Gilly could not look less interested, his chair leaning back somewhat.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

It relates to charity.

What the...? Gilly falls over backwards in his chair. Sal signs "doofus" at him.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Despite what my son may think, our long-term plan does include charity. The AIDS project has been extraordinarily successful, and so have I.

GILLY

Oh, Dad, you never even told me about the AIDS project.

He looks around at the others.

GILLY (CONT'D)

I mean, Leader, you never told me about the AIDS project.

GILL WATTS

True, the project did not bring in sufficient money and will be discontinued. Gotta be a return for us AND for the charity.

(MORE)

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Now, son, we also spend money around here to help those who come to work here and then become disabled, or their family member does. Like you being deaf as a baby. I collected for that -- from the tax-deductible company plan.

Gilly looks slapped in the face.

GILLY

I'm still deaf, Dad. And I don't want to be a hire-the-handicapped tax deduction.

Gill Watts turns to his son and hands him a report.

GILL WATTS

Oh, son, no, not that. But every little bit the company can give back does help, to be sure. Ha ha. Welcome aboard, son. I mean, employee. Ha, ha. Follower, I guess.

Gill Watts leafs through the report.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

This is a list of charities, son. Your job, basically is to strike through the charities that you feel are wasting money -- that are not bringing in money to Sherlock Computers -- or at least bringing in greater sales, free advertising, etc. A charity has got to be a good investment for us as well as good for the so-called needy. Aren't we all needy, huh, fellows?

The men in the room all nod and chuckle in unison.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

It was written somewhere. Was it Jesus who said it? Huh, guys? He who gives must also receive.

The men chuckle.

Jesus comes into the room, dressed in a tee shirt and footed pajama bottoms.

JESUS

Senor, there is a call on the  
landline telephone for Senor Gilly.

GILL WATTS

I'm sure it can wait. And, Jesus,  
you need to dress appropriately for  
each event.

Jesus signs to Gilly "Destiny awaits" while speaking to Gill  
Watts.

JESUS

Yes, sir. I think it is something  
about setting up his time card.

GILL WATTS

Well, then, of course, go to the  
phone, Gilly! The call is work-  
related. You have to recognize what  
is important, son.

INT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION TRAILER

DESTINY is in the bathroom of the trailer and is heard  
throwing up.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN

Gilly, I think something serious is  
wrong with her. I thought it might  
be morning sickness. But it keeps  
getting worse and worse.

INT. SHERLOCK MEETING ROOM - NEXT

Gilly re-enters the room. He looks at the men. He sits down.  
Then he arises and in an abrupt, yet controlled manner he  
walks from the room.

INT. GILL WATTS OFFICE - HALLWAY

Gilly charges down the hall, talking to himself, his mouth  
and hands all moving.

GILLY

I don't want to work for a bully. A  
cheap bully. And I can't stay here.  
I need to go meet my Destiny.

He continues to charge down the hall. He stops.

GILLY (CONT'D)

I don't want to work for Sherlock Computers. I don't want to work for Sherlock Computers. I don't want to work. I don't want to work.

He starts to cry.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Oh, God, I've never had a job. I am almost fucking 30 years old, and I have never had a real job. Maybe I'm just another guy who doesn't want to work. Maybe my Dad is right.

Gilly stands silently. Then he turns around.

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY - SOON

Gilly has the report in his hand.

INT. JESUS' STAFF STUDIO APARTMENT - NEXT

A knock at the door.

JESUS

Come in, Gilly. I am appropriately dressed.

Jesus, wearing what could be some sort of exercise wear, but sure looks like a short dress, sits on a weight bench randomly lifting very small weights.

GILLY

Man, I like thinking that you wound up here because we needed you to help us.

JESUS

Like I can do that, dude. I can clean. I can bring stuff. And I am pretty to have around. Don't you think?

GILLY

And you're showing off your shape, I see.

Jesus stands up with his back swayed and stomach extended. It is clearly a dress.

JESUS

This is man at his most glorious  
fitness.

He looks in the mirror on the closet door. He smooths his  
skirt.

JESUS (CONT'D)

I don't know why, but it just  
doesn't look quite right somehow.

GILLY

I didn't know you were a cross-  
dresser.

JESUS

I really did not know that occasion  
was coming. The one with the cross.  
No time to plan a wardrobe. The  
paintings don't get it right at  
all, by the way.

Gilly just looks.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Maybe it's the legs. It is so hard  
to know what to wear.

GILLY

You are so, so, so badass.

JESUS

So dresses are outdated, huh?

They both are quiet. Gilly is too depressed to laugh.

GILLY

Hey, I need your advice.

Jesus immediately focuses on Gilly and sits down on the bed.  
He sits like a man and then realizes why skirt-wearers cross  
their legs, and crosses his.

JESUS

I like it when you call me 'Hey'.

GILLY

About my Dad. I need his help.  
Well, I need his money.

JESUS

You want your Dad's help. You don't  
need it. Do what you want to do.  
Don't let him hold you back.



GILLY

Okay, dude. I'm out of here.

Gilly's smartphone rings, with a lovely Native American ring tone. Jesus looks at him, nods with a smile, and opens the door so Gilly can leave the room as he is answering the phone.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Hi, babe. Feeling better?

As Gilly leaves, Jesus signs to Gilly: WWW?

GILLY (CONT'D)

Hold on a minute, honey.  
Www...? Like the Internet?

JESUS

Where there's a will, there's a way.

Gilly smiles and walks down the hall talking on the smartphone.

GILLY

Honey, I have a plan for us.

INT. GILLY'S ROOM - VERY EARLY NEXT MORNING

Gilly works at his computer, printouts and snacks all around him. The computer time is 5:22 am. Gilly picks up his smartphone, flipped open on his desk.

GILLY

You still there, honey? I'm sure glad you're feeling better, but you really need some sleep. I think we did a good job.

He looks at her text back to him.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Love you, too.

He closes the smartphone. Jesus sticks his head in the door.

JESUS

It looks like you've really done a lot of work. That's what I would have done.

Gilly reaches for Jesus' tablet computer and with its stylus writes something on it as he ushers the talking Jesus to the door.

JESUS (CONT'D)

When I know I have a choice about what to do, I can go on and do a hard job. If it is the right thing for me to do, of course. You and I are alike in many ways and ...

Gilly hands Jesus his tablet, on which he has drawn a circle with a diagonal line crossing over the letters "WWJD?".

GILLY

Bye, Jesus.

INT. GILL WATTS' OFFICE - DAY

Gill Watts is busy working at his desk. Gilly enters and hands him the revised budget. Gill Watts sighs and reads the report, then smiles broadly.

GILL WATTS

I'm proud of you, son. You crossed out everything, ALL the charities! A little extreme, but if you say so! Ha ha.

Gill Watts takes a closer look at the budget.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Oh, wait. Nope, nope. There's one thing on here...Lacrosse for the Needy. Hmmm...Sports. Sports teach teamwork. I like that. Of course I've always favored individual sports like cycling. At my level, ha ha, I don't need teamwork. Ha ha. Good work, son.

Gilly stands waiting to discuss his proposal. Gill Watts realizes he is there.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Oh, you can go, son. I'll discuss this with you later.

GILLY

Dad, I really want to tell you my plan for our charity giving. I've spent a lot of time on it.

(MORE)

GILLY (CONT'D)

I've got a PowerPoint. It's a way to make a real difference.

He gets the projector ready.

GILL WATTS

Well, okay, son. For a few minutes. Sal and I are going out.

GILLY

I'll be brief. This is condensed. Okay, look Dad.

Gill Watts looks at his magazine page.

GILL WATTS

I can hear it, son. Probably something I've heard before. Go on.

GILLY

No, Dad. Just a few minutes. I worked all night on this. Listen. Lacrosse is the fastest-growing sport in the Midwest and the national summer sport of Canada. We can fund a lacrosse center at the reservation, that can provide jobs for the Indians. The PowerPoint explains it further.

Gilly clicks a button to play the PowerPoint presentation.  
(on Powerpoint presentation)

*Caskopa, pronounced Chahn-Shkoh-pah, is the Lakota word for lacrosse. Caskopa World Lacrosse Center will have regular fields for lacrosse as played currently by men and by women.*

GILLY (CONT'D)

My Destiny gave me the idea -- I should tell you that.

GILL WATTS

Well, it might seem like destiny to you, but we Watts men work for what we get. Or don't work and don't get. Right, son?

GILLY

Dad, Destiny is a great lacrosse player herself. Or was when she was well.

GILL WATTS

Son, this all gives me an idea.

GILLY

Yes, Dad?

GILL WATTS

It's so nice being with you and hearing you talk. Let's do something big together.

GILLY

Yes.

GILL WATTS

Speaking of spectator sports, we need to see a game together. Heck, son, now you can sit in my box -- and for the employee price!

GILLY

Sure, Dad. But the project?

GILL WATTS

You have good ideas here, son. Of course, it needs to be thought about some more. We can plan to get to it soon - maybe in a few years.

Sal enters the room. Gill Watts looks up and immediately rises and starts out of the room, calling to Gilly as he leaves.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

You're young, Gilly. You'll change your mind later about which charity the company should support. Thanks again for pruning the charity list.

SAL

Yeah, a million saved, a million earned. Right, Gill?

Gill Watts looks back at his dejected son.

GILL WATTS

You look tired, son. Take the rest of the day off. You can make up the hours Saturday.

Gilly stares at the PowerPoint that continues to run, with slides:

*First modern public field for the larger ancient Native American game of lacrosse played by 100 people at a time for two to three days straight "for giving thanks to the creator."*

*Reservation citizens trained at the new college of hospitality skills will provide lodging, food, sports equipment, and vacation amenities for athletes, fans and visitors.*

Gilly gets up, still dejected. He walks to the door. Crying.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOUSE HALLWAY - NEXT

Gilly stomps down the hall. He passes Jesus.

GILLY

Man, I am so mad. My father is a,  
a, a...

JESUS

A man with no equal?

GILLY

Yes! Worst fucking man in the  
universe.

He stomps onward, Jesus following and catching up.

JESUS

I don't know a lot about fucking,  
to be sure. How do they compare how  
different men do that?

GILLY

Shut up, Hey! I am out of here.  
Forever.

EXT. GILL WATTS' HOUSE

Jesus throws keys to Gilly, who catches them as he approaches Jesus' motorcycle. Gilly attaches his bag to the motorcycle and then, nodding to Jesus, gets on, puts on the helmet, and, with lots of loud noise, exits the area. As he goes we see Def Jam peeking from the bag, nestled between underwear and the signature striped t-shirts. Gilly rides off very quickly.

INT. GILL WATTS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - NEXT

Gill Watts, in formal dress, walks past Jesus, who is holding a dust cloth in his hand but stands speaking with Maria, who is crying. Gill Watts looks sternly at Jesus, who smiles at him, inappropriately in Gill Watts' eyes, and then turns back to the woman.

GILL WATTS

You are here to do what is needed  
in this house.

JESUS

Yes, Senor, I do agree.

Jesus turns back to face the woman.

Gill Watts walks on, making a note to himself in a hand-held recorder.

GILL WATTS

Note on review of houseman Jesus.  
Dock wages due to socialization  
competing with vital job  
requirements.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME OFFICE - DAY

Jesus comes into the office and lays his GoodPhone smartphone, labelled "Jesus", and his tablet computer on the desk as he puts on a cleaner's apron and turns on his noisy vacuum cleaner. A dressed-up Gill Watts strides into the room out of Jesus's line of sight, and reaches for the GoodPhone. His hand now is within Jesus' view. He turns off the vacuum cleaner.

JESUS

Que madres. You touch my stuff,  
man?

Gill Watts is also surprised, shocked, a little afraid even. Jesus has not spoken like this before.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Excuse, senor. I thought the senor  
had left the house, senor. Senor  
came back to learn where son has  
gone. Wonder if he is okay.

GILL WATTS

I was on my way to a business  
presentation. Forgot my smartphone.

JESUS

Yes, phone to call and check on Gilly.

GILL WATTS

Oh, he can call if he needs something.

JESUS

In Case of Emergency number is very important if he has an accident at high speeds on a motorcycle.

GILL WATTS

Yes, In Case of Emergency. He has the number on his smartphone, I know. I tell Gilly, in case of emergency just call day or night...

He opens his desk drawer, where are seen his company's LockSher Phone and the GoodPhone of his competitor.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

I have staff to help him 24 hours a day.

Gill Watts reaches for the GoodPhone and picks it up and starts to put it into his pocket.

JESUS

Excuse, sir. I know we who work for you are not to use a phone like that. Your order. It is phone of competitor, Mister Goodman, and his things are not so good you have told me as are Mister Watts' things.

Gill Watts lays back in the drawer the GoodPhone and picks up his company's phone and puts it in his pants pocket.

GILL WATTS

Certainly, Jesus. No need to help the other side.

He adjusts his bow tie.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Well, off to the show, Batman. Ha ha.

He leaves the room.

EXT. DARK HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Gilly rides the motorcycle at a very high speed through dark highways.

INT. GILL WATTS' LIMO - NIGHT

Gill Watts talks on his smartphone -- with financial news on TV and magazines on his lap, an open bottle of wine close by. The driver/passenger partition is mirrored, and Gill Watts admires his hair during his call.

GILL WATTS

Driver, are you going too fast?  
We're running late, but they'll  
wait for me.

DRIVER

Yes, sir. I will slow my speed.

There is a pause as the two are in some sort of brief contentment.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I suppose your great success makes  
you a valuable presenter of awards.

GILL WATTS

Yeah, I guess me being an icon and  
all.

Gill Watts sits, content but then unable to stay content.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Does seem like I should receive  
more awards myself, though.

Next to Gill Watts on the seat there is a rare-looking orchid in a pot attached to a plaque.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

But I would not want to receive  
this one - with the plant. Never  
could keep plants alive. Without  
staff, I mean.

They drive on. Gill Watts is knocked a little back and forth as the car wavers a little.

DRIVER

Sir, I am not feeling well. I am  
light of the head. I think I  
may....



Car swerves and reels and bumps and rolls.

GILL WATTS

Holy God, save me. Gilly, I love  
you!

The car stops abruptly with a big thud. Gill Watts, belted in his seat, settles back. He looks embarrassed at what he has yelled. He touches his important body parts, shakes his head, and looks around. The award with the potted plant has flown around the limo interior and hit him in the face. His face is cut and has dirt on it and there is dirt on his shirt. There is no sound from the driver. Gill Watts peers through the driver-passenger partition window and sees the driver lying sideways on the seat, unconscious but breathing, with a bleeding cut on his head.

Gill Watts calls a hospital on his cell phone. He cannot describe where he is.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

No, this isn't a GoodPhone. I don't think I have GPS on this one. Don't send an ambulance. I will come to the hospital with the driver. Yes, he is the patient.

Gill Watts gets in the front seat and begins to drive, the driver's head in his lap. He drives not very well. Not very well at all. Grazes several parked cars along the way. Police car with blue light appears in side mirror.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Oh, no, police chasing somebody.  
Gotta pull over.

He grazes a few more parked cars. The police car pulls up on his left. BIG POLICEMAN gets out and comes to the side window. Gill Watts smiles at the officer.

BIG POLICEMAN

I am so tired. Long shift. Even my eyes hurt. So make this easy for me.

GILL WATTS

I'm okay, officer. Glad someone was checking. But not surprised. I have to drive on. Now. Move your car. Now. Do as I say.

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT - NEXT

Gill Watts has dirt on his face and clothes and his hair looks only slightly worse than usual. There is the driver's blood on his face and hands and on his pants. No one would recognize him.

GILL WATTS

Let's get on with it. I have somewhere to go. Reprimand the officer. I won't press charges.

JUDGE

Bailiff, is the officer in court now?

The BAILIFF nods. Then he nods in the direction of the BIG POLICEMAN.

The judge rubs his head and tries to stretch. Another hour, another case.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

What's the story?

POLICEMAN

Gillroy SHERLOCK, Jr. Driver's license expired in 1998.

GILL WATTS

Hey, hey, I had a legal name change since then.

BAILIFF

Quiet in court! NOW!

Gill Watts cannot remember ever being treated this way. He walks to a chair to sit down.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

Stand before the JUDGE!

Gill Watts walks back.

POLICEMAN

To resume. Expired January, 1998. Reckless driving, hit seven parked vehicles. Obvious recent damage to car; presumed accident. Open alcohol in car and on the person of the defendant. Resisting arrest. Assault on officer. Defendant swung and fell down. Driving car with head of passed-out man in his lap.

(MORE)

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Maybe playing chauffeur/passenger. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Second man transported to hospital. Sherlock assumed drunk. Disorderly, yes. Aggressive. Gave arresting officer wrong name. Your Honor, it's late, I want to go home. Oh, I forgot the big one, leaving the scene of an accident. And another accident. And another.

BAILIFF

That's enough.

JUDGE

We will set bail tomorrow. I can smell the alcohol. Let him sleep it off.

Gill Watts stands and stretches out his hand to get the judge's attention. The judge ignores him, gets up and reaches for a white blind-person's cane.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT - NEXT

Gill Watts is locked in a holding cell with four other men and two bunk beds. A TOUGH GUY lying on the lower bunk at the level of Gill Watts' hand looks up at him.

GILL WATTS

Hello.

TOUGH GUY

Tony. And I know you.

Gill Watts swallows.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)

Well, I know where you work. Sherlock Computers employee ring. Yours is like gold, ten carat maybe, so, what - fifteen, twenty years with the company? Man, sure looks like something has hit you hard. Lose your job?

Gill Watts looks silently at him. Is there anything to gain financially from acknowledging who he is? He tries to change the topic -- sort of.

GILL WATTS

The day ended somewhat badly. You in computers, too?

TOUGH GUY  
No. Family business. Control.  
Power.

He grinds his right fist into his other palm. Gill Watts reconsiders his relationship with this man.

GILL WATTS  
Like, um, the Mafia?

Tough Guy gets up, smoothing his pillow behind him. Gill Watts is scared.

TOUGH GUY  
Close.

He does that tough-guy nod and proud look-around. Gill Watts better change the subject.

GILL WATTS  
Man, I gotta urinate. Where's the  
men's room? And does it have a  
bidet?

A DUDE points to the open and dirty urinal.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
Guess I can wait. Something smells  
good. So, guys, what are they  
serving tonight? I'll get room  
service. I guess it's cell service,  
ha, ha. You know, like we are in a  
cell. Not like over the cell phone.  
Ha ha.

THIRD PRISONER  
We ate already. Lights out soon.

Gill Watts looks around for a place to sit or lie down. All bunks are taken.

INT. JAIL - NEXT

GUARD THREE  
Lights Out in one minute.

The lights go out. Again, Gill Watts lies awake, on a top bunk. But not alone: a very large, very fat guy shares the top bunk. Gill Watts falls asleep anyway; he tosses and turns.

He awakens to hear the Tough Guy and another cell mate talking.

## CELL MATE

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen.  
I hope I go to prison for a long  
time. Here I get regular meals and  
no rain and snow problems.

## TOUGH GUY

Contact me when you get out. Maybe  
I can help out. When you make money  
you gotta share. I really got a  
beef with them that don't. It gets  
to me.

A frightened Gill Watts falls back asleep. His bed partner is snoring loudly. Muttering feverishly, Gill Watts talks to himself, unintelligibly, in his sleep.

## INT. GILL WATTS' PROJECTION ROOM - INSIDE GILL WATTS' DREAM

In his dream, Gill Watts sees himself watching TV on the projection screen. The date displayed in 3-D neon to the upper right is six months into the future.

## TV NEWS ANCHOR

Fire is spreading rapidly through  
the lower middle class  
neighborhood, and many are fleeing  
from their homes.

Video shot from helicopters shows people running from their homes. Then we see people going back inside their homes for computers, and bringing them out with them again.

## TV NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The neighborhood is surrounded by  
fire, and people have little time  
left to get out. Oh, my god, they  
are going back for their computers.

Sal can be heard talking on the phone, in the other room but within earshot.

## SAL

He's gone to bed. He's never up  
after nine-thirty. I'm the real  
brains behind this company.

He pauses briefly to hear the response.

## SAL (CONT'D)

Nah, I'm getting out. We're  
slipping from being on top. Yeah,  
I'm leaving this sinking ship.

Another pause.

SAL (CONT'D)

Yeah, I heard about the fire. I see some smoke but I don't think it will affect the house. We got sprinklers.

We hear Sal stomping and then opening and closing the door. Then a car starts up. As he drives off, Sal turns on the car radio.

RADIO PERSONALITY

The fire is spreading now and approaching the Gill Watts compound. I am sure they are on the look-out -- with all their computers and money -- and servants to help out.

SAL

I'll call Gill.

Sal fumbles and pats his pockets, looking for his smartphone.

SAL (CONT'D)

Where? Oh, yeah, that's my snack. I left my cell on the kitchen table.

He turns his head and looks back at the fire approaching, and then stops and starts to enter a circular driveway that would take him back the way he came. He shakes his head and goes straight ahead, eating his snack. We see the fire approaching Gill Watts' home in Sal's rear view mirror.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

A rich man died today. Others lost their lives trying to save the products he made and sold, risking their lives to save expensive computers. So much money spent by virtually everyone -- for what? For a portion of that money to go to charities and benefit the reputation of that same Gill Watts. But not enough money to replace the people -- or Gill Watts himself.

SECOND TV NEWS ANCHOR

May I say? Gill Watts knew how to overcharge the world for a product designed to need replacing every few years.

(MORE)

## SECOND TV NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

And we honored him for his generosity when he returned to charity a small percent of the money he made.

## TV NEWS ANCHOR

Good night. And, uh, blessed be.

## INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Gill Watts wakes up in a puddle of pee. Trying not to awaken his bed partner, he slips down from the top bunk to the floor and walks quietly to the urinal, where he pees before returning to bed. He glances through the bars and sees a guard who looks a little like Jesus walking by whistling something like Johnny Cash's refrain, "I fell into a burning ring of fire." Gill Watts shakes his head and gets back in the wet bed.

## INT. INDIAN RESERVATION - DESTINY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Gilly answers the ring tone *Mr. Big Stuff, Who do you think you are?* or some similar song

## GILLY

Glad you called me. That means a lot to me, Dad. I didn't know if you would even notice that I left. Or care. Thanks, Dad.

He allows a pause.

## GILLY (CONT'D)

I can't hear you. I can't lip read on this smartphone, you know. I can talk. You text me.

Gilly reads the text. Disappointed.

## GILLY (CONT'D)

Oh, Sal, it's you. Not Dad. You're in his room?  
You thought you should inventory his things. Oh. And saw his GoodPhone on the desk and thought it might have my number in it.  
Sal, what are you saying? My dad is in jail? A joke, right?

He reads the text response.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Really?

Gilly does a pumping arm movement: all right! Then he sobers.

GILLY (CONT'D)

He really is in jail, Sal? Why didn't you text me earlier? You forgot. And you didn't have my number. And, yeah, I know you're busy. With the golf game and all. Never mind, I'll take care of it.

Gilly throws things into his travel bag. Destiny comes into the room. Gilly reaches up to touch her forehead, checking her temperature. Relieved, he smiles broadly. She smiles back.

GILLY (CONT'D)

I've got to help my Dad.

She goes into the bathroom and returns with Gilly's toiletries, which she hands to Gilly to pack. She leaves again and comes back with strawberry frosted Pop-Tarts and a Lunchable. He packs them. No questions. Total support. She kisses him.

DESTINY

Bye, Ernie.

GILLY

Love you, Bert.

Gilly takes his keys and charges out the door to Jesus' motorcycle.

GILLY (CONT'D)

I'm coming, Daddy. You jerk.

He rides a short way and then stops and turns around. As he arrives back at the trailer Destiny meets him and hands him the dog, now in a dog sweater, whom he places in the sidecar. He kisses her and zooms off.

INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING

Gill Watts awakens. He jumps down from the top bunk. He looks troubled and disheveled. His cell mates look at him without emotion. They are tired of it all, too.

Gill Watts looks at Tough Guy.



GILL WATTS

Good morning. A good day to, uh, do good. Right?

Tough Guy nods at Gill Watts, who decides to rely on his talent. He starts to sing the TubThumping song, or another one similar.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

You know, I get knocked down, but I get up again. You're never gonna keep me down.

He repeats the words. Then he repeats them again, adding his bad dance moves. The guys look at one another. Gill Watts repeats the words again, more quickly than necessary with dance moves to match.

The cell mates look at one another. They descend as one on the nerd. Gill Watts falls to the floor, like a medieval stoning victim who screams girlishly, that is. The guys mean business: they give him a pink belly. He falls to the floor, seeming to have actually "swooned."

A guard comes to the cell.

CELL MATE

Better not rat us out.

GUARD

Quiet down, time to go eat. Sausage and gravy and donuts today.

GILL WATTS

Turkey sausage for me, officer.

The cell mates look at him. He tries to lose the entitled look, but can't.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Bring fresh sheets -- all around.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - NEXT

Tough Guy catches up with Gill Watts on the way to the dining hall.

TOUGH GUY

That's how we do things in our business.

GILL WATTS

You guys do pink bellies?

TOUGH GUY

Yeah, when we're at drug conventions we rib the guys who make bad jokes - just like that. They don't act like you did, though. You're a funny guy.

GILL WATTS

You're into selling drugs?

TOUGH GUY

Yeah, that's my business, pharmaceuticals. Got stuck in here waiting for a grand jury. Failure to warn about risks, not enough testing, that sort of thing. It's true, that's the biz -- but we'll get off. And people will buy our new drugs to replace our old ones. Products crash. Oh, you know all this, being in the computer business.

Gill Watts just looks at Tough Guy.

INT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY - LATER

Gill Watts' cell mates and other prisoners walk around, lift weights, talk. There are two guards present. Gill Watts approaches one.

GILL WATTS

Look, I am a powerful man. I'll let you help me. What can I pay you?

GUARD ONE

I have the power here.

GILL WATTS

Yes, well, I know that. I just need a private cell phone.

The guard just looks at him.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Okay, not money. What can you accept? A stock tip?

GUARD ONE

Look, I got no money for stock. I'm trying to figure out how to afford the new computer my daughter needs for college.

GILL WATTS

I can't give you a computer -- just for using a cell phone. Gee, don't get greedy on me.

GUARD ONE

I don't want anything from you. I know who you are. My daughter's school says she has to have a computer with a new operating system on it or something. Looks like you're the greedy one, bub.

Gill Watts is taken aback. With some time he regroups.

GILL WATTS

Sorry. I meant no offense. Look, I've been in here a long time. And I'm gonna be in for a total of forty-eight maybe.

GUARD ONE

Forty-eight! Who did you murder? No, don't answer.

GILL WATTS

Maybe even more than forty-eight hours. Maybe even two and a half days.

Guard One looks at Gill Watts and Gill Watts realizes he should move on. A prisoner who is a dwarf approaches him. His prison stripes go vertically rather than horizontally, and Gill Watts has obviously noticed this.

DWARF PRISONER

Vertical stripes are better for me, make me look taller. Sewing glue -- in crafts. How ya doin'? I'm in here for production problems. I make movies. For adults.

GILL WATTS

I mainly watch cartoons myself. But you know, without me we couldn't see so many movies on the computer.

DWARF PRISONER

Oh, didn't know you were in show biz? I'm gonna need an adult film star with a nerdish look, to play a computer company big shot, rich CEO, that sort of thing? Can you do that?

GILL WATTS

Oh, I'm not much of an actor, but thank you.

DWARF PRISONER

Yeah. For another part, do you know any little people in the business? Besides me, I mean.

GILL WATTS

I have a friend who always tells me he's a great actor. I don't see it, but maybe. Sal's a little person. Do you know how to get special favors around here?

DWARF PRISONER

Maybe. What kind of special favor you looking for, handsome?

GILL WATTS

Why, thank you. Usually my hair looks better. I need to make a call. Used my one phone call - to call Sal, actually. And then they took my smartphone.

DWARF PRISONER

Can't help there. But here's my card for your friend.

Dwarf Prisoner takes out a scrap of paper and a blunt, short pencil, writes his name and number on the paper, and hands it to Gill Watts.

INT. PRISON ACTIVITY ROOM - LATER

Rowdy prisoners sit in rows before a large-screen TV, not paying attention to a documentary about Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Prison staff have given up and ignore even Gill Watts, who is playing teacher's pet in the front row. Gill Watts sits next to LAKOTA JOE, one very large prisoner with tattoos of Indian names and symbols on his face and a feather in his long, braided hair.

LAKOTA JOE

This is about Indians.

GILL WATTS

Oh, like cowboys and Indians? I love those shows. Oh, goody!

Lakota Joe points at Gill Watts. The meaning is clear.

LAKOTA JOE

Shut.

He rises and turns to the group.

LAKOTA JOE (CONT'D)

Yo, men, listen up. Now.

There is silence.

LAKOTA JOE (CONT'D)

Watch this movie.

They watch a current episode of a TV news interview show called *About An Hour*. The screen reads: *An American Indian Reservation*.

GILL WATTS

Is this streaming?

Lakota Joe glares.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

TV. This is going to be boring. I get my news on the Internet. I do like *Fairly Odd Parents*, though.

The other prisoners nod and grunt their assents to that. Lakota Joe makes a finger slash across his throat

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

What place is this about?

LAKOTA JOE

Shut it. It's about the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation and I am giving you guys a fucking test at the end! Flunk and you belong to me.

The men settle down. Immediately.

Gill Watts looks at Lakota Joe but is scared to ask a question.

LAKOTA JOE (CONT'D)

Yeah? Yeah?

GILL WATTS

Is it like in North Dakota? I had heard about it before. My son has gone there.

LAKOTA JOE

It is in South Dakota. Good.  
Someone is listening.

Gill Watts is so proud. Lakota Joe pauses the video and picks up a pile of papers. Gill Watts waves his hand in the air.

GILL WATTS

Let me. Let me. I can pass them  
out.

He does, to the jeers of the group. Then he sits.

LAKOTA JOE

Who can read aloud?

Gill Watts, naturally.

LAKOTA JOE (CONT'D)

Just the high points.

GILL WATTS

Health conditions like in Third  
World countries. Unemployment  
extremely high. Many families have  
no electricity, telephone, running  
water, or sewage systems. Life  
expectancy 47 years for men and 52  
years for females. Infant mortality  
rate five times United States  
national average.

Gill Watts shakes his head from side to side.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

I remember worrying that my son  
would be born hurt. But he was a  
perfect baby.

LAKOTA JOE

Shut. I'm turning up the volume.  
There is an update to the story  
now.

He turns up the television volume. The HLN NEWS ANCHOR reads on-screen.

HLN NEWS ANCHOR

Sewage within the river has led to  
widespread illness. Our listeners  
are emailing HLN. Here's one.

(MORE)

HLN NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Joe in Grand Rapids, who is 18, says, "I just think we ought to quit buying so much, like all our computer games and stuff, and help these people." Call in and give us your comment. Thanks, Joe. We will set up a website for donations and suggestions.

Gill Watts looks ill.

EXT. JAIL YARD

OFFICIAL

Someone named Gill Watts signed up to visit you. Sure, like the real Gill Watts would come to see you. Nice thought.

Gill Watts looks puzzled, then understands.

GILL WATTS

Gilly. I get to see Gilly.

OFFICIAL

Well you can't see him very well. The glass is real cloudy and crazed I think they call it. You now, you gotta be behind a window. But you talk on the prison phone, so you can hear him and he can hear you. No cell phones allowed.

GILL WATTS

Oh. Okay.

It hits him.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

What if he can't read my lips through the glass? I need to learn sign language to tell him things. There must be a program to teach me. Where can I use a computer?

OFFICIAL

Try the library. You can have ten minutes.

The official hands him a pass.

INT. JAIL LIBRARY

GILL WATTS

I need to use the computer.

JAIL LIBRARY WORKER

And...

GILL WATTS

I need to use the computer  
...please?

JAIL LIBRARY WORKER

You got a pass?

GILL WATTS

Oh, yeah.

He takes from his pocket a paper and hands it to the worker.

JAIL LIBRARY WORKER

Go at it. Computer's an old one.  
Can't use some of the new programs.  
You want Google? Prisoners can't  
email.

The worker sits at the computer, goes to Google and then gets up so Gill Watts can sit down. He finds pages to print out, with finger signs for letters and words.

GILL WATTS

Print this for me.

The worker looks at him.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Will you be so kind as to print  
this for me?

JAIL LIBRARY WORKER

Gotta check it first. For  
inappropriate content. Oh, sign  
language?

GILL WATTS

Yeah. Might need it to talk to my  
son.

TOUGH GUY

He lost his hearing? I know  
somebody that happened to. After a  
big loud explosion at work. Happen  
Recently?



GILL WATTS

Seems recent to me. About 25 years ago. And I am a damn fool.

TOUGH GUY

For that long?

GILL WATTS

Probably been one as long as Gilly's been deaf. Since birth.

EXT. JAIL YARD - DAY - NEXT

Gill Watts walks, looking intently at the paper in his hand and making signs with his fingers. Across the yard tough-looking prisoners with gang tattoos gather to talk and point. Gill Watts is oblivious. The prisoners en masse move towards Gill.

TOUGH GUY

Gang talk is prohibited, dude. Punishable by solitary or something.

Tough Guy makes some "stop it" gang signs.

INT. COURTHOUSE - VESTIBULE - DAY

Gilly sits on a bench in the courthouse lobby, in sunglasses with a white cane, Def Jam at his feet wearing a harness. Jesus rushes in the door and to Gilly.

GILLY

You were supposed to meet me and DJ outside, Dude! Like a half hour ago! I can't be deaf AND blind in there. They just called for Dad's case.

JESUS

It took some time to get here. The cab was slow, so I got out and walked. The third time I passed a man living in a box. He came up to me and showed me the way. How's your Dad?

GILLY

Haven't seen him. They cancelled my visit with him - court being today. Just as well.

Jesus stands up, as does Gilly. Jesus slaps Gilly hard on the forehead.

GILLY (CONT'D)

I can see! I can see! Oh, thank you, Jesus, I can see.

Gilly gives Jesus the sunglasses. DJ, following Gilly, leads Jesus into the courtroom.

JESUS

The deaf leading the blind.

The bailiff sees them enter and takes Gilly to the front. The courtroom is full of derelicts. Gill Watts stands before the judge, trying to arrange his hair.

Jesus almost follows the pointed direction but recoups and gropes the seating and a few seated people until, after a longer-than-necessary route he ends up in a seat near the front.

Gilly hands the court reporter a keyboard smartphone.

GILLY

Your honor, I am hearing impaired. May I ask someone in the court to type into this device what the judge says so I can read it on my own device.

The judge nods.

GILLY (CONT'D)

This morning I made arrangements for 50 million dollars to be donated to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation - in the name of Gill Watts.

JUDGE

Like sure, son. And what in tarnation does Gill Watts have to do with this case? I have a lot to do here. This is a warning - do not waste my time.

GILLY

This man before you, born Gilroy SHERLOCK, Jr., is Gill Watts of Sherlock Computers. I am in charge of his charity donations.

JUDGE

Mr. Watts, is this true?

GILL WATTS

Yes, your honor, I learned some time ago from my son, I mean, my Director of Charity Donations, of the conditions at the reservation, and he has followed through with a donation consistent with my wishes.

JUDGE

Are there other character statements in support of this man?

Will Goodman rises to speak.

WILL GOODMAN

Your honor, I have known Gill Watts for many years and have found him to be a fine man who made a mistake and needs to be released.

The judge has a Goodman computer on the stand.

JUDGE

Case settled for time served.  
Record to be stricken.

Will Goodman and Gilly hug, sort of.

WILL GOODMAN

If the character statements didn't work, I was gonna use this prison break app.

INT. COURTROOM HALL - NEXT

Gilly and Gill Watts and Will Goodman walk together toward the exit.

GILL WATTS

So where is Sal?

GILLY

Uh, he was busy, Dad. Said he'll see you this evening at your house, for dinner.

GILL WATTS

Oh. Okay. You were kidding about the 50 million, right?

INT. GILL WATTS HOUSE - LATER

Gill and Sal sit at the table, the remains of a fine dinner on their plates.

GILL WATTS  
Let's take Gilly with us tomorrow.

SAL  
Why? Where are we going?  
Deaflympics?

GILL WATTS  
Funny, Sal. I mean when we jump  
tomorrow.

SAL  
Yeah, let's make a man of him.

GILL WATTS  
He's man enough, Sal. He came to  
rescue me from prison.

SAL  
Yeah. Well, you know I had that  
thing - that meeting to go to and  
all.

GILL WATTS  
Sure. I know you're my man, Sal.  
You'd save me from a fire, wouldn't  
you Sal? I just remembered a weird  
dream I had in the clinker.

SAL  
Gill, it's me, Sal.

GILL WATTS  
I know you, Sal. You have stayed  
with me longer than anyone else.

EXT. SKY WITH POND BELOW

The three fall from the sky towards a large field with a pond. There are hand signals between Sal and Gilly. Gill Watts falls to land, standing. He turns to give thumbs up to the others and sees Sal skim the pond, moving sideways as he reaches the water and expertly landing on the shore. Gill Watts is immediately frightened.

GILL WATTS  
Pond swooping! No! No! Gilly!  
Gilly!

Gilly falls into the pond. He struggles and struggles. Gill Watts runs to the pond and swims to Gilly and pulls him to shore. As Gill Watts attends to his son and makes sure he is okay, Sal walks toward them, somehow not quickly enough. Gill has the look of one who realizes something. He runs from his son to the water, searches, and searches, and finds Gilly's dog. Standing in the water he sucks water from the dog's mouth and compresses its body until the dog is breathing. He carries the dog to hand him to Gilly, who is now sitting up.

EXT. GILL WATTS HOUSE - AFTER THE JUMP

Gill Watts, Gilly and Sal arrive in a limo at Gill Watts' home. Gilly gets out first.

GILL WATTS

See you soon, son. I need to talk to Sal for a minute.

Gilly goes in. Gill Watts turns and focuses his gaze on Sal.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Gilly could have drowned, Sal. Pond swooping is an ADVANCED maneuver. We were just sky diving. We were not going to land on the pond, Sal. You knew that.

Sal grins.

SAL

The boy can learn, Gill. I told him what to do. I signed it to him. Yeah, he just chowed.

Gill Watts looks at Sal. Still serious. Very serious. Quietly, firmly serious. Finally angry as hell.

GILL WATTS

Gilly cannot swim.

SAL

How could I know, Gill? How could I know, buddy?

GILL WATTS

Sal, I saw him tell you he can't swim.

SAL

What?

GILL WATTS

Yes, Sal. I saw him tell you he can't swim. Up high, at the start of the drop. He signed it to you. You signed that you understood what he said. You told him to trust you.

Sal stares, mouth open. What can he say?

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Yeah. Sign language lessons. Finally. Turns out Goodman has an app for that. First lessons I chose were sky jump lingo. Lots of us can't hear up in the air.

Gill opens the car door. Sal gets out quickly, from the opposite side of the door, so quickly that he is at Gill's side of the door while Gill is just starting to get out. Gill looks at Sal; one sitting, the other standing, they are about eye-to-eye.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

I have been such a fool.

SAL

No, you haven't Gill. It's okay, buddy. It's me, Sal. Come on in the house. We'll get a beer. Nah, champagne. To celebrate. Like always.

Gill Watts thinks. He removes from his pocket the note from the prison dwarf and hands it to Sal.

GILL WATTS

I almost forgot. A contact for you.

SAL

Thanks, man. Now let's go in.

Sal puts the paper in his shirt pocket and turns his back to Gill Watts. Gill Watts rises from the car.

SAL (CONT'D)

And, I've got your back, too, Gill. Like always.

Gill Watts swings at Sal, making contact with the metal junction of his suspenders in the back, and Sal ends up on the concrete. Gill doesn't know how to punch and his hand is more hurt than is Sal, but Gill is the winner.

GILL  
That's it, Sal.

Gill steps on Sal's back as he walks on to the house.

INT. GILLY'S ROOM - LATER

Gilly is lying on the bed. There is a knock at the door and his father comes in.

GILL WATTS  
Jesus! I never hit anybody before.

He slams his hand on the bed and there is a bloody spot.

GILLY  
You're hurt? Did he get to you?  
Hitting Jesus is not a good thing  
to do, Daddy.

GILL WATTS  
No, of course not. Sal.

GILLY  
Sal hit Jesus?

GILL WATTS  
No.

GILLY  
Jesus hit Sal? Oh, I bet he did!

GILL WATTS  
I hit Sal.

Gill Watts and Gilly are silent for awhile.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)  
Now I understand the film.

GILLY  
What film, Dad?

GILL WATTS  
It was trying to teach me what a  
selfish jerk I am. Scrooge got it.  
Why didn't I?

Gill slams his hurt hand on the table. Def Jam feels the vibration and jumps up from the floor.

GILLY

Like stupid enough to slam your  
hurt hand on a table, Dad?

Gilly signs to Def Jam that all is okay.

GILL WATTS

So I guess I better get a Band-Aid  
or something.

GILLY

Sure, Dad. Let me know if you need  
me.

Gill Watts leaves the room.

GILLY'S ROOM - LATER

Gilly and Jesus lounge at opposite ends of Gilly's sofa.

GILLY

So where were you, Water Walker  
when I needed saving?

JESUS

Holy, chili dog, Gilly dawg! You  
read about that walk on water  
stunt? That was beginner's luck,  
not to be repeated. For you? No  
way.

He pauses.

JESUS (CONT'D)

I can't swim either.

The two silently smile at each other. Then they laugh.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Gilly.

He realizes Gilly is not looking at him, to lip read.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Gilly, your dad saved you.

GILLY

Yeah.

Gilly sits. Maybe tears up, a little. Recovers.

GILLY (CONT'D)

This time. Maybe only this time.



There is a knock at the door. As Gill Watts enters, a very, very large bandage on his hand, he speaks.

GILL WATTS

Gilly, do you know where Jesus is?  
He is not on duty.

He sees Jesus.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Jesus, what are you doing in here?

JESUS

I am with my friend.

GILLY

Dad, we're talking about you.

Gill doesn't know what to say. He looks around the room. He starts to leave.

JESUS

Sit down here with Gilly. I have chores to do.  
But I will stay and recline artistically on the bed.

Gill Watts sprawls on the sofa. Jesus lies on the bed, but then looks up at the other two, who silently look back at him. He gets up and leaves the room. Gilly pulls Def Jam up from the floor to lie between him and his Dad. There are bags of chips.

GILL WATTS

This is actually nice, son.

They sit. And sit.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Do you have any financial magazines?

Gilly shakes his head, no. They all three silently munch chips for awhile. Gilly strokes the dog, who is feigning sleep.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

The children came out for the cake. You stayed inside playing by yourself. I gave you that Indian...Native American toy, what you said you wanted... but you wouldn't come out.

GILLY

Dad, Sal never told me about the cake. I was moving the Indian figures and setting up the teepee and making the horses gallop. I didn't even know the others had left the room. And when I did, there wasn't any cake left.

Gill Watts does whatever blanch probably means, then looks down and shakes his head.

GILL WATTS

Oh, Gilly, my little son, Gilly, I am so sorry.

GILLY

It's okay, Dad. I've had cake since then.

GILL WATTS

'Every man for himself' is Sal's motto. Was my motto, too.

Gilly silently rubs his dog's head.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

I will make you cake, son.

GILLY

Please don't, Dad. Just pay someone to make it. After all, you need to save those fingers to talk.

Gill Watts gets up to leave. He turns back.

GILL WATTS

Oh, son, don't forget tomorrow night - I'm getting some humanitarian award or something. I need you there. You're my DJ, ha ha.

GILLY

I know, Dad. Sal won't be there with you.

Gill Watts turns on the way out.

GILL WATTS

Wear something nice for a change.

INT. GILLY'S ROOM - NEXT

There is a knock on the door.

GILLY  
Come in, Hey.

Jesus enters the room with two slices of cake.

JESUS  
Ordered by your Dad. Yum.

They munch.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
Actually it's freezer cake, he  
said. Still frozen. Gilly, I have a  
question.

GILLY  
Sure, Hey. What? About Dad?

JESUS  
Well, not really. It's this: Cake  
is so good. The last supper I had  
did not include cake. Once cake was  
invented, why don't all meals have  
cake at the end? Just sayin'.

Gilly laughs pleasantly and hugs his friend.

INT. GILLY'S ROOM - LATER

Gilly's smartphone vibrates. He has a text-from-speech.

GILLY  
Oh. Yes, doctor, I am coming.

Gilly texts: *Jesus, I need to go to meet Destiny. Emergency.*

He gets a return text, *Take the bike, amigo.*

EXT. GILL WATTS' HOUSE - NIGHT - NEXT

Gilly gets to the motorcycle and finds Jesus starting it up.

JESUS  
We can take turns driving; it's a  
long drive.

Gilly signs *I love you, amigo* and gets in the sidecar with  
Def Jam.

EXT. DARK ROADS

Jesus, asleep, rides in the sidecar as Gilly drives. Def Jam peeks his head up and falls to the road. The two men are oblivious.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jesus awakens in the sidecar as the motorcycle stops.

GILLY

Def Jam still asleep?

They search the small sidecar and search again and again. The dog cannot be found.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Park the bike.

Gilly rushes inside the hospital by himself. As he passes the front desk, an administrator stops him.

ADMINISTRATOR

Gilly! We have clean water on the reservation.

GILLY

You can thank Gill Watts. Excuse me for a minute.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Gilly sits with Destiny, who lies in the bed and looks gravely ill. She is clearly pregnant.

DESTINY

Help me. I feel like I'm...

She slumps, stops breathing. Gilly jumps up. He finds the nurse alert button in Destiny's bed and presses it. Alarms sound. Jesus appears from elsewhere in the room and runs out the door. Then he is seen running past the door in the opposite direction, lost. A DOCTOR and other hospital personnel appear in the room. Things are frantic in the usual emergency room way.

DOCTOR

Roll her to surgery. We've gotta save her or the baby. Which would she want?

GILLY

I...I...Destiny would want to save  
our baby. I want her. I need her.  
And I want the baby. We need the  
baby.

He is overcome with emotion. The medical personnel run off.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL, INDIAN STYLE - LATER

Gilly sits with Jesus. They sing very softly a song like  
Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah, with words that are profane while  
the music is religious in sound. Gilly thumps on a bedpan.  
His smartphone vibrates.

GILLY

Hello, Dad.

Gill Watts' message to this son, automatically texted from  
speech: *Where the hell are you, son? I needed you last night.  
You were nowhere to be found.*

GILLY (CONT'D)

Dad.

Gill Watts' text: *I had told them to save a seat at my table  
for you. No Sal and now no you.*

GILLY (CONT'D)

Dad. Dad.

Gilly's smartphone fills up with more text in capital letters  
from his father. Jesus takes the smartphone.

JESUS

Senor. This is Jesus. I am with  
Gilly.

GILL WATTS

You left your job. You were needed  
here. I have been waiting for  
breakfast. You are fired.

JESUS

Senor is somewhat miffed.

GILL WATTS

You're damn right, amigo, I am  
miffed as, as...miffed as all get  
out!

JESUS

You cannot speak, so I will text you. Please read my text when you have calmed down, senior.

GILL WATTS

I will not calm down. This is important. I need breakfast! And I am now driving myself to wherever they cook breakfast. Good-bye!

Jesus texts: *Hello, senior. Gilly needs you. Now.*

Jesus sits down. Gilly leans back in a chair and closes his eyes, from which fall tears, nevertheless. Jesus looks at his Jesus Device.

JESUS

No text back from your Dad. Yet.

GILLY

Wuh?

JESUS

Nothing, man.

Time passes. Jesus dozes. Gilly reaches for Def Jam, forgetting. His eyes are scared.

GILLY

Def?

Gilly is alone with Jesus. There is a shift change evident in personnel moving about the hallway.

EXT. LIMO STOPPED BESIDE THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY

Gill Watts' limo is stopped beside the Interstate highway, Gill Watts at the wheel. We see the gas needle on "Empty". Nearby there is a sign for a gas station 20 miles ahead, with a phone number on the sign to use to reserve rental trucks. Gill Watts looks relieved, and he looks in his pockets and everywhere in the front seat and floor, and finally finds his smartphone. He sees that he has no reception and sees that the last text he received, marked "read" is the one from Jesus. He sits and sits, upset.. until there is a tap at the window. A GUY on a bicycle in a helmet looks in.

GUY

Hey, sorry to startle you, man. Hope you're not late for a pickup. Gee, I always wanted to drive one of these. I am so envious!

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Gill Watts tries the pay phone with a dime. Adding more money still doesn't work. He looks at the attendant.

ATTENDANT

That phone is out. It's the one we use for the business, too. My phone doesn't work here. Reception is terrible.

GILL WATTS

Don't I know it.

ATTENDANT

Wish I'd bought a GoodPhone. They sell them in town, about 7 miles back down the highway and then about another 18 miles. Not a great road, slow, but it works.

GILL WATTS

I'm in a hurry. It's okay. I gotta go.

He hands the attendant some money.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Fill up a can with gas and take it ten miles back to the limo in the lane heading this way.

Gill Watts gets on the Guy's bicycle and rides off, putting on the Guy's helmet.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Tell the man in the limo he doesn't owe me anything. Tell him you hear he runs a limo business. And you keep the change.

The attendant holds a lot of cash. Gill Watts reaches for his smartphone and does not find it.

INT. GILL WATTS' LIMO

Gill Watts smartphone is on the seat of the limo.

EXT. INTERSTATE - LATER

Head down, Gill Watts is pedaling -- fast -- even when it rains. Even when passengers in cars passing by scream at him.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Gilly and Jesus are both asleep. Jesus is snoring loudly and sort of talking in his sleep, dreaming. He bolts awake.

JESUS

I is risen!

Someone in a hoodie and backpack has entered the room. Gilly is still asleep. A wet nose rubs his arm. He slaps at it and looks: Def Jam! Gilly hugs the dog and cries. He looks up: Gill Watts removes his hood.

GILL WATTS

I found him along the way. He was waiting for me along the Interstate.

GILLY

Dad! How did you get here? Getting to the airport and making connections and waiting for a reservation bus. You can't get here this soon. There's no way.

GILL WATTS

I saw Jesus's text, and I came right away. Took the limo. When I got out of town my cell reception was non-existent. It's just not profitable to build towers in unpopulated areas. Heck, yeah, it is! Mister communication mogul can't listen to anybody and just cares about his...

GILLY

Okay, Dad. Old news. I mean, you drove the limo the whole way here?

GILL WATTS

Well, at first. Then it stopped. I think it needed gas. How often does that happen? But I worked out an exchange for a bicycle and helmet. And here I am! I bought a bicycle! I ride all the time, but, boy, are my legs tired, Gilly. Had to go 30 miles an hour.

Gilly hugs his Daddy. They sit.

GILLY

Why'd you come, Dad?



GILL WATTS

I had to get some more charity  
pledge forms from you. I had used  
all mine up.

GILLY

No really, Dad, why did you come?

GILL WATTS

My boy needed me.

They look away from each other.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

How is she?

GILLY

We're waiting to see.

GILL WATTS

Then I am waiting to see, too.

He sits down. After a while, he speaks.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Is there any breakfast here? In  
such a hurry I didn't get my Big  
Buddy Egg and Ham Muffin Deluxe  
with tomato.

GILLY

Let's get supper, Daddy. With cake.

INT. HOSPITAL BILLING OFFICE - DAY

Gill Watts connects with Skype on a hospital computer that is  
in the billing office. His father appears on the computer  
screen.

GILL WATTS

Uh, hi, Dad. Are you okay?

GILL WATTS' DAD

Well, for now I am. But I think  
there's not so much time left.

GILL WATTS

Oh, Dad, what? I wasn't listening  
to you before. Now I can. Please  
let me see you. Oh, Daddy, are you  
dying?

GILL WATTS' DAD

Well, maybe, I forgot what they told me. Did I used to go to Vegas, Gill? I remember I was worried about money. Did I forget something then, too, like the groceries?

GILL WATTS

Come see me, Dad. Whether you remember who I am or not. I'm with Gilly. At the reservation. I need you.

GILL WATTS' DAD

I will come now, son.

GILL WATTS

I love you, Daddy.

GILL WATTS' DAD

And I love you, Gill. I think maybe you told once me not to say that - you being the richest man in the world and all. My memory has holes in it.

GILL WATTS

Make new memories, Gill. Make a new past.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Jesus walks to his motorcycle with Gill Watts' Dad, carrying his bag over his shoulder. As they walk, Gill Watts' Dad takes Jesus' arm and then needs to lean more and more into Jesus for support. It is clear after a while that he has limited vision.

GILL WATTS' DAD

So now the baby is coming. I am so happy. I loved my little Gill so much.

JESUS

Let's call him and tell him you are here.

He dials and then hands his smartphone to Gill Watts' Dad.

GILL WATTS DAD

I was telling your friend how I remember when you were born. I am so happy about this, Gill.

(MORE)

GILL WATTS DAD (CONT'D)

I remember the smell of a baby.  
Remember to close your eyes and  
hold him.

They arrive at the motorcycle.

GILL WATTS DAD (CONT'D)

I gotta go, son. See you soon. I am  
happy. And now I get a sidecar  
ride. I always wanted that.

EXT. ROADWAY - NEXT

Gill Watts' Dad relaxes in the sidecar with a broad smile on his face. We see what he sees, vague Monet-like images of light and green and blue that evolve into dream-like images of the past, with scenes of his son Gill and the birth of Gilly and happiness. Jesus looks over at him and smiles warmly.

They stop along the road when they get to a broad valley and both get off the motorcycle, Jesus assisting Gill Watts' Dad.

GILL WATTS DAD

I want to say something aloud. I'm  
not a Bible man but I remember  
something from my childhood. The  
Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not  
want. My cup runneth over. Surely,  
goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life, and I will  
dwell in the House of the Lord  
forever.

Gill Watts' Dad slumps, against Jesus, and Jesus picks him up in his arms and places him back in the sidecar and starts up the motorcycle. As he rides, we see several tears slide down Jesus's cheek.

JESUS

Doctors and medicine. Those are the  
God-given miracles. Not magic  
shows. I am not a Superhero.

He drives on. More tears fall.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Gilly reads a text.

GILLY

Jesus is here with GranPops. We can meet them downstairs at the ER.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NEXT

Gilly and Gill Watts walk toward the door of the Emergency Room, as Jesus walks up the entry sidewalk, Gill Watts' dad in his arms. He enters the automatic doors and carries the elderly man past the reception desk to a stretcher within a curtained off cubicle. Gilly and Gill Watts follow. Gill Watts' dad lies silently on the stretcher with a very large smile on his face.

GILL WATTS

Is Dad sleeping?

JESUS

He is moving on.

Jesus removes from his shoulder a travel bag and takes from it a card for the baby and one for Gill and one for Gilly. There is also an envelope with "DNR: Allow Natural Death" written on it.

In the background there is a new announcement on the television.

TV ANNOUNCER

Gill Watts has set aside \$1 billion to start his own philanthropic foundation for the benefit of Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. In addition, Watts has...

Without a word, Gill Watts has found the TV remote and used its mute button.

On the TV screen is "Gill Watts Philanthropy: a)giving back rebates to all who have purchased Sherlock Computers' products b)giving \$25,000 each to every unemployed person in America c)building a world-class homeless shelter d)improving working conditions at the overseas factories where Sherlock computers are made.

Gill Watts kisses his Dad. Gilly stands and looks at him. His own Dad turns to him and hugs and hugs and hugs him.

Jesus has left the room.

INT. HOSPITAL, DESTINY'S ROOM

Destiny holds the baby. Gilly holds her hand. GILL WATTS enters the room, holding a large, wrapped gift.

GILL WATTS

Ugh, I'm so late. But what do you expect? Will Goodman has no sense of time.

GILLY

Ha ha. Like you were on the phone so long with Goodman? No way. I know you were out buying that gift.

Gill Watts brings out the gift and tears off the wrapping himself. It is a soft figure of a Native American older man holding his grandson.

GILL WATTS

You are Destiny.

DESTINY

Well, to be accurate, my Lakota name is Tokata. It means "in the future".

She hands the swaddled baby to Gill Watts.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

His name is Wanikiya. In Lakota the name means "savior". We will call him Xavier.

GILLY

He is your grandson, son of your son with Destiny.

GILL WATTS

Will he be deaf?

DESTINY

Oh, we don't know yet. To be just like his father would be perfect, though. The deaf have a greater sense of body language, and that is a gift.

She smiles a secret smile at Gilly.

GILL WATTS

He is a beautiful boy, with a beautiful name. And you are the beautiful mother.

(MORE)

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

I hope to make you my daughter. I mean, I hope you will want to become my daughter. Someday. I mean, if you and Gilly want to.

GILLY

It's okay, Dad.

Jesus shows up at the door of the hospital room. Gilly looks up and sees him.

GILLY (CONT'D)

Hey, man, I wondered when you'd show up again. You gotta see my son.

JESUS

I had some arrangements to make.

GILL WATTS

Jesus, did you leave your job covered?

Gilly raises his eyebrow as he looks at his Dad.

GILLY

His job is covered, Dad.

JESUS

The other servants were willing to do my duties in my absence - now and in the future. I told them there would be a raise.

GILLY

It's okay, Dad.

GILL WATTS

Hmm. Well.

Gill Watts looks like he is thinking.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

You're always angry at me for not being what you want me to be, aren't you, Gilly.

GILLY

And usually you're angry at me for not being what you want me to be, Dad.

GILL WATTS

It's time I learned to be more like you.

He turns to Jesus.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Let me introduce myself, Amigo. I'm Gilly Watt's dad.

Gill Watts rises to shake hands with Jesus. Then Jesus sits down in a vacant chair.

JESUS

About this you may not be surprised.

Jesus raises Jesus Device and it shows, in light-letters projected on the wall, words that Jesus reads.

JESUS (CONT'D)

CBS NEWS: Will Goodman meets challenge from Sherlock Computers leader; makes record donation to Pine Ridge Reservation.

GILLY

Way to go, Dad! What did you have to do?

GILL WATTS

I suggested he match my donation. And he did. Call Maria, Gilly. Tell her everything. I'm going to get some air outside. Maybe see some teepees.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Gill Watts walks out of the hospital. Will Goodman stands outside, to the side. Gill walks over to him and as he goes the wind arranges his hair in a new, cooler hair style that fits him. The two do not look directly at one another.

Gilly comes out of the hospital and sees his father and Will Goodman side-by-side facing toward the sunset, silent.

GILLY

Oh, no.

Gilly strides toward the two competitors, who stand side by side. As he walks he sees Gill Watts hook his little finger into a belt loop at the back of Will Goodman's khakis.

Gilly changes his course. As he goes back toward Jesus, who has exited the hospital after him, he signs.

GILLY (CONT'D)

WTF?

Jesus signs back, with a grin, as he walks toward Gilly.

JESUS

OMG!

Jesus and Gilly sit on a bench together.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Well, I think it's time for me to be going home now. Dad misses me.

Gilly looks at Jesus.

GILLY

You taught us stuff.

JESUS

What?

GILLY

I don't know. Maybe about needing to be our brother's keeper.

JESUS

I don't think I said that. Maybe.

GILLY

Being around you we learned it.

Jesus signs back at Gilly.

JESUS

I love you, dude.

Jesus points his thumb toward himself and then toward Gilly.

JESUS (CONT'D)

LDR

GILLY

What?

JESUS

Duh, Long Distance Relationship, man.



GILLY  
I love you, Hey.

Gill Watts hears, turns, and walks over toward them, away from Goodman who sits, waiting on a bench. Gill smirks, sort of (he just does that), but in a new nicer way.

GILL WATTS  
So, what do you do now, Jesus? I mean Hey-Soos. Like you must have an invisible like stairway to heaven or something?

JESUS  
What you mean, Senor? I hop next plane to Tijuana.

GILL WATTS  
Thank you.

He tears up.

JESUS  
No biggee, man. WWJD?

Jesus walks away into the mist. They all stand silently watching him go. Then Gilly speaks quietly, but so all can hear him.

GILLY  
What a drama queen. He'll be back. The airport is in the other direction.

THE END, SORT OF, BUT NOT REALLY

INT. GILL WATTS HOME

Gill Watts looks up as Sal comes into the room. Sal lifts his arm to fist bump the much-taller Gill. Gill does not return the fist; backs up. Sal almost falls over backwards.

SAL  
Gill, I thought he was being a wuss. Thought everybody could swim.

GILL WATTS  
Go to the conference room.

INT. GILL WATTS HOME OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM NEXT

Gilly is inside the conference room working with some video equipment. He looks up when Sal enters and he signs to Sal.

GILLY  
Come in, Sal.

SAL  
Hey, what's with the signing,  
Gilly? We'll talk anyway when Gill  
gets here.

GILLY  
I prefer sign.

SAL  
Okay, man, but I prefer voice. And  
I can record our interview.

GILLY  
(signing)  
I have video cameras everywhere.  
All is recorded, Sal.

Sal keeps his head, and his hands, very still as he sits down at the chair next to the head of the table. Gilly walks to the table to sit at the head.

Sal starts getting up to move to another chair at the other end of the table.

SAL  
So Gil sits at the other end of the  
table now, huh?

Seeing Gilly's stern look, Sal signs what he has said.

GILLY  
(signing)  
Sit down, Sal.

Sal sits back down.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
But move further down the table.  
Way down. Further, Sal.

Sal finally can sit down.

SAL  
Musical chairs. Always liked that.  
(looks up at Gilly)

Guess you didn't.

SAL (CONT'D)  
 (aloud)  
 When is Gill coming?

GILLY  
 (signing)  
 I can't hear you.

Sal decides to sign what he has asked.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
 (signing)  
 My dad is not coming to this meeting.

Now it is Sal's turn to blanch.

INT. HOME OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

GILLY  
 You are to be treated as a new hire, Sal. With one benefit. I know you well, so I don't need to interview you. I know your abilities and your character already.

Sal is relieved.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
 My father started at the bottom. I had to start at the bottom - and with a beginner's wage, as you advised my father, Sal. You can start at the bottom like I did. No, wait, that is foolish. Duh! You have a history here. Now, what would be fair?

Sal is expectant, always on the edge of smug.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
 You will be paid at a different wage than other beginners with our company. Yes, we will pay you minimum wage, to be fair. Lower than my wage when I started here. Thank you, Sal, that is all.

Sal is dumb-struck. That is good, because Gilly adds.

GILLY (CONT'D)

And, Sal, you will need to be more silent around here. Sign language will work best. Only I will understand you. Dad is learning more signs every day. But I am your only boss.

SAL

(aloud)

But Gill won't stand for that!

GILLY

(signing)

Gill advised me on that decision, Sal.

INT. GILL WATTS' HOME THEATRE - DAY

GILLY

Okay, Dad, here is my proposal. Lacrosse is the fastest-growing sport in the Midwest and the national summer sport of Canada. Caskopa is the Lakota word for lacrosse.

PowerPoint slides show, quickly.

*Caskopa World Lacrosse Center*

*Lacrosse fields for men and women*

*Giant field for larger ancient Native American game played by 100 people at a time for two to three days straight, "for giving thanks to the creator."*

*Reservation workers provide lodging, food, sports equipment, vacation amenities*

*New reservation college will teach hospitality skills.*

*Virtual play of lacrosse*

GILLY (CONT'D)

Okay, five percent of profits would go to Sherlock Computers, but only after Sherlock Computers covering all set-up and training expense.

GILL WATTS

Son, you know how to help yourself and a lot of other people at the same time. Teach me.

GILLY

What did you say, Dad?

GILL WATTS

You know how to help yourself and a lot of other people at the same time. Teach me.

GILLY

I'm confused. Would you sign it, Dad.

Gill Watts says the words using sign language. It takes a while, with start overs and problems with his hurt fingers.

Gilly breaks into hysterics. He screams out and signs at the same time.

GILLY (CONT'D)

I heard you all three times. Thank you, Daddy. But I should tell you, Destiny gave me the idea. I need to tell you how smart she is. We have a lot to catch up on, Daddy. Are you ready to listen?

GILL WATTS

What did you say, son?

Gilly looks hurt. Gill Watts breaks into the jail song and dance and laughs.

GILL WATTS (CONT'D)

Gotcha, son. But remind me when I don't listen. Okay, let me look this up.

He consults his tablet. He makes the sign for 'listen', which is touching his ear.

GILLY

Like 'duh', Dad. You are such a dufus.

There is the loud noise that goes with the noise of a tricked-up motorcycle. Gill and Gilly turn and see Jesus on a very loud vroomy RentASegway, clearly lost. He stops.

JESUS  
I think perhaps I am the dufus.

The GPS in his hand screams.

GPS  
(with a loud, exasperated  
voice)  
Jesus Christ! Not again!  
Recalculating!

THE END